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CHATEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

AN ORDINARY DAY.

MRS HEMANS has sung 'The Stately Homes of England;' and even at the present moment, when sentiment evaporates in steam, and romance bows its diminished head before those stern practicalities, the railways, there still hovers over the country residences of the old gentry a halo of the past, through which we gain glimpses of the old poetical world now fast fading away. It has occurred to me that a plain account of the everyday-life of these English châteaux might reveal something new to many readers, and at the same time be not uninteresting to *habitues*. As for the family and family seat I have chosen as exemplars, my sketch, I believe, will be admitted to be a faithful likeness, however deficient it may be in other respects.

To this time-honoured and stately Home I was invited to spend the winter; and late in a November day, accordingly, I found myself seated beside my young friend, the unmarried daughter of the house, in their barouche, which had come to meet me at the L.—station, and which speedily carried us to the first lodge gates that admit the traveller within the demesnes of Marston Manor. Through these we entered a noble wood, which, though no longer attired in the leafy glories of summer, still retained traces of its past beauty; the few last leaves being also adorned—fit ornament for their mature age—with a frost-work of diamonds, that glittered in the ruby sunset as we dashed by. In a brief space we exchanged the old trees, and wild, tangled brushwood bordering the road, for a green lane, bounded by prim hedges, every twig of which appeared to have been drilled into 'behaving pretty,' and presented the very beautiful of quickset. This specimen of the excellence of hedging and ditching at Marston—which, for the sake of the bailiff's feelings, I record—continued until we reached the farm, a little colony of houses, barns, and byres, surrounding an immense yard well stocked with kine, the loving of which came pleasantly on the ear for an instant—and for an instant only, for our gallant grays dashed on at a rapid pace, and the farm vanished. The second lodge gates opened, and we reached a spot where 'three roads meet,' and recall the stories we once loved of adventurous princes seeking their fortunes, who were always brought to a halt of momentous import to their destiny by such a junction. Here a huge tree spreads its friendly arms in each direction, and near by stands the keeper's lodge, a low, ivy-covered building, surrounded by trees. The garden in front had still some autumn flowers left near the beehives. The kennels are behind the house, and from them proceeded a yelping and baying anything but consonant with Shakspeare's poetical description of Duke Theseus's well-matched hounds, making us regret

that the musical branch of canine education should be in our modern times so much neglected.

Marston village is now before us—as rural and picturesque, as quaint and old world-looking, as if no railway carriages ever left their cloudy trail over yonder blue champagne. There is even an old woman still attired à la Little Red-Riding-Hood, dropping her curtsy to the head gardener and factotum of Marston Manor Forest, who lifts his hat as we pass—a fine yeoman-like old man, with a physiognomy full of truth and kindness. To the left of the road we have the church and its tree-sheltered yard. It is an ancient building, linked for long years with the spiritual and temporal histories of the villagers; and after it we reach the third and last lodge gates, and the carriage sweeps round a smooth drive, shaded by beeches that have no equals in England. The heart of this sylvan domain is a large, comfortable English home, built in the shape of the letter H, with a handsome pillared portico facing the south, and another on the western side. At the latter the coachman stops. Ere we enter the hall, however, let us give one glance at the sweet home-picture without. The hill on which Marston is built falls gently here, undulating in green velvet swells and dim hollows, bounded—like the setting of a gem—with a glorious girdle of old trees, on which the sun is bestowing a blushing kiss at parting. Towards a group of clustering elms on the right are the fish ponds; to the left a little wooded knoll, where at spring-tide grow

—'violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

There are certain memories of Dugald Dalgetty attached to the spot also, for it rejoices in the name of Drumsnab. Far away in the distance lies a misty tract of sterile country, through which steals a line of quiet sparkling water. Close to the house is a wide quaint terrace of flower-beds, in the centre of which an ancient sun-dial still marks the course of time by the fitting of its silent shadow.

The present entrance-hall of Marston was of yore a dining-room; it is consequently very large, and the chimney-piece—as high as those in the so-called Venetian parlours of Queen Anne's days—is of exquisitely-carved marble. Above it is an equestrian family picture—opposite, a large painting of Christ healing the sick. A huge slab of yellow marble now coldly occupies the place once held by the more hospitable oak or mahogany. From this hall we passed into a second, the floor of which is of tessellated marble, and the walls hung with portraits of the stud; here also are tables of yellow marble, on one of which stands the letter-box, with the warning inscription, 'Closed at five;' and near it is a movable calendar, showing the day of the month and the hunting appointments for the week.

The light, now growing dim, streamed softly through the rich painted glass of the windows as we entered a third hall, divided from which, by pillars, stands that refuge from ennui, the billiard-table. Here also we distinguish a number of fine, though now indistinct pictures, and a beautiful group of alabaster Graces supporting an open basket for flowers. Passing on through a small music-room, we find ourselves in the library—a noble apartment, illuminated by a bright cheerful fire, from beside which a graceful lady comes forward to tender a kind and courteous welcome to her guest. I have used the present tense occasionally in speaking of my drive to Marston, and of the natural scenery around it, but when I would name the persons 'whose smile' then 'lit up the hearth,' the past alone remains to me, for a dark shadow has rested on the old manor since I last visited it; and they who were of the excellent of the earth have ceased to bless it with their presence. The graceful hostess, whose wit could brighten the dark hour of winter gloom; the fine-tempered, kind-hearted host, are gone: 'their places know them no more,' and the memory of that brief happy sojourn can be to me now only a source of melancholy and regret.

The young unmarried daughter, who had been my companion from the railway station, was worthy of her lineage. She had the fair hair and blue eye of the Saxon side of her ancestry, with much of the high chivalrous spirit of that which was Norman in her line. Her intellect was free from the morbid gloom of our island blood, and her character frank and affectionate. By this English Portia I was conducted (after a brief chat with her mother) to my apartment. There is nothing more cheering at the end of a long journey than to find such a comfortable bedroom and blazing fire as that to which she led me; albeit the apartment was much too large to be called snug. To its dimensions, however, it owed the possession of a piece of furniture which had graced the Queen's chamber on a recent royal progress—namely, a huge sofa twelve feet long (the frame being of carved ivory and gold, the furniture of amber satin), and proportionally broad; so that when Portia and I denounced ourselves in the corners, to have a comfortable chat before the dressing-bell should ring, our feet only reached the edge of our seat. What a pleasant time for confidential intercourse that firelight glimmer is! How lazily the shadows hovered upon the wall—how cheerily the wood crackled, and what a rich glow the red fire cast at times on that old picture of Cynon and Iphigenia, and on the green damask curtains of the bed!

'We have a large party staying in the house now,' said my companion, after more interesting subjects were discussed: 'Lord and Lady Cameron are here. You will like them very much. She is very clever, amusing, and good-looking; her lord is at feud with the east wind, as you will find very shortly. I wish, for his sake, and my own too, it never blew: I am so tired of the subject! Major Straightly bears out the truth of Uncle Henry's singular assertion, "that captains and colonels are smart fellows, but your major in a drawing-room or a novel is always a fool!" He is wonderfully well-dressed, very good-natured, and very silly. The Mountgomeries are here; you will be glad to meet them again; the Lily is as lovely as ever; the two younger girls are very amiable and pretty also; and at dinner I promise you Mr Owen-Morgan and the country neighbours. But hark! there is the dressing-bell. Good-by till it rings again for dinner.'

And she vanished, leaving me to the mysteries of my toilet, which no lady of course reveals. Suffice it to say, that when the dinner-bell rang, I descended, looking as well as I could, to the library, where the large party staying at Marston were assembled, and had scarcely time to exchange greetings with those with whom I was acquainted, ere dinner was announced, and we proceeded in the fashion of Noah's ark—male and female after our degree—to the dining-room. This apartment, recently built, and adorned with valuable paintings, is of noble dimensions. I longed to inspect the treasures on the walls, many of which are the works of the famous masters of old; but the soft light of the chandelier and dinner-lamps

afforded only tantalising glimpses of forms and landscapes of shadowy beauty, and I was compelled to forego the pleasure till the morrow. One thing at least was evident—the dining-room of Marston is not, like most similar apartments, disfigured by stiff, grim, family pictures (hard, cold faces, that look down on their feasting descendants with a hideous mockery of life, and appear to be placed there, like the skeleton at the ancient Egyptian feasts, to remind the guests of their mortality), but it is rendered cheerful even in winter's deepest gloom by the genius of Watteau and Canaletti, the few modern portraits being by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the old by Vandyck. Unable, however, to enjoy their beauties by the imperfect, though brilliant light, I turned from the walls to gaze on the living pictures around, and on the table—ay, on the table—for what Dutch luncheon of old would not have rejoiced in such a subject as it offered, covered with its snowy cloth, the light glittering with a chaste lustre on the plate adorning it, and throwing out the hues of the glorious exotics that filled the epagone in the centre! And then the delicately-white fish, adorned with its scarlet garnishing, brighter than coral; and the silver tureen, the matchless chasing of which far exceeds in our estimation its contents of turtle-soup; whilst round the table smile so many pretty faces, mixed with those of 'grave and reverend signors,' that it would take us too long to describe them individually. Only 'we distinguish,' as the newspapers say, Portia darting the light arrows of her wit on a very handsome hussar, whose noble form and bearing, and expression of frank good-humour, may be a sufficient personification of the high-bred English gentleman; and a fair, lily-like girl, turning her swan-like neck, as she silently listens to an elegant personage, whose pilgrimage to the Holy Land has given him matter for conversation during the rest of his life—at least at dinner parties. It is a great thing to be able to play Baron Munchausen on a small scale: our travels are a better recipe for getting on at dinner than Miss Sacchar's recommendation to ask a silent neighbour 'if he knows Captain Campbell?' My own neighbour had visited the North Pole, and amused me greatly by contrasting the barbarous hospitality of the Esquimaux with the modern fashion of having everything handed round by the domestics; our brethren of the icebergs deeming it a duty of hospitality to feed their guests with their own hands, cramming their mouths zealously even to overflowing, and cutting off the outward superfluity that wouldn't go in, with their knives.

I remember having read that 'once upon a time' in England a hostess would urge her guests 'to help themselves to some salt,' and it was not manners to do so unasked; now no one is troubled with old tedious formalities, but the well-trained butler and his sides-de-camp move noiselessly round, and proffer quiet hospitality to all. This almost equals a Russian dinner, and in our cold climate looks better; the roast turkey is so very characteristic of the country, and the saddle of mutton also: for the side dishes, they are foreigners; but since our insular spirit is gradually yielding to foreign intercourse, and John Bull and La Garde Nationale exchange courtesies, we will not quarrel with their appearance, but occasionally honour them with our approbation and choice.

Dinner in a well-lighted room is really a pleasant meal in winter. The atmosphere grows genial, the champagne dances and flashes in the glasses, and gradually warms the half-frozen blood that even exercise, such as ladies take, cannot generally thaw in a severe November; and by the time the pretty second course—of game and confectionary—has vanished, conversation grows animated, and low soft laughs are at times audible. The dessert is another pretty study for a painter of fruits and flowers, and it is really matter for regret when the hostess makes the mysterious little sign to the 'head lady,' and we pass from the warm, cheerful banquet-room to that blank moment of existence, the assembling of the ladies round the drawing-room fire. There are so few who at that precise period look comfortable; and then the conversation—ah, how fraught it is with babies and Swiss

maids, and prosy gossip! We shall have much greater faith in the progress of mind when we find that hour better, or at least more amusingly, employed. But there were two of three dames and damsels at Marston who did not need the spur of coquetry to make them entertaining.

At last the gentlemen enter, and shortly after, tea is handed round. Then a group assembles near the piano. Mrs. Montgomery, who sings beautifully, gives us one of the 'Anna Bolena' songs, the hussar and Portia sing duets, the Lily plays well and tastefully, whilst the gentlemen play whist, and here and there a couple are seated by a chess-board, surrounded by amused spectators. For our own part, we listen with delight to the music, whilst we examine an exquisite volume of large engravings, the subjects taken from Shakespeare; or we converse at times with some of the party, who are old and dear friends, and thus the hours glide by till eleven strikes, and a move is made by some of the party for retiring to bed. It is quickly followed by the rest, and Marston, ere midnight chimes, is hushed and quiet, lights glancing from its upper windows like faint stars on the dark frosty night.

The bell for the servants' breakfast at eight o'clock woke me the next morning; and a few minutes afterwards Portia's maid came with warm water. The withdrawal of the heavy window-curtains admitted a flood of light into the room. It was a sharp, bright, frosty day; and when I had finished dressing, I hastened to the northern window to look on the beauty of the winter morning. It was a pretty, domestic picture. Below lay a yard with a pump in it, from which a servant was filling a huge marble basin beneath with sparkling water. A few steps led from thence into a stableyard, surrounded by the stables, coach-houses, &c. from the centre of which rose a tower with a clock and gilt weather-vane; and on one side stood a structure somewhat resembling a campanile in form, but having sides of iron network only, in order that the air might freely visit the good cheer therein reserved for us, it being the stronghold of beef and turkeys—the larder. Grooms and other men-servants were crossing the yard on their way to breakfast; and the whole home-scene was framed by a girdle of fir-trees, which rose higher than the clock-tower behind and around it. Being admitted fully to the 'interior' of the family, I was summoned at nine o'clock to attend family prayers, which were read in an octagon room—the 'lady's boudoir.' Portia and I then descended to the dining-room; not, however, without glancing eagerly at the marble slab on which the letters were usually laid.

Breakfast was a very social, as well as very abundant meal; at which, by degrees, all the personages who had done honour to yesterday's dinner re-assembled, the major appearing last, his habitual or acquired stiffness being, we thought, almost a sufficient excuse for the delay, as, if natural, dressing must have been a painful effort; and if not, why, time must be required for such a toilet! But he was really amiable, and we forgot his stiffness in his good-nature. And now by daylight we can enjoy the beautiful pictures. How brightly the sun lights up Canaletti's

'Queenlike city of the hundred isles!'

and how, in its clear radiance, the jewelled bracelet on Watteau's 'Madame de Montespan' glitters! Then the large undivided plates of glass which form the windows scarcely seem to divide us from the whitened turf and huge beeches, with their shining frost-work seen through them: the very birds at times mistake, and strike their wings against the panes in their attempt to approach our fireside.

Breakfast over, the party dispersed. One carriage, full of ladies, and a few female equestrians, accompanied the hunters to see the hounds meet. Portia was of the latter number, under the especial escort of the hussar and the major; the remainder of the party retired to the drawing and music-rooms. Some few dames were speedily engrossed by the mysteries of Berlin-work, exchanging and comparing patterns, &c.; the young ladies gathered round

the piano; and the Pilgrim (who had, we suspect, been captivated by the Lily's gentle yet earnest listening) lingered near her, and again engaged her in conversation. The youngest Miss Montgomery accompanied me to the library, our favourite of all the noble chambers of Marston Manor. The light was here more subdued, partly by the old windows, partly by their heavy crimson curtains, and suited well with the air of repose and learned ease the apartment wore. Over the mantelpiece was a fine painting by Vandeyck of the Lady Venetia Digby, Sir Kenelm of famous memory, and their three boys. She is a distinguished-looking woman, but scarcely so beautiful as imagination would have drawn her. Between and above the immense book-cases hung many other paintings of equal value; between the windows also was a lovely group of children, we believe by an eminent pencil; and there were busts, and portfolios full of drawings, and books enough to rob many winters of their gloom. Here we passed the morning, rather exploring the realms of literature by which we were surrounded; than reading, and were only finally disturbed by the return of the carriage and its attendants—that is to say, of those who did not hunt—and shortly afterwards by the summons to luncheon. The noonday repast is in truth the old *dinner* with a new name, as the late dinner is but a modern appellation for early supper; and at Marston the so-called luncheon was a most abundant meal of hot and cold viands of all kinds, from substantial beef, turkey, and chickens, to tarts and cream, the only difference being, that the dishes were all placed at once on the board, and the constraint of the servants' presence removed. Perhaps on this account the conversation was more general and animated: the news gathered in the morning's excursion was detailed; rather graphic sketches drawn of some of the neighbours who had been seen at the 'meet'; and some good stories told by a Mr. Hammond, a perfect impersonation of those 'remarkable' (American) books, 'The Percy Anecdotes.' After luncheon came the post, and letters or papers occupied the next hour and a-half, when walking or driving was proposed, and chosen according to individual taste. I had promised to join Portia in an excursion she seldom omitted—that of visiting the village poor; and as the other guests dispersed till dinner-time, either to their rooms or to take exercise, we stole away, and were soon in the prettiest part of the adjacent village.

'It is fortunate,' she said, 'that I can get away from our visitors to-day. If my sister were not staying here, I could not well manage to leave them all; and I wish you to go to see poor Betty Morris; she remembers you, and often asks for Miss Julia, as she persists in calling you.'

'I shall be delighted to see her. And my half-witted friend Parrot, how is he?'

'Quite well. He has lately adopted the character of Marston herald, and, on Uncle Henry's accession to the baronetage, went through the village informing the people that Mr. Montrose was no longer to be called Mister; but having become a *knight-barronknight*, was to be styled "Sir Henry." On reaching old Dame Ferridge's cottage, however, with the intelligence, she 'snubbed' the unfortunate king-at-arms, telling him that she always had called Mr. Montrose 'Sir,' and that she would not call him by his Christian name to please nobody.

Talking thus of the humble tenants, who were felt for and cherished by the young lady of Marston as if they had been members of the family, we reached Betty Morris's cottage. The old blind woman welcomed us with affectionate pleasure, and confided her few simple wants to us—one being the addition of a bit of wood to make her door shut close—with perfect and pleasing faith in their relief; then she told us of several sick families near, and thither Portia carried the contents of a large basket, into which, I have forgotten to say, she transferred the remains of sundry little delicacies after the guests had left the luncheon-table.

It was twilight ere we again found ourselves before the library fire, round which a number of ladies had congregated to enjoy the refreshing cup of tea which in such houses always precedes dinner. This may be an absurd

fashion, but it is a very comfortable one, and we shall always uphold it, against even the high authority of a great physician, who denounces it as injurious. Coming in from a cold drive or walk, how it warms one's chilled fingers! and then it renders the party very sociable and good-tempered. On this special occasion there was a charming little bit of news to discuss over the cups: a messenger had arrived, during our absence, from the residence of the married son of our host, to announce the birth of a daughter, and the ceremonies attendant on the entrance of a baby into this busy world were talked over and anticipated. Portia and I enjoyed the prospect of the sitting-up visit, being equally fond of babies and caudle, and the dressing-bell rang some minutes before any of the party heeded its warning. With the exception of a little more attention to Portia on the hussar's part, and something resembling a flirtation between the Lily and the Pilgrim, the second evening at Marston Manor drew to its close much as the preceding had done, leaving us under the impression that chateau life in England is far preferable to the idle waste of time, and fatiguing gaiety of the season in London; and that amongst their tenantry, or in the pursuit of simple and rational amusement, the English gentry still preserve much of their ancient character, softened and improved by the refinement of modern civilisation. But this, I trust, will be brought better out by and by.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

ALTENFIORD—BOSSIKOP—KAAFIORD.

A two hours' sail brought us to Bossikop, a small mercantile establishment in the Altenfiord, where there are usually one or two small trading-vessels seen lying for the loading or discharge of cargo. A cheerful-looking house is seated on the grassy slope overlooking the sea. This is a kiopman or merchant's house, one of the privileged traders already alluded to. He is empowered to collect fish from the Lap fishermen, and to sell them articles of necessity in return.* Formerly, the kiopmen scattered along these wild shores had a monopoly of all such articles; but now provisions and tobacco are exempt. For the power of selling spirits they pay a very heavy tax. Each has his district; and so strictly is this rule maintained, that when the Copper Company found it necessary to institute a store for their working-people, they had to get a license for the purpose, and become bound to sell to no other persons. The privileges of the kiopman do not, after all, make him a very enviable person, for he is liable to considerable losses in his barterings with the fishermen, and his general trade is limited. Amongst the duties exacted from him in return is an obligation to receive strangers into his house, and entertain them as in an inn. This house of Bossikop, for instance, which is possessed by a lady named Madame Clark, of excellent manners, and whose husband is a ship captain, I can enter in the expectation of being provided with food and lodging for some small charge. It would be felt by similar persons in our country as an intolerable burthen; but in Finmark, where no strangers under a respectable rank appear, it is little complained of. On the contrary, the host is apt to give the entertainment gratuitously, especially if the guest has come with any kind of written recommendation from a neighbour.

Raipas being situated three or four miles up the valley of the Alten, the usual approach to it is by boats sailing in at the embouchure of the river. To shorten the distance, however, we landed at Bossikop, and walked across an isthmus into the valley, passing the river by a floating-bridge. On this occasion I obtained a comprehensive idea of the physical geography of the district.

* Kiopman, it may be remarked, springs from a word signifying to sell by barter, which still prevails in Scotland, both in the verb to *coip* (that is, exchange), and in such a noun-form as *horre-cupper*, being probably also the basis of the Latin *cooper*, which, though specially translated *viner*, had also the general sense of a *merchant*.

It may be described in one sentence as a plain of sand filling up every vacancy in the hills, but cut down by the valley of the Alten. This arenaceous plain is 221 feet high in front at Bossikop, and this part is *seamed* in front with ancient sea-markings, while a valley-ridge extends all along the top. Throughout the surface are places reaching to 240 feet above the sea. The whole range of these formations, including those described as at the mouth of the Kaaford river, is of a peculiar and striking character, indicative of some extraordinary history. The same flat is seen for several miles up the Alten river, having there the character of a terrace. Between Bossikop and Raipas it is covered with woods, and is swampy in some places. I found the *multiber* very abundant on that kind of ground, and nearly ripe. This is a tempting ground-fruit like the strawberry, much used in Norway as a delicacy with sugar and cream. The origin of the sandy plateau is to be sought in an early age, when the relative level of sea and land was different. It is composed of the spoils of the great rivers descending at this place from Norwegian Lapland. What has preserved it so well at Bossikop is a great bulwark-like hill called Kongshavnfield, which rises there on the shore. Kongshavnfield is a mass of contorted slate strata, covered with a hard siliceous limestone highly crystalline. The slopes near the sea show these strata crumpled up, and zig-zagged in a surprising manner, with strong superficial appearances of glacial action. I can find nothing to which to compare the appearances so apt as a mass of thin soft cakes, which have first been huddled into a lump, and then shorn through with a knife. These dressed surfaces descend into the sea, and on land the sandy deposit is seen clearly overlying them, marking of course the priority of the smoothing action to the deposition of the sand.

The Raipas mine is situated high amongst the hills. Trusting to have another opportunity of seeing it, I did not on this occasion go beyond the house of Mr Monk, the superintendent, which is placed on a beautiful inner terrace overlooking the river. At the moment of our approach, it was surrounded by groups of working-people, male and female, waiting for a settlement of their fortnightly bills, and all seemingly much at their ease. I found Mr Monk a fine, bright-eyed, energetic Cornishman of about forty-five, frank, hearty, very decided in all his ideas, and still, after twenty years' absence from England, thoroughly English. His wife, likewise, who speedily went off on hospitable thoughts intent, completely realised the English character. It was interesting to find this worthy couple doing their best to maintain in their little ones their own national character, its leading moral and religious ideas, and its upright manly habits, amidst a population composed of a rude medley of semi-barbarous races. After refreshment, we went out to see the workpeople. A few of them proved to be *Quaens*—a term applied to Finlanders who have of late years emigrated from their own country in search of work. They are a very rough-looking people, but have no peculiarity of dress to distinguish them from the Norwegian miners. When the French expedition was here in 1839, the Quaens got lower wages than the Norwegians, as being thought inferior workmen; but now they realise equal wages, because this inferiority no longer exists. When I heard this, I bethought me of the tendency which has been shown in our day to believe in essential distinctions of peoples, whereby some are held as qualified, and others as disqualified, for particular occupations. Here it appeared that the common need of a subsistence had forced a rude and primitive tribe, in the course of a few years, to adapt themselves to the work of one supposedly superior.

Nevertheless there is little in the moral state of the Quaens to afford matter of congratulation. They are essentially barbarian in their habits, with a varnish composed rather of the vices than the virtues of civilisation. Brutified by the harsh usage which they experienced in their own country, they do not understand the more humane and liberal principles of the English

employer, who consequently is forced to resort to stern measures as a means of keeping them in the path of duty. Their religion—and this remark applies to the Norwegian workmen also—being a mere system of barren forms and rote-repeated catechisms, has little effect on their inner nature. They will rush from the Communion Table to indulge in drinking or dancing. The passing hour alone is thought of or provided for. Where, by a rare exception, a man does begin to save from his gains, his advance as a moral being is observed to go on at the same time, and such men always take a first rank as workmen. These poor people have no idea of delicacy: men, women, and young persons of both sexes, all bathe promiscuously, and seem surprised when an Englishman hints at the impropriety of such conduct.

In the hope of a future opportunity, I did not on this occasion make an excursion along the Alten, as I otherwise should have done, in order to observe the physical features of the country, and see a little of the sport of salmon-fishing, which an English gentleman had been following there for the last three weeks. As the expected opportunity did not occur, I had full occasion, in the long-run, to recall the trite proverb as to the danger of delay. I met, however, the salmon-fishing gentleman at Mr Thomas's, and learned from him that the river is really a noble one for this sport, though he verily believes there must be many others in Norway equally well furnished in that way, if they were only tried. For some years past, a few gentlemen have come each summer to fish in the Alten. They plant themselves on portions of the river, for which they pay a sort of rent, or rather garnish, to the peasantry, from whom again they obtain lodging and assistance. It is a delightful wild life, and such occurrences as the taking of a fish of forty-four pounds' weight, which now and then occur, throw a glory over the whole adventure, the brightness of which does not fade even when they have returned to England. I found the as yet sole fisher of the season a fine active youth, of highly-accomplished mind, an *élève* of Worcester College, Oxford, and a landed proprietor in a central English county. He seemed to have travelled everywhere—knew and understood all grades of society—could endure every kind of personal hardship and every degree of fatigue—was easy, frank, clever, good-humoured—in short, a most favourable specimen of his countrymen. He had come to the Alten each summer for several years in succession, and had on one occasion tarried during the winter, in order to see the country in all its phases. One could scarcely but echo what he told us one of his tenants had said to him—'Lor, measter! what makes you leave your nice house here, and go away to spend your life in them outlandish parts?' Yet while we must believe that life has higher employments for an English gentleman than that of salmon-fishing in a Finmark river, we cannot doubt that, in the subjection which the petty appetites there undergo, and the bracing action to which the whole spirit must submit, there is an educational force that must tend to a general improvement, so that, though nothing may be done in the meantime for great objects, there is a training going on which must prepare for such being accomplished. The hardness, heartiness, and adventurousness which I observed in various specimens of the sporting tribe of my countrymen on this tour, certainly had the effect of considerably modifying my former ideas about field-sports, and I now see in them certain efficacies to good ends which I at one time could not have dreamt of.

My companion, Mr Paddison, and I returned in the evening to Bossikop, and there spent the next day in a survey of the district. We found the house comfortable, and had all that we desired in very good style, notwithstanding that the lady was absent from home on a visit. On the second morning we procured a boat, and sailed back to Kaasford, stopping by the way at several places where there were natural objects worthy of inspection.

The bay called Quasenvig in a particular manner arrested our attention. Its sides are composed of rocky precipices, all smoothed by ice, and bearing many trough-like channelings, and many minute striae and scratches, all of which, near the level of the sea, are in the direction of the valley, or south-south-west and north-north-east by compass. The direction is remarkable, because over the general surface of the hill, where the ground is open, the exposed rocks are all striated from north-north-west to south-south-east by compass. This may be considered as the course of the glacial action of the district in free ground, while the lines in Quasenvig are an example of the accidental or modified direction produced by confinement in a valley. I observed at one place a long ridge of prominent rock near to a steep cliff. Not merely was the ridge smoothed, but the deep narrow channel at its side was also dressed all throughout down to its innermost recesses, showing that the smoothing agent must have been of the most plastic and insinuating nature. I at the same time remarked a feature which I do not remember having seen noticed anywhere—namely, that some such ridges were brought to a sharp edge by forces which had evidently come in slightly-various directions. In this fact we can read that the agent operated not always widely or vaguely, but sometimes with minutely special applications. We found, about twenty or thirty feet above the sea, an example of those *reisetopfes*, or giants' tubs, which have been already alluded to. It might be described as a deep pit in the mountain-side, with the side taken away, so that the whole depth was exposed. The edges and sides are finely smoothed, and in the bottom lie a few loose blocks of different kinds of rock, including some of granite, which must have been brought from a considerable distance. The theory as to these curious holes is, that they were formed by cataracts in the constantly-melting glaciers, the loose blocks serving, as is seen in cascades of the present time, to do the grinding work under the impulse of the falling water.

At the head of the Quasenvig Bay there is a grand barrier formed by a portion of the sandy plateau, flat at the top, and with slight terraces horizontally seaming its front. We effected a measurement here, from which it appeared that this terrace is of nearly the same height as the similar terraces at Bossikop and Kaasford—namely, 219 feet in front, where, as in the other instances too, there is a slight rounded ridge. The upper surface is covered with birch-woods.

The small branch of the sea called Kaasford, with which I had now been familiar for several days, presents some equally remarkable objects. At three several places sandy spits advance into the channel, so as in two instances to leave only a narrow passage. The most remarkable of these promontories is the outermost, which is not less than half a mile long, and 146 feet high at its outer extremity. It is called Oskarnaes, from the resemblance which it bears to an inverted boat-scoop; and around the swelling extremity there is a cincture terrace at 80 feet. I was at first disposed to consider all these spits as modified relics of ancient moraines left by the shrinking glacier of the Kaasford valley, but afterwards became inclined to view them as merely freakish formations by the sea when the land was to a considerable depth submerged.

On our return to Mr Thomas's house we found that the two gentlemen of the Eniskillen Dragoons had brought on their yacht from Tromsøe, along with the owner of the unfortunate dog, but without the dog himself—a subject of regret to us all. The *Rose*, a sprightly little vessel of forty tons, now lay in the bay below, while the three gentlemen prepared to seek for salmon-fishing on the Alten. The French officers had by this time discovered that there were ladies in Kaasford; so Kaasford was the reverse of a lonely place. I could not help being amused in the evening, when I reflected on the contrast which the place presented to the ideas which an Englishman 'living at home at ease' would be apt to entertain regarding it. In this hyperborean

valley, while panting under intense heat, I beheld at once the bustling copper-works, the pleasant-looking residential house, containing an unusually large family, and dwellings for about 700 working-people. Besides which objects of a habitual kind, there were now visible, of occasional objects, a group of gaily-dressed ladies walking over the slopes of the Kaaford alluvium, attended by a set of chatty French naval officers—a yacht reposing in the bay, with a company of English gentlemen on board, indulging in cool drinks and cigars—an aspirant in science pursuing his own peculiar and solitary avocations—and I am not sure but, in addition to all this, we had another stranger trolling from a boat in the fiord. At a late hour in the evening Mr Thomas's hospitality brought us all together; and it so fell out that a dance was unavoidable. I mentally compared the simple but kind-hearted style of entertainment with that of Scotland about eighty years ago, when great numbers of people would assemble with little ceremony in country-houses, and keep up the dance for hours, after which it was a never-failing, never-solved mystery, where they all got up-putting for the night. Having for my own part no vocation to this blithesome exercise, I was quietly sitting at a window looking towards the western sky, when, for the first time during my residence in the north, a star appeared. I felt it to be a kind of wonder, and called attention to it. It was at this moment only a few minutes to twelve. No other such object was visible. We looked again in about a quarter of an hour, and could no longer see the star. It had walked forth by itself from the chambers of day, looked for a brief space upon the earth, and then, finding no companions, had gone back to its shining home. At this time the view from the windows of the house was extremely beautiful; a fair sky with tinted clouds, the mountains fully seen, the fiord like a series of mirrors partially divided by the numerous little promontories; the air meanwhile still and mild; and the whole bearing upon the mind as a great wonder, considering the portion of the world in which we were.

Next day (Sunday, 29th July) brought a change of weather, and we had nothing but sheets of rain, attended by a low temperature, till night. It resembled completely one of our own wet days in July or August, when the ripening grain suffers so much. I had inquired about service in the church, and learned that it only takes place every fourth Sunday—a common case in subordinate chapels in Norway. Indeed I found in this neighbourhood a chapel where service takes place only once in a twelvemonth! As this Sunday was not one of those on which service was given at the Kaaford church, the religious duties of the inmates were confined to reading at home. It is the custom of the English gentlemen here, when by themselves, to have formal domestic readings on those Sundays which are blank for public worship. Such is everywhere abroad the tendency of the educated English mind. I may here make the general remark, that an English traveller does not find religion in Norway that prominent subject which it is in his own country. There are throughout this extensive country only about 450 parish clergy. There is no dissent tolerated; and beyond a few handfuls of people who indulge in private prayer-meetings, there is no apparent inclination to anything of the kind. There is neither Catholicism on the one side, nor anything like Methodism on the other. The people are a gentle, amiable people, evidently not at all destitute of reverential feelings, nor of even a certain kind of piety. They have a strong sense of the presence of God in the world, and of His sustaining providence; and their adherence to their own form of Christianity is so decided, that I was assured any one changing to Romanism, or avowing a state of unbelief, would be obliged to leave the country. But the earnest and intense views which are so conspicuous with us, make no appearance in Norway. Their external religion is very much one of forms and catechisms. Of that universal bustle amongst clergy and laity, and of those

struggles in one sect of Christians to make impressions upon another, which are observed in Britain, there is here no trace. The clergyman has a fixed round of duty, which he takes care to perform, and then he feels like a workman who has gone through his task. One told me that, after his Sunday services, he put off the clerical character, and entered into the society of his flock simply as one of themselves. How far this may be owing to there never having been any feeling of 'church in danger' in Norway, I cannot tell; but it is a remarkable attendant circumstance that the institution stands so well with the public, that the clergy feel quite at their ease. The state merely provides a good farm by way of glebe for the parish minister. The rest of his income arises from fees at two or three of the great festivals of the church, and from marriages, christenings, and confirmations. Depending so much on the good-will of his people, he becomes bound up with them in interests and sympathies; and so much is this the case, that they very often select him as their representative in the Storting. At the same time, his situation being worth fully £200 a year, he is socially on the level of the great bulk of the well-off class, and thus is in no want of authority or respect as a public officer. Perhaps this is a phase of the church which is not altogether without parallel in our own history. Whether, if the Norwegian clergy had to stand a pressure from without, they would be stimulated to greater exertion; whether, if the people were in any danger of being shaken in their simple faith, there would rise among them parties zealous for the strongest interpretations, and clamorous for the most ascetic restrictions, are questions which perhaps admit of but one answer. Meanwhile there is at once an unquestioning acquiescence and a perfect stillness. As, however, there is nothing like unmixed good or evil in human nature or earthly affairs, it is as certain that the moral condition of Norway is not without its fine points, as it is that that of England has its dark shades. The people, if free from excitement of one kind, are also free from it of another. One could almost say that they rest in an innocence which has not yet become conscious of its deficiencies. I was much struck by a little trait which a gentleman assured me was characteristic. He was condoling with a peasant proprietor on the bad crop of the year, when the man cut him short with, 'Yce, sir, but we ought to recollect that we had a good crop last year.' This, in its extent, is surely true piety.

I had expected a boat to be ready for me next morning, in which to proceed upon an inspection of the celebrated Altenfiord terraces; but when the day came, it was found that another still would be required for preparation. During the morning I found some amusement in looking over the store kept by the company for the supply of goods to the workpeople. It was found necessary to establish such a store, because the whole concern was a kind of settlement in the wilderness, and without supplies of food and raiment provided in this systematic way, the colony could not have subsisted. Imagine a long log-house on the brink of the sea, with a quay behind. The interior is a shop, where every conceivable article of household and personal need—groceries, liquors, cloth, haberdasheries, ironmongers' goods, schoolbooks, meal, potatoes, and bread—are presented for sale. The general air of the place is rude and homely, but it serves its end perfectly. A few of the customers were lounging about. I here met also for the first time some of the Laps, with their coarse skin-dresses. They seem an inoffensive people; but the dirt of their persons is not apt to make one fall in love with savage life. One of them seemed an old man; I asked how old, and he mentioned a certain number of years; but I was told that they never observe the truth on these points, and indeed are not very likely to know it, as they have no records. A baby, enclosed in a little case or portable cradle, and looking out with its bleared little eyes and pale face, was a great curiosity. One of the men was understood to possess a considerable stock of

reindeer; but on this point also it is not easy to bring out the truth, as they have a sort of superstitious dislike to precision as to matters of property. The shoe of the Laplander, though rather like a peaked bag than a shoe, is said to be a comfortable article, and I found that several of the English gentlemen wear it by preference.

Another occupation during the morning was afforded in a visit to the *Rose*, where the owner was to give a sort of breakfast lunch. I was much pleased with the neat order of everything on board this little vessel, and we had ample demonstration that she is provided with some of the ordinary comforts of life in no stinted measure. From hence we adjourned in boats to the *Pourvoyante*, in order to pay our respects to the captain, and witness some firing exercise. Our party, numbering nearly a dozen persons, was received with distinguishing kindness, and shown over the vessel. Here, too, was a scene of the nicest order. The men, who exceeded a hundred in number, had a more goodly appearance, both in person and dress, than I expected. They commenced firing the guns at a mark on the rocky shore, and seemed prompt and clever at that exercise; yet I cannot say that the precision of their aim came up to the point of excellence which I had anticipated. We were subsequently taken to the captain's apartment, and there entertained with great cordiality. I felt pleasure in doing even a little to impress on these French gentlemen the fact of England's entertaining no feeling but goodwill and respect towards their country. When I announced my hope that there would never again be war between two nations which rather seemed to have had assigned to them the duty of taking a lead in the civilisation and pacification of the world, it was eagerly responded to by the men of various countries present. Thus ended my first week at Kaaford. The next day was to see me launched upon the cardinal adventure of my tour. R. C.

LONDON GOSSIP.

December, 1849.

LET rural folk say what they will, we Londoners do contrive to make our winters very comfortable and agreeable: if the atmosphere be murky without, within doors we have bright sea-coal fires, happy faces, and no end of entertaining relaxations, which grow heartier and warmer as the word goes from mouth to mouth—Christmas is coming. It would do your eyes good in going along our streets just now, notwithstanding the mire, to see the display in the shops—magazines and mourning, books and bonnets, cakes, carpets, cashmores, and confectionary. In strife or peace, prosperity or panic, on it goes, the great and multiplex life-whirl of this busy metropolis: nothing seems to disturb it but a deadly epidemic.

Not only business, but bodies corporate show signs of reanimation with the coming on of winter; and all our learned societies (and the unlearned ones too) are shaking off their vacation dust. The Geographicals are all alive with reports from and about travellers, and if the propositions thrown out can be accomplished, we shall soon know something more of the interior of Africa and other unknown regions. The Chemicals are talking of acids and alkalies, organic and inorganic bodies, and the metamorphosis of diacyanometaniline, a mysterious process about as easy to comprehend by the uninitiated as metaphysics. The Zoologicals are discussing (not de-vouring) the birds and animals and whatever subjects of natural history may come before them at their meetings; where the frequent introduction of new specimens affords a significant hint that we have not yet got to the end of animated nature. The Society of Arts have read papers on a new principle for suspension-bridges and piers—which was suggested to the author's mind by his seeing lines of cobwebs one day stretched across a street, and a spider working on them—and on flexible

breakwaters and lighthouses, another attempt at what has been so often tried—open piles; but in this instance with a system of counterbalancing weights. The Civil Engineers have survived the listening to the subject of coffer-dams, as exemplified by the huge structure (1500 feet long) in use at Grimsby Docks, which famous works it is said will by and by come into spirited rivalry with those on the other side of the Humber at Hull. The dean of Westminster, Dr Buckland, was present at one of the meetings, and suggested the propriety of engineers becoming geologists, so as to be able to make surveys without falling into error about strata. Shrewd advice on the part of the dean. The Literatures have been occupied with memoirs on Egyptian antiquities, and on Mount Sinai; and the Asiatics, as usual, are busying themselves with Sanscrit inscriptions and sculptures, extracting facts useful to the historian or ethnologist out of matters seemingly the most intractable: even as bees suck honey from nettle-blossoms. The Antiquaries, among other matters, have been treating themselves to details on the boundaries of land in the old Saxon days, from which facts may be gathered as to monuments of olden time. In a document of this sort, drawn up in the tenth century, they find mentioned as a boundary-mark Welandes Smiddan (Weland's Smithy), or, in other words, Wayland Smith's Cave, with which we are all familiar in Scott's famous romance of 'Kenilworth.' One can hardly forbear a smile at what, when thus heaped together, appears such a strange-looking jumble; but we know that the grand sum of human knowledge is thereby increased: *so sumus quique*.

Last, though not least on the list, comes the Royal Society—the 'Old Lady,' as certain irreverent philosophers are pleased to call the venerable corporation. The Fellows, according to custom of nearly two centuries' standing, held their anniversary meeting on St Andrew's Day, their noble president, Lord Rosse, in the chair. The address delivered on the occasion contains a few points worthy of notice. His lordship intimated that a series of soirées would be held, as heretofore, on a scale befitting the first learned society in Europe. He announced also that Lord John Russell had offered to place £1000 annually at the disposal of the council of the society, as a fund from which scientific men may be assisted, and enabled to pursue their investigations. The council, as you may suppose, have accepted the offer. They will have a delicate and important task to perform in the administration of the fund, one that can be successfully accomplished only by singleness and sincerity of purpose. Let us hope that no petty views will ever be allowed to interfere with a trust, the conferring of which will to some extent relieve our government from a reproach under which it has long lain—that of presenting the cold shoulder to philosophy.

As usual, during the course of his address, Lord Rosse gave away certain rewards to science in the shape of gold medals. The Copley medal, the most honourable—Davy called it the 'olive crown'—was awarded to Sir Roderick Murchison for his 'Silurian System,' 'Geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains,' and other able works in the department of knowledge to which he has especially devoted himself. Two Royal medals were given: one to Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine for 'Researches in Terrestrial Magnetism,' the other to Dr Mantell for his palæontological works. Twenty years ago, the doctor predicted, from a portion of a bone found in Tilgate Forest, the structure, habits, and dimensions of that huge saurian the iguanodon; and now that, bit by bit, discoveries have completed the osteology of the animal, the worthy savan finds his conclusions verified, and gets a medal for his pains.

Sir James Ross's unlooked-for return from the polar regions is still a subject of conversation: the general impression appears to be, that the gallant officer was over-hasty in his determination to come home. His ships, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, are to be forthwith re-

equipped, and, if official rumour is to be depended on, will be despatched to Behring's Strait under the command of Sir Edward Belcher; meantime another expedition, to sail next spring, will resume the search for Sir John Franklin and his party by way of Barrow's Strait. I do not give you this information as positive, but as the substance of what leaks out from authority. The French minister of war is sending out three representatives on a scientific mission to Algeria, 'to inquire into the best means of naturalising in the colony certain vegetable productions, such as madder, sesame, the cactus cocciniferus, the banyan-tree, from which the Americans make their cordage for ships, &c.; also to investigate the best means to be adopted for favouring in Algeria the development of the wool-trade; and, lastly, to examine such circumstances peculiar to climate as are hurtful to Europeans.' A mission of this nature, if honestly conducted, may become eminently useful: the more natural resources are developed, the better for mankind at large; at all events our knowledge of mysterious Africa will be enlarged.

There have been, as you know, many abortive attempts made to apply electro-magnetism as a motive power: despairing projectors may now take new heart, for the Academy of Rouen proposes a prize, to be awarded in August 1852, for the best essay on the question, 'What system of galvanic apparatus, regard being had to power, economy, regularity of movement, and simplicity, is to be preferred by those who endeavour to derive from electric currents a motive force applicable to any branch whatsoever of industry?' The supersession of steam as a prime mover is one among the possibilities entertained by able physicists: whether it will take place so early as 1852 remains to be proved. The Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin also offers a prize of 100 ducats for 'An investigation of turf (peat) with especial reference to the employment of the same and of its ashes as manure.' Here is an alluring inquiry for agricultural chemists. The manuscripts, which may be in German, French, or Latin, at the pleasure of the writers, are to be sent in by the 1st of March 1852: the adjudication of the prize will take place in July of the same year. Apropos of Berlin: two of its most famous professors—Dove and Müller—were so much affected by the late political disturbances, that the former was obliged to give up his duties, and travel in pursuit of fugitive health, while the latter became mentally deranged. To this cause, and to the university deputations which took place in Prussia in September last, we may attribute the small attendance of German savans at the meeting of the British Association.

The travelling public are somewhat moved by the announcement from one of our great companies, that the fares on their line will shortly be raised 50 per cent.: according to some, the change is one which must defeat its purpose. Experience, indeed, seems to point the other way, as you will see by the practice which prevails in the United States. From a published table of sixty-six railways, it appears that the highest charge per mile is six and a-half cents (3½d.); the greater number carry at from two to four cents, while on the New York and Erie line the rate is but one cent and three-fourths—about three-farthings per mile. The lowest fares generally prevail on the lines radiating from New York—Brother Jonathan having the wit to know that cheapness is the desideratum where population is most dense. The best commentary on this statement is the fact, that 'the companies adopting the lowest rates of fares pay the largest dividends.'

A gossip, as you know, must not only talk of what is new, but also report on what is progressive in the old. I may therefore proceed to tell you that another Model Lodging-house was opened on the 12th. The company who built the one in St Pancras have just completed a new one in Spitalfields: it will accommodate 324 single men and 50 families. Judging from the demand for rooms in their former building, the new edifice will be speedily tenanted. Besides this, a

lodging-house for single men (not by the same company) has been fitted up in Old Compton Street, Soho. It is intended for clerks and assistants, who, for 3s. 6d. per week, will have 'all the comforts of a private home, combined with well-ventilated sleeping-rooms, every convenience for washing and cooking, airy sitting-rooms, and a reading-room supplied with books, papers, and periodicals. This establishment will accommodate 130 inmates. This is progress of the right sort: it is not, however, confined to London; a move is being made at Ipswich, supported and sanctioned by Messrs May and Ransome, whose foundry-works are well known. In the words of the report, 'the site of a Workman's Hall has been determined on, and the money is now ready to build it. It will cost about £1000. There will be forty dormitories for single men and lads, which will be let at about 1s. 6d. a week, including attendance; there will be a large room for evening resort—a workman's drawing-room, a library, and reading-rooms. The building will be fitted up with baths, the whole under the management of a resident matron and mistress. The privileges of the hall will be available to every workman upon the establishment upon paying a subscription of 1s. a quarter; and each member will thus not only have a cheerful room to spend his evenings in, but the opportunity of obtaining his early breakfast, his dinner, and his cup of tea at a cheap rate from the kitchen, where a cook will be always in attendance.' If, after this, Ipswich workmen don't thrive, it will be their own fault; and it is to be hoped that Workmen's Halls will ere long be found in other counties besides Suffolk. Indeed, rumours already reach us of something of the sort being taken in hand at Manchester and other places. Then, again, baths and washhouses are growing: at Birmingham the first stone of a bath-establishment for the poor was laid two months ago; and the citizens of Hereford and Oxford are bestirring themselves in the same cause. It will be interesting to watch the gradual spread and increase of cleanly habits. Still more, a Commission appointed by government is inquiring into the vexed question of Smithfield, and devoutly is it to be wished that the honourable gentlemen may decide it; that we may no longer be in doubt as to the salubrity or insalubrity of the reeking cattle-yard. Wont it be glorious to have the space now so uninviting laid out as a park with green turf, trees, and gravelled walks? What a boon it will be for the densely-crowded population of the immediate neighbourhood! Cattle and swine once banished from the city, there is no reason why slaughter-houses should not follow; and here your Edinburgh 'flushers' have set an example in petitioning for three acres of land in a proper site whereon to erect the necessary buildings. May success attend their efforts! and furthermore, the sooner you get your new water supply the better, for we may then be able to profit by your experience.

In addition to baths and washhouses at Oxford, a project is on foot for a new college in the venerable university, on a more liberal standard than those already existing: it is not in the nature of things that exclusiveness should always prevail. Normal Schools at Gloucester are also talked of in connection with the same scheme. But colleges to wit: the opening of the new establishments in Ireland shows that a love of learning is wanted as well as schools. Queen's College, Cork, I am told, commenced with less than forty students; while the college at Galway could muster only nineteen: at this rate it will be some time before the endowed scholarships are taken up. Several of the professors are taking a holiday in consequence, waiting while the classes grow. Something better than this is reported from the antipodes: at Hobart Town has recently been incorporated 'The Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land for Horticulture, Botany, and the Advancement of Science.' It originated in 1843; the Queen is patroness, and a yearly grant of £400 is given by government to pay salaries and promote the general objects of the institution. The last published report

states that eighty volumes, besides pamphlets, have been brought together as the nucleus of a public library; as well as many hundreds of specimens towards a museum; and of the large botanic garden, it is praiseworthy recorded that 'the society have sought, by rendering the gardens attractive, and throwing them freely open to the public, to diffuse a love for simple enjoyments, and to establish tastes and habits of a laudable and instructive tendency amongst a class hitherto left to fill up the void of leisure hours with amusement and gratification derived often from questionable, if not objectionable sources.' You will not be astonished to learn that a large increase in the number of visitors, 'whose propriety of conduct deserves to be recorded,' followed this wise arrangement. The meetings of the society are held once a month; there are between 100 and 200 members, and the papers and proceedings are published in a quarterly journal. The first number of this contains reports on the coal basins of Tasmania.

Among literary matters, several valuable scientific works have lately made their appearance: supplements to the narrative of the American Exploring Expedition, geological, botanical, ethnographical, &c. We are, it is said, to have something very wonderful from the States on the subject of ethnology before long, in an essay on races of men considered with reference to woolly or hairy heads—*Nous verrons!* Besides this, our beyond-sea brethren are contemplating a 'Nautical Almanac' of their own, so as to be independent of the one calculated by 'old country' astronomers. There is much to be said for and against. If carried into effect, it is proposed to reckon the longitude from New Orleans—a point six hours in time, or ninety degrees from Greenwich; and then to bring this *en rapport* with the observatory at Washington. An astronomical journal is also to be published, to comprehend 'not only researches in every department of physical, theoretical, and practical astronomy, but also investigations on all subjects directly connected with these, such as pure mathematics, geodesy, the theory of instruments, &c.—to the exclusion, however, of popular articles and general speculations.' Such a design, eminently calculated to promote peaceful relations among philosophers of all civilised countries, deserves to prosper.

A work has just made its appearance here, published at Leipzig, which may be ranked among the curiosities of literature. It is entitled, 'Biographical Bibliography, or Dictionary of 26,000 Works, Ancient and Modern, relating to the History of the Public and Private Life of Celebrated Men of all Times and of all Nations, from the Beginning of the World to our Days.' The dedicatory page shows the name of Alexander von Humboldt surrounded by an ellipse of stars, and the work is offered to him as '*premier connétable* of scientific Europe.' The author, E. M. Oettinger, says, 'this work which new very modestly knocks at the door of the learned world is the fruit of twelve years' labour, the exploration of twenty great libraries, and of 10,000 catalogues, which we have turned over during this period.' The book is a tall quarto of nearly 800 pages; if favourably received, the author intends to bring out as a sequel 'Historical Bibliography, to contain all the Monographs relating to the People and Countries of the Universe.' Such a feat as this quite reminds one of the patient labours of monkish historians. Dr Ohm, another learned German, has sent over his first volume of 'Contributions to Molecular Physics.' Following the general practice of his countrymen, he begins at the beginning, and starts with the 'Analytical Geometry' of the subject: at this rate it will be long ere he reaches the end. There is a fact worth noting connected with the history of this book: some years ago Ohm made a most important discovery in the laws relating to electric currents, which for a long time was known only through a plagiarised version brought out by some Frenchman as his own. At length the Royal Society recognising the value of Ohm's researches, honoured him with their Copley

medal, which approval has reanimated the doctor to further labours in the same field, and he dedicates his book to the Society, as he says, 'out of gratitude.' And here I may mention that Mr Smee has published a supplement to his 'Electric Biology,' which he calls 'Principles of the Human Mind.' It consists of a series of texts, in a style somewhat aphoristic, on the various subjects developed in his former work, embracing all mental phenomena, in health and disease, deranged or defective: in morals, æsthetics, instinctive and acquired ideas. We are to have a translation, too, of Quetelet's 'Laws of the Social System' by Professor Nichol; and, to leave this topic, I may just add that Mr Layard is again at Nineveh: he reached Mosul last September, and has recommenced his labours. Already a painting has been discovered which exhibits the mode in which the two huge sculptured bulls were transported to their respective positions. This time Mr Layard is accompanied by a skillful draughtsman: he has again visited the hill-tribe of Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, so that we may look for another interesting book in due season.

Noteworthy subjects are continually turning up in various circles of gossip, according to their quality. 'Have you heard,' says one, 'what the "Recueil of the Société Polytechnique" says about a new mode of turning waste steam to account?' The proprietor of a factory took it into his head to introduce his waste steam under the roots of pine-apple plants; and such was the combined effect of heat and moisture, that a magnificent crop of ripe fruit was the speedy result, and of a much finer flavour than usual, owing to the growing part of the plant having been daily exposed to the open air. Then another will call your attention to the monster monolith, mentioned also in the same publication, which has been quarried by the Russians to serve as a pedestal for the statue of their late emperor, Alexander. The huge mass is 30 metres (98'45 feet) in length, by 7 metres (22'97 feet) square, and weighs, or is estimated to weigh, 4,700,000 kilogrammes (4626 tons). Six hundred quarrymen were engaged two years in preparing it; and its erection, under the superintendence of M. Montferrand, a French architect, required 80 capstans and 2000 men. The stone which supports the statue of the great Peter weighed originally about 1800 tons, less than half the weight of the new block, which, it is to be presumed, we must regard as a specimen of the gigantic scale of Russian operations. A third asks you to look at some notes he has made of recent American inventions, where you find that a Mr Busey of Illinois has patented a machine which makes fences and ditches at the same time. He describes it as a 'combination of two ditching-machines, so that the sods cut from two parallel ditches shall be elevated and placed, with the grass, out in a continuous ridge between the said ditches at one operation.' Then in Massachusetts a Mr Howe has constructed a most ingenious machine for sewing—to do the work of sempstresses and tailors. The cloth, or other material, is held between wires, serving as basting threads, attached to metal plates, which move with the progress of the work. Two threads are used, one carried by the needle, the other by a shuttle. The needle is curved, with the eye about one-eighth of an inch from the point; a vibrating arm in which it is held thrusts it through the cloth about three-fourths of an inch, when the protruding curve and thread resemble in appearance a strung bow. Immediately the shuttle is made to pass through this bow, between the steel and string, in such a way that 'the thread which was carried in by the needle is surrounded by that received from the shuttle; and as the needle is drawn out, it forces that which was received from the shuttle into the body of the cloth; and as this operation is repeated, a seam is formed which has on each side of the cloth the same appearance as that given by stitching, with this peculiarity, that the thread shown on one side of the cloth is exclusively that which was given out by the needle, and the thread seen on the other side is exclusively that which was given out by

the shuttle. 'It will therefore be seen,' thus pursues the inventor, 'that a stitch is made at every back and fourth movement of the shuttle.'

This letter is perhaps too long: but, as Madame de Staël once said in writing to Benjamin Constant, 'I have not time to shorten it;' and I am now compelled to let several items stand over till my next, which I hope will reach you early in eighteen hundred and fifty.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS IN 1849.

THERE are few persons unacquainted with that romance of naval history, the 'Mutiny of the Bounty.' Yet as we have some fresh information to give respecting Pitcairn's Island, and the descendants of the mutineers, even those acquainted with the story will not object to be reminded of it.

In 1789 his majesty's armed vessel *Bounty*, while employed in conveying the bread-fruit-tree from Tahiti to the British colonies in the West Indies, was taken from her commander, Lieutenant William Bligh, by a part of the crew; who, headed by Fletcher Christian, a master's mate, mutinied off the island of Tofoa, and put the lieutenant, with the remainder of the crew—in all nineteen persons—into the launch. After a passage of 1200 leagues, they arrived at a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor. The mutineers, twenty-five in number, were supposed, from some expressions which escaped them when the launch was turned adrift, to have made sail towards Tahiti. As soon as this circumstance was known to the Admiralty by the arrival of Bligh and his companions in England, Captain Edwards was ordered to proceed in the *Pandora* to that island, and endeavour to discover and bring to England the *Bounty*, with such of the crew as he might be able to secure. On his arrival, in March 1791, at Matavai Bay in Tahiti, four of the mutineers came voluntarily on board the *Pandora* to surrender themselves; and from information given by them, ten others (the whole number alive upon the island) were in the course of a few days taken; and, with the exception of four who perished in the wreck of the *Pandora* near Endeavour Strait, were conveyed to England for trial before a court-martial, which adjudged six of them to suffer death, and acquitted the other four.

It became known to the commander of the *Pandora* before he left the Pacific that the mutineers remaining in the *Bounty* were reduced by desertion to no more than nine, and that they sailed away with several Tahitian men and women, each having taken one of the latter as his wife, on the 22d September 1789, intending to seek out some uninhabited island, and having established themselves on it, to break up the *Bounty*, so that all trace of them should be lost.

This was managed so securely, that all Captain Edwards's attempts to gain information of the *Bounty* and her crew at the numerous islands at which the *Pandora* touched failed, and nothing was heard of the mutineers for twenty years afterwards. In 1808 the American ship *Topaz* of Boston, Captain Folgar, touched at Pitcairn's Island in latitude 23° 2' south, and 130° west longitude, and to his surprise found it inhabited by the offspring of the mutineers, headed by Alexander Smith, who had changed his name to John Adams. It was ascertained that among those who originally landed were—besides Christian and Smith—Young a midshipman, McCoy, Mills, and Quintal, seamen, and Williams armourer, together with six natives, their wives, and the native wives of the Europeans. But now none of the men remained alive but Smith. The whole population amounted to thirty-five, who acknowledged Smith as their chief. They all spoke English, and had been educated by him in a moral and religious way.

It is somewhat singular that these facts did not become known till five years later—namely, till 1813. The succeeding year Sir T. Staines of his majesty's ship *Briton*, in company with Captain Pipon of the *Tagus*, both still in ignorance of Folgar's visit, accidentally approached the island. They were not a little astonished, on hearing

what they believed to be an uninhabited place, to behold plantations regularly laid out, and huts more neatly constructed, than those on the Marquesas islands. When about two miles from the shore, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through a heavy surf, and paddling off to the ships; but their astonishment was unbounded on hearing one of them, on approaching the ship, call out in the English language, 'Wont you heave us a rope now!'

The first man who got on board the *Briton* was 'Thursday October Christian,' the first born on the island, and son of Fletcher Christian. His only dress was a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw-hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. 'With a great share of good-humour,' says the captain of the *Tagus*, 'we were glad to trace in his benevolent countenance all the features of an honest English face. . . I must confess,' he continues, 'I could not survey this interesting person without feelings of tenderness and compassion.' His companion was George Young, a fine youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age. If the astonishment of the two captains was great on hearing their first salutation in English, their surprise and interest were not a little increased on Sir Thomas Staines taking the youths below, and setting before them something to eat, when one of them rose up, and placing his hands before him in a posture of devotion, distinctly repented, with a pleasing tone and manner, 'For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.'

The two captains accompanied these young men on shore. With some difficulty, and a good wetting, and with the assistance of their conductors, they accomplished a landing through the surf, and were soon after met by Smith, alias John Adams; a man between fifty and sixty years of age, who conducted them to his house. His wife, who was blind with age, accompanied him. He was at first alarmed lest the visit was to apprehend him; but on being told that they had been till that moment perfectly ignorant of his existence, he was relieved from his anxiety. Being once assured that this visit was of a peaceable nature, it is impossible to describe the joy on seeing those whom they were pleased to consider as their countrymen. Yams, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits, with fine fresh eggs, were laid before them; and the old man would have killed and dressed a hog for his visitors, but time would not allow them to partake of his intended feast.

The colony had now increased to about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, besides a number of infants. The clothing of the females consisted of a piece of linen reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging as low as the ankles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and weather, as it was frequently laid aside, and it is not possible to conceive more beautiful forms than they exhibited. They sometimes wreathed caps or bouquets for the head in the most tasteful manner, to protect the face from the rays of the sun; and though, as Captain Pipon observes, they only had the instruction of their Otaheitean mothers, 'our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste of these untaught females.'

Their native modesty, assisted by a proper sense of religion and morality instilled into their youthful minds by John Adams, had preserved these interesting people perfectly chaste, and free from all kinds of debauchery. They all laboured, while young, in the cultivation of the ground; and when possessed of a sufficient quantity of cleared land and of stock to maintain a family, they were allowed to marry; but always with the consent of Adams, who united them by a marriage ceremony of his own.

Such was the scanty information given to the world of this interesting colony till Captain Beechy visited it in the *Blossom* in 1825. Not till then were the romantic adventures of the mutineers after leaving Tahiti reduced to writing. They were taken from Adams's own lips, and signed by him. The well-known 'Narrative' of Captain Bligh, and Byron's poem of 'The Island, or Christian

and his Comrades,' have since made them familiar to most readers.

It appeared that Christian, after having possessed himself of the Bounty, and while sailing away from Tahiti, advicely selected Pitcairn's Island for his destination on reading Captain Carteret's account of it,* which was in the library of the Bounty. On January 1790 he reached it, and landed all the stores from the ship, intending to destroy her, and with her all trace of the whereabouts of himself and his companions. Once established on the island, they felt their condition comfortable even beyond their most sanguine expectation; and everything went on peaceably and prosperously for about two years, when Williams, who had the misfortune to lose his wife about a month after his arrival, by a fall from a precipice while collecting birds'-eggs, became dissatisfied, and threatened to leave the island in one of the boats of the Bounty unless he had another wife—an unreasonable request, which could not be complied with except at the expense of one of his companions; but Williams persisted in his threat, and the Europeans, not willing to part with him, on account of his usefulness as an armourer, constrained one of the blacks to bestow his wife upon the applicant. The rest of the male natives, outrageous at this act of flagrant injustice, made common cause with their companion, and matured a plan of revenge upon their aggressors.

Their plot was revealed to the wives of the Europeans, and these ladies naturally, in such a desolate place, set too much value on their husbands not to give warning. The method in which they apprised these men of their danger is very characteristic and primitive, bringing to mind a scene in the 'Lady of the Lake.' They introduced into one of their songs the following words:—'Why does black man sharpen axe? To kill white man.' But the warning was unheeded, and all but three of the party were murdered, including Christian.

After this things went on pretty smoothly, till Mc'Coy, who had been employed in a distillery in Scotland, tried an experiment with the tea-root, and succeeded in producing a bottle of ardent spirits. This induced Quintal to 'alter his kettle into a still,' and the natural consequences ensued. Like the philosopher who destroyed himself with his own gunpowder, Mc'Coy, intoxicated to frenzy, threw himself from a cliff, and was killed; and Quintal, having lost his wife by accident, demanded the lady of one of his two remaining companions. This modest request having been refused, he attempted to murder his countrymen; but they, having discovered his intention, agreed that as Quintal was no longer a safe member of their community, the sooner he was out of the way the better: accordingly, they split his skull with an axe. Adams and Young were now the sole survivors out of the fifteen males that landed upon the island. They were both, and more particularly Young, of a serious turn of mind; and it would have been wonderful, after the many dreadful scenes at which they had assisted, if the solitude and tranquillity that ensued had not disposed them to repentance. During Christian's lifetime they only once read the church service; but since his decease this had been regularly done every Sunday. They now, however, resolved to have morning and evening family prayers; to add afternoon service to the duty of the Sabbath; and to train up their own children, and those of their late unfortunate companions, in piety and virtue. In the execution of this resolution, Young's education enabled him to be of the greatest assistance; but he was not long suffered to survive his repentance, having died soon after. Adams steadily and successfully continued the good work which he and his late companion had begun.

The children acquired such a thirst after Scriptural knowledge, that Adams in a short time had little else to do than answer their interrogatories, and put them in the right way. As they grew up, they acquired fixed

habits of morality and piety; their colony improved, intermarriages occurred, and they soon formed a happy and well-regulated society—the merit of which belongs to Adams, and tends to redeem the errors of his former life. He died, honoured and respected, on the 4th March 1829, aged sixty-five.

Such was the information obtained by Captain Beechey. He found, on surveying the island, that it was no more than about seven miles in circumference, the abrupt rocky coast rising to about 1050 feet above the sea. The population had then augmented to eighty persons, who, being descendants of Europeans and native women, still form an interesting link in person, intellect, and habits between the European and Polynesian races. They are tall and robust, with black glossy hair. Since Captain Beechey's visit, ships are constantly touching at the island.

We now come to the most recent account of the little colony. This, singularly enough, is supplied by the successor of the first ship sent out to seek the Bounty—namely, the *Pandora*, which arrived at Portsmouth only a few months ago. She touched at Pitcairn's Island in July, and found that its population had increased to 149 souls; seventy-five males, and seventy-four females. Of these we have seen the following interesting analysis:—The 'oldest inhabitant' is a Tahitian woman, aged eighty, widow of Edward Young the midshipman. There are also two men of the first generation—one of them a son of John Adams, named Arthur; and the other a son of Mathew Quintal, named George. There are also seven females of the first generation, of whom three are daughters of Adams, and the rest of Fletcher (Christian, Young, Mills, and Mc'Coy). The remainder are children of the second and third generation. There are eight marriageable males, and seven marriageable females.

Other information brought by the *Pandora* reveals that, during the last five years, one-fifth of the population have been born. The healthiness of the climate may be judged of from the low rate of mortality. Since 1881 there have been only sixteen deaths: four of them accidental, four of fever, one of disease of the ear, one of the heart, one of cancer, one of consumption, two of influenza, one in childbirth, and one in infancy. The diseases most prevalent are asthma and catarrh, which prevail mostly among the females; bilious attacks are frequent, but slight, and easily give way to treatment. Influenza had visited the island during the last seven years, and caused two deaths.

The inhabitants are industrious, especially the females. They all rise with the sun, and retire to rest very early. The men are occupied chiefly in cultivating the ground and carpentering; several of the young men are good at cabinet-work and as blacksmiths. From August to November they have plenty of employment, digging yams, also planting them, with bananas and potatoes, weeding, &c.; and when not busily employed, they generally meet in the morning, and if the weather is favourable, go fishing; while on Saturdays they go out hunting for the Sunday's dinner. The Sabbath is still kept most strictly.

The females usually assist in the cultivation of the ground, preparing thatch for the houses, and, in fact, are more employed than the men; they are generally very strong, many of them being able to carry a barrel of potatoes down to the landing-place, the path to which is very rugged and steep, and in the rainy season very difficult to ascend or descend.

The food of the inhabitants is chiefly yams and potatoes, animal food two or three times a week. Fish is becoming scarce. Bedclothes are generally manufactured by the females from a species of mulberry. Wearing apparel they obtain from the whale ships, in exchange for the produce of the island. Cotton cloth is much wanted, and amongst the other scarce articles are blankets, woollens, and soap.

The jurisprudence of this primitive community is exceedingly simple. On the first day of each year a chief magistrate and councillor are elected; all persons, male and female, over sixteen years of age, being voters. The chief magistrate then chooses his counsellor or secretary.

* Carteret discovered Pitcairn's Island in the corvette the *Swalow* in 1768. An account of his voyage was afterwards drawn up, together with Cook's first voyage, and published by Hawkesworth.

His duty is to convene meetings, and to preside over courts assembled to settle disputes. These, after the hearing of each side, are referred to a jury of five persons, who return a regular verdict. In criminal cases, the punishments are either labour or fines. If in civil disputes the decision of the jury is not satisfactory to both parties, they are allowed to appeal to the commander of the first of her majesty's ships of war which may touch at the island. A reference made to Captain Beechy while there, less on a judicial matter than on a point of conscience, is a touching instance of the scrupulous regard these people have for a vow, even when inconsiderately made:—wives, it may be imagined, are very scarce, as the same restrictions with regard to relationship exist as in England. George Adams, son of the patriarch, in his early days had fallen in love with Polly Young, a girl a little older than himself; but Polly, probably at that time liking some one else, and being at the age when young ladies' expectations are at the highest, had incautiously said she 'never would' give her hand to George Adams. He nevertheless indulged a hope that she would one day relent, and to this end was unremitting in his endeavours to please her. In this expectation he was not mistaken; his constancy and attentions as he grew into manhood, his handsome form, softened Polly's heart into a regard for him, and had nothing passed before, she would willingly have given him her hand. But the vow of her youth was not to be got over, and the love-sick couple languished on from day to day, victims of the folly of early resolutions. The weighty case was referred for Captain Beechy's consideration; and the fears of the party were in some measure relieved by the result, which was, that it would be much better to marry than to continue unhappy, in consequence of a hasty determination made before the judgment was matured. They could not, however, be prevailed on to yield to this decision, and the Blossom left them unmarried. Love, however, eventually proved too strong for overwrought principle; and a letter from Pitcairn's Island, dated 19th March 1830, stated that George Adams was married to Polly Young, and had two sons.

Since Captain Beechy's visit, the average number of ships which anchor off the island has been eight or nine per annum, mostly Americans, who, it is satisfactory to state, are reported to behave well without exception. The last vessel that touched there was an English brig from New Zealand, bound to California with emigrants, there being eight English women amongst them. On the arrival of a ship on the island, no one is allowed to go on board before the pilot, who takes charge of the boats when landing, and provides for the captain when on shore; each family in rotation furnishing a pilot, or providing a substitute, who always expects a small remuneration from visitors for his service.

We have also gleaned the following particulars of the soil, culture, and meteorology of Pitcairn's Island:—The soil is very rich, but porous; a great proportion decomposed lava, the other a rich, black earth and clayey ground. The climate is temperate; the thermometer from 59 to 89 degrees in the shade. The spring commences in August, which is harvest-time, and yams and potatoes are dug; and of potatoes there are two crops a year, which are planted in February and July, and dug in June and November. There are no regular trade-winds: in the summer months the wind prevails mostly from east-south-east to north. Northerly winds are generally light, often accompanied with rain or fog. When the wind is north, it invariably goes round to the westward, from which quarter, and south-east, the strongest gales prevail. With wind from south-west, it is generally clear weather with moderate breezes. In winter the prevailing winds are south-west to east-south-east. The animal and vegetable productions of the island are—goats, hogs, and poultry; yams, sweet potatoes, the api-root and tano in small quantities; plantains, pines, melons, oranges, bread-fruit, sugar-canes, limes, and the Brazilian plum. The only grain is maize.

From its distance from any other of the islands in Polynesia, Pitcairn's Island is perhaps the most isolated

place in the world. To this may be ascribed the gratifying tenacity with which the people preserve their simple virtues and modesty. May the day be far distant when the vices of other nations find their way among them! We augur nothing favourable, however, from the visit of the ship on its way to California—to and from which it is not much out of the main track. It is to be hoped that the crimes of the 'diggings' may never be imported among the descendants of the crew of the *Bounty*.

CAPTAIN THINGAMY.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

A POET has urged that there is very little in a name—remarking that a rose by any other name would be equally odoriferous. I am sufficiently barbarous in my tastes to differ from the great poetical philosopher, and in defence of my own ideas, narrate the following story, which is strictly historical, and may be found in a few lines in several records of the French navy. It will at all events prove that a name may be a very dangerous thing at times, and place the owner of it in awkward and uncomfortable predicaments. My illustration is not singular, and is selected from many, because it contains certain subsidiary incidents likely to interest.

At the very height of the revolutionary fever of 1792, and when nearly all the remnants of old families had emigrated from France to seek refuge in Germany and England from a torrent they had not the heart nor chivalry to stem, there remained some few exceptions. A few, like Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the 'Marseillaise,' remained in the mother country, and, indifferent to the changes of government which popular feeling had brought about, determined to serve their native land, no matter by what name the central authority might be designated. Among those who did not consult this predilection as to whether it was less proper to serve the Convention than Louis XVI., was a young noble, by name Count Le Roy Louis d^e St Cyr—a designation as fitting for the day as would have been Lord King Charles St Peter in the time of Praise-God-Barebones. In 1792 all appellations which relished of the old state of things had vanished. The word 'citizen' had effaced 'sir'; and Brutus, Scævola, Scipio, Rienzi, and other names celebrated in history, had taken the place of the Jeans and Jacques, and especially the Louises, which were held in abhorrence. Streets and towns to which Saint was affixed had dropped the handle to their names, while inns and trades made prominent by signs had all adopted patriotic designations.

Count Le Roy Louis d^e St Cyr was a brave and able naval officer. By the desertion of all the other nobles, who composed almost exclusively the officers of the navy before the Revolution, he found himself at five-and-twenty captain of the magnificent frigate *Venus*, manned by as terrible a crew as ever volunteered to eat up the English for their country's good. He alone was what was called a *ci-devant*—that is an *ex-*, meaning an *ex-noble*. All his subordinates were young officers who had served before the mast, and who had more experience than manners, more nautical knowledge than theoretical education. The French navy was at this time under a strange discipline. The officers were appointed by the state, but the crew always confirmed or rejected the appointment at their will. The foremast-men and petty officers were hot patriots, wore red caps, and had their clubs on board, those of the extreme revolutionary party being always in the majority. Long discussions were held on all points concerning the service. The amount of respect to be shown to officers was rigorously discussed, as well as the amount of obedience. Of course the superiors were there, and should without mercy, while in few ships was it usual to touch the hat when speaking to them. Moreover, the men freely asked a reason for any order they received, and, until it was given, refused obedience, except in cases of urgency. This extraordinary position of affairs would at any other time have totally disorganised the service, and annihilated the efficiency of

the navy; but at this moment of brief but wild enthusiasm its effects were scarcely ever bad. Luckily the system did not outlive the enthusiasm.

The *Fenus* lay in the harbour of Brest, undergoing some necessary refitting, which promised to occupy a month, and Captain St Cyr, whose department this did not essentially concern, resided ashore, the more willingly that he was not quite as well as might have been wished. Young, handsome, elegant in person and manners, the ex-noble was, however, sufficiently sensible to adopt all the habits of the times. It was, to his scrupulous observance of trifles, and by other qualities, that he had escaped prison and death, although bearing a name which was, in the days of the guillotine, a living and hourly condemnation. But the young man was mild, affable, and unassuming. Brave as a lion on his deck, and obeyed with passive respect by his men, he had never fought a duel. While his crew had gruff answers enough for the newly-raised officers, who spoke their own language, and whose manners were their own, they never presumed upon the license of the times with St Cyr. Several infractions of discipline had been firmly punished by him after a trial before a jury of half officers, half men, who, led by the calm statement of their captain, always decided according to his opinion. But he never punished without good cause, and was adored by his men, who, if they were licentiously free, were ill-paid and ill-fed enough to afford them an excuse for being unruly.

On shore the captain was equally clever and popular. He lodged with a saddler named Boutard, and even took his meals with the family, composed of the father, mother, and a very pretty daughter, whose name had been changed from Antoinette to Lucrezia. Lucrezia was a charming innocence, as the French say, of nineteen—sprightly, handsome, good-hearted, and pure-minded. Her education had been neglected; but Captain St Cyr was so good-natured, that, for the eighteen months he had at long intervals lodged in the house, he had amused himself by making up for this deficiency. The family adored their lodger, as worthy people always do when they have a nice young man under such paternal sway; but, despite the republican severity of the times, and the undoubted civism of Citizen Boutard, they revered the noble, and, despite all his advances, had never ventured on familiarity with him. They delighted in his urbanity; they proclaimed his admirable democratic manners everywhere; but they, one and all, remembered the distance which society had placed between them only twenty-four months previously. Old Boutard spoke to the young man with dogged respect; the Citizeness or Citizeness Boutard with affectionate respect; while Lucrezia addressed him always as a being who was too great and mighty for familiar intercommunion. Nothing that young St Cyr could do altered this state of things. Every morning and every afternoon the young officer took his breakfast and dinner with his landlord, put Lucrezia in the way of her studies, and then retired to his own. The evening he spent partly at a club, and partly at a coffeehouse, where he read the news from Paris, now of a truly tremendous character. Having perused the papers, chatted with the habitual visitors, chiefly naval officers, he returned to the Rue du Dix Août—so called in commemoration of the 10th of August, the date of the overthrow of the monarchy—and supped with his host's family. His visits to his ship were performed at dawn.

One day after dinner, Captain Le Roy Louis de St Cyr sat at the table of the Citizen Boutard longer than usual. He did not speak. He was in a profound reverie, and his companions religiously respected his silence. The old man smoked away, the mother knitted a stocking, the daughter copied some manuscript music which the naval officer had borrowed from a friend.

'Citizen Boutard,' suddenly exclaimed the captain, starting from his reverie, 'have you any objection to taking me for a son-in-law?'

The honest saddler let his pipe fall to the ground, and shivered it to atoms; the goodwife dropped some two or three dozen stitches; while Lucrezia turned white and red, and smeared her whole paper with blots.

'Monsieur le Comte!' said Boutard, looking with an air of regret at his favourite pipe.

'I think you said monsieur and count!' observed St Cyr with good-natured irony.

'I beg pardon, Citizen Capitaine; but why do you joke with me!'

'Citizen Boutard, or rather Papa Boutard, I am so much in earnest, that if you won't have me, I shall use the right which the law gives me; and taking your daughter by the hand, ask the justice to unite us. But all joking apart, my dear friend, I love your child; if she can find it in her heart to take me, and you to permit our union, this will be the happiest day of my life.'

'But Monsieur le Comte, this is impossible! Your rank, your family, your—'

'Ta, la, la!' cried Captain St Cyr, stopping the bewildered saddler: 'why, you are talking treason by the yard. Recollect that we are under a Republic, that all distinctions are abolished, and that to say what you have just said in public would cost you your head!'

'But, wife,' said Boutard more astonished than ever, 'do I hear aright! Is it possible! And you, child!'

The Citizeness Boutard made no reply, being too much astonished to speak; while Lucrezia bowed her head almost to the table, as if wiping away the blots on her paper.

'My dear friend,' continued St Cyr, 'yes or no!'

'Yes, yes! proud and happy father that I am! But speak, child: it is for you to answer.'

'I have always been an obedient daughter,' said Lucrezia in a low and almost inaudible tone.

'That is not enough,' said the honest saddler more calmly. 'I married your mother because she loved me, and because she wished it, I hope, as much as I did; and we have never repented. My daughter—my only child—shall not marry to please her father. Speak, girl; am I to refuse! I am ready, though a wish I never dared to hope for can now be realised.'

'Speak, Lucrezia!' put in the captain humbly.

'I never ventured—I couldn't hope,' said the daughter, sobbing in her mother's arms; 'but I should have died if the captain had married any one else.'

This answer of the agitated girl satisfied all parties. The naval officer was enraptured, the parents delighted; and Lucrezia—who had never suspected the long-cherished passion of the young count, but who, seeing him every day, had unconsciously entwined her heart round his existence—was painfully happy, so much had the scene taken her by surprise.

It was late when the captain went to his coffee-house, which he found full. The end of the ex-king's trial was approaching, and the public mind had been worked up to a perfect frenzy of excitement. The Paris papers of the day were actually fought for by the eager quidnuncs. The captain took his seat in a corner, heard all the reports of the day, and then entered into conversation with some of his friends. While talking, he noticed a young man—a provision-merchant of his own street—advance towards him with some companions in loud conversation. Marcus Brutus Cauchard was one of the followers of Marat, and president of the Cordeliers Club at Brest. More from mad and frenzied ardour than cruelty, he denounced all suspicious persons with eager and furious haste, and had sent many a victim to the scaffold. His influence with the mob was great; and though more moderate people were in the majority, by dint of energy and loud talking the minority was generally master. Marcus aspired to the hand of Lucrezia; and though always repelled by the young girl, still looked upon success as certain. The imprudent and proud Boutard had himself undecieved him; and the enraged provision-merchant went in search of his rival, with a treacherous and base scheme in his head.

'Hast heard, Citizen Pontius Pilate,' said he to a hideous Jew who was his today, 'of the festival for tomorrow? It is to celebrate the Age of Reason. We must have a better goddess than the theatre can give us. Who votes for Lucrezia, the beauty of Brest!'

'All I—all I' cried most of the persons in the *caf  *.
'And what sayest thou, captain?' continued Cauchard.
'That the excellent citoyenne cannot, and will not, perform the part which requires a bolder and more experienced actress.'

'Dost hear the *aristoc*?' cried Marcus with fury. 'He thinks the young lady too delicate to do honour to the Republic.'

'Not to serve the Republic as a good daughter and an excellent wife, but too delicate to be made the subject of a coffee-house quarrel.'

And the captain quietly left the place. Two hours later, he was arrested under the terrible accusation of being a suspected person, which in most cases was equivalent to condemnation to death.

Marcus Brutus Cauchard was a member of the terrible tribunal which at Brest decided on the fitness of its inhabitants for the guillotine or for liberty; and the very next morning the naval captain was brought before the bench of judges, the denouncer sitting apart to guide the process. The captain was calm and firm, though pale with having passed a sleepless night. His colour soon came, however, when he saw his beloved Lucrezia, her father and mother, among the dense crowd which filled the large hall. The judges were seven, and sat at a green-baize table, Marcus being behind them. The public accuser stood at one end, the prisoner at the other. A dozen *gensdarmes* kept order.

'Prisoner,' said one of the judges, 'thou art accused of being an ex-noble, the son of a duke and duchess.'

'Citizen President, I didn't choose my father and mother.'

The audience laughed. The captain was a clever man: he knew very well that in that time of popular omnipotence he must speak to the populace: they were his real judges.

'Thy observation is correct, citizen; but except retaining thy pay as an officer, what proof of civism and devotion to the Republic hast thou given?'

'I have offered my sword to my country; and to prove my contempt for the rank you make a crime, I was yesterday accepted as the husband of Lucrezia Boutard, the lovely daughter of an honest, hard-working citizen.'

The audience murmured their applause, Marcus ground his teeth, and the judges looked puzzled.

'Very proper abnegation of pride,' continued the judge, after being refreshed by Marcus. 'But thou wilt not deny that thou art called *Le Roy Louis d   St Cyr*?'

'Certainly not.'

'Ah, ha!' said the president with a look of triumph, while many of the crowd growled forth their dislike, 'thou insultest the nation by such a name!'

'I didn't give myself these names.'

'But thou wilt not deny, prisoner, that the nation having abolished the title *Le Roy* (old spelling of *Le Roi*), thou art guilty of insult in preserving it in thy name.'

'Citoyen, the truth of thy observation is as plain as thy wisdom. Henceforth I suppress the king.'

The audience grinned good-humouredly. The judges looked angry.

'But, citizen—and I recommend thee to be respectful—if thou abolishest the king, thou preservest the hated name of Louis, abhorred by all Frenchmen.'

'Why hated?' said the captain, smothering his indignation, for he respected the misfortunes of Louis XVI, while adhering to the government of his enemies.

'Why hated?' thundered the delighted judge; 'because it is the name of a tyrant now being tried for his crimes.'

'Thou speakest of the Citoyen Capet,' observed the naval officer, adopting the popular style.

'Still,' cried the president, annoyed by another general grin, 'it is the name he once went by.'

'Let us then consider it suppressed. *Le Roy Louis* gone, I remain with an easier name.'

'Prisoner,' continued the judge, again prompted by Marcus, 'thou art next called *d   St Cyr*; now *d  * is an aristocratic adjunct.'

'We won't quarrel about particles, Citizen President; I suppress the *d  *.' Applause greeted this sally.

'But the *St Cyr*?' cried the judge. 'Are not *paints* abolished also?'

'*Ma foi*! I don't know,' replied the captain, 'not having the honour of these gentlemen's acquaintance, except it be *St Barbe* (the powder magazine). But I cut off the *St*, and remain the Citizen 'Cyr.'

'Not so,' screamed the enraged but indefatigable judge; 'Cyr is an epithet of royalty.' (*Cyr* and *Sire* are pronounced the same in French.)

'Let us then abolish the *Cyr*,' said the officer quietly, and I remain 'aptain nothing, or—stay—I must have a name, and I can't think of borrowing one. Henceforth, Citizen President, I take and assume the name of Captain Chose.'

Roars of laughter, inextinguishable, tumultuous, greeted this assumption of the name of Captain Thingamy or Thingumbob, the only translation of Captain Chose in English; and the judges saw that the populace had given their verdict, which they dared not impugn. Still the irate and vindictive Marcus determined on one last effort, and the president became his organ.

'Prisoner, certainly the name of Captain Chose, the affianced husband of the Citoyenne Boutard, is civic enough; but I have one more crime to accuse thee of: thou art the captain of a fine frigate, christened by the satellites of the monarchy the *Venus*. Why hast thou not adopted some more patriotic epithet?'

'Citizen President, I found my frigate with this name, and with a figure-head representing the celebrated lady in question. But I bow to thy objection, Citizen President, and taking into consideration the wants of the times, and the peculiar habiliments of the so-called goddess, I give notice that Captain Chose is henceforth commander of the *Sans-culottes*!'

The delight of the crowd was intense. 'Vive le Capitaine Chose!' 'Vive la R  publique!' 'Vive la Belle Sans-culottes!' roared the hoarse voices of the people, and in five minutes more the naval officer was carried away in triumph. The sailor's joke about Venus's want of pantaloon, and the happy application of the popular epithet assumed by all extra-warm patriots, excited frenzied enthusiasm, and the chairing only ended at the town-hall, where the despotic but good-humoured populace insisted the marriage should take place that day, and at once. The escape of the cool and self-possessed captain was too rare and happy an occurrence not to silence all scruples, and in two hours more the marriage was celebrated, being secretly performed over again by a priest. The minister of marine, informed of the event, sent a brevet of commander—equal to our post-captain, I believe—to Captain Chose, and the name remained. Under the Empire the naval officer retired to the wreck of his estates with his wife, while at the Restoration, offended at remarks made about the original rank of his spouse, he never resumed his titles. He proudly preserved his name legalised under the Republic, and which, though not very common, is yet frequently to be found. A happy marriage Marcus Cauchard made that day, and all Brest long remembered Captain Thingamy of the *Sans-culottes*.

THE GOTHIA ALMANAC.

MODERN historians, politicians, and newspaper editors, owe a thousand obligations to a compact pocket-anual, which has been printed and published for the last eighty-seven years in Prince Albert's birthplace. For its size—it is only about 5 inches by 4; and though it contains some 800 pages, is not inconveniently thick—the 'Almanach de Gothia' is one of the most remarkable periodicals extant. But being a calendar of states and nations, the volume for 1850, recently imported, is made more remarkable than most of its predecessors, from the changes in principalities and empires which the past year has produced. This is in some measure attested by the fourteen densely-printed pages of 'additions et changements,' occasioned by events which took place while the edition was passing through the press.

The Almanach de Gotha brings the political, statistical, and historical geography of nearly the world in general down to the latest date. Immediately succeeding the usual monthly calendar is a genealogy of each European sovereign, with a list of his living relations. Then comes a catalogue of such offshoots of royalty in every part of Europe as are not regnant—together with their collaterals. So that if you wish to find out the precise degree of consanguinity enjoyed by the remotest cousin to royalty, this almanac will give the requisite information. To each head of a family is added short statistical notices of the extent, revenues, and number of inhabitants in their various possessions.

The next department—the *annuaire diplomatique*—enables the inquirer to learn the name of every prominent governmental employé not only in Europe, but in both the Americas. It ranges in alphabetical order of each nation all the ministers of the principal European and American, and some of the Asiatic states, together with the ambassadors and diplomatic agents. The statistical particulars are extremely comprehensive: no words are lost; but every detail which the diplomatist or politician may wish to learn at a glance is cleverly compressed. Not only are the boundaries, extent, dependencies, &c. of every kingdom and principality marked down from the latest treaties, but the population of each is enumerated from the most recent censuses. Where the representative system exists, the proportion of representatives to the people is also computed. The regal, diplomatic, military, and naval expenditure, with the amount of debt, funded or unfunded, and interest payable thereon, is, moreover, set in each instance against the revenues.

The slippery condition of the political world has evidently put the editor's ingenuity to a severe test, and we cannot but admire the skill with which he has conquered the difficulty. Lest a dynasty should be changed, a ministry overturned, or a parliament abolished while his printers are at work—and thus falsify his labours when but just consummated—he has put a date to each page; so that he only holds himself responsible for the state of things he sets down at these precise 'presents.' Indeed he is so particular on this point, that he tells us in the preface the exact time his work occupied in being printed.

'The impression,' he says, 'commenced on the 9th of July, and ended on the 20th September.' For his statements respecting principalities and powers between those dates he pledges his reputation; but will not answer for the future, nor even for what may happen while his sheets are drying. To show what mighty changes were in progress while that simple process was in operation, it is only needful to refer to the copious 'additions.' Even in this the editor has not been able to overtake the existence of the newly-erected sable 'empire' of Hayti.

There is, however, a more sweeping perplexity which the painstaking editor has had to grapple with, it being one involving a vital principle. The Almanach de Gotha, it will be readily inferred, has ever been a right royal publication; its very life-blood has been infused into it by kings and princes. Indeed its earliest numbers contained scarcely anything more than a list of the reigning houses in Europe, the birthdays of kings and queens, the dates of their accession and their lineage. Conceive, then, the hesitation and distaste with which the chronicler of kings must have been obliged at last to admit into his gazetteer—a republic. Except in the case of Switzerland (which has its special exceptions), the very name of such a form of government has been necessarily ignored by this regal record until the present year. To leave out France was of course impossible. Yet as titles are abolished in that country, the main point of interest for this book would have been taken away but for the graceful manner in which the editor fills up this important hiatus. Despite, he says in his preface, 'the abolition of titles of the nobility which has been decided by the most recent revolution in France (I avoid), continues the learned gentleman in an arch parenthesis, 'the expression *the last*'), I have reproduced in the Almanach the names of the illustrious French families which have hitherto figured in it. A decree may indeed for a time suppress the use of

certain titles, but can it destroy the historic importance, efface the noble reminiscences which the heritors of these names preserve and call up! I doubt it! With this flattering unctious, the author—following the rule, that whenever a concession is contemplated, it should be yielded gracefully and unreservedly—has adorned his present year's labours with a portrait of the president of the French republic; but, like Gregory in 'Roméo and Juliet,' in order 'to have the law on his side,' he quotes the paragraphs of the constitution by which the president and vice-president are elected. The other portraits are those of the young Emperor of Austria (Francis Joseph), Marshal Radetzky, Alexandra, Grand Duchess of Russia, and the king of Holland.

Having admitted the principle of republics in general, the compiler has patronised those of America, North and South, with copious notices; and which, by the law of alphabetical arrangement, take precedence, and stand first in the *annuaire diplomatique*. This rule has not been, however, inflexible, as we shall presently see.

From the causes we have adverted to, the novelties in this edition of the *annuaire statistique* are more striking than in any former volume. Out of the maze into which the revolution in Italy has tangled the numerous states of that country, the editor has managed to define and apportion them to their various owners with praiseworthy clearness. The late federal constitution of Switzerland, which has put a new political face on that country, rendered the stereotypes of the former almanacs quite useless, and the article in the present volume is as entirely new as if Switzerland had been a country just discovered. The closing portion of the almanac is a chronicle of the principal events which have transpired in various parts of the globe from July 1848 to the end of June 1849. This annual register, though compact rather than complete, will be found useful for reference.

The history of the Almanach de Gotha, since its first publication in 1763, involves some curious circumstances. As we have already mentioned, at first it was so completely a court calendar for Europe, that in 1792 it declined to admit the existence of the French Republic; and continued year after year to print, immediately under the head 'France,' Louis XVII. as the reigning monarch. The moment, however, Napoleon became right royal, and, by being proclaimed Emperor, qualified himself for a place in its pages, he figured in them, together with his whole family, down to his remotest cousins. So important an engine of public opinion did this conqueror deem the little Gotha annual, that when French dominion attempted to force the French language into the literature and law of Germany, it succeeded in putting this work into a French dress; in which, from expediency, it has ever since remained. Previously it had been issued solely in the German language. It was then that statistics and the diplomatic lists were first registered by the command of Napoleon, who almost became its editor; for he exercised a stringent supervision over the printers. In 1808 an edition had just been worked off, when a body of French gendarmes entered the office, and without condescending to give a word of explanation, destroyed the whole impression. The editor trembled, submitted, and hurried off to Paris. There he learned his offence—which was, simply, that in obedience to the same alphabetical law which has induced him this year to usher in kingdoms and principalities of ancient date with a young republic, he had opened the Saxon-Ernest line of German princes with Anhalt, while the Emperor Napoleon—by that time 'Protector of the Rhenish Confederation'—insisted on being placed at the head of the Rhine nobles; that, in fact, the alphabet should, by his express command, commence with 'N.' To insure these orders being carried out, the edition for that year was reprinted in Paris. Whether the imperial editor revised the proof-sheets of succeeding numbers is not stated; but certain it is that the chronology of the Almanach de Gotha is utterly silent on the successes of the Allies in the volumes in which these ought to have been detailed. According to its records, the battle of Trafalgar and the Peninsular campaigns were either a blank or a dream. On the other hand, during

the power of Bonaparte, these chronicles were almost exclusively occupied with his deeds, and with the triumphs of his *grands armées*. Portraits of his relatives adorn every number to the exclusion of most others.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, however, the editor—once more installed at Gotha—took courage, and ventured a portrait of the prince-regent of England; but it was not till after the battle of Waterloo, and the total overthrow of his editor-in-chief, that he dared to mention the previous victories of the Allies, which he at last acknowledged very handsomely in a historical *résumé*.

From that time the Almanach de Gotha has rapidly augmented in bulk, but in a far less proportion than it has increased in utility; and it may now be regarded as the most complete register of the kind in existence.

ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.

And, young ladies, permit me to address a few words to you: let me appeal to you, and invoke your assistance in this holy cause. Your influence with the ruder sex is confessedly great, and it ought to be so. Oh, do exert that influence for good! Let each of you this night become, as it were, a Father Chiniquy or a Father Matthew for the cause. Administer the pledge ere you part with your escort this night; give the youth of your choice your *ultimatum*, that he must either resign you or his bottle. (Cheers.) He dares not refuse you; and if he did, he must be a dolt and a dotard, and not worth picking out of the gutter. (Cheers.) What!—prefer a grog-bottle to a pretty maid? Monstrous! Impossible! Young ladies, let me ask you, would you permit the perfume of your ambrosial lips to be mingled and contaminated with the odious fumes of the taproom? (Cheers.) Would you actually suffer your dear delicate cheeks (don't blush, I did not say lips) to be touched by lips which left their last impression on the grog-glass? Out upon the thought: I am sure you would not. Oh, then, I beseech you, if any of you here have—and I doubt not there are many of those in your company to-night in whom you feel more than a common interest—urge them to renounce tippling; pledge them to teetotalism, ere you pledge yourselves to them. It is your only safeguard against the dire calamity of becoming that worst of wretches, the drunkard's wife.—*Speech at a Rechabite Celebration in Cooksville, American.*

WASHING LIQUOR.

A correspondent, who calls himself the 'Washerwoman's Friend,' says:—'There is now washing liquor sold in Sheffield at the most extortionate price, beautifully labelled; but for the benefit of washerwomen, who are generally the really deserving poor, we will impart the wonderful secret, which has been obtained from head-quarters; namely, Mr Twelvetreese:—1 lb. of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lime, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of soap. The soda and soap are boiled together, and the lime alone, in two quarts of water; and then, after being boiled, are used as required. This recipe can be as well manufactured by a poor washerwoman as by a scientific chemist.—*Liverpool Standard.* [Our lady readers will thank us for the following still more distinct recipe:—Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lime in boiling water, straining twice through a flannel bag; dissolve separately $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of brown soap and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of soda—boil the three together. Put 6 gallons of water in boiler, and, when boiling, add the mixture. The linens, which must have been steeped in cold water for twelve hours, are wrung out, any stains rubbed with soap, and put into the boiler, where they must boil for thirty-five minutes. They are then drawn (the liquor being preserved, as it can be used three times), placed in a tub, and clear boiling water poured over them. Rub them out, rinse them well in cold water, and they are ready for drying. By this process two-thirds of the ordinary labour of washing is saved; bleaching is dispensed with entirely; the clothes are much clearer, and are less worn than by the ordinary mode of washing, and the mixture in no way damages the fabric. See long, that fruitful source of annoyance and discomfort, 'the washing day,' will, by the use of this mixture, come, we are assured, to be reckoned among the things that were.]—*Greenock Advertiser.*

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

A glass of beer a day is equivalent to L.2, 5s. a year, or sufficient to insure a man's life, commencing at twenty, for L.100 at death. Two ounces of tobacco a week are equal to an expenditure of L.1, 10s. a year, or sufficient to insure a

man's life, commencing at the same age, for L.95. How many working-men are there who, to the great benefit of their physical health, might give up these indulgences, and secure the great benefits we have indicated for their families? Is it not worthy of a great effort on their part to throw up a barricade against the future want and misery that may otherwise overwhelm them? For it is an appalling fact, that the death of every thousand heads of families leaves at least four thousand women and children in poverty, unless some such provision as that we are now pointing out has been previously secured.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

T-O-D-A-Y.

Let dotards grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track;
I cannot join in mourning time
For ever passed away—
For whilst I look on Nature's book
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever branches were,
And still, in primal vigour seen,
They wave their arms in air;
The rivers sing the self-same song
That they have sung for aye,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is, 'God is here to-day!'

There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sings to me:
The bleakest wind that winter blows
Can chase disease away,
And shower blessings in the snows
That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a thousand gifts
Invite us to rejoice—
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But raise a thankful voice:
That tell us, though the world were fair
In years removed for aye,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joy—
That manhood's fancy cannot raise
The structures of the boy:
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away,
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.

Oh ye whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronouncing fate unjust—
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust—
Discard a false unmanly thrall,
Nor own so weak a sway,
But hope in Him who gave you all,
And thank Him for to-day!

CHARLES WILTON.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFIORD.

PREPARATIONS for our boating excursion being at length completed, we set out at nine in the morning of the 31st July. We had a stout boat of considerable size, with three approved men, the chief of whom, Sörn by name, could speak a little English. A box of provisions had been arranged by our kind friend Mr Wilson, of the Kaafjord store. I carried various scientific instruments, and my young companion took his gun in the hope of a little ptarmigan-shooting. We had skins and other appliances to make the rear part of the boat comfortable; but I afterwards found that I had reckoned somewhat too lightly on the chances of the climate, though the deficiency was rectified by friends on the way. The weather was now again calm and extremely warm, inasmuch that, during the middle of the day, I found other integument than my linen blouse quite unnecessary.

Once more, then, upon the fjord, and now for a longer excursion, for it was my design to explore the terraces of erosion throughout the fifty miles of straits and bays intervening between Kaafjord and Hammerfest. A little way past Oskarnaes, where new ground began to come under observation, I found the slate rocks overlaid with a crystalline limestone, which at one place dipped into the sea in a vertical cliff, enclosing masses of the slate. It was curious to observe all the included masses near the sea smoothed and scratched, while the including rock was rough, and worn away in consequence of weathering. In this place, where the Kaafjord valley may be said to open up into a wide space, these markings are as well impressed as in the higher and narrower parts, where one might expect the glacier to be more confined, and consequently more energetic. This spot, in short, appears merely as a part of a trough which had extended much farther seaward, with the same markings on its surface. One can scarcely, on seeing such things, resist the impression that the relative level of sea and land has not only at one time been much *higher*, but that at another it has been much *lower*, than at present, allowing ice to descend into hollows in the frame of the land far below the present sea-level; for, as is well known, ice cannot descend far into the ocean, but always, on meeting that element, floats away in masses upon its bosom.

Leaving the recesses of Storvig, Melsvig, and Talvig for subsequent examination, we moved directly on for the part of the fjord where the terraces of erosion commence. By a terrace of erosion, it will be remembered, is meant a horizontal cut in the forehead of the mountainous coast—a mechanical section made by the sea in the hill-face, and indicating, by its height above tide, the shift of relative level of sea and land which has

taken place since it was formed. In most rocky coasts there is a beach formed, with a cliff rising more or less abruptly from it, and this beach would become a terrace of erosion if the land were to rise twenty feet or more out of the water. Such objects are not very common; but I had seen examples on the coasts during the late steamer voyage, and I was now about to visit some which may fairly be considered as amongst the most remarkable in the world.

The monotony of our day's voyage was only broken by a landing which we were tempted to make in a recess of the coast, where we observed a few huts, and expected to find population. It proved to be only a station where men live temporarily while drying their fish. We found frames erected, with horizontally-disposed poles, all covered over with split fish in the process of drying; but no human being appeared on the ground, either to protect this property or to encroach upon it: the huts were closed, and the grass growing up to the very doors; all was a gray solitude, only speaking of man as an occasional visitant. Leaving the boatmen to take their dinner on the beach, we advanced up the side of a high short valley which falls back into the country. We found a wild rude scene of mingled copse and morass, together with spots of such luxuriant herbage, that I wondered there was no small farmer making use of it for his flocks. It seemed a portion of the earth which had yet hardly fallen under the condition of property.

The coast on our right—that is, towards the east—consisted of an alternation of deep recesses, bearing various names as fjords, and bold promontories. In the afternoon, after rowing upwards of twenty miles, we began to approach Komagfjord, where we designed to spend the night. The washed, shattered coast here presents remarkable disturbances of the slate strata, with curious interjections, veinings, and contortions. Many blocks appear, lying on the slate, of totally different kinds of rock, and therefore presumably brought from a distance. By and by terraces begin to appear, with many of these travelled blocks reposing on them. Such stones speak, and the tale which they tell is as truthful, perhaps more truthful, than most of those narrated in black and white.

At length, at an early hour of the evening, we turned into a comparatively small, but sheltered and almost land-locked recess, where we first see palings along the green hill-sides, indicating pastoral farming, and then a neat house seated a little way back from the shore, with a number of smaller buildings scattered near it, including one which advances as a wharf into the sea. That pretty red and yellow mansion, so *riant* with its clean dimity window-curtains, and a little garden in front, is the kiofman's house of Komagfjord. It has a small porch in the centre, with a wooden esplanade and

a short flight of steps descending on either hand. A good-looking man, in the prime of life, leans over the rail at the wharf to receive us as we land. We are met by him with a few courteous words in English; we present Mr Thomas's letter of recommendation for Mr Buch, the *kiopmaa*, who presently appears, a bulkier and older man, of remarkably open genial countenance, reminding me much of Cowper's description, though not exactly true as far as dress is concerned—

'An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.'

He meets us with welcome, and we are speedily conducted, with our baggage, to the house, a few steps from the shore, where we are at once introduced into a clean parlour, adorned with family portraits and some of the favourite prints of Sweden and Norway, particularly the never-absent royal family. Mr Buch, however, does not speak any language besides his own. He only looks the welcome he feels. His wife presently appears, a pleasant-looking matron; likewise his daughter and sole child, whom we by and by discover to be the wife of the younger man. Two or three little children, too, the offspring of the young couple, make their way into the room to see those extraordinary beings the English strangers. The younger man, Mr Fantrom, knowing a good deal of English, we speedily, through that channel, become acquainted with the whole of this amiable family, from whom I was eventually to receive a greater amount of kindness than it almost ever was my lot to experience from strangers. We desired of course to be considered as travellers taking advantage in all courtesy of the obligation under which the *kiopman* lies to receive such persons into his house; but it will be found that we could not induce our kind hosts to regard us in that light. The family seemed to be in very comfortable circumstances, and the union in which the three generations lived together was beautiful to contemplate. I shall not soon, I trust, forget the *kiopman's* house of Komagflord.

After the refreshment of tea—for we had taken a good lunch at sea—we went out to examine the neighbouring grounds, and soon ascertained that a terrace of detrital matter and blocks goes entirely round the little valley, at the height of about 64 feet above the sea. Walking along it round the angle which divides the fiord from the open sea in Varg Sund, we find it become a terrace of erosion on the rough coast there, with huge blocks everywhere encumbering its surface—blocks of foreign rock. Mr Fantrom obligingly went along with us over this ground, and seemed glad when I could employ him in holding the levelling staff for a few minutes. We soon found him a very sensible well-informed man, though geology and geodesy were new ideas to his mind.

The latter part of the evening proved extremely beautiful, and we were tempted to take seats on the esplanade in front of the door, to enjoy the cool but still balmy air, a delightful refreshment after the heat of the day. The little fiord lay like glass below our feet, with a merchant sloop moored in the entrance; the rugged mountains beyond the Sound rose clear into the bright blue sky, where the light was yet scarcely dulled. Mr Buch sat down with his long pipe, emitting alternate puffs of smoke, and sentences addressed to his son-in-law and grandchildren. The bustle of Mrs Buch engaged in her household duties made the smallest possible stir within. All besides was as calm as nature before the birth of sound. Having nothing better to do, I proposed at this juncture to bring out my flute, and

play a few airs, provided it should be agreeable to all present. This being cordially assented to, I proceeded to introduce the music of my native country, to these simple-hearted Norwegians. The scenery and time seemed to give magic to what might otherwise perhaps have proved of very little interest; and finding my audience give unequivocal tokens of being pleased with my performance, I was induced to go on from one tune to another for fully an hour. It was curious to think of my audience hearing for the first time strains which are an inheritance of the heart to every Scottishman from his earliest sense—to myself, for instance, since three years old—and to reflect on some of our national favourites, as the 'Flowers of the Forest,' 'Loch Erroch Side,' and the 'Shepherd's Wife,' now floating over the unwonted ground of a Norwegian fiord. With each air, in general, the idea of some home friend, with whom it is a favourite, was associated. There was scarcely one which did not take my mind back to some scene endeared by domestic affection, or the love which, in common with every Scot, I cherish for the classic haunts of my native land. It was deeply interesting now to summon up all these associations in succession, in the presence of an alien family who could know nothing of them, and to whom it would have been in vain to explain them, but who, from that very incapability of sympathy, made them in the existing circumstances fall only the more touchingly and penetratingly into my own spirit.

Next morning rose bright and beautiful, and we were early astir to walk round the valley, the features of which, however, I shall describe afterwards. About eleven in the forenoon we left our kind hosts, with a promise to return to them in the course of a few days. Being here close to the commencement of the terraces of erosion, I was loath to defer any longer seeing them. I proposed, however, to go at once, if possible, to Hammerfest, the far extremity of our proposed course, and then to return at such stages as might be thought convenient. Varg Sund, into which we now turned, bounded by the mainland on the right, and the island of Seiland on the left, is, in respect of its breadth and the scenery of its coasts, though scarcely in its roughness, much like the line of the Great Glen in Inverness-shire, where it is filled up with Loch Oich or Loch Lochy. We soon come to observe on the hill-faces at no great elevation two lines apparently parallel with each other, and with the sea-surface. They are equally conspicuous on rough protuberant mountains, and in softer and grassier recesses; but in the latter they are observed to be only indentations in the receding slopes, while in other places they are deep incisions in the cliffy rocks. About nine miles on from Komagflord there is a peculiarly bold mountain-face projecting a little into the Sound, and bearing the name of Quenklubb. All along this rock the two lines are deeply marked. So are they in some parts of a recess opposite called Oldersford. So far from dubious are these markings, that at Oldersford we can quite well distinguish the two lines of Quenklubb, though the Sound is there not much less wide than the Firth of Forth at Granton, or about four English miles.

Landing at Oldersford, I executed a measurement up the green slopes, much to the astonishment of a group of fishing Quæns who have harbourage there. The upper line was 155'47 feet above the tide-mark of the day. Two lower lines appeared on the green delta, one at 56, the other at 65 feet, there being, notwithstanding the slightness of the difference, a decided bank between

them. I then crossed to a similar recess called Saraby, close to Quenklubb, and landed on a beautiful beach of pebbles and shells, underneath a green pastoral slope, on which were several Lap huts. The two lines cross the green sloping ground, and go on at the same levels as deep seams in the rough mountain. I found the lower line formed in the latter situation by a mere shattering of the cliff, and a wearing of it out in slight hollows; but the upper one presented a broad ledge cut in the upturned slate strata, and backed by a tall vertical cliff. This ledge was in some places almost like a floor, being only rendered slightly unequal by the ridges of unusually hard strata starting up above the general level. At one place it was not less than fifty single paces broad—a most impressive illustration of the power of the sea, and of the long space of time during which this had been a shore.

Returning from a solitary ramble in the back country, I came upon a Lap group, composed of a woman engaged in cow-milking, her daughter of perhaps twelve years old, and a cased or cradled baby of a few months. The two cows, one of which was in the process of being milked, were about the size of British calves, but evidently mature animals of their kind. It was a collection of miniatures; for the woman, the girl, and the baby were all as little in proportion as the cows. There was something affecting in this display of diminutiveness. I felt a disposition to do something kind to the poor creatures, and without waiting to consider, proceeded upon the English philosophy of slipping some money into the hand of the girl. I then went into the house near by. Imagine a small low structure of stone and turf, with a turf roof supported by upright sticks placed within, and a clumsy aperture in the centre for the emission of smoke; The door, within a little porch, was exactly three feet high. In the interior I found an expiring fire in the centre of the earthen floor, several pots and pans scattered about, and the remains of a mess of boiled fish in a dish somewhat like a boat-scoop. Behind the range of upright supports for the roof was a series of stall-like compartments, composed, however, only of a few sticks, and several of which, I was told by my boatmen, were actually used for the lodging of the few cows, goats, and sheep belonging to the family; while in another, somewhat wider, lay a bundle of twigs and leaves—their only bed; and another was formed into a rack of shelves, containing many dishes of milk, and a few cheeses still under pressure. It was an interesting picture of the first efforts of human nature to surround itself with the necessities and comforts of life. A neighbouring cottage was similar in all respects, but that the animals had separate accommodation. A female, like a child of ten years, with the shortest foot (bare) I ever saw on any human being above infancy, stood in the doorway. I was told, to my surprise, that she was a married woman! The Lap cottage shows the destitution of a poor form of humanity in very unfavourable physical circumstances; but I felt it important to remark, that it is essentially distinct from the destitution, more extreme in all respects, of a degraded civilisation, or a barbarism existing in the midst of civilisation, such as that of the worthless among the artisans of our large cities, or of the helpless, reckless cottar of Munster and Connaught. The Laplander has various cooking utensils: he has a pastoral stock by no means limited in amount; he is a gentle barbarian, doing the very best for himself that his limited faculties and the circumstances of his being will admit of, and he loses nothing by imprudence or habitual indulgence in vice. We cannot say so much for vast herds of people of various kinds who live amongst the magnificent appliances of England, but for whom its superb industrial system, and its unprecedented moral elevation, appear to exist in vain.

There was now an adverse wind in the Sound, against which the cars could make but slow progress. From this cause, and the afternoon being far spent, we found it necessary to return to Komagfjord, from which we

hoped to renew our start next day with a favouring breeze. In returning, we landed at a place on the south side of the entrance to Leerisford, where the upper terrace was remarkably distinct. It proved to be 170·93 feet above the tide-mark of the day, being an addition of about 15 feet to the elevation at Olderford, a few miles to the north. This was a fact tending to the confirmation of M. Bravais's account; but at this time, notwithstanding the general conspicuousness of the lines, I suspected that their elevations changed at promontories and elsewhere, though sometimes with inter-platings, as if, in an assumedly equable uprise, winds and currents had possibly caused impressions to be made on one piece of coast presented in a certain direction, and not on another presented in a different direction. Thus I conceived there might still be horizontality in the several entire pieces of the lines, although these might rise like the steps of a stair from north to south. It was already becoming evident that many measurements would be necessary to extinguish all possible sources of error, and determine how the case really stood.

The wind next morning being still adverse, we were induced to spend the day in an examination of the valleys connected with Komagfjord and Kortsford, which we were assured were readily accessible from each other by crossing over an isthmus. Komagfjord is a short inlet of the ocean, so called from its resemblance to the *komag* or Lappish shoe. At the upper extremity, half an English mile from Mr Buch's house, there is a farmhouse, seated on a low green slope, close to the embouchure of a rivulet, which here descends from the mountains. The ancient delta of this rill is, as usual, cut through by the stream, leaving a wing on each side, across which terraces are marked, like the rising seats of an amphitheatre. Among these the most conspicuous is the one which is continued all the way round the fjord, being the lower of the two notable lines. The existence of such objects, mixed up in a series with one of M. Bravais's two lines, is important, as showing the number of pauses that were made during that shift of relative level to which he points. I ascertained the elevations of three below the notable terrace, and six above, the highest of the last not being up to the elevation which we were to expect for the second line.* Thus it appears that since the formation of that line, instead of one pause, or at the utmost two, as indicated by M. Bravais, there have been not fewer than ten.

The passage between the two fjords is a rough cut in the hills, about 300 feet above the sea. At its extremities there are formations of blocks and rubbish, much like moraines, though not in the kind of situation where, as far as I am aware, such objects are expected. Underneath these, on the Komagfjord side, there is a great terrace of soft matter, perfectly flat, of perhaps 200 feet in breadth, and running fully half a mile along the mountain-side. I at first supposed it to be a part of the upper line in this valley; but that afterwards appeared, though in a faint form, at a different level, being 179 feet, while this terrace is 161. Being an indubitable ancient sea-marking, it may be said to raise the number of these objects below the so-called second line to eleven.

On descending into Kortsford valley—to which, I may remark, we were kindly accompanied by Mr Fantrom—we found it occupied by two or three Norwegian farmers, the family of one of whom, Mr Kort, have been proprietors for generations, and given the fjord its name. We were hospitably received in one of the farmhouses, while Sörn went to procure a boat in which we might cross to the other side. The goodly timber-house and timber furniture, the abundance of milk, the comfortable aspect of the young mistress nursing her first baby, gave us a favourable impression of the life of the Fin-

* The terraces in this delta are at the following heights: 36·75—41·15—48·71—67·24 (the utmost height at this place of what has been called the notable terrace of this valley)—85·05—89·57—95·00—113·77—123·33—151·97.

mark farmer. In such situations the abundance of good succulent grass seems to make up for all deficiencies. It is evidently the sheet-anchor of the agriculturist in this part of the world. A crazy boat having been procured from one of the fishing Fins of the neighbourhood, we crossed to the other side, where there are no people but Laplanders. Landing on the white shelly beach, underneath a few huts I met an aged Lap female walking about, leading one *wec wee* lamb—an affecting picture. Small things being great to little people, what interests, I thought, might be bound up with that diminutive isolated piece of pastoral property! The lower great line is expressed here in a broad terrace, the utmost height of which is 68·72 feet, being a slight rise upon the same object in Komagfjord. There is also an upper line, but I have failed to make out with clearness from my notes its true elevation. Finally, in the brink of a mountain streamlet, amidst rough ground, there is a large mass of transported moraine-like materials, rising from 241 to 256 feet. It coincides in level with a similar formation at the mouth of the valley of passage communicating with Komagfjord.

We returned to our friend Mr Buch's to an early dinner, which the ladies had exerted their utmost skill to render a good one. At this meal the men alone sat down: the two mistresses, after the Norwegian fashion, walked about the room, helping when necessary, and joining only in the conversation. It was some time before I could reconcile myself to this custom, though it is but a relic of primitive times, when family life was simpler than it now is. I soon came to see or to recollect that, while the doing of humble services for hire fixes an individual on a humble platform of rank, the performance of any offices from the motive of affection is no degradation at all. The kindness and cordiality which reigned in the faces of our hostess and her daughter I never can remember without pleasure. Mr Fantrom on this occasion brought out a bottle of Medoc of his own importing; the usual bottle of corn-brandy was on the table for the service of the party from beginning to end. I regarded an ample pudding accompanied by jelly as the conclusion of this feast of the fford; but thereafter came an alarming superfluity, in the shape of plates of multiberry smothered in cream. After all, these did not make their appearance in vain. Finally came a cup of coffee under the shade in the porch, the invariable termination of a Norwegian dinner. Here, with the calm fford in front, and the Beaumur thermometer reported as 25 degrees, which is equivalent to 88 degrees Fahrenheit, we spent another delightful musical hour, very much like that of the former evening already described.

The next morning was as beautiful as any of the three last, and the wind, such as it was, was declared to be favourable. We started between eight and nine, designing to make a good effort to reach Hammerfest before we should sleep. The fford was like glass. An English merchant-brig was going slowly along the Sound, with all her sails set, yet apparently not making a mile an hour. I may remark that the expression 'like glass,' though so often used, is never strictly true of the uneasy element: at the very calmest, the sea ever shows some little swell or tremulousness, as if affected not by anything external, but by a kind of respiration or inward emotion. Having rowed along past Leeris-fjord, I landed to examine the terraces at a place where the upper one made a conspicuous appearance. I found that spot a strange scene of jagged rocks mingled with moss and living vegetation, yet still so decidedly a ledge or section in the mountain-face, that it has been assumed as the *line* of a path which I observed to be marked with the feet of wild animals as well as of human beings. The lower line was only expressed by a sort of shattering in the face of the precipice. It was set down in our levelling-book at 64·78 feet, while the upper line was about 161. We then moved on, and landing again at Saraby, effected a measurement

which gave the lower line at 57 and the upper at 155—a decided fall from the points farther to the south, yet still insufficient to establish a clear conclusion on the subject. I may remark that it is at this place that the terrace assumes the great breadth, and shows the extraordinary flatness, which have been already described. The cliff above is marked with platforms or small terraces reaching to 300 feet, and on these I found gneiss blocks and gravel reposing. The blocks seem little worn by the long journey they must have made: one measured fully ten feet on each side. One cannot but wonder at the powers of icebergs—for icebergs are the only imaginable agents—in transporting such huge masses.

During the day, by the exertions of our boatmen, we made good progress along the Sound, and in the evening arrived at a place on the coast of Seiland called Quinaes, which is remarkable in its way, as being the only place on the line between Komagfjord and Hammerfest (five-and-twenty miles) where there is any Norwegian family, the inhabitants elsewhere being Quæns and Laps. *Paul Olsen's* *huus* maintained, during the next ten days, an important place in our consideration, on account of this distinction attending it; but on landing now, we found it only a poor fisherman's cottage, the elder people from home, and not only no provisions to be had, but neither fire nor clean water. Having, after some difficulty, obtained a small supply of the latter article, we made a fire on the beach, and brought our kettle and tea apparatus into play. I cannot say, however, that we were very successful in the result. We had now, not the mainland, but the island of Quafœ on our right hand. After proceeding a few miles, we passed through a strait called, from the current ever traversing it, *Strømmen*. Here, amidst the calm of sky and sea, a curious sight met our eyes: the sea throughout the whole strait seemed to be one mass of animal life. Hundreds of fish were popping up their heads—I suppose for flies or animalcules on the surface; and even where this was unbroken, there was a manifest commotion, indicative of the greater stir below. There were several boats abroad, and their take, as may be supposed, was abundant. I was told that these are seifish, the coarsest species prevalent on the Norwegian coasts.

It was at a late hour that we 'burst'—to use Coleridge's expression—into the open sea to the north of Seiland, and approached the town of Hammerfest. So mild at this time was the air, that I sat in the boat without gloves, and could even gratify my companion in his wish for a few tunes on the flute. It was curious to think of these airs floating away to the shores, and surprising the Laplanders with an unwonted sound, which their superstition might attribute to something above nature. Turning suddenly round to look at the scenery we were leaving behind, I was myself startled by the sight of the full moon—huge, dim, mysterious—stealing on the scene like a spectre! But in the opposite direction a more interesting sight awaited us: through a flat bar of the clouds we could clearly see the sun walking along the Polar Ocean. Our watches pointed at this time to eleven o'clock: we saw the object equally well a quarter of an hour later, as we were turning into the bay at Hammerfest. There afterwards we found that our watches had been put out of time by the twelve degrees of longitude we had traversed since leaving Trondhiem, so that it appeared, contrary to our expectations, that we had seen the god of day at midnight.

As we neared shore at this place, we were suddenly met in the face by a glow of heat like that felt on passing the mouth of a furnace at a little distance. Extraordinary as our previous experiences of heat had been, this greatly exceeded them; and for some time we could see no adequate cause for the phenomenon. At length it became apparent that we were only coming within the influence of the intense caloric which was radiating from the cliffy rocks along shore, these having been

beaten by the sun during the whole day, till they must have been too hot to be touched. The *gloff* of the heat, as it would be called in Scotland, met us several times before we got to Hammerfest. I could not have previously believed that there could be such heat in the latitude of Boothia Felix—for such is the situation of this town, the most northerly, I believe, in Europe. But I must leave the discussion of this subject to another chapter.

R. C.

WHITE LADIES PLACE.

AMONG the reminiscences which a venerable friend often indulged us in narrating, some singular details connected with her early experience may not prove uninteresting, given in nearly her own words as follows:—

After many years of absence, marked by vicissitude and domestic bereavement, I once more became an inmate of my father's home. He was a physician of note, and much beloved by all classes. About seven miles from the town of L——, where we resided, there stood an old mansion, which might be seen from the high road. It was surrounded on three sides by extensive pleasure-grounds and dark woods, but the frontage was comparatively open; shaven green terraces rose one above another, bordered by monumental-looking urns and funereal cypresses, and crowned by the square stone house itself. Seen from a distance, it was like a miniature, frowning and gloomy, set in a sombre frame; for there was something inexpressibly mournful and solemn in the general aspect of White Ladies Place, so named from occupying the site of an ancient conventual pile.

I often passed that way with my father, when accompanying him on distant visits, and I used to fancy the waving woods were sighing forth a requiem for the departed. I pictured to myself Mrs Irwin, the present occupant (whose ancestral domain it was), in her loneliness and desolation; and a strange yearning came over me to penetrate those precincts, and to sympathise with the mourner. But my father told me that Mrs Irwin never received visitors, seeing no one but the minister of the parish and himself. The time, however, at length arrived when he was permitted to introduce me—this, indeed, being at his particular suggestion—for my father was a privileged favourite. Mrs Irwin had once been noted, not only for beauty and grace, but for the pride and imperiousness of her character. She was left a widow with two daughters, the eldest of whom resembled her deceased parent in a passive, yielding disposition and plain exterior; while Josephine, the younger, who was her mother's idol, more than equalled that mother in surpassing loveliness, also inheriting the same high spirit and resolute will, dashed, however, with a spice of levity and flightiness which Mrs Irwin had never exhibited. Both these young ladies were affianced at an early age to suitors selected by their mother, for Mrs Irwin was earnestly desirous of seeing them 'well settled,' according to her notions: Captain Dormer, to whom Miss Irwin was speedily united, being the next heir to an earldom; but Josephine's fair brow was to be adorned by a coronet even on the celebration of her nuptials, although the intended bridegroom was old and withered, and Josephine laughed at and disliked him. Mrs Irwin would not listen to her remonstrances; Josephine *must* be a countess, and be compelled to obedience. But what words can describe the mother's surprise and passion when this darling child, but a few weeks previous to the time fixed on for her marriage, eloped from a villa at the sea-side, where she was staying with her sister, Mrs Dormer, her companion being a certain Lieutenant O'Donnel, an Irish cousin, disowned by Mrs Irwin, the respective families having had deadly feuds for generations concerning some hereditary claims which neither of them could now explain satisfactorily.

The lieutenant was in the same regiment as Captain Dormer; and the latter—who was as good-natured

and thoughtless a young man as O'Donnel himself, and would have nothing to do, he said, 'with stupid old family bickerings'—could see no reason why O'Donnel should not visit him now he was married: his wife had nothing more to do with her mother's prejudices, and the 'old lady' need know nothing at all about it. And indeed the first she did know on the subject was from O'Donnel, beseeching forgiveness for Josephine and himself, the Dormers not having the courage to communicate the desperate intelligence of the marriage to Mrs Irwin.

The mother felt her honour tarnished by her favourite daughter's imprudent marriage; the contract she had entered into with the old Earl of — being thus shamefully cancelled, and an alliance formed with a hated race: forgiveness, therefore, Mrs Irwin refused to accord. Josephine's name was forbidden to be mentioned in her presence, and those who transgressed were treated by her as enemies.

To her son-in-law, Captain Dormer, Mrs Irwin's anger also extended for a long time, for she considered him an accomplice in the disgraceful transaction. Georgina, she said, 'was a fool'—she could not blame her—she had been trained to implicit obedience, and only transferred it from a mother to a husband. Georgina had been a dutiful child, continued Mrs Irwin, nor should she suffer now for her husband's folly by any diminution of her mother's favour or affection. The earldom in prospective had doubtless a good deal to do with Mrs Irwin's forbearance; but—alas for human foresight and calculations—Captain Dormer's noble relation acknowledged a private marriage with his housekeeper, and a numerous race of heirs and heiresses came forth from their hiding-places. Poor Dormer died, it was said, of disappointment, leaving his wife and six little girls wholly dependent on Mrs Irwin; Georgina did not long survive her husband; and this band of tender orphan loves alone were left to tell of frustrated hopes and mortal uncertainties.

Mrs Irwin received tidings about the same period of Josephine's decease. The unfortunate runaway had been a widow since the birth of her only child, and had found shelter with a maternal aunt of O'Donnel's, who had espoused a French gentleman. Monsieur and Madame Duhamel led a retired life in a pastoral valley of Languedoc: they were not wealthy, but kind-hearted, excellent people; and on the rejection of all their overtures on behalf of the child thus left on their hands (Mrs Irwin turning a deaf ear to their representations), they had no alternative but to bring the orphan up with their own children, and the poor little thing soon became nearly as dear to them.

Mrs Irwin betrayed no grief on hearing of her youngest daughter's premature death; she took no notice whatever of the announcement: but the household saw that she was a changed woman—the iron had entered her soul. Pride supported her; and neither sigh, nor tear, nor outward demonstration of any kind warranted the offer of sympathy or condolence. The letter containing the death-message she cast into the fire, and watched it consuming without sign of emotion; and none would have suspected the intelligence it conveyed, had not the obituary in the public papers notified the fact.

Left with her six grandchildren, it was no matter of wonder that Mrs Irwin resolutely shut herself up, and declined receiving visitors, devoting all her time and energy to her arduous duties. People ceased to talk about her, or to lament and wonder at her family misfortunes; and except when the lovely flock at White Ladies Place were seen at church, or sitting about the grounds, the townsfolk of L—— and the neighbouring hamlets ceased to trouble themselves about these concerns. My father, indeed, sometimes had questions asked him about the fair, fragile-looking girls, who clustered so fondly around their grandmother: she seemed to love them with a love far beyond that she had cherished for their mother—

her own daughter Georgina. The 'angel' band of White Ladies Place was the epithet often bestowed on these singularly lovely children. There was indeed some excuse for it: their exterior attractions and angelic dispositions forcibly reminding the spectator of pictures and legends of ecclesiastical love, wherein the holy spirits are represented to our imagination by pure and dove-like innocents.

Some ancient folks shook their heads mournfully, and whispered how much they pitied Mrs Irwin, notwithstanding her pride and arrogance; for it was easy to see that none of these gentle creatures could be reared—they were too transparent and white, too good and gentle: such children, said the ancients, always joined the happy angels ere the innocence of early youth had fled! And it was even as they predicted: one by one the delicate girls drooped and faded away. One attained the age of seventeen; the others were younger as they were severally summoned home.

Everybody felt sincere commiseration for the bereaved grandmother, and it was generally rumoured that her intellects were affected. But my father did not corroborate such accounts; on the contrary, he spoke of Mrs Irwin's strength of mind and resignation. However, gossips persisted in saying there *was* a mystery; but what it was no one could find out. The domestics were few and attached, having all been in the service of the family for many years, and devoted to Mrs Irwin, who was much beloved by her retainers.

Having heard all these particulars frequently discussed, it may be readily supposed that, when my father spoke of introducing me to the interior of White Ladies Place, I felt some slight degree of curiosity, and perhaps nervousness; but he had impressed upon me his desire that I might prove a cheerful and soothing companion to Mrs Irwin; the necessity my father saw for such companionship, in a medical point of view, having made him persist in the attainment of his object, not without exerting much guileless diplomacy and friendly authority.

Mrs Irwin received me courteously, and at first evidently *put up* with my presence for my valued father's sake; but by and by I flattered myself that the kindness she evinced towards me was for *my own*. She abhorred any display of sorrow. Like many proud, high-spirited people, her grief was silent, and vented alone when no human eye could witness it; but I soon felt sure that some ever-present corroding remembrance was preying upon her mind beyond that which the death of her grandchildren might have caused. Sorrow for the dead, pious and resigned grief I had already seen, when earthly struggles were quieted by heavenly aspirations, and the mourner ejaculated, 'I shall go to them!—they may not return to me!' But now I witnessed restless yearning, and a remorse which the outward self-possession so marvellously displayed by Mrs Irwin had not the power to conceal from a close observer; and when I imparted the result of my observations to my father, he listened earnestly to all I said, and impressively answered, 'I think you are right, Mary: this poor lady, you are aware, has a grandchild yet living.'

A new light suddenly broke on my mind, but I did not confide all my thoughts even to this dear father, fearing for the result of my visionary schemes.

My father went on to say, 'I do not doubt that Mrs Irwin will soon take you into her confidence, Mary: you have won her regard; but I must not anticipate. This confidence must be voluntary on her part; nor shall I attempt to raise the veil which she does not desire to withdraw. I know you have strong nerves, and are not easily startled.'

If I had strong nerves, this conversation did not tend to strengthen and brace them, for I lived in the perpetual assurance that some singular mystery overhung Mrs Irwin's daily life: however, I had determined on certain plans; and in putting them into execution, and performing numerous active duties, all foolish fears

or nervous trepidations were in the true way of being forgotten.

I had now been acquainted with Mrs Irwin for some months: this acquaintance on her part had ripened into cordial kindness, I may say friendship; while I, on my part, felt deep sympathy, and interest, and earnest desires to see her mind at rest. I often remained at White Ladies Place for days together. During one of these visits, on an October evening—how well do I remember it!—it was a dim, melancholy October evening—the wind was walling amid the gray gables and golden woods—I had been alone all day, for Mrs Irwin had kept to her own apartments, when she joined me, and mutely seating herself, watched my rapid stitching of some homely garment. After a long time, she broke the silence, saying, 'Mary, this is the anniversary of a sad day: it is the day when the last remaining of my child's children was taken from me. These anniversaries I always devote to *them*: will you come and view all that is left me of these beloved ones?' What could Mrs Irwin mean? Fears indefinable seized me at hearing these words; but I looked at her intently, and no wildness in her eyes or excitement of manner gave evidence that her reason was impaired. But what did she mean?—what was coming?

She took my arm, and for the first time I found myself in that portion of the mansion whose windows all opened on the solemn woods and sombre pine vistas branching off in many directions. We entered a small chamber or ante-room, where we found Mrs Irwin's confidential waiting-woman in expectation of our visit. Double doors led from this ante-room to a saloon beyond; the ancient domestic threw them open; and emerging from the gloom, what a spectacle met my bewildered eyes! The saloon was brilliantly illuminated by wax tapers, and entirely hung with snowy-white drapery, from the folds of which hung wreaths of freshly-gathered flowers. At the head of the apartment, in a semicircle, were ranged six figures clad in white robes, with veils of filmy texture half concealing their features. They looked like young girls attired for the solemn rite of confirmation; but how still and mute they were—*fac-similes*, indeed, of the deplored and departed; but mere wax-works, fashioned by a skilful artificer! Mrs Irwin took me up to the figures, one by one, speaking in a subdued voice, and telling me their names and the respective ages at which they had been taken from her. From the tallest figure of the group she withdrew the veil which shaded the face, as tenderly and seriously as if the wax-work had been imbued with spiritual life, whispering as she did so, '*She was the fairest of them all: look, is not this an angelic face?*' And truly this model, taken after death, retained all the attributes of life: long silken lashes rested on the delicate cheeks, whereon was a faint tinge of colouring; the lips were parted smilingly, as if about to speak; the masses of rich dark hair fell in clusters on the neck; and the hand was stretched forth holding a rose; but, alas! not a *living* rose, as it had been wont to do in life: the rose, like the figure, was artificial—it was wax-work too. Presently my imagination began to be affected. I thought the eyelids moved, and, shuddering, I turned away. But soon my tears flowed freely; for it was a touching scene to witness Mrs Irwin fondly contemplating this singular assemblage—*this company of the dead*, as she designated them. And this was the mystery—yet my father pronounced her *same*! But then again, thought I, ought this poor lady to be considered insane merely because, instead of pictures or sculptured statues, she resorts to this more rare, and certainly more lifelike, mode of preserving the resemblances of her family?

I found that on the anniversary of each departed child's birthday, and day of decease, she passed her time among them from morn till night: she visited her rare collection every day; but on these festivals only the tapers were lit, the fresh flowers culled, and the waxen models decked in their festal robes. My father

was right; for Mrs Irwin was *not* mad. Once admitted, I became a frequent visitor to this secret chamber, to which he had long been accustomed.

By very slow and imperceptible degrees I had hitherto approached the subject with Mrs Irwin on which all my hopes and wishes were centered: it was dangerous ground to tread, and the full extent of woman's delicacy and tact (in the right sense of that too-often misused term) was required, in order not to shipwreck the cause I had at heart. By very slow and imperceptible degrees I had won Mrs Irwin to speak of the past—of the time when both her own daughters were children; then, as a matter of course, I carelessly asked if the offspring of both resembled their mother? For the first time Maud, the orphan of Josephine, was mentioned by her grandmother; and her existence once acknowledged, the stern restriction was broken: she had a living grandchild still; but dead to her—*'dead to her,'* she said, and sighed.

I heard the sigh, and I treasured the words. *'And if she were really dead,'* suggested I, *'would you object, madam, to place her effigy among these?'* I almost feared having gone too far; but Mrs Irwin answered mildly, after a keen gaze, beneath which I looked rather embarrassed.

Your question is an odd one, Mary; for I confess the thought has often struck me, that in the event of the girl's death, I should like to possess her resemblance, and place Josephine's child with her cousins. Here her voice faltered: I had never heard her speak thus before. Presently she added, *'But I do not wish her death, poor thing: she has done me no injury, Mary; and had I not made a vow never to look upon her, unless she made one of this mute company, I might perchance yet have had the comfort of embracing a living descendant'*—Mrs Irwin took my hands, the big round tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks—*'of asking her forgiveness, Mary: Josephine died without mine.'* This confession from the proud, imperious Mrs Irwin! I could hardly believe my sight and hearing; but the weak moment speedily passed; and I almost thought she regretted having said so much; at any rate she became more reserved and stoical for some days after the conversation alluded to. She had made a vow never to look upon her grandchild, Maud O'Donnel, unless she made one of the singular company in the white saloon. Ah, it was a wrong and fearful thing to take such a vow; but once made, it must not be broken!

The anniversary came round again, and again we entered the brilliant saloon. My father too was there. But lo! a seventh figure had been added to the rest, veiled and robed in white, and taller than the tallest there! My knees shook, my strength failed, and I turned faint, but my dear parent supported me, as Mrs Irwin darted forward, exclaiming, *'What is this?—who is this?'* stopping suddenly before the strange guest, who appeared motionless like the others. She essayed to touch and raise the veil, but her hands trembled; again she made a bolder effort, and succeeded. Ah, the eyes were not cast down, they were raised to her own imploringly; the hands were gently extended; there was healthful, mantling bloom on the cheek, and perfect grace in the proportions of this animated statue! A soft voice proceeded from it in pleading accents of deep yearning tenderness, crying, *'I am here at last, grandmamma, a living guest among the Company of the Dead, and will you not give me a welcome?'*

'Maud O'Donnel, how came you here?—who has dared to do this?' Passionate and stern was Mrs Irwin's voice; but it grew fainter and fainter, and more and more subdued, as Maud knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees.

'Oh, for my mother's sake, take me to your bosom!' exclaimed Maud: *'forgive her through me, and you will die happy, dear grandmamma!'*

Maud O'Donnel's prayers were not in vain: we heard Mrs Irwin's agonized sobs; we beheld her in the arms

of her sweet and beautiful living granddaughter, and then we withdrew, and left them alone together.

The result of their conference was such as to cause me no regret at having been instrumental in bringing it about; for I need only add, that M. Duhamel's sister was a valued friend and neighbour of mine during my residence in Languedoc: she readily assisted in the perhaps somewhat romantic scheme I had arranged, of thus placing Maud in contact with her grandmother—a scheme, however, fully sanctioned by the kind couple who had brought her up, for they had no future provision to bestow on the orphan, having a large family of their own to inherit all they had to leave.

We had the happiness of seeing Mrs Irwin restored to peace of mind, and dutifully tended by Josephine's beloved child. She lived to old age; and although she still continued to find solace and pleasure in visiting her wax-work company, it was always with the blooming Maud, and leaning on her arm for support.

In after-years the figures in the white saloon were carefully preserved; and long after Maud became a wife, with children and grandchildren of her own, the wax-work was shown to visitors as the most interesting relic at White Ladies Place.

CONDITION OF THE JEWS IN EGYPT.

EGYPT has always been a disagreeable dwelling-place for the Jews. In no Eastern country have they been more ill-treated and oppressed. With the tenacious energy of their race, however, they have clung to this land of task-masters, and in spite of every discouragement, have managed to maintain their ground in respectable numbers. Some five or six thousand of them are to be found congregated in Cairo and Alexandria, where, from the presence of the government, they are less liable to be annoyed by the populace. It is rare to meet with them in country towns, although a few are established both at Rosetta and Damietta. In Cairo—their chief resort—they occupy a particular quarter, which bears their name, and is considered one of the most curious and characteristic in the whole city. It constitutes a perfect labyrinth of narrow passages, sometimes dignified with the name of streets. To obtain the best idea of its aspect, you must, on leaving the neighbourhood of the Khal Khaleeleh to return towards the Mooski, keep a little to the right, instead of making for the new street to the Citadel. You will thus soon find yourself making all sorts of turns at right angles; and presently, after traversing a batch of ruined houses, you will see before you an alley having the most cut-throat appearance imaginable, into which it is necessary, for prudential reasons, to urge your donkey at reduced speed. The walls of the houses on each hand are rarely more than three feet apart, which circumstance would of itself almost account for the obscurity that prevails. In addition, moreover, you must know that every front is covered with a multiplicity of projecting windows, which sometimes touch the opposite wall, so that it is only here and there that a few scanty gleams of light penetrate to the regions below. The street I allude to is unusually straight, so that you can see at intervals these little patches of dim light receding until the last is a mere point. If there be anybody moving along, you know the fact simply by finding your view intercepted, for it is impossible to distinguish any form. Some boldness is required in a perfect stranger to venture alone into this cavernous aperture. However, pride gets the upper hand, and in we go.

The air becomes at once cold and damp, and the eyes, at first unaccustomed to the darkness, are of no assistance. You must trust to the sagacity of your donkey, for the little boy behind is a mere instrument of impulsion. Presently, however, you begin to distinguish that the walls on either hand are built of massive stone, but that they have begun to give way and lean forward, and exhibit enormous cracks and crevices. The doors are low, and in general carefully closed. If they be ajar, you can only see a sombre passage, with perhaps a little pale light coming round a corner; for it is a rule in all Eastern domestic

architecture to make the entrance-corridor of a house to turn off at right angles, in order to prevent the eye of a stranger from penetrating into the court, and obtaining by chance a glimpse of the *harem*. Here and there dark alleys, or rather crevices, branch off, in which, though rarely, you may see a few indistinct forms of women and children fitting up and down; but there is nothing to tell you that you are traversing a quarter remarkable for its riches; that within these gloomy, prison-like mansions there are courts full of light and sunshine, adorned with fountains and creeping plants; and that Israelitish taste has fitted up many of the apartments in the most sumptuous style. This you can only learn when a greater familiarity with the country enables you to make the acquaintance of some shabby-looking Jew, who, if you please him, may take you home and treat you like a prince. As you ride along, you imagine you are in a quarter smitten with poverty and distress; and not knowing the internal arrangements of the houses, imagine it next to impossible that human beings can exist in such an unventilated mass of buildings. Now and then you are disturbed in your reflections by a distant hail, informing you that some other bold character is

* Sounding on his dark and perilous way *

through the Jewish quarter. This is a warning not to be disregarded. It is necessary at once, if you wish to avoid a collision, to find a place where the passage is a little wider than elsewhere, and draw your donkey close up against the wall, in order to allow the new-comer to squeeze by. Under the most favourable circumstances, knees and stirrups often get entangled during this operation, and sometimes abrasions and bruises take place. In a crowded street in Europe it is not uncommon for two people in a hurry to meet face to face, and dance from side to side in the utmost distress and confusion before they manage to pass by one another. In the Jewish quarter of Cairo a scene similar in character may often be witnessed. If both wayfarers hail at the same time, each selects at once a place of refuge, and comes to a full stop, and each generally begins to move again at the same time; so that it is necessary at length to scream out at the top of one's voice, and hold a long parley, before a proper understanding is come to. Occasionally, in passing through these unknown places, you stumble upon a woman in the darkest and narrowest spot. Instead of running on, they always halt, and try, as it were, to squeeze into the wall. As you cannot turn round and go back, you must force past, driving your knees sometimes into the poor creature's side, however much you may feel inclined to do otherwise. They often implore your forbearance by communicating some particulars as to their state; and I used not unfrequently to manage to cross my legs over the donkey's neck in order to avoid doing damage.

In some places the thoroughfares, which are by courtesy called streets, are low, covered passages, more resembling sewers in appearance than anything else. Into these, I suppose, few Europeans ever penetrate. I once got off my donkey and crept in, in a stooping posture. After one or two turns, I came to a small, open space, where a number of Jewesses of the poorer class were squatting together, assisting one another in the duties of the toilet, or, in other words, making a reciprocal examination of heads! A great scream told me that my intrusion was considered impertinent; so, for fear of consequences, I took to my heels, and escaped with no other disaster than a bruise on my forehead, which I owed to my prudent precipitation.

The business portions of this quarter are much more airy and respectable in appearance; but of course the Jews engaged in trade do not all congregate. Their shops are dispersed in various parts of the city. The occupations they especially follow are those of merchants, bankers, money-lenders, money-changers, jewellers, goldsmiths, provision-dealers, butchers, &c. In most mercantile houses in Egypt there is a Jew employed to conduct the small-money transactions. Despite the bad estimation in which they are held both among Moslems and

Christians, they are rather honest than otherwise, quite as much so at least as the classes which despise and anathematise them. They return the hatred awarded them with interest, and seem really to consider themselves as a race infinitely superior in all the attributes of humanity to those around them.

In personal appearance the Jews of Egypt are not prepossessing. Their features, it is true, are often finely formed; but they are a down-looking, gloomy tribe, as might be expected from the treatment they have so long experienced. Many of them are fairer than the rest of the population, which may be accounted for by their Syrian origin. It has been remarked that they are frequently bloated in appearance, and are liable to sore eyes; and some attribute the circumstance to the immoderate use of sesame oil. Whether this be the case or not, certain it is that this peculiarity in their cookery gives their persons a very unpleasant odour, so that you may know a Jew in the dark. I ought to add, that almost all the Eastern Jews I have seen are very different in the type of their features from those of Europe; and that I do not remember to have noticed the real Hebrew nose more than once—namely, on the face of a young money-changer in Alexandria, whose father rejoiced in a regular pug. The women, on the other hand, in as far as I have been able to ascertain, preserve a very characteristic cast of countenance. They are often handsome and well made. Their mode of life and character resembles that of the Levantines, between whom and them, however, there exists an insuperable antipathy. I knew an Aluek, or woman of this race, named Kalah, who gained her living by singing. She had a very fine voice, so that although she had but one eye, was old, and had never been handsome, she was quite in vogue. As is commonly the case now, however, she found it necessary to add a knowledge of dancing to her accomplishments; and I have often beheld her with wonder and regret perform feats of agility of which I could not previously believe the human body capable. But Kalah's favourite occupation was singing; and when she called in passing at the house where I resided to ask for a drink of water, she would often, of her own accord, take up a *darbuka*, or tambourine, and sing a snatch of some one of those tender love-songs with which the Arabic language abounds.

It is the custom for the Jews in Egypt to celebrate very strictly the Feast of the Tabernacle. During eight days they forsake their rooms, and sleep in little cabins made of palm-leaves on the terraces of their houses. (Is this the reason why ophthalmia is frequent among them?) Those who have no convenient place for so doing are invited by their friends, so that on this occasion the roofs of the Jewish quarters are covered with a regular encampment. The streets previously are absolutely filled with camels laden with palm-branches, which fetch a handsome price, for there is an eager demand for them. The Levantines used to tell me that on the first day of this festival the Jews go to their priest, and ask if it will be a good year. He oracularly and gutturally answers, '*Ch—*.' If the year be good, he says, 'Did I not tell you *ch—*?' meaning (*cheir*) good. But if it be a bad year, he says, 'Did I not tell you *ch—*?' meaning (*châra*) bad.

This reminds me that a few years ago, when there was a great drought in Egypt, the inundation of the Nile being unusually delayed, it struck the pasha that it would be wise to apply to all the religious sects in his dominions for their intercession with Heaven. So all the heads of the Moslems, with all the Christian priests, and all the Jewish rabbins, followed by their congregations, went down to the brink of the water to pray. A good deal of bigotry was exhibited on the occasion, and it was attempted to exclude the Jews; but the pasha, who was never very orthodox, wisely determined that he would not throw away a single chance, as the safety of the whole crops of the country depended on the result. He had reason to be amply satisfied; for the Nile, in reality, rose two palms the next night, and continued rapidly rising until there was a very good inundation.

Of late years, the treatment of the Jews in Egypt has

been gradually becoming better and better. It was not, however, until during the early part of my stay in the country, in the year 1846, that toleration was extended to them sufficiently to allow of their burying their dead by day. It was only by moonlight that they could hurry the remains of their departed friends stealthily to the grave. No law, it is true, forced them to this, but only the bigotry of the population. On the few occasions when they ventured to face the daylight, Moslems, Greeks, and Levantines used to pelt the bier and its bearers with stones and rubbish, and often, to proceed to the most abominable excesses. No one ever felt ashamed of such acts; but, on the contrary, they were considered meritorious; for there is no object on earth which is regarded in the East as beneath a descendant of Abraham. This may be understood from the progression of their terms of abuse—ass, bull, dog, pig, Jew!

Such was the state of public opinion when the death of Mercade el Ghazi, the grand rabbin, happened. This was thought by the Jewish community to be a good opportunity for taking advantage of the growing toleration of the government: Mohammed Ali was absent from the country on his celebrated visit to Constantinople; but Ibrahim Pasha was at Cairo, and to him application was made for two guards. The Sirasker had just returned from Europe, very little improved, it is true, but with some desire to merit the approbation of the civilised world. This was a capital opportunity, because it enabled him to carry out at the same time his favourite system of intimidating and overawing the people who were destined by fate, treaty, and the right of the strongest, to be his most dutiful subjects. So he replied, 'Two guards!—you ask only for two? I will send my own carriage, thirty cawasses, and a battalion of infantry; the shops on the whole line of procession shall be closed; and we be to the man who lifts a stone that day! What was said was done: the people murmured, but remained tranquil, and a bright example of toleration was manifested. It is worth knowing that the greater part of the improvement which has taken place in the conduct of Egyptians to foreigners and infidels is entirely attributable to similar exertions of supreme power; but it is a gross mistake to suppose that, in as far as the government is concerned, anything has been done to soften the rancour of Moslem prejudice. Toleration is not to be instilled into a people by force; and I doubt whether the good that might have been done by increased intercourse with Europeans has not been more than counterbalanced by the envy and indignation excited by the marked favour with which they are treated, and the privileges and immunities they enjoy.

GREEN GARMENTS.

GREEN is the colour *par excellence*—the colour most agreeable to the eye, and upon which it can be fixed for the longest period of time with the least physical inconvenience. The very word *colour* is derived from *chloros*, green, as every student of the Greek language knows. The green fields and the green trees, the green ivy clustering upon decay, to beautify and preserve it, and the green moss upon the gray stone—all these are refreshing to the sight of the lover of nature, whether he be educated or uneducated. The light green of early spring, the full ripe green of the maturity of summer, and the bronzed or yellow green of the decaying year, are severally beautiful. Even midwinter is not without its ornament of this universal colour. Under the frost and snow lies the grass, verdant in all seasons; and the evergreen plants, in all their beautiful varieties, vivify the landscape and the garden when our summer friends have forsaken us. In the balconies of city houses, where they are great favourites, they remind us all the winter of the leafy magnificence of the year that is past, and give promise of the verdure of the year which is approaching, in which, as in its predecessors, the spring-time and the harvest shall not fail. It was a green leaf that first brought joy to the heart of Noah, to whom the promise was given, after his long imprisonment in the Ark, and

which proved to him that the waters were indeed assuaged, and that he and his might again tread the green sward—again walk under the shadow of trees—again cultivate the dry land, and be the progenitors of a new race to subjugate and to civilise the world.

All men love greenery more or less, though possibly most men are not aware of their love for that colour, any more than the good *bourgeois* in Molière's comedy was aware that he had all his life been speaking prose. To know the full value and beauty of green—to feel in its intensity the relief afforded by it to the eye and to the mind—it is only necessary to be shut up for six months in a smoky metropolis, without the indulgence of a ramble into the country. Young and old, after such a privation, feel an infantine delight in escaping from the streets to look on nature face to face; to loll upon the grass, to sit under the foliage, and as Chaucer in his 'Legend of Good Women' says he did—

'To lean upon the elbow and the side
The long day—
For nothing else,
But for to look upon the daisy.'

The poetical and unfortunate Earl of Surrey, on leaving the 'sluggish town,' exclaimed—

'And when I felt the air, so pleasant round about,
Lord! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out!'

—a feeling which all the lovers of rural greenery will consider to have been very natural.

An ill-natured critic once made it a matter of reproach against certain writers who were in greater repute a quarter of a century ago than they are now, that, like dying Falstaff, 'they babbled of green fields.' Perhaps these writers were not always wise and manly in the expression of their love for the country; but that their sentiment was universal and true, even the critic might have confessed had he been closely questioned. All poets worthy of the name, from the most ancient times to the present, have been lovers of 'greenery,' even although their inspiration has been derived not from rural topics and delights, but from that best source of all poetry—the passions and affections, the errors and sufferings, the struggles and the triumphs of men. In English poetry, more especially from Chaucer, whose

'Elf-queen with her jolic companie,
Danced full oft in many a *grene* mede';

and Shakspeare, whose woodland invitation—

'Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?'

echoes like sweet music in the hearts of all his lovers, down to the newest aspirants for the honours of Parnassus, the 'greenwood' and the 'green mead' have been sung and celebrated in all kinds of verse, from the immortal, by wide gradations through all varieties of the good, the bad, and the indifferent.

To cite their praises of field and forest, or even a hundredth part of them, would fill a volume. We shall not enter upon so formidable and useless a task. There is, however, a fondness for green as a costume, which the readers of our earlier poetry cannot fail to have remarked, and which is somewhat curious to trace. When the poets invoke the elves, they almost invariably clothe them in green suits; but this is a costume for these imaginary creatures which we can fancy to be appropriate. Elves, like some real creatures, take the colour of surrounding things. As the hare becomes white in the snow, and the ptarmigan takes the colour of the bare granite precipices which he haunts, the elves, dwelling amid green leaves, or building their small citadels amid the waving grass, wear robes of verdant hue. There is not, however, the same reason for the green coats, green robes, and green mantles of the mortal heroes and heroines of poetry. But there is doubtless another reason—which may have been, that green was actually the colour most in vogue among the rural population. Lincoln and Kendal are two towns that seem to have been celebrated for their green cloth:

Robin Hood, Little John, and their followers, were clothed in Lincoln green:—

'Buck ye, buck ye, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee;
For I'll goe seek you wight yeomen
In greenwood where they bee.
Then they put on their gowns of greens,
And took their bows each one,
And they away to the green forrest
A shooting forth are gone.'

In Shakspeare's time, Kendal green appears to have been equally well known, if we may judge from the words of lying Falstaff, who boasts to Prince Henry of his fabulous achievements on Gad's Hill:—

'Three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me.'

It was not merely freebooters and huntsmen that wore green in those early days; for a loose robe or gown of green was the dress of the ancient minstrel, gleemen, minnesingers, and rimours, whose songs, tales, and jests were the delight of our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester, various masques and ancient plays were got up for her amusement. In one of these entertainments a person in the garb of a minstrel was introduced wearing 'a long gown of Kendal green, gathered at the neck into a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper up to the chin, but easily to undo' when the heat was oppressive. 'His gown had side [long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. About his neck he wore a red ribbon. His harp hung before him; the wrest, a tuning instrument, being tied to a green lace hanging by.' It was in this costume, we may suppose, that King Alfred gained admission into the Danish camp, and that Blondel wandered over Europe in search of King Richard I.

The allusions in Chaucer to the green vestments of his male and female characters are frequent. In the prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' he speaks of his yeoman as

'Clad in cote and hode of grene.'

and as bearing a horn, of which the 'baudrik was of grene.' In the 'Legends of Good Women,' when he represents himself as lying in the meadow to look upon his favourite flower, he saw

— 'walking in the mede
The god of Love; and in his hand a queene;
And she was clad in royal habit green.
A fret of golde she had next her hair,
And upon this a white coronne she bare
With flowres smale—and I shall not lie
For all the world right as a daisie.
I crowned is with white leaves light
So were the flowres of her coronne white.

* * *
Love was the mightie god of Love
In silk embrodered fule of grene greues;
And by the hand he held the noble queene
Crowned with white and clothed all in grene.'

In the train of these two personages, in the same royal colour of green, he saw nineteen ladies, the heroines of his poem—

'Gode women both maidnis and wives,
That weren true in loving all their lives.'

In the 'Romance of Morte Arthur,' green, not of Lincoln or Kendal green, but of velvet from 'heathen-land,' was the dress of the knights that accompanied Sir Lancelot of the Lake when he restored Queen Genèviève to her husband King Arthur:—

'The other knights everich one
In samyte green of heathen-land
And their kirtles, rode alone,
And each knight a green garland.'

Dowabell, the heroine of Dryton's ballad in Percy's 'Reliques,' is thus described:—

'The silk she well could twist and twine,
And make her fine march pike,
And with the needle-work,
And she would help the priest to say
His matins on a holy day,
And sing a psalm in kirk,
She wore a frock of frolick green
Might well become a maiden queen.'

When King Hardyknute takes farewell of his wife ere he departs to repel the invasion of the Norsemen, the queen's sorrow is so great, that

'First she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodies greene.'

In the old Scotch ballad of 'Childe Owlet,' the Lady Erskine is represented as wearing green stays—

'Then she's ta'en out a little penknife
That lay below her bed,
Put it below her green stays' cord,
And made her body bleed.'

To 'kilt the green clothing a little above the knee' is a common expression in the old ballads, and occurs almost invariably whenever the ballad-maker has to describe a lady crossing a stream or setting out on a journey. In the tragical ballad of the 'Bent sae Brown,' the mother of the three young men that were slain by their sister's lover, whom they had waylaid,

— 'out the locks that hung
So low down by her knee,
Sae has she kilted her green clothing
A little aboon the knee;
And she has on to the gudc king's court
As fast as gang could she.'

'Rose the Red' and 'White Lillie' in another ballad resolve to seek their lovers in the greenwood shade, and to disguise themselves for the purpose in male attire—

'And we will cut our green clathing
A little aboon the knee,
And we will on to gude greenwood,
Two bold bowmen to be.'

In the ballad of 'Childe Waters,' the lover says to his mistress—who offers to accompany him 'far into the North countrie'—

'If you will be my foot-page, Ellen,
As you do tell to me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch above the knee.'

When 'Little Musgrave' goes to church on a 'high holy day,' he thinks more of the fine women than of our Lady's grace—

'Some of them were clad in green,
And some were clad in pall.'

The bonnie boy 'Gil Morrice' had

— 'hair like threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses dropping dew,
His breath was all perfume;
And he was clad in robes of green.'

The brother of Lady Mairry suspecting her of a concealed love affair, asks her indignantly—

'Gude-morn, gude-morn, Lady Mairry;
God make you safe and free:
What's come o' your green clothing,
Was once for you too wide?
And what's become o' your lang stays,
Was once for you too wide?'

The little bird in the ballad of 'Joy Hunting,' who saw the murder committed by the Ladies Mairry and Katherine upon the false lover of the former, warns her to beware of his blood upon her clothes—

'Out it speaks a bonny bird,
That flew above their head,
"Keep well, keep well your green clathing
Frae as drap o' his blood."

The bailiff's 'Daughter of Islington'

'Pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire;
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to inquire.'

The jealous stepmother of the 'Lady Isabel,' in the ballad of that name, makes it a complaint against her that her husband buys her the commonest attire—the dowie (dreary) green—while for his daughter Isabel he buys damask:—

'It may be very well seen, Isabel,
It may be very well seen;
He buys to you the damask gown,
To me the dowie green.'

In the ballad of 'Sweet Willie and Lady Maisry,' the suspicious father, entering his daughter's bower in search of her lover, asks her—

'What's become o' your charlies, Maisry?
Your bower it looks aye teem;
What's become o' your green claitthing?'

'Burd Helen,' in her distress, when abandoned by her lover, remembers that—

'When I dwelt in my high bower,
I wore scarlet and green.'

The fair lady beloved by 'Lord Livingstone' was dressed in the same colour:—

'The lady fair into that ha'
Was comely to be seen;
Her kirtle was made o' the sa',
Her gown was o' the green—
Her gown was o' the green, the green,
The kirtle o' the sa';
A silver wand intill her hand,
She marshalled o'er them a'.'

'Earl Lithgow' falls in love with a lady who proves more than a match for him:—

'She has kilted her green claitthing
A little above the knee,
The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,
Through the water o' Dee.
Before he was at the mid o' the water,
At the other side was she.'

Some of the writers of modern ballads, aware of this peculiarity of costume in the ancient heroes and heroines, have taken care to adhere to it in their descriptions. In the beautiful ballad of the 'Braes of Yarrow,' the lady lamenting for her murdered lover, exclaims—

'The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewin':
Ah, wretched me! I little, little thought
He was in time to meet his ruin.'

In the song of 'Lizy Lindsay,' a modernisation of the old ballad of the same name, the bride

'Has gotten a gown o' green satin,
And a bonnie blithe bird is she;
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His pride and his darling to be.'

Wordsworth also, in his 'Peter Bell,' accommodates himself to this traditional costume:—

'A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild.
Her dwelling was a lowly house,
A cottage in a heathy dell,
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.'

Burns in his 'Vision,' when he reproaches himself with having passed his youthful prime—

'And done naething
But stringin' blothers up in rhyme
For fools to sing,'

describes the appearance of the Muse of Scotland to him; the heroine wearing a

'Mantle large of greenish hue.'

The sameness of costume among the rural population, which doubtless caused all these poetical descriptions, is of the past entirely. There was a time—and that not very remote—when blue was almost the only colour worn by women in the middle and lower walks of life, especially in places remote from towns and cities; and even now the blue holds its place among servant-girls in the country. But the progress of manufacture, the extreme beauty, the immense variety, and the wonderful cheapness of cotton goods, afford abundance of choice for all tastes, and place these fabrics within reach of the very poorest. A servant-girl of the present day is better clad than rich women were in the days of our ancestors, and can please herself in the colour and in the texture of her dress. We would not disparage green as the colour of a garment; our beautiful mother Earth wears it as her favourite, and looks better in it than in a dress of any other hue, whether it be the brown or the white

which she sports in their proper season. Yet we think it is a change for the better in the condition of the people that a 'gown' does not last a lifetime, and that the industry of our artisans, the enterprise of our manufacturers and merchants, and the ingenuity of our men of science, enable the humblest to choose among the colours of the rainbow for their attire; and the tradesman's or farmer's wife of 1849 to dress with more elegance than the duchess of the ballad period.

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Most readers like to know what is doing in science as well as in politics; with many philosophy is the more welcome of the two: I therefore send you a summary of what was done at the nineteenth annual meeting of the British Association held at Birmingham in September last, when among the assembled savans were philosophers from many parts of Europe and the United States of America, besides some hundreds of Britons. If knowledge and enlightenment are not spread abroad now-a-days, it will not be for want of a multitude of counsellors; the results, however, will best speak for themselves.

In treating on a variety of topics within a limited space, it is not altogether easy to avoid the disjointed and literal style of a catalogue or lexicon; so don't be too hard on such slips of the pen if you meet with them. To begin:—At the opening meeting, Lord Northampton resigned the presidency to the Rev. F. R. Robinson, the eminent astronomer of Armagh, who thereupon delivered the introductory address, in which the advantages of association for a common object were strongly insisted on, and verified by examples in ancient and modern science. When confined to the few, knowledge was once, to quote the Athenæum's report, 'an instrument of supererogation or imposture, a delusion to its possessors themselves. Astronomy became astrology, chemistry alchymy, natural philosophy magic. Brewster has shown how the concave mirror brought up an apparition when it would—and Boutigny has revealed how the repulsive energies of heat ministered to the iniquity of the ordeal. . . . He who first finds a physical fact or principle, often fails to trace it to its full extent: preoccupied by some particular object of research, led by special views, he looks at it with reference to them alone; and were he sole labourer in the mine, much of its wealth would be lost. It may be too vast to be explored by the power of one mind, or within the limits of one life, or it may require aids and appliances which solitary individuals do not possess, to say nothing of what is still more important—the increase of energy which flows from the sympathy and admiration of a multitude.' The learned president then went on to particularise the results of the Association's own labours, direct and indirect. These may be briefly enumerated: the publication, at a cost of £2000, of the catalogue of 8000 stars, whereby the place of a star in the heavens may be determined and compared by working astronomers without the 'drudgery' of tedious arithmetical calculations. Then there were the tide-observations: 'the determination of the plane which marks the level of the sea unvarying with the changes of the tide—a precious gift, as, but for it, in a few years the absolute levels of our great national surveys would have become a delusion.' Next come researches on 'the motion and nature of waves,' out of which grew those on 'the resistance and the form of ships:' valuable data for naval architects. These are followed by the paleontological investigations of Agassiz and Owen, in which £15,000 have been expended; and the able reports, 'the taking stock,' as the speaker termed it, of our scientific knowledge. Many other facts were instanced, in which the Association has proved of eminent service to philosophy. I cannot stay to particularise these, and can only direct your attention to the remarks on the 'miserable economy' of allowing men of real scientific genius to waste, as is often the case, in labour for mere subsistence, 'the years, the powers, the hopes, which could have borne light into the remotest and darkest recesses of the realms of inquiry.' This is a reproach which I am happy to say will ere long be wiped

off, as government is about to place an annual grant of money at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society for the support and encouragement of scientific men.

Section A, which comprehends mathematical and physical science, broke ground with Mr Ronalds' report on the Kew observatory, which, as you know, is kept going by the Association for the purpose of magnetic and meteorological observations. The movements of the magnetometer are now self-recorded by an arrangement contrived for the purpose; and it is somewhat remarkable that two gentlemen should, independently of each other, have invented registering apparatus identical in principle; yet so it is. That by Mr Ronalds is in use at Kew; the other, by Mr Brooke, is adopted at the Greenwich observatory, and may be thus briefly described:—A ray of light from a lamp passes through a slit to the surface of a mirror affixed to the magnet at about equal distances from either end. From this it is reflected to a second mirror, where the pencil of light is condensed, and at the proper focal distance beyond falls on photographic paper attached to a cylinder, which by clockwork revolves once in twenty-four hours. As the magnet moves, its deviations are thus at once traced by the ray on the paper, with the closest accuracy, and with a great saving of time and attention on the part of the observer, who now needs but to supply new paper at the required periods. In Mr Ronalds' contrivance the tracing is produced by a shadow instead of by light; it is, however, equally perfect with the marking of the other apparatus, and being considered best adapted for colonial use, a duplicate instrument has been sent out to the magnetic observatory at Toronto. Both gentlemen have been rewarded by a pecuniary grant from government. The magnetic and meteorological observations are to be continued at Kew for some time longer; chiefly on the 'frequency of atmospheric electricity'—a subject unaccountably neglected since the observations of Beccaria at Turin in the middle of the last century. This is a phenomenon, however, of which regular account is taken at Greenwich.

In connection with this subject comes Mr Birt's report on electrical observations made at Kew within the past few years. The discussion brings out some interesting results. It appears that the tension of atmospheric electricity is least at two o'clock in the morning; it rises gradually until six, then rapidly, and doubles its amount by eight; after which the increase is again slow until ten, and this is the 'first or forenoon maximum.' The tension now declines till four in the afternoon; rises again, and reaches the evening maximum—greater, by the way, than that of the forenoon—at ten; and then decreases slowly to the minimum from which it started twenty-four hours previously. Besides the daily maxima and minima, there is also an annual rise and fall: lowest in June and August; highest in February. The inference is, 'that the positive tensions, especially those of a high value, are more or less due to the humidity present in the atmosphere.' On the other hand, 'when the conductor has been charged negatively, rain, generally heavy, has mostly been falling.' The humidity and cloudiness precede the development of electricity; and 'the similarity between the two sets of phenomena goes far to show that the nature of their connection, if any, is also similar: the one—namely, positive—principally indicating the electric tension of aqueous vapour; the other—namely, negative—the electric disturbances produced by the sudden precipitation of this vapour when existing as cloud.'

The next subject was, 'On the Orbital Motion of the Magnetic Pole Round the North Pole of the Earth,' by the Rev. J. Grover. The author has traced this movement for the past 250 years. At one time, from 1580 to 1723, its rate was accelerated from some unknown cause; but at the latter date it attained a climax, and came to a pause: 'the horizontal movement of the needle was suspended, and the dipping motion changed its course from a downward to an upward motion.' There is doubtless some law in this phenomenon, and future investigations may determine the cycle in which it operates. Mr Grover also traces the moving magnetic pole in the light of a satellite,

or supplemental system, to the isogonal poles, disturbed by the accumulation of ice about the poles in the course of a long series of ages, and generated as a compensative process from an interruption of the original system.

Subsequently meteors and shooting-stars came on for discussion—an important branch of physical science, as your readers have ere this gathered from your pages. Many eminent inquirers are at work upon it; the report read by the Rev. Baden Powell embraced a large body of facts of a nature to be appreciated by philosophers. One suggestion may be noticed which appears to be new. It is, that 'meteors seen by day passing between the observer and the earth may be in some instances the cause of unusually cold days.' Statements were then made and conversation held on what were described as atmospheric phenomena. Sir R. H. Inglis had seen last summer, while in Switzerland, millions of motes, resembling snow or down, floating in the air on a bright clear day. This led Colonel Sabine to narrate what had been seen by Humboldt while pursuing his scientific labours in South America; and Sir John Herschel communicated an account of the freaks, so to speak, of aerial currents in taking up light bodies from the surface of the earth, while at a little distance all is calm. Something was said too about lumps of ice, fifteen feet in diameter, having fallen from somewhere in the regions of space above us; and Dr Robinson observed, 'that the common idea that wind consisted of one steady current of air in one fixed direction, required to be considerably modified; as, from facts observed by him, when endeavouring to determine the velocity of the wind by firing gunpowder, he found that the direction was frequently wavering back and forwards, and even ascending filaments and currents frequently encountered.' From wind to drought was no very violent transition. You know that meteorologists declare our atmosphere to have been extraordinarily dry during the last summer; and it appears, according to a report read by Sir C. Malcolm, that a remarkable dryness prevailed in India at the beginning of the year, as indicated by electrical instruments at stations widely remote from each other, embracing, indeed, one-fourth of the earth's circumference. It extended to Ceylon, 'where the heat at Colombo in the last week of January was altogether without precedent in the meteorological annals of the cinnamon isle.' The Colombo lake was drying up, canals were all but useless, wells had run dry, and the evaporation amounted to nearly an inch a day.

The chemical section led off with Dr Scoffern's paper on 'Basic Acetates of Lead and Sulphurous Acid,' under which title, repulsive as it may sound, is concealed important practical results; as, by means of the agents therein indicated, the use of blood and lime may be avoided in the manufacture of sugar, the whole of the juice may be extracted and converted into sugar at less cost than at present, and in one-third of the time usually required. This paper excited a debate among the chemists. It was followed by proofs of the existence of fluorine in sea-water—on phosphorus in iron—on electric light, and electro-magnetic engines. Photography next put in for a share of attention in the person of Mr Claudet, chiefly as regards certain yet inexplicable influences of light, as affecting the visual and the photogenic focus. The latter is the distance at which the plate must be placed to insure a perfect image: curious alterations take place—sometimes the two coincide, and then again they vary, with no apparent reason why. This inexplicability is an intimation that we want yet more experiments on the illuminating, heating, and chemical rays of light. Then succeeded an interesting account of the manufacture of coloured glass, by M. Bontemps. According to his statement, difference of tint does not depend altogether on difference of colouring matter: variations of temperature play an important part in the process. All the prismatic colours may be given to glass by one substance, oxide of iron, simply by increasing the degree of heat under which the combination takes place. Analogous effects are produced by manganese, which is used to impart a pink or purple hue

to glass. An elevation of temperature changes the purple to brown, then red, next yellow, and last green. Light also effects changes in glass containing manganese; white glass acquires a pale-yellow tinge. Oxides of copper, and silver, and gold, produce similar results. The general conclusion is, that by proper regulation of temperature colours may be produced at pleasure; a fact highly significant, and suggestive, in relation to physical science generally—the point so often urged—that the manifold forms of inorganic nature are apparent rather than essential differences. When such a man as Faraday approves a paper, as he did this of M. Bontemps, you may be sure there is something in it. Afterwards Professor Forchhammer from Denmark described his process for testing the amount of organic matter in water. It is learnedly chemical, and scarcely admits of popular elucidation; yet in these days of sanitary reform and water supply the results are interesting. The professor made weekly observations, during a whole year on the water supplied to Copenhagen, and ascertained that organic matter is largest in amount in summer; it is lessened by rain, or exposure to the atmosphere while flowing through long, open channels, and disappears when the water freezes. Then a move was made to the chemistry of geology. Professor Rogers of Philadelphia spoke on the decomposition of rocks by water and weak carbonic acid, a process which serves to explain the phenomenon of decay, and disintegration of hard masses. Mr Pattinson followed with an account of his patented process for extracting magnesia from magnesian limestone, in which carbonic acid is the prime agent. Professor Mallet read a paper on earthquakes; and another on the oxidation of railway bars, and the chemical changes consequent thereon. In the latter, he recommends that all rails should have their upper surface hammer-hardened; and after finishing, be reheated to 400 degrees, and coated with coal-tar, which coating will last, and prevent rust, for four years. Let economising railway directors look to this.

Dr Daubeny brought up a report on experiments undertaken with a view to prove, what has often been asserted, that a large amount of carbonic acid existed in the atmosphere at an early period of the earth's history. An addition of five per cent. to the present constituent quantity produced no ill effects on frogs, some kinds of fish, and plants analogous to those formerly existing. There are wide differences of opinion on this question, which are only to be reconciled by prolonged inquiry and positive experience. Next was a statement on a marine animalcule, the *Noctiluca miliaris*, said to be the cause of luminosity in our circumjacent seas. Dr Pring has been experimenting on the creature, whose diameter is not more than 1000th of an inch; yet sometimes it collects in such numbers, that the sea appears as a sheet of fire. The phosphorescence is increased by galvanism, also by oxygen, carbonic acid gas, chloroform, and certain mineral acids. The last mentioned, however, destroy the life of the animal; sulphuretted hydrogen and ether are also fatal. In the discussion which ensued, it appeared that nobody knew anything certain as to the cause of luminosity. Milne Edwards suggested electricity or combustion. Sir Edward Belcher, who has voyaged much in phosphorescent latitudes, considers it to be not a vital one; whereas a transatlantic philosopher contends that luminosity is an essential effect of life, and that we should see the light of our bodies if their substance were not opaque.

Mr Jukes opened the geological section by a paper on the new red sandstone and coal-measures of part of the Midland districts; and if his reasonings be sound, the coal consumers of the manufacturing regions need entertain no apprehensions of failing supply. It is now believed that coal underlies the new red, though at a great depth—500 or 600 yards; and Sir Roderick Murchison predicts that some day the whole country between Wolverhampton and the Wrekin will be worked for coal. Future generations will rejoice in verifying this theory, if in their day coal should still be required for the production of heat. Afterwards was read a communication

from Mr Isaac Lea, a well-known American conchologist, concerning certain fossil foot-marks, ripple-marks, and prints of rain drops, found in old red sandstone in Pennsylvania, being in geological position 8,500 feet below the surface of the coal-formations. According to Sir Charles Lyell, this is one of the first instances we have of air-breathing creatures of high organization being found in such strata, or below the Permian. Sir Roderick Murchison then held forth at length on the distribution of gold over the earth's surface, the moral of which may be thus rendered:—that agricultural pursuits are more profitable to a state than gold-hunting. He does not believe that we shall see a large accession to the amount of gold now in circulation; and gives as his opinion, that the time will come when the rich lands of the Sacramento will be more sought after as pastures and farms than as *placers*. In connection with this, I may mention a paper read before the statistical section as to whether prices in this country would be affected by Californian gold, and explaining a means whereby to determine and guard against such a contingency.

I cannot undertake to touch on all the subjects brought forward for discussion; some are not worth the trouble, others are too abstruse; and lastly, where should I find space enough? I shall therefore select such as may be most acceptable. Among matters which came under the notice of the naturalists, was a letter from Mrs Whitby of Newlands, near Birmingham, giving a renewed account of her efforts to introduce the growth of silk into England. Her plantations of mulberry, the species known as *Morus multicaulis*, have thriven; and she describes the trees as easy of propagation as willows. Some of her pupils are forming plantations in different parts of the country; and she observes, 'if gentlemen in England or Ireland who have a few acres or roods of land to spare would plant mulberries for posterity, as they do their oaks, we should in a few years be independent of other countries for our supply of raw silk.' Whether this is a consummation to be wished, is a question which I leave to political economists. Besides mulberry-trees, there was a host of topics in this section—fairy rings, barnacles, zoophytes, and botanical monstrosities, illustrative of morphology of plants. Mr Munby read a paper on the vegetable productions of Algiers, in which he described the *Lichen esculentus*, a plant which grows rapidly in the sandy deserts of that country. The natives eat it; and Mr Munby suggests that a plant of this kind may have been the manna of Scripture. Several able papers were also read on the vital principle, and its correlations to motion, heat, light, electricity, &c.

I must condense the rest. Mr Davison described his process for drying wood: it consists in passing a continuous current of heated air through the chamber in which the wood to be desiccated is placed. The manufacture of the finer kinds of iron and steel, equal to Damascus blades, was explained. Sanitary matters were discussed. Agricultural statistics of Ireland, by Mr G. R. Porter. The superiority of macadamised over paved roads for streets of large towns. On the alphabets of the Indian Archipelago, and the introduction of Oriental words into the English language. Statistics of *Monts de Piété* and pawnbroking. On the progress of emigration: from 1821 to 1831, 738,582 persons left this country; from 1842 to 1848, 985,953; in the first six months of 1849, 196,973; and we are told that during the last three years 'emigration from the United Kingdom has been fully equal to, if not exceeding, the natural increase of the population; and, in short, that emigration has now been carried on to such an extent, as, if it were maintained, must effectually prevent the further growth of the population.'

Thus we have gone from mathematical to social science. There now remains but to add, that sums of money were voted, as heretofore, to enable scientific individuals to pursue inquiries instituted by the Association; that reports on several interesting and important topics are called for; that government is asked to establish a reflecting telescope at the Cape of Good Hope observatory; to have the levels of the ordnance survey of Ireland cor-

rected to the mean sea-level; to have the British arc of the meridian published to its full extent; and that the twentieth meeting of the Association is to be held at Edinburgh in August 1850, with Sir David Brewster as president.

ADVENTURE WITH AN ALPINE BEAR.

My first adventure with a bear occurred when I was about eight years old. It was in summer, when our people lead their flocks to the upper pastures, which the melted snow leaves uncovered. My parents had gone to a mountain chalet, leaving me in the valley under the charge of a servant. One day I made my escape, and set out to meet them. I walked on, eating the bread and cheese given me for breakfast, when, as I was passing through a wood, I saw lying asleep across my path an animal which I took for a huge brown dog. I felt frightened; but the wish to rejoin my parents, who had been detained from home longer than they expected, prevailed, and on I went, gliding as silently as possible past the unknown beast. Despite, however, the little noise I made, the creature roused himself, and came towards me. Wishing to propitiate him, I threw down a bit of bread: he smelt it, swallowed it with apparent pleasure, and stretched out his head as if asking for more. I ventured to caress him, which he suffered me to do, although uttering a sort of protesting growl. Throwing my breakfast behind me bit by bit, in order to occupy the attention of my strange companion, whose presence was anything but agreeable, I reached at length the boundary of our farm. There he ceased to follow me. I entered the chalet, where, to my great joy, I found my father, and told him my adventure. He immediately seized his gun, sallied forth, and returning at night after a fruitless chase, told me that my morning's acquaintance was no other than a bear, from whom I had had an almost miraculous escape.

Twelve years passed on without my renewing my acquaintance with the ursine tribe. I assisted my father in managing his farm, and spent my leisure time in reading, taking particular pleasure in narratives of travel and adventure.

It happened one day that a neighbour named Raymond, a practised hunter of bears and chamois, asked me to accompany him on a mountain expedition. I gladly consented, and we set out, each carrying a carbine on his shoulder, and a small sharp hatchet fastened in his belt.

It was a beautiful autumn day. Towards five o'clock in the evening, having shot only a few birds, we began to think of returning. As we were passing through a thick wood, Raymond, who was grumbling at our want of success, recollected that there lay at a short distance a sort of little meadow where chamois often went to feed. At that hour there was not much chance of meeting them, but Raymond determined to make the trial. Placing me in ambush, he directed me to watch narrowly, and if he did not return at the end of half an hour, to descend the mountain. I saw him plunge into the wood, and then stoop down and creep warily along.

When I found myself alone, my first movement was to inspect the post assigned to me, in order to guard against surprise. Twilight already darkened the tops of the fir-trees, although it was scarcely six o'clock. The fatigues of the day had abated not only my strength, but my courage. I instinctively sought for a fir-tree, less denuded of the lower branches than they commonly are, to serve as an asylum in case of necessity. I then took up my position beneath it, slung my carbine, and waited patiently. The shadows of evening were fast darkening, although the setting sun still gilded the western horizon. The appointed half-hour had expired without my seeing anything, and I began to think of returning. Just as I was about to unsling my carbine, and leave my solitary position, I heard a rustling noise, too loud to be caused by the passage of a chamois. 'It is probably Raymond,' I said to my-

self, and was going to meet him, when it struck me that the approaching tread, crashing through the withered branches, was too slow and heavy for that of my comrade. I retreated to my tree, and another moment revealed the new-comer. It was an enormous bear, with fiery eyes, who came on with lowered head, not having yet perceived me. Almost mechanically I took aim, and fired at him: the shot, I believe, carried off one of his ears; and with a terrific roar he bounded towards me. Throwing away my carbine, I climbed the tree, and when the infuriated creature raised his fore-paws against the trunk, I was seated on a strong branch about ten feet above him. With the courage of despair I drew my hatchet, and waited to see what he would do. For a few moments he continued standing on his hind-legs against the tree, devouring me with his fierce eyes, and snorting with a loud noise: then he began to climb. When he came near, I raised my hatchet and struck. I did so with too much precipitation, for the blow merely cut one of his fore-paws without severing it. Down he dropped, but too slightly wounded to abandon the pursuit. For some time he remained, as it were, undecided, sending forth furious howlings, which resounded through the woods. At length, after having once more begun to climb, he stopped, seemed to change his mind, and redescended. Then I saw him snuffing the earth round the fir-tree, and finally he fell to work in good earnest.

Even to this moment I shudder at the recollection of what he undertook: it was nothing else than uprooting the tree with his snout and paws, in order to bring it down. For a bear, the idea was not a bad one; and I presently learned that whenever this animal fails, it is not for want of perseverance. Happily the tree I had chosen was thick, firmly-rooted, and capable of resisting the enemy's efforts for a considerable time. The only hope I had left was, that Raymond might hear the roaring of the bear, and come to my succour.

Alas, every minute seemed an hour! Night came on, and with its approach my courage gave way. I could no longer see my terrible enemy; his snorting respiration and the dull noise of his indefatigable labour reached my ears, mingled with the last faint evening sounds from the valley, whose inhabitants, happy and tranquil, were going to repose in peace, while I felt myself given up to a horrible and inevitable death. In my extremity I sought help where it is never asked in vain, and I passed that awful night in fervent prayer. Morning dawned, and the bear was still mining away. Presently the tree began to totter. I closed my eyes. But all at once he ceased to dig, and threw up his snout towards the wind. I thought I heard a distant sound amongst the fir-trees; the bear heard it too, and listened, lowering his head. The noise approached, and I distinguished my own name shouted by many voices. Apparently my ferocious adversary perceived that efficient help was coming; for, after having once more snuffed the breeze, he looked up at me with an expression of profound regret, and then plunged into the forest.

Five minutes afterwards, Raymond was at the foot of the tree. It was quite time: it toppled over as I descended!

THE MARSEILLES AQUEDUCT.

THE present era is remarkable for triumphs of mechanical engineering having public utility for their immediate object, and among these the grand aqueduct intended to supply Marseilles with water is well worthy of a brief notice, and the more so, as it affords another proof that extraordinary obstacles may be overcome by skill and perseverance.

The Phœceans of olden time had doubtless sufficient reason for establishing the colony in which Marseilles originated in such an arid territory; and although there may have been water enough for their wants, yet as population increased, the scarcity of the essential element

could not fail to become a serious inconvenience, or worse. The earliest attempts to provide against the deficiency were made in the tenth century by the Counts of Provence, who cut a canal from a distance of 10,000 yards, which delivered 800 gallons of water per minute during six months of the year, and only half that quantity in the hot season. From this source the magnificent fountains in the public squares of the city were supplied.

The idea of obtaining water by a canal from the river Durance was entertained so far back as the year 1507, and letters-patent were issued sanctioning the undertaking. But, as is often the case with such projects, the execution was delayed, then lost sight of, then temporarily revived, until, in 1827, it was again considered; but the council-general of the department refused to co-operate. At last, in 1836, the inhabitants of Marseilles, relying on their own resources, commissioned a young and enterprising engineer, M. de Montricher, to survey the ground, and having obtained the requisite authoritative sanction in 1838, intrusted the execution of the work to his ability. The estimated cost was 14,500,000 francs (about L.600,000), an amount which unforeseen difficulties have augmented to nearly a million sterling. The sum was raised by loans, and by an additional tax on all flour brought into the city.

The Durance is an Alpine stream discharging itself into the Rhone, and during the season when the mountain snows are melting, pours down a resistless inundating torrent. It is separated from Marseilles by three mountain chains of no great elevation, but whose ramifications cover the whole territory, so that, in constructing a canal with a regular fall, all the difficulties would be encountered which are generally avoided in following the course of a valley. The aqueduct is conducted across highways, water-courses, ravines, and valleys, by a route not the shortest, but that involving least outlay. The total length is 51 miles, in which are comprised seventy-eight tunnels, whose united length is from 12 to 15 miles, and 500 artificial constructions, rendered necessary by the nature of the ground—these being embankments, cuttings, bridge-aqueducts, or siphons. After traversing fourteen communes, the canal strikes the boundary of the vast basin of Marseilles—a district of desolating aridity—at a height of nearly 500 feet above the level of the sea. From this point it may be made to irrigate a surface of about 25,000 acres, limited on one side by the sea, and on the other by the crest of the amphitheatre whose centre is occupied by the city. For the supply of this district, a 'mother branch' will be led descending from slope to slope, and by means of properly contrived channels, each proprietor will be able to water his land, or feed his machinery, and the numerous *basides*, or country villas, obtain a supply for domestic purposes. The different branches will converge at a point 240 feet above the level from which the city itself will be supplied, and thus bring to its busy population, its fountains and factories, the long-desired streams of the limpid element.

The most important works occur along the upper portion of the canal. There are three tunnels, each nearly a league in length; the first, called the tunnel *Des Tailades*, is excavated through a mass of compact calcareous rock, pierced from above vertically by fifteen shafts, each more than 100 yards deep, so as to afford means of carrying on the labours at various points simultaneously. The difficulties of this portion of the work were greatly increased by streams of water issuing from the fissures of the rock: five steam-engines, of from 80 to 100 horses' power, discharging 5000 gallons per hour, were necessary to keep the excavation free from the impouring flood. The cutting away of hard rock, which in ordinary cases costs from twelve to fifteen francs the cubic yard, in this instance rose to thirty or forty francs, the increase due to this cause, extreme hardness of the rock, having added 2,000,000 francs to the original estimate. The two other great tunnels, traversing the mounts known as the *Assassin* and *Nôtre-Dame*, are mostly lined throughout with masonry. Although the construction of railways has done much to familiarise the public mind with vast projects, so that no one would be extraordinarily

astonished to hear of a tunnel through Mont Blanc itself, we believe that prior to the undertaking of the Marseilles Aqueduct none of equal magnitude were in existence.

Bridges are numerous along this canal: one over the Touloubre at Valmousse consists of a single row of arches, each 84 feet high and 26 feet span, extending over a length of 552 feet: it was built in two years. But the grand work of this sort is the bridge of Roquefavour, about five miles from Aix, across the valley of the *Are*, which is 1300 feet long and 270 feet high, reckoned from the surface of the river to the parapet wall. It is constructed with three rows of arches, resembling three bridges one above the other. The piers of the two lower rows are built entirely of cut stone, with a length of 48 feet, and breadth of 20 feet. The lowest row contains twelve arches, the next fifteen, and the upper, which carries the aqueduct, forty-nine, including, with the foundations, a total of 7500 cubic yards of masonry. An excellent and exhaustless supply of stone was found within a convenient distance, which furnished numerous blocks more than six yards cube, weighing nearly 40,000 lbs. for the lower piers. Ordinary means of transport would of course be inefficient for the removal of such huge masses, and all the improved mechanical facilities afforded by railways, cranes, and trucks, were made available; and advantage was taken of a waterfall to turn a hydraulic wheel, which drew the laden trucks up the inclined plane, moving in this way above 100 cubic yards of material daily. Some notion may be formed of the regularity of the service from the fact, that one gang of workmen thus aided were able to lay an arch in five days. The construction of this huge edifice was commenced in 1839, with materials and instruments valued at 600,000 francs. It is now finished, after having occupied from 200 to 300 masons, and 500 labourers, during seven years.

The appearance of the Roquefavour Aqueduct is most imposing, and competes successfully with that of the famous Pont du Gard. The country around is a barren desert, which the presence of numerous workmen has temporarily enlivened; but there is little doubt that the colossal structure will long prove, as it has already done, an attraction to visitors and tourists.

In the present state of science, such a work as the Marseilles Canal would necessarily be constructed with mathematical precision, and it is honourable to the young and able engineer that his pre-calculations have been verified by the results. In works of this nature the preliminary and collateral proceedings must be expensive. In planning out the canal, the levellings taken correspond to a length of more than 1000 miles: elaborate experiments were also made to test the strength of materials, and discover the best hydraulic cement; besides which, fifteen leagues of roadway, including several miles of rail, had to be prepared beforehand. The excavations of rock and earth amount to about 4,000,000 cubic yards; masonry 250,000; and 50,000 of facings. The whole work was calculated to occupy from eight to ten years: we have not, however, heard of its completion; possibly the political perturbations to which France has been subjected may have caused a delay.

The canal is 30 feet wide at the top, 10 at the bottom, and 7 feet deep; from its source in the Durance to the Marseilles basin, the fall is 125 feet, which it is said will admit of the delivery of eleven tons of water per second. With such a supply, Marseilles will be a highly-favoured city; land in the vicinity will rise to four times its present value; and, not least in desirable results, the people will be able to relieve themselves of the charge under which they at present lie of a fondness for dirt.

LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND THE WORKING-CLASSES.

There is no sovereign in Europe who, with so little apparent effort, succeeds so well in ingratiating himself with the labouring-classes as the king of the Belgians. He has a quiet and sincere manner of expressing himself when speaking to or of them; and whenever the opportunity offers, he never fails in rendering them his personal assistance. A striking example of this occurred a few days since. The burgomaster of Laeken, in which commune is situated

the king's palace, has a very noisy neighbour in the person of a boiler-maker. As he had not obtained from the authorities the special permission to carry on this trade, the burgomaster closed his premises, and caused the seals to be placed on the gates in the absence of the men. They applied to their employer, who referred them to the burgomaster, with whom a warm altercation took place, which ended in the men, about sixty or seventy in number, declaring that since he, the burgomaster, had so little consideration for them, they should try an appeal to the king. No sooner said than done. They adjourned to a public-house, drew up a petition, and went on their way to the palace, where they were met by General Frisze, the military governor of the province, who, on being informed of the cause of the assemblage, took the petition to the king. One of the workmen was immediately sent for into the royal presence; and notwithstanding a little nervousness, he made out a very clear story. To which the king replied in nearly the following terms:—'My friend, this is not right on the part of the burgomaster. He must be aware that I suffer great annoyance from the chemical manufactory of Mr C—, which is contiguous to my grounds. I cannot even walk in my garden when the wind is in a certain quarter. Surely the burgomaster can put up with the inconvenience of your shop, which, after all, is but a little noise. I will see that justice is done.' A messenger was immediately despatched to the proper authority, and the next morning the men were again at work. In the evening they requested to be allowed to give his majesty a serenade, which was granted; and after partaking of a good supper and the royal liberality, they returned highly gratified.—*Morning Chronicle*. [We are not sure that Leopold acted legally or with perfect justice in interfering as above related, though his conduct is to be admired on the score of humanity. It seems to us bad logic that a noisy manufacture should be tolerated next door, merely because a king raises no objections to a chemical work.]

THE SAD POSITION OF SINGLE WOMEN.

Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighbourhood—the Armitages, the Birtwhistles, the Sykes. The brothers of these girls are every one in business, or in professions; they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment but household work and sewing; no earthly pleasure but unprofitable visiting; and no hope in all their life to come of anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health; they are never well; their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness. The great wish, the sole aim of every one of them is to be married, but the majority of them will never marry; they will die as they now live. They scheme, they plot, they dress to ensnare husbands. The gentlemen turn them into ridicule; they don't want them; they hold them very cheap; they say—I have heard them say it with sneering laughs many a time—the matrimonial market is overstocked. Fathers say so likewise, and are angry with their daughters when they observe their manoeuvres; they order them to stay at home. What do they expect them to do at home? If you ask, they would answer, sew and cook. They expect them to do this, and this only, contentedly, regularly, uncomplainingly, all their lives long, as if they had no germs of faculties for anything else; a doctrine as reasonable to hold as it would be that the fathers have no faculties but for eating what their daughters cook, or for wearing what they sew. Could men live so themselves? Would they not be very weary? And when there came no relief to their weariness, but only reproaches at its slightest manifestation, would not their weariness ferment in time to frenzy.—*Shirley*.

SERVANTS IN AMERICA.

Complaints were often made to us of the difficulty of finding, or of keeping when found, good servants in the States; and amusing anecdotes were told of the independence of American *helps* in this 'land of liberty'; thus 'a green mountain boy,' of Vermont, engaged himself to a family in town; there was an evening party at the house, and he came in with a tray, seeing some ladies sitting talking in a corner which he could not conveniently reach, he called out, 'Hullo, girls! how are you off for cream and sweetenin'?' Being directed to light a fire in the morning in the parlour for the children, when the mistress came down she found the servant sitting in a chair, with his feet up, and reading the newspaper; without rising, he cried, pointing at the fire, 'Isn't that a roarer?' An Eng-

lishman told me that he was travelling with his younger brother, who was deaf, through Massachusetts. After staying all night at an inn, in the morning the 'help' who had cleaned their boots went to the younger brother and asked him for something; he directed him to his elder brother, who carried the purse; the 'boot cleaner' went to him, and stood before him. 'What do you want?' was asked. 'I'm the gentleman who cleaned your boots, and the deaf man there told me to go to you.'—*Sir J. Alexander's Acadie*.

'I AM SO HAPPY!'

I SEE the faded writing, dated oh! so long ago;
The clear round text is fairly traced by childish fingers slow;
'Tis but a simple record of inconstant hopes and fears,
But one short sentence written there I blot with falling tears.

It is this—'I am so happy.' But twenty years have flown
Since those pleasant words were writ to a loving playmate gone;
This is the hand that traced them, they were innocent and true,
This is the heart so buoyant then, as rosy moments flew.

I gaze upon the characters, I ponder o'er them yet;
The many intervening years I struggle to forget;
Oh but to realise them now for one short fleeting hour,
The dark, dark shadows of this life ceasing a while to lour!

'I am so happy'—well-a-day! those strange and thrilling words
Sound soft and sweetly as the song of wild and woodland birds,
In twilight glades at evening fall, when, 'mid the shiv'ring leaves,
A whispering of import and our busy fancy weaves.

May I not be a child once more? My second birth must be
No day-dream of a sickly mind, but best reality;
Then, then again those glorious words with truth I may indite—
'I am so happy'—traced within in characters of light!

O. A. M. W.

SHAKESPEARE.

He was not a man to be led away by preferences to glory, or imposed upon by that transparent trickery which excites so much popular enthusiasm, and makes scarlet so becoming a colour in the eyes of those who 'can be pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.' Shakespeare laughed at all such nonsense; he set the buffoon Thersites to turn it into ridicule, and make it a spectacle for the mirth of gods and men; and had heroism been generally seen thus, and studied thus, the world would have got something by it, for it would have cut the great connecting link between the military destroyers of one age and those of a later time. Had the world looked upon heroism with Shakespeare's eyes, the renown of an Achilles would not have been the inspiration of an Alexander, nor that of an Alexander have descended upon a Caesar, nor the success of a Caesar have been the stimulus to the ambition of a Napoleon. All this would have been long before brought to an end: the world would have known to what idol they were paying their homage; they would have ceased to be parties to the continuance of their own misery; they would have ceased to become the aids and helps to the desolation of their own homes; they would have ceased to be the rewarders of their own pests and nuisances, and the profferers of honours and homage to those from whom they and their children reaped nothing save disappointment, misfortunes, and calamities: they would have ceased to follow these destroyers with shouts and acclamations of applause, and instead of striking up at their appearance, 'See, the conquering hero comes,' they would have turned away from them, to have hailed with welcome the author of some useful invention, the propagator of some sound instruction, the holder of some great and glorious gift of mind, although perchance exhibited to them in the person of one of the most lowly and miserable of the human race.—*For's Lectures*.

FALSEHOOD.

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Dr Johnson*.

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A BRACE OF NOVELS.

IN looking back upon last year's doings in the way of Romantic Fiction, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the amount of genuine talent that in the present day is expended—should we not say wasted?—upon this department of literature. Many of the works stigmatised by the name of 'novels of the season'—that is, works produced one year, and forgotten the next—contain each as much sterling thought as would have set up a score of such authors in the period immediately antecedent to that of Scott. But has the Art of Fiction made a corresponding advance? Quite the contrary. There is no proportion between the talent employed and the execution of the work; and the reason is, that the talent is general, not special—that it merely belongs to the refined and elegant character of the age, and has no knowledge of the nature of the particular business it undertakes to perform. Till this talent comprehends, what Scott felt intuitively, that a fiction is an artistical work, belonging to the same category as a tragedy or a picture, and that it must be based, like these, in its form and proportions, upon æsthetical principles, there will be but small chance of improvement.

That there is much misapprehension prevalent as to the obvious fact we have mentioned, is manifested in most of the works of the day, and in the silence of all the popular critics. Fictions are praised or blamed not as works of art, but according as the taste in 'light reading' of the individual critic finds a greater or less amount of congenial pabulum. Thus authors whose productions are received with favour fancy that they have succeeded as artists; and when they find, on ceasing to write, that they are instantly forgotten, they lay the blame on an inconstant public. The public, however, is not inconstant in their sense of the word. No man is forgotten, or can be forgotten, who has arrived at excellence in any department of literature; and in their case the failure is brought about solely by their having wasted their genius in groping onward without light, without rule, and therefore without permanent results.

A novel lying before us, which has been received with great, and in many respects deserved praise, by the reviewers, illustrates very forcibly the false position in which authors are placed by the want of genuine criticism so obvious in our literature.* This work, for no other reason than that it assumes to be a novel, and is found agreeable reading by persons of taste and intelligence, is cried up as a work of art, to which character it has but very small pretensions; while its real merits—its minute truth, its natural dialogue, its openness of mind, and consequently the promise it holds out of

brilliant results for the author from *well-directed* efforts—are almost wholly overlooked. This author, we understand, is a lady of mature age and considerable practical knowledge of society, and the present is her first work; but what chance of success can she have when so much pains are taken to prevent her progress in genuine art, and discourage her genius in its true direction? We consider 'Fanny Hervey' to be worthy of any trouble we can take; and we shall therefore at least briefly state what, in our opinion, are its merits, and what its shortcomings.

The story is simply this:—A young girl goes to London on a visit, and there falls in love with the son of her host. The gentleman returns her passion, and she becomes likewise an object of attachment to one of his companions. The latter kills the former in a duel; and the young girl returns to the country, and in due time regaining her spirits, marries a clergyman. This is the material outline; but the spiritual one involves a fine and tragic interest, arising from the circumstance of the hero having formed a vicious intimacy with the sister of his rival before his soul is awakened to the true force of virtuous love. Hence comes the embroglio of the action, and hence the passion which flings a poetical halo over the prosaic occurrences of everyday-life. If this story, simple as it is, had been delivered in half a volume, the stream of the narrative strictly confined within its natural limits, and the personages brought forward either quite alone, or attended only by such walking figures as might be requisite, in the language of the stage, to 'form picture,' we should have had a work of art—perhaps of high art—beautiful in its classical severity. But the author's inexperience has prevented her from turning her talent to such good account. She has crammed her piece with common characters which have not the slightest connection with the plot; and after the true catastrophe, she reverts to a tribe of these whom the reader has forgotten, and tries—but luckily tries in vain—to lead away his thoughts from the exhibition he has just witnessed of tragic power, by describing her heroine's new, uncalled-for, and singularly tame love attachment.

Fanny Hervey is not a pattern heroine, her chief business being to blush, and weep, and look pretty and interesting; but the two gentlemen are more vigorously drawn, exhibiting at once the strength of the male intellect and the delicacy of the female touch. Mrs Vernon, however, Fanny's hostess, is a most distressing personage, who, after a happy marriage of twenty-eight years, goes into awful hysterics on her husband forgetting some of the lover-like attentions of his youth. We would decidedly have made away with this horrid old woman before her son's death; for after the catastrophe, the reader feels no relief, and therefore derives but little enjoyment, from her removal. But notwith-

* Fanny Hervey, or the Mother's Choice. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

standing these faults both in plot and character, there is an almost Richardsonian power in the small details of this author, of which we would fain present a specimen, were it possible to preserve their interest apart from the context. We will rather show how she rises with her subject, and thus lead the reader to the inference we have drawn of ourselves—that she is very capable of producing a work of true art, if she will only give her mind to the study of its æsthetical laws. Our best extract for this purpose would perhaps be the duel, but it is too long, and would require too much explanation; and we shall therefore exhibit a contest of another and much more original kind between two ladies.

At a fête given at Mrs Ormsby Cottin's villa, the circumstances occur which bring about the catastrophe of the piece; and the two rival ladies, Fanny Hervey and Lady Emily, meet face to face, after the latter has had only too good reason to suspect that she has been supplanted in the affections of Mr Vernon by our blushing and weeping heroine. Vernon is present, and is in such consternation at the wild and passionate looks of Lady Emily, that he eagerly avails himself of an opportunity to join the archers in another part of the grounds, where they are engaged in a trial of skill for a silver medal. The ladies in the meantime are summoned by their hostess to another trial, to determine by the throw of dice who is to be the owner of an antique bracelet, and the queen of the fête, whose privilege it is to present the prize of archery. 'Colonel Vernon was invited to sit at the top of the table as judge; and for some time nothing else was heard but the rattling of the dice-box, and the repetition of the numbers turned up. When they had all thrown, it was found that three of the ladies had thrown sixes. At the second throw, two out of these three, Lady Emily and Fanny, were again highest and equal. The next trial must of course be final.

'As the number of ladies present could not be less than forty-five or fifty, the interest of the first round was comparatively slight. It was very different when only three came forward to throw; and when the chance was confined to Lady Emily and Fanny, the interest, even to the bystanders, became so deep, that scarcely a word was spoken, and it was evident that the two fair competitors themselves were considerably excited. They, however, bore the anxiety very differently. Fanny was not more than pleasantly animated: her heart beat quicker, and her colour was a good deal raised.

'But to the decision of this appeal to fate between her rival and herself, Lady Emily's imagination, already greatly excited, immediately attached a degree of superstitious importance, which made her bosom heave violently, and her eyes flash with an intensity of eagerness that the loss or possession of ten thousand such trinkets would not have caused. She tried hard to command herself, but her emotion could neither be subdued nor disguised. Mrs Vernon looked uneasily at her. Even Mrs Ormsby Cottin began to suspect, not that there could be anything amiss in Lady Emily's conduct or demeanour, but that she herself had blundered in some way or another—at all events that her well-meant little project was going to turn out a failure; and with her usual good-nature she revolved in her mind a new plan, by which, as she hoped, both her favourites would be spared the disappointment which it was already pretty evident one of them at least would not bear with perfect equanimity.'

Her plan was simply to give a bracelet to each of the

fair rivals. 'But the widow's generous device found no supporters; and if the two fair candidates for the favour of fortune had made twenty instead of two equal throws, the desire to witness the final decision between them would only have been so many times the greater. A low murmur of disapprobation ran round the entire circle; even Fanny looked disappointed; while Lady Emily, with a vain attempt at ease and playfulness, exclaimed, "Pardon me, dearest Madam, but your kind plan will not do at all! For suppose even that Miss Hervey and I were content to believe our arms were equally fair, and you generously willing to favour them equally by robbing yourself of both your pretty bracelets, there would yet be a difficulty: you forget that there cannot possibly be *two queens*!"

'Mrs Ormsby Cottin had nothing ready to urge in contradiction to this: she therefore shook her head with an air of much vexation, and at once agreed that it was true, and that the more was the pity. Lady Emily then begged that the dice-box should be again handed to her, that the important affair might at last be settled. But at this moment the discussion was interrupted by Mr Travers, who came quickly into the room, followed closely by most of the archers. With his usual polite equanimity, he announced to Mrs Ormsby Cottin that the trial of skill in the archery field was now over; that he was sorry to say he had come to her with the news of his own defeat—Mr Vernon having beat the field hollow, by first lodging one arrow right in the bull's-eye, and then splitting it almost into two with his next shot.

'As may be supposed, this intelligence was received with anything but indifference by those already the most interested in the case immediately to be decided between the two ladies. Fanny's brow and cheeks flushed to the deepest crimson, as her eyes met those of Mrs Vernon, fixed on her with a look of singular anxiety and interest; while Lady Emily fetched her breath with difficulty, and bit her pale lip till the blood almost sprang from it. She seized the dice-box, and nervously shaking it—"It is full time, you see, Miss Hervey," she said tremulously, "that it should be decided whether this day is to be yours or mine: one of us will immediately be called upon to invest the winner with his medal. Well, here goes for my chance of sovereignty! Ah, I lose! You will hardly go so low as deuce-ace!" Fanny's throw was again high, and she was now proclaimed winner of the cabalistic bracelet, and queen of the day!

The above extract, taken in conjunction with the preceding remarks, will show that we have warrant for thinking the author capable of something far better than 'Fanny Hervey,' deserving as that work may be; and we would take the liberty of urging her to turn away from the flatteries of friends and the common-places of critics, and fix her mind upon Romantic Fiction, as a refined and difficult art only attainable by means of industry and painstaking study.

We now take up from our table another work of fiction which, like the former, has been warmly greeted by the reviewers.* We choose it for the sake of contrast; for there cannot be two things more opposite, both as to merit and demerit, than 'Fanny Hervey' and 'The Ogilvies.' There is so little sympathy between the authors' minds, that we question much whether the one could comprehend the other's book, or even prevail upon herself to read it.

* The Ogilvies. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1849.

'The Ogilvies' is a story displaying much both of mechanical skill and intellectual power; but it wants reality. It is a poem of ordinary life. The principal personages are not the Mr A's and Mrs B's we meet in society. They are higher and nobler; and their history is not so much the common lacework of material events, as a revelation of the inner life. The author abhors *misses*. 'There is a German fairy fable,' says she, 'of the Elle-women, who are all fair in front, but if you walk round them, hollow as a piece of stamped leather. Perhaps this is a myth of young-ladyhood!' Yet young-ladyhood plays an important part in our artificial state of existence; and the effect of the higher passages would have been better if the general tone of the work had been somewhat lower. The poetry of the author's soul, however, has diffused itself over all her creations; it has etherealised the human passions, till we forget that they have any part in sensation; and we rise from the story with the distinct impression upon our minds that we have been perusing a romance, and not a romantic transcript of actual life.

If this be considered a fault, it is one that may perhaps be accounted for by the author's youth. Her love is a nightmare fancy, not a healthy human passion. It is indebted for its being and growth to no sympathy and no circumstances, but comes instantaneously, full-grown, like a spirit evoked by enchantment. First love, she will know one day, must be either a mere imagination, or a physical preference, such as actuated the heroes of the olden time, before women had become the intellectual companions of men. *Iters* belongs to the former classification, for it has nothing to do with the senses, and it excites in us nothing more than a vague feeling of the poetical.

Katharine Ogilvie sees and loves instantaneously; but the fortunate Paul Lynedon, so far from thinking of her, falls in love with her gentle, sober, and womanly cousin Eleanor. A chance word of his, however, falls upon the ear of the poor dreaming girl, and receives a fatal interpretation.

'And the dark-eyed Katharine?' said a friend, inquiring into the impression made upon him by the family.

'A gentle, thoughtful creature,' he replied; 'evidently full of feeling, and so attached to her cousin. I like—I almost love—Katharine Ogilvie.'

He had said these words idly, and forgotten them as soon as they were uttered; but they gave a colouring to her whole life.

'Oh ye who have passed through the cloudy time when youth is struggling with the strange and mysterious stirrings of that power which, either near or remote, environs our whole life with its influence—ye who can now look back calmly on that terrible mingling of stormy darkness and glorious light, and know on what shadowy nothings love will build airy palaces wherein a god might dwell—regard with tenderness that enthusiastic dream! Perchance there is one of you who has dreamed like Katharine Ogilvie.' This last paragraph gives a hint of the nature and character of the book; but it is necessary to observe—'for we are nothing if not critical'—that although it is skilfully introduced at this important epoch, to impel the reader's thoughts into the desired channel, our author far too frequently interposes between the actors and the audience, like a Greek tragic chorus beginning with 'O!'

Another hint, but of a different kind, is speedily given; and here we perceive the first distinct indication of tragic power. Katharine dreams on, and the unconscious Lynedon has frequently occasion to be with her in her grandfather's presence—a feeble old man in his last dotage. At one of these interviews Sir James becomes very ill, and the young pair are gradually terror-stricken. 'His voice dropped almost to a whisper, and he leaned back with closed eyes, his fingers fluttering to and fro on the elbows of the chair. Lynedon motioned for Katharine to speak to him.

"Are you tired, dear grandpapa, or unwell? Shall I call any one?"

"No, no, no! I am quite well, only tired; so tired!"

"Is your father in the house, Katharine?" asked Paul, who felt more alarmed than he liked to let her see.

"No; he is gone out with Mrs Lancaster—I think to the church."

"Church!" said the old baronet opening his eyes at the word. "Are we at the church? Ah, yes, I remember I promised. And so you are to be married, Katharine Mayhew—married after all? Well, well! This is your bridegroom—and his name?"

"Dear grandpapa, you are thinking of something else," cried Katharine. "Here is no one but Mr Lynedon and myself."

"Lynedon—so you are going to marry a Lynedon? Well, I had not thought so once. But here we are, and I must say the words myself. Give me your hands!"

"Do not contradict him; it is best not," whispered Paul.

Sir James joined their hands together. Even at that moment of terror and excitement a wild thrill shot through Katharine's heart, and her very brow crimsoned at the touch. The old man muttered some indistinct sounds, and stopped.

"I have forgotten the service! How does it begin? Ah, I remember!" said he very faintly—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

Katharine started up and shrieked with terror; for her grandfather had sunk back in his chair white and ghastly. One feeble shudder convulsed the aged limbs—and then all was stillness.

Paul and Katharine—their hands still clasped together—stood in the presence of death!

Katharine loves on, and her self-delusion is confirmed by the conduct of Lynedon, a vain and elegant young man, who looks upon her as merely a pretty little girl. When taking leave at the end of his fateful visit, "You will think of me when I am away—you will be glad to see me when I come again?" he whispered, in those low, winning tones which men like him thoughtlessly pour into a young girl's ear.

"Yes," was all she could answer; but he saw that her slight frame quivered like a reed, and that the large limpid eyes which she raised to his, for one instant only, were swimming in tears. As he gazed, a thrill of pleased vanity, not unmingled with a deeper, tenderer feeling, came over Paul Lynedon. With a sudden impulse he stooped down and kissed the tearful eyes, the trembling lips, which had silently betrayed so much. 'The young man of the world goes forth from her presence direct to another part of the country, where he offers his hand to the cousin Eleanor, and is rejected. The fate of these two cousins is very skilfully linked together. Lynedon goes abroad, and in process of time Eleanor and he find themselves in the same place and the same society. This gives rise to a report of their intended marriage; and Katharine, still in the heyday of her delusion, hears suddenly the whole story, told with a mixture of truth and falsehood; while Philip, the beloved of Eleanor from her childhood, for whose sake she had rejected the brilliant Lynedon, being likewise a listener, is the victim, not of fact like her, but of an equivocal, which nearly costs him his life.

The grand fault of the book, and one affording irrefragable evidence that the author's reflective are by no means equal to her imaginative powers, consists in the resolution taken by the pure, the loving, the heroic Katharine under these circumstances. She suddenly determines to marry her cousin Hugh, a commonplace but amiable person, who had loved her from his boyhood. This she does with an amusing unconscionableness that she is committing a selfish and criminal act as regards him—that she takes advantage of his mad passion, knowingly and imperiously, to make him marry a woman who does not love him. The lonely vigils of

the marriage eve are described with great power:—
‘In a secret drawer lay Paul’s letter—his first and only letter. Katharine tore open its folds, and read it slowly all through. But when she reached the end, she dashed it to the floor.’

‘His Katharine!—his own Katharine! And it was all false—false! He bade me remember him, and I—poor, vain, credulous fool— But it shall be so no more; I will crush him from my heart—thus—thus!’

Her foot was already on the letter; but she drew back, snatched it once again, and pressed it wildly to her lips and bosom.

‘There was one more relic: that likeness which bore such a strange resemblance to Paul Lyndon—the head of Keats. Katharine took the long-hoarded treasure from its hidingplace, and gazed fixedly on it for a long time. Then the fountain of her tears was unlocked, and sobs of agony shook her whole frame.’

‘Oh, my Paul!—heart of my heart!—my noble Paul!—why did you not love me? Is there any one in the world who would have worshipped you as I? I—who would have given my life to make you happy—who would now count it the dearest blessing only to lean one moment on your breast, to hear you say, ‘My Katharine!’ and then lie down at your feet and die. Die!—shall I die for one who sported with me, who deceived me? Nay; but I beguiled myself; I only was vain—mad—blind! What! was I to think to win him? Paul—Paul Lyndon—no wonder that you loved me not! I was not worthy even to lift my eyes unto such as you!’

‘In this fearful vigil of despair, fierce anger, and lingering love, the night wore on. It seemed an eternity to the miserable girl. At last, utterly broken and exhausted, Katharine’s tortured spirit sank into a deadly calm. She sat motionless, her arms folded on the little desk, and her cheek leaning against the mournful relics of a life’s dream. Suddenly she heard the twitter of a bird, and saw her lamp grow pale in the daybreak.’

‘Then she arose, gathered up her treasures, laid them solemnly, one by one, on the embers of the dying fire, and watched until all were consumed.’

‘The next day—nay, the same day, for it was already dawn—Katharine Ogilvie was married.’

From this moment the character of the story changes, and the proofs of the immaturity we have hinted at strengthen, even amid increasing manifestations of a masterly power. The gentle Katharine becomes a disagreeable, imperious, hateful wife; and the shy secluded girl acquires all on a sudden the manners and polish of a *rueuse* woman of society. Then comes her revenge. Lyndon returns; and seeing the pretty little girl with whom he had toyed in former years changed into a most lovely and fascinating woman—*hey, presto!*—he is transfixed to the very vitals.

‘He was startled, almost confused; at least as much so as was possible for such a finished gentleman to be. Could that magnificent creature really be the little Katharine with whom he had flirted years ago? “Good heavens!” thought he, “how beautiful she is!”

‘Well might he think so, even though the features were white and still as marble, and the dark eyes seemed cold, proud, passionless!—as if such orbs could ever be thus except in seeming; as if such lips, whose rounded curves were made to tremble with every breath of emotion, could be thus firmly compressed into apparent calmness except by the strong will which is born with every strong passion. Katharine was beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful; and Lyndon not only saw it with his eyes, but felt it in his heart. He looked at her as he had never yet looked at any woman—with a sensation less of admiration than of worship. He could have knelt down before her, as in his days of youthful enthusiasm before some pictured ideal in Greek sculpture or Italian art. When she gave him her hand, the touch of the ungloved fingers thrilled him—perhaps because they were cold and statue-like,

even as the face. He quite forgot his graceful courtesies, and bowed without a single compliment; only he lifted his eyes to hers with one look—the look of old—and she saw it. Angel of mercy! how much a woman can bear, and live!’

The presence of Lyndon does not make the poor husband more respectable in the eyes of Katharine; but instead of atoning by self-sacrifice for the crime she committed in marrying him, she is only sorry for her own sufferings under the burthen of a joyless, loveless yoke. She even desires to revenge upon Paul the unhappiness brought upon her by her own imaginativeness, and perpetuated by her own unprincipled selfishness.

Here is another of the terrible hints with which it is permitted in a tragic work to point vaguely to the dim conclusion:—‘She parted from him with a few words of gentle but distant kindness, which instantly lighted up his whole countenance with joy. But when he was gone, she sunk back exhausted, and lay for a long time almost senseless. Again and again there darted through her heart that sharp arrowy pain which she had first felt after the night when a few chance words—false words, as she now believed—had swept away all hope and love for ever from her life. Of late this pain had been more frequent and intense; and now, as she lay alone, pressing her hand upon her heart, every pulse of which she seemed to feel and hear, a thought came—solemn, startling!—the thought that even now upon her, so full of life, of youth, and youth’s wildest passions, might be creeping a dark shadow from the unseen world.’

Another death, however, comes first. Her husband dies, and Katharine is free! Then, and then only, she feels that, although innocent in the worldly sense, she has been in all other respects a bad wife and a bad woman; and, as some atonement for her marriage, she resolves never to receive Lyndon for a husband. But what avail such resolves? They are dissipated by the breath of love as easily as the gossamer web by the morning breeze. The young widow is married before the days of conventional mourning are over! ‘She was awakened at dawn by the rooks, who from their lofty nests made merry music over the old churchyard. Katharine rose up, and the first sight that met her eyes was the white gravestones that glimmered in the yet faint light. Strange and solemn vision for a bride on her marriage-morn! Katharine turned away, and looked up at the sky. It was all gray and dark, for the shadow of the village church—the church where she was to plight her vows—came between her and the sunrise.’

‘She buried her head again in the pillow, and tried to realise the truth that this day, this very day, Paul Lyndon would be her husband, loving her as she had once so vainly loved him; that she would never part from him again, but be his own wife, the sharer of his home through life until death. Until death! She thought the words, she did not say them, but they filled her with a cold dull fear. To drive it away, she arose. She would have put on her wedding-dress—almost as a spell, that the bridal garment might bring with it happy bridal thoughts—but it was not in her room. So Katharine dressed herself once more in her widow’s attire, and waited until the rest of the household were stirring.’

At the request of the bridegroom she changes the ill-omened garb; and in due time they entered the village church. ‘A few minutes’ space, and the scene which the young passionate dreamer had once conjured up became reality. Katharine knelt at the altar to give and receive the vow which made her Lyndon’s bride. Through the silence of the desolate church was heard the low mumbling of the priest—a feeble old man. He joined the hands of the bridegroom and the bride, and then there darted through Katharine’s memory another scene. As she felt the touch of Paul Lyndon’s hand, she almost expected to hear a long-silenced voice, uttering not the marriage benediction, but the awful service for the dead. They are man and wife; and at length

Katharine begins to hope that the past may be forgiven them, and that they may yet have a happy future. 'We may!—we will!' was Lyndon's answer. While he spoke, through the hush of that glad May-noon came a sound—dull, solemn! Another, and yet another! It was the funeral-bell tolling from the near church-tower.

'Katharine lifted up his face, white and ghastly. "Paul, do you hear that?" and her voice was shrill with terror. "It is our marriage-peal; we have no other—we ought not to have. I knew it was too late!"

"Nay, my own love," answered Paul, becoming alarmed at her look. He drew her nearer to him, but she seemed neither to hear his voice nor to feel his clasp.

'The bell sounded again. "Hark—hark!" Katharine cried. "Paul, do you remember the room where we knelt—you and I—and he joined our hands, and said the words, "Earth to earth—ashes to ashes?" It will come true—I know it will; and it is right it should."

'Lyndon took his bride in his arms, and endeavoured to calm her. He half succeeded, for she looked up in his face with a faint smile. "Thank you! I know you love me, my own Paul, my"

'Suddenly her voice ceased. With a convulsive movement she put her hand to her heart, and her head sunk on her husband's breast.

'That instant the awful summons came. Without a word, or sigh, or moan, the spirit passed!

Farther comment is needless. Immature in thought, only because young in years and in the world, the author of this remarkable, but far from perfect work is destined to be remembered among the spirit-women of her day and generation. L. R.

CLARK'S PROCESS FOR PURIFYING WATER.

We have before us a copy of the fourth edition of a pamphlet by Professor Thomas Clark of Aberdeen, explaining a new process invented by him, and now under patent, for purifying the waters supplied to the metropolis and other towns by the existing water companies.* As much attention is at present directed in London, Liverpool, and other places to the subject of water-supply, a brief account of the contents of this pamphlet will not come amiss—the more so as the process, even now under the serious consideration of several English water companies, is destined, we believe, ultimately to become general throughout the kingdom.

It is well known that the water now supplied to all our large towns is very impure. The degree of impurity varies of course according to the nature of the locality; but all waters contain more or less of the following foreign ingredients:—metallic or earthy salts in solution, organic matter in a state of decomposition, living vegetables and animals of minute size, and general adventitious filth. Conceive a river such as the Thames flowing over mile after mile of country, absorbing all sorts of natural impurities from the bed over which it flows, having all sorts more washed down into it by floods, rains, and tributaries; receiving, moreover, in its course accumulations of miscellaneous filthy stuff from cesspools, drains, manufactories, &c. and some notion will be obtained of the kind of water that the inhabitants of London are obliged to drink and otherwise use. And so it is in many other towns besides London. True, there are methods at present in use whereby the water supplied to our towns is freed from its more glaring impurities, and

rendered at least presentable. These methods are—deposition and filtration. Water which, if offered in its native state as taken from the river, would disgust people, becomes clear and tolerable enough after it has undergone these processes—that is, after it has either deposited its sediment of mud in the bottom of a tank, or passed through a filtering medium. But though the amount of purification thus effected is so considerable as to transmute brown and ugly river water into a transparent fluid, it is by no means coequal with the amount of impurity. In the first place, the ordinary methods of deposition and filtration do not separate from the water the whole amount of even its mechanical impurities—such as the floating particles of decomposing vegetable and animal matter, the water animalcules, &c. Let any Londoner take a glass of the water he is in the habit of using, and hold it up between himself and a lighted candle, and— even should there be no great lobster-looking animal darting to and fro in the fluid, half an inch long, as often happens—he is sure of seeing plainly, with his unassisted eyes, hundreds of whitish rascals of animalcules, moving up and down, as happy as possible, with the ultimate prospect of a lodgment in his own stomach. No wonder that, in despair, he gives up water as a drinking beverage, and resigns himself to the thick, black, metropolitan porter. To be sure a domestic filter will rid him of much of the inconvenience: not, however, of all; for though neither the lobster-looking fellow, nor his minute acquaintances the whitish animalcules, are to be seen in a glass of well-filtered water, yet it is questionable if any amount of filtration will rid water completely of its organic impurities, while to rid it of its animalcules by this means is notoriously impossible.

But even supposing that filtration could effect both these riddances completely, removing from water every particle of fresh or decaying animal and vegetable matter, as well as every minute living water animal, still there would remain in most waters a vast amount of impurity or foreign matter that no such process could touch—namely, all that foreign matter contained in the water not by mechanical suspension, but by chemical solution. The saline ingredients in most waters—for example, such as the salts of lime, soda, iron, &c.—are quite inseparable from water by any process of filtration, being held in the water in a state of chemical solution, or thoroughly combined with the very substance of the water itself. Now, for drinking purposes, in many cases this would not much matter; water of a certain degree of hardness, as it is called—that is, containing saline substances, and particularly salts of lime (which are the chief cause of so-called hardness in water)—being most agreeable to drink, and most persons becoming so accustomed to the particular saline solution that goes for water in their locality as to contract a liking for it. In most cases, therefore, the ordinary water of a locality, if carefully freed from its mechanical impurities by filtration, does well enough for drinking. But the quantity of water consumed in drinking is quite insignificant compared with what is consumed in other ways: in culinary operations, washing, the production of steam, &c. Now for all these purposes that hardness—that is, richness in salts of lime and other salts—which is indifferent, or even pleasant, when the water is used for drinking, is a positive evil. To instance particularly the case of washing: the hardness of certain waters, as every one knows, is the great obstacle that the laundress has to contend with. A large proportion of the soap used over the United Kingdom and in other countries is positively wasted, so far as direct utility in washing is concerned—being consumed, not in washing, but in effecting a previous change in the water to render it available for washing purposes. 'One hundred gallons of the waters of London supplied by the companies,' says Professor Clark, 'take from twenty-four to thirty-two ounces of the best curd-soap of London, in order to form a lather of such consistence as to remain all over the surface for five minutes.' Of the soap thus used, more than two-thirds is wasted in merely counteracting the hardness of the water. The quantity of soap thus wasted is of course different in different places, greatest where

* A New Process for Purifying the Waters supplied to the Metropolis by the Existing Water Companies: rendering each Water much Softer, Preventing a Fur on Boiling, Separating Vegetating and Colouring Matter, Destroying Numerous Water Insects, and Withdrawing from Solution Large Quantities of Solid Matter not Separable by mere Filtration. By Thomas Clark, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Aberdeen. Fourth Edition. London: Richard and John E. Taylor, Red-Lion Court, Fleet Street.

the water is hardest, and least where it is softest; but everywhere there is some waste, and the total waste over the whole kingdom is something enormous. Hence, even if we regard washing purposes alone, and omit any more specific attention to the other uses of water mentioned above, we are bound to look upon any process whereby water may be softened on the large scale—that is, freed from its chemical impurities, and especially from its lime—as an invention of vast practical importance.

Three processes are at present in use in certain cases for softening water or removing from it such impurities as are not separable by filtration. These are—boiling, distillation, and the use of carbonate of soda. 1. *Boiling.*—If a quantity of London water, filtered to the highest state of clearness and seeming purity, be kept boiling for an hour or two, it will deposit a sediment of chalk, and will be found much softer and purer than it was before the boiling. The rationale of the softening consists in this: the gradual decomposition of the bicarbonate of lime that exists in the water into chalk and carbonic acid gas; the remaining amount of purification consists in the destruction of animalcules, &c. by the heat. Hence for many purposes water is at present purified and softened by boiling. The process, however, is evidently very expensive, and totally inapplicable, except occasionally, and on a very small scale. 2. *Distillation.*—By distillation water may be brought to a higher state of purity and softness than even by boiling; but the process is still more expensive, and still less applicable on a large scale. 3. *The use of carbonate of soda.*—Laundresses, it is well known, almost universally use carbonate of soda, or soda as it is usually named, to facilitate their work, and save soap, by softening the water. The rationale of the process is this: the carbonate of soda decomposes the hardening ingredient of the water—namely, the bicarbonate of lime—precipitating chalk, and leaving in the water bicarbonate of soda instead of the previous bicarbonate of lime; and as this bicarbonate of soda has not the hardening properties of the bicarbonate of lime, the substitution is an advantage. To this process, however, useful as it is in lieu of a better, there are two great objections:—In the first place, it is only useful for the purposes of washing, the bicarbonate of soda that is formed in the water being as much an impurity for general purposes as the bicarbonate of lime that is got rid of; and, in the second place, it is expensive.

Professor Clark's process is one which, while it equals in efficacy any of the foregoing processes except distillation, is liable to none of the objections that hold against their use—that is to say, it is applicable on the largest possible scale, it is beautifully complete and simple, and it is cheap beyond the most sanguine expectation of cheapness. The process essentially consists in nothing more than this—the addition of lime or lime-water to the water that is to be purified, thereby converting the soluble bicarbonate of lime that already exists in the water invisibly into another salt of lime—namely, the carbonate of lime or common chalk, which, being insoluble in water, first appears visibly as a milky substance diffused through the water, and then falls to the bottom, leaving the water above soft and clear, with nearly every particle of lime taken out of it, and a great many impurities besides. The theory of the process is thus explained by Professor Clark himself:—

'To understand the nature of the process, it will be necessary to advert, in a general way, to a few long-known chemical properties of the familiar substance, chalk; for chalk at once forms the bulk of the chemical impurity that the process will separate from water, and is the material whence the ingredient for effecting the separation will be obtained.

'In water, chalk is almost or altogether insoluble; but it may be rendered soluble by either of two processes of a very opposite kind. When burned, as in a kiln, chalk loses weight. If dry and pure, only nine ounces will remain out of a pound of sixteen ounces. These nine ounces will be soluble in water, but they will require not less than forty gallons of water for entire solution. Burnt chalk is called quicklime, and water holding quick-

lime in solution is called lime-water. The solution thus named is perfectly clear and colourless.

'The seven ounces lost by a pound of chalk on being burned consist of carbonic acid gas—that gas which, being dissolved under compression by water, forms what is called soda water.

'The other mode of rendering chalk soluble in water is nearly the reverse. In the former mode, a pound of pure chalk comes to be soluble in water in consequence of losing seven ounces of carbonic acid. To dissolve in the second mode, not only must the pound of chalk not lose the seven ounces of carbonic acid that it contains, but it must combine with seven additional ounces of that acid. In such a state of combination chalk exists in the waters of London—dissolved, invisible, and colourless, like salt in water. A pound of chalk, dissolved in 560 gallons of water by seven ounces of carbonic acid, would form a solution not sensibly different in ordinary use from the filtered water of the Thames in the average state of that river. Chalk, which chemists call carbonate of lime, becomes what they call bicarbonate of lime when it is dissolved in water by carbonic acid.

'Any lime-water may be mixed with another, and any solution of bicarbonate of lime with another, without any change being produced: the clearness of the mixed solutions would be undisturbed. Not so, however, if lime-water be mixed with a solution of bicarbonate of lime: very soon a haziness appears, this deepens into a whiteness, and the mixture soon acquires the appearance of a well-mixed whitewash. When the white matter ceases to be produced, it subsides, and in process of time leaves the water above perfectly clear. The subsided matter is nothing but chalk.

'What occurs in this operation will be understood if we suppose that one pound of chalk, after being burned to nine ounces of quicklime, is dissolved so as to form 40 gallons of lime-water; that another pound is dissolved by seven ounces of extra-carbonic acid, so as to form 560 gallons of a solution of bicarbonate of lime; and that the two solutions are mixed, making up together 600 gallons. The nine ounces of quicklime from the pound of burnt chalk unite with the seven extra ounces of carbonic acid that hold the dissolved pound of chalk in solution. These nine ounces of caustic lime and seven ounces of carbonic acid form sixteen ounces—that is, one pound of chalk—which, being insoluble in water, becomes visible immediately on its being formed, at the same time that the other pound of chalk, being deprived of the extra seven ounces of carbonic acid that kept it in solution, reappears. Both pounds of chalk will be found at the bottom after subsidence. The 600 gallons of water will remain above, clear and colourless, without holding in solution any sensible quantity either of quicklime or of bicarbonate of lime.

'This will give a sufficient idea of the theory of the patented process. Rules for discriminating the waters to which the process is applicable, and for ascertaining the proportion of lime or of lime-water that is proper for each, so as to make the foregoing theoretical principles available in practice, are to be found in the enrolled specification.—(See "Repertory of Patent Inventions" for October 1841.)'

The advantages that Professor Clark enumerates as resulting from his process are these:—

1. *A great softening of the water by it, and a large consequent saving in the articles of soap and soda.*—The extent to which the water is softened by the process Professor Clark indicates thus:—'If a mixture be made in the proportion of one quart of any water supplied by the companies to three quarts of distilled water, the mixture will be found, if carefully tried, to be no softer than what the supplied water becomes after purification by means of the patented process. Hence the process must remove three-fourths of the hardening matter.' The saving of soap and soda, it might be expected, would consequently be three-fourths also; that is, were all the water of the kingdom submitted to this process, there should be saved three-fourths of the money now expended on soap and soda—minus, of course, the expense of the process. For

certain reasons, however, specified by Professor Clark, he does not estimate at all so highly the saving in soap and soda. The following he regards as a sufficient approximation to the annual consumption of these materials in the metropolis:—

Soap, 12,000 tons at .50,	L.600,000 *
Soda, 3,000 tons at L.10,	30,000
	L.630,000

'Now, since the last parliamentary returns, made in 1834, show that the gross water rent of the metropolitan companies was in that year about L.270,000, we have scope for allowance for a subsequent increase, and yet may be within safe limits when we assume that the value of soap and soda consumed in the metropolis is double the gross water rent. Hence if there be a saving of only 10 per cent. on the value of the soap and soda consumed, it would correspond to a saving of 20 per cent. on the gross water rent.

'It is not, however, alone in soap and soda that a saving arises from the use of soft water in washing. The labour in washing clothes is much increased by the use of hard water, and the wear and tear in consequence is probably a more expensive item than the additional soap. But altogether apart from any saving in soap or soda that may arise to the inhabitants of the metropolis from the adoption of the patented process, there is the consideration of comfort—up to this time the almost unpurchasable comfort of soft water in London!'

2. *The prevention of a fur in boiling.*—On boiling common London water a precipitation of chalk, as we have already said, always takes place, so that in process of time a chalky crust is formed at the bottom and round the sides of the boiler. Though the water itself is rendered soft by this process, yet the process itself is very inconvenient. In cooking, for example, one has the chalky deposit added as an unwelcome condiment to the soup, or whatever else it may be that is being got ready. Now, by Clark's process, all the chalk would be previously withdrawn from the water at the reservoir of the company supplying it, and the fluid would be fitted for the purposes of wholesome cookery.

'Small, however,' says Professor Clark, 'are such advantages in domestic experience, compared with the relief that would be felt by the managers of the numerous manufacturing establishments employing steam-engines. The incrustations cause the boilers to be frequently cleaned and repaired, sometimes to need repair unexpectedly, at a time when the stopping of the engine may be next thing to stopping the whole manufactory. Nor is it, in a place like London, a slight consideration, that the risk of explosion from steam-boilers is increased wherever a fur is formed. More than anywhere such risk should be avoided in the boilers of the high-pressure engines of railways. But the inconvenience of water depositing chalk on boiling is not confined to the boiler, or to the fur that adheres to the bottom. The portion of the chalk in powder kept afloat by the boiling often finds its way into the working parts of the machinery, so as, by rendering necessary the taking asunder of such parts for cleaning, to cause the stoppage of the engine, it may be of a whole manufactory.'

3. *The separation from the water of vegetating and colouring matter,* by which the process may be said to supersede in many cases the necessity of filtration altogether.

4. *The destruction of water insects.*—This is effected partly by the direct action of the lime-water on the insects, and partly by the action of the same lime-water in arresting the growth of the vegetation on which the insects feed.

To this enumeration of the advantages of his process Professor Clark appends one or two general observations to illustrate the applicability of the process on a large scale. At present, he says, the daily consumption of water in the metropolis amounts to 40,000,000 of imperial gallons. Were the purifying process put in operation at the reservoirs of the various companies, there would be separated from these daily 40,000,000 of gallons a daily mass of chalk weighing twenty-four tons—which twenty-

four tons of chalk are at present consumed along with the water, either in the human body or otherwise. The annual amount of chalk separated by the process, and incapable of being separated by mere filtration, would thus amount to 9000 tons; an estimate which includes neither the miscellaneous filth that would be separated from the water at the same time, nor any of the chalk added to the water in the form of the purifying lime-water. Taking both together—that is, the chalk already in the water, and the chalk derived from the lime-water added to it—there would be a deposition of chalk from the water of the metropolis at the rate of 55 tons a day, or 20,000 tons a year. The whole expense of the process, as regards material, would be about L.10 a day—that is, L.10 worth of burnt chalk would make enough of lime-water to purify the daily 40,000,000 of gallons of water required by the metropolis. Were the carbonate of soda to be used instead—that is, were all the water of the metropolis to be softened by the use of soda, as small quantities are now softened by the laundresses for washing purposes, the expense for soda would amount to L.300 a day, or eighty times as much; while, after all, as we have seen, the purification would be less effective—bicarbonate of soda taking the place of the separated bicarbonate of lime in the water. Besides, the real expense of Clark's process might be further reduced by disposing of the deposited chalk, either as a manure or as a material to make lime from by burning.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFJORD CONTINUED— HAMMERFEST—QUALSUND.

It was, as already stated, about midnight when our boat turned into the little recess where Hammerfest is situated. Though the sun, as has been said, was above the horizon, there was not a bright light: it was such a dim and eerie dusky as some may remember occurring at the middle of the great solar eclipse of 1836. Passing round a promontory into an almost landlocked piece of water, we suddenly beheld, through this twilight medium, the harbour, with a crowd of vessels reposing in it, and a shallow or two shooting rapidly across, while the town lay under the cliffy hill behind, with one or two wharfs and moles running out into the sea. Night, giving no darkness, seemed to bring no repose, for there was evidently the stir of life still in the place. On nearing the landing-place, we were puzzled by the appearance of large white patches on the roofs of the houses. These we afterwards found to be skins in the process of drying. Another thing struck us forcibly—a peculiar odour—something quite unlike the odour of any other town we knew—being a compound of peltry, oil, fish, and worse things. Altogether, Hammerfest already appeared to us as a strange, rough, original sort of place, such as was to be expected in so remote and singular a situation.

We had been told that this town, like its sister Tromsø, possesses no hotel. Our hope was, that some private person would take us in as lodgers for one or two days. We accordingly set out with Sörn as our vanguard and spokesman, in quest of the good Christian who was to fulfil this part of the Scriptures. Threading our way up into the town and into an alley, we knocked at a door, when a nightcapped head (sex uncertain) was speedily presented at a casement. It soon appeared, from a colloquy between this person and Sörn, that no admission could be had. We proceeded to another house: the result was the same. To a third; still no admittance. It began to strike us that, considering the determination of the people to give us no up-putting, they detained Sörn needlessly long in talk. It appeared, on inquiry, that all these nightcapped natives, though insensible to our claims on their hospitality, did us the honour, nevertheless, to entertain no small curiosity as to who we were, whence we had come, what we were about, how long we thought of being in Hammerfest, and so forth; and it was for the sake of light upon these

points that they held talk with Mr Sörn. We could not help thinking it rather hard both to be denied accommodation, and have our servant detained from his duty, more especially when, from the advanced hour of the evening, our chance of finding admission anywhere was so rapidly narrowing.

We were returning to the harbour, with the design of wrapping ourselves in our mantles, and sleeping in the open boat (which, by the by, our men did every night), when, observing the name J. over the door of a house of merchandise, it occurred to us that this was probably the husband of one of the lady visitors whom we had seen at Kaaford, and we thought it might be allowable to call for that gentleman and make our case known to him. Mr J. was himself out of the way, or gone to rest; but his younger brother, Mr Johan J., chanced to be within call, and him we accordingly addressed. He at once offered us accommodation in a sort of bachelor establishment, where he and one or two clerks resided. It was an old-fashioned house, like some of those ancient Dutch ones which Washington Irving describes, with a portentous vane creaking on the top, and the appearance of not having been in any regular family use for ages. We were glad, nevertheless, to see its interior. Our young host, who was, I may remark, a person of a somewhat Italian aspect, with a fine cast of features and a moustache, immediately called a girl to prepare beds for us. He himself lifted up a trap in the floor, and descended with a lamp. We were a little startled: the whole scene was like something in one of Mrs Radcliffe's novels. Presently, however, our entertainer reappeared, bearing two bottles of London porter! He had kind-heartedly thought that to two Englishmen nothing could be so acceptable in the way of refreshment. There being some intercourse between Hull and Hammerfest, it is not surprising to find this beverage at the latter place. We were soon allowed to go to rest, which, after so long a day's sailing, was not unwelcome. Mr Johan retired at the same time to an inner chamber. I remarked that no door was locked. My room, being the first, was entered from a passage which was open to the street. Knowing well that such a custom could not be established without good cause, I never thought of attempting to secure my apartment from intrusion, although I observed through the window rough natives walking about the street, any one of whom had only to turn a door-handle to be in my presence.

Waking at an early hour, I found that the room was a kind of library, and I rose to inspect the books, thinking to find one which might lull me into a new sleep. They were, unluckily for me, Norwegian, or rather Danish books; not one in English to be seen, though I afterwards discovered that there was a 'Gil Blas' in our language. At length I lighted upon a German edition of Horace, on which of course I eagerly flew, reviewing with a feeling which only those far from home can fully appreciate the at all times and in all places charming stanzas—now manifoldly eloquent from their appropriateness to my situation—

*'Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campi
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latius mundi nebule malusque
Jupiter urget;
Pone sub curru nimium propinquum
Solis, in terra domibus segnas;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.'*

Appropriate!—why, Allan Ramsay, the painter, has actually paraphrased the first of them thus:—

*'Should I by hap land on the coast of Lapsland,
Where there no fire is, much less pears and cherries,
Where stormy weather's sold by hags whose leather
Faces would fright one.'*

I might even—which neither Flaccus nor Ramsay could have expected—speak, without much violence to truth, of the near sun, as well as of shores to which houses have been denied. As to the object of the

feeling expressed, it was in my case a little different from that which the poet had in view; better to be described, perhaps, in another of his writings—

*'Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum atque dulces liberos.'*

But this is a line of remark where readers may be apt to grow impatient.

In the morning we were introduced to Mr J.'s house, which was next door, and there we received a cordial welcome. We found a handsomely-furnished suite of apartments, and abundant tokens of an elegant feminine taste, including the grand symptom of modern civilisation, a pianoforte. Mr J., his brother, the clerks, we strangers, all sat at one table, and when we had nearly concluded, a female, like a housekeeper, came in from the kitchen, where she had been attending to the preparation of the meal, and sat down to her own breakfast. Such is the custom of Norway. The housekeeper is rather the lady's companion than a servant. She always sits at the lady's right hand. After breakfast, Mr J. was kind enough to accompany me on a survey of the town and its neighbourhood. It consists of little besides one line of street running along the side and bottom of a little bay, under the shadow of a schistous cliff of no great elevation. In the harbour are about twenty vessels, mostly Russian, and a great multitude of boats. The street is not paved; it is scarcely even a road: much of it is laid roughly with flags from the cliff. A strange medley of coarse-looking figures is seen moving about, including Norwegians in ordinary attire—Russians in their long pelisses, cylindrical hats, beards, and dirt—Fins in their blanket-like costume or downright skins. A steeped church crowns a promontory at one end of the town. A little way from the other end, a recess in the hilly ground leads back into a little valley, which is filled with a lake. This is the only place where nature assumes any softness; and the softness which she does assume there is not much. All round the lake there is a terrace of transported matter, including blocks, the surface of which, being about 97 feet above the sea, is cultivated. The outlet of the lake is through a cut in this terrace. At the upper end, a stream is received out of a rough valley which descends from the neighbouring mountain of Tuven, the only highly-elevated ground in this district (between 1200 and 1300 feet high). At the entry of this stream into the lake there is some low sheltered ground on each side, and on each plot a lyst-house has been pitched by a merchant of Hammerfest, together with some attempt at a grove and a garden. I remarked in the garden of one of these establishments that the tall timber palings had been painted black in the inside, in order to increase the effect of the sun's rays. To each lyst-house a road proceeds along one side of the lake, being the only specimen of such a convenience within fifty miles. Each of the gentlemen to whom the lyst-houses belong keeps a cur-ride, with a couple of horses, for no other purpose than to drive out occasionally to take his pleasure here. There are only four more horses in the town or in this part of the world. I expressed surprise that they should not have a bridge built across the stream, in which case it would be possible for each proprietor to make a circuit of the whole lake, and I was informed that this plan is about to be adopted. The Hammerfestians will then have a drive of about an English mile and a-half without going twice over the same ground.

It is impossible to conceive how this ring terrace could be formed, otherwise than by the sea working against the hill-sides, and receiving their débris into its bosom, when the relative level of sea and land was at a point fully 97 feet above the present. Water-laid gravel and sand are still to be seen upon its surface. In the recess at the head of the lake there is a lesser terrace at 64 feet, and a rough terrace, composed almost solely of blocks from the cliff above, runs along at this height behind the town. Near by, at Mölle, a gentle hill-side presents short terraces of shingle at various heights

(87, 123, and 144 feet); and these, being but scantily covered with moss and herbage, seem as if they had been but recently deserted by the dash of the tide.

The most remarkable natural object connected with Hammerfest is the piece of the upper terrace of erosion which is presented by the cliffs to the north of the town. It is very sharp, and distinct, about 85 feet above the sea. I made a voyage in the afternoon to Høide, a tall narrow island somewhat like the Bass, but much larger, which lies about four and a-half miles to the westward. We landed at a rough angle of the isle, amidst a party of poor Fins, who conduct fishing operations there, with little to shelter them but the overhanging ledges of rock. The terrace of erosion runs across the whole of the green face of the island towards Hammerfest, a deep firm cut in the rock, but softened a little by soil and vegetation. It is just about the same elevation as the line above spoken of. I somewhat hurried this observation, because the wind was rising, and I observed a thick fog coming on from the north-east. We had a rough sail back to port, and I felt relieved from some anxiety on finding myself once more under Mr J.'s hospitable roof.

Hammerfest is comparatively a modern town. The Danish government made a station here for mercantile purposes about the middle of the eighteenth century, and it was not considered as a town till 1789. It so chanced that the old-fashioned house into which we were received last night was the original government-house: the date (1750) cut out of the pane indicated the exact period when the settlement originated. I slept in what had long been the business-room and audience-chamber of the government officer, by whom the settlement was conducted. It is now the seat of a great trade in collecting and exporting peltry, oil, and fish, the annual value sent out being not much less than 300,000 specie dollars, or from £70,000 to £80,000 sterling. There are four or five merchants (one of them, by the way, a Scotsman) who have the whole of this trade in their hands, each keeping a store, from which he dispenses every imaginable article of necessity and luxury in exchange for the fish, &c. which are brought to him. My host was an example of this class of men, and, judging from him, I would say their style of life is far from despicable. There are seven or eight retail shopkeepers, whose circumstances are such, that the merchants and they form but one society. Awful spells of card-playing they have, I understand, in the long winter evenings, or rather during that one night which reigns with but little interruption of daylight for three or four months of the year. There are three houses licensed to sell spiritous liquors in the town; but a license of this kind is an important thing, and costs 300 dollars per annum. There are two schools, which serve for the children of all ranks.

I learned at Hammerfest that the Laplanders, usually here called Fins, form a proportion of nearly a third in the entire Finmark population, which is about 26,000. They may be considered as a race destined to melt into the rest of the population; for I was assured that whenever a Fin gets education, and fairly settles in Hammerfest, he hastens to be as Norwegian as possible, and is apt to designate himself as such, instead of avowing his Lap descent. Of course a nationality ashamed of itself cannot long exist. Hammerfest is the immediate centre of a considerable mass of people, itself containing 1200 inhabitants. In such a cluster of population in England, the poor-rates would not be less than £2000 a year: even in Scotland they would be £700 or £800. In Hammerfest, not more than £50 is each year spent formally by the public in support of the poor. There are old helpless people of course, but most of them have their seats by the firesides of their juniors, and their shares of the family dish and the family cup. Such is the natural system of things, and such an arrangement is always found practicable in the earlier stages of civilisation. The greatest admirer of modern systems of industry, and of modern wealth and refine-

ment, must admit that there is a tremendous problem yet unsolved in that which he admires, in as far as self-abandonment, destitution, depravity, despair, appear invariably to increase in the ratio of the advance of his system, forming at least an appalling deduction from the blessing and the joy of largely-developed resources. How comes this? Is it remediable or avoidable? One may surely hope that civilisation does come charged with a solution of the problem in its bosom, could we only get at it. We have confident speakers on the subject, in many various tones; but they are all empiric. Sociology is a science of which as yet we have only seen the infancy.

Having taken a kind farewell of the Messrs J., whose hospitality and pleasant manners had won much of our regard, we set out on our return along the fiord, designing to try, if possible, to detect the places where, according to my surmise, the terraces shifted their levels. We now parted also with the hot weather, for all after this time was exactly such as we find in Scotland in a cool August. It is, I suppose, a perfect mystery how the great heat which occasionally prevails during the Norwegian summer is produced. Some speak of the great prolongation of the sun's influence in that latitude; but why has he not the same power in the same latitude in other parts of the world? Others speak of the Gulf-stream beating on the coast; but this stream beats also on the Hebrides, with comparatively little effect on the weather. Others, again, think it may be owing to the closeness and shelter of the deep valleys of the country; but if so, how shall we account for the similar heats on the open coast? No theory which I have heard of seems to me fit to account for so tremendous a fervour in a country so far removed to the north.

As we repassed through Strömen, I observed that the rocks dipping into the sea are glacially smoothed. As this is a situation where we should expect the dash of the waves to have unusual force, it would appear as if the presentment of a smooth inclined face, by allowing the water to slip easily along, protects the coast at that place from erosion. This observation set us a speculating on the condition of smoothing in connection with inclination, as that which might, in many places, determine whether a coast was to have a line of erosion formed upon it or not. We landed at a green spot called Sioholmen, where the two lines were expressed by indentations in the bank. From the measurement, we felt sure that the upper one had risen at least 40 feet from Hammerfest; yet we had failed to detect the promontory or interval where the change took place. This was vexing, and threatened to give occasion for our going back upon our course. We found here a few Lap huts. At one, of which I took a sketch, though it had no characteristic external features, we found the inmates, twelve persons in all, men, women, and children, standing at the door, full of curiosity regarding us. I was at a loss, on inspecting the interior, to understand how so many persons lived in a space so small. Yet there was that sufficient provision of the utensils necessary for domestic economy which has given me a conviction of the superiority of the Laplanders to many of our own inferior population. In this hut there were three spinning-wheels, some cards for wool, and many wooden milk dishes, showing that the inmates were not destitute of either nourishing food or comfortable clothing.

Early in the afternoon, having left the island of Quiløe behind, we came opposite to a round promontory of the mainland called Iserismol, and here I narrowly scanned the coast, to ascertain if any abrupt change of level took place in the upper line between one side of the prominence and the other. There was an appearance of such a change, but it could not be clearly made out, on account of the interposition of a rough unmarked space at the angle. The height on one side proved to be 129.22; on the other, at the distance of a mile, it was a foot and a-half higher; a difference so small, as to

leave the matter in doubt. At the latter place the line is formed by a broad ledge, sufficiently equable of surface to be adopted as a kind of path by men and animals. I was here using my instruments without any thought of interruption, when, amidst the perfect stillness, the tramp, tramp, tramp of the feet of an animal was heard, and looking hastily round, I beheld a tall, dusky creature, with great branching horns, looking down upon me from a little eminence. The sailor who held the staff announced it as a reindeer, which I should have quickly surmised it to be, though it was the first specimen I had seen. Not knowing what its motions might be, I snatched up the tripod, and got out of the way with all possible despatch; but the movement was unnecessary, as the animal, after a minute's pause, glanced down off the terrace, brushed through the rough ground below, and, soon after reascending, bounded along its original route with great speed. Half an hour after, sailing along, we observed it with a companion grazing quietly on an elevated slope.

Passing now into Quallsund, a few miles out of our former course, we applied for lodging at the house of a kiopman there—a quiet, respectable man named Hinschel. The favour was most cordially granted, and all possible hospitality shown to us. The house is situated on a terrace beside a creek, where a nameless stream comes down from the moorlands. A few Lap cottagers raise grass on the neighbouring slopes, and amongst them is placed a small chapel, being that already alluded to as having service performed in it only once a year. What was remarkable about this valley, the soft terrace on which the kiopman's house is situated proved to be ten or twelve feet below the lower line as expressed on the cliffy coast beyond the intervening promontory. This circumstance served to support my suspicion of a change of levels taking place at such places. Another remarkable feature was, that the upper line passed up the valley on both sides as a grassy terrace, till, two miles off, it was lost in the rise of the country. It here appeared 137 feet above the sea.

The next day proving rainy, we were not able to do much. On the next again, the weather being somewhat more tolerable, we took leave of Mr Hinschel, and proceeded once more towards Varg Sund. In sailing along, we observed a couple of Lap tents on the shore of Qualde, being a temporary station which a group of that people had taken up for fishing. We landed to pay them a visit. A man was cutting up some good large tusk fish on the stony beach. A family group stood looking at us from the door of the principal tent. A few sheep and goats, and one or two dogs, were moving about. Having spent some minutes in observing the wonderful dexterity of the man in cutting up the fish in halves, free of the vertebral column, and connected only at the tail, so as to be hung over a pole to dry, we advanced to the tent, and, as usual, made free to enter. To our surprise, the people had disappeared, and the tent seemed empty. A wooden dish, with the remains of a quantity of fish, which the family had been eating, was thrust aside in a recess. The fire on which it had been cooked was expiring in the centre. Various utensils lay scattered about. We were at a loss to understand how the people had so completely vanished from our sight, when, narrowly examining the objects on the floor, we discovered the whole party, men, women, and children, *perdu* under skins around the circle. Even the baby, in its little pupa-like case, was there. All were silent and motionless, as if they had been asleep. It was evident that the poor creatures had taken refuge in their beds, or what they considered as such, merely to avoid meeting us, and to escape our observation. I find that such timidity or bashfulness is a peculiarity of the Laplanders, observed so long ago as the sixteenth century by Paulus Jovius. He says that they are so fearful, as to fly at the sight of a stranger, or the approach of a foreign ship to their shore; and Olaus Magnus adds that it originated in their fear of

being carried off as slaves.* The whole scene was rude, savage, and dirty beyond conception. To be a dweller in tents sounds romantically, and artists can make wonderfully elegant and interesting groups out of that form of domestic life. I would not recommend them to study, with a view to any improvement in such delications, actual nomadic life as exemplified on the shores of Lapland. Even here, however, I maintain the superiority of the people, with their fishing, their sheep and goats, and their domestic furnishings, to portions of the Connaught peasantry, and many other hordes of our own people.

The weather prevented us from making many observations to-day, and we arrived in the evening at Komagflord, with only the conviction that some further investigation, and that of a closely-searching kind, was necessary before the problem of the terraces should be solved. That this might be done rightly, I deemed it proper to pause a couple of days, while the boat should return to Kaasford for some needful articles. Mr Pad-dison took advantage of the opportunity to return thither, leaving me to prosecute my researches alone.

During the first of my days of pause, the weather proved so bad, that I was able to move but a very little way from home. One circumstance casually mentioned by Mr Fantrom somewhat startled me. 'The great drawback of Finnmark,' said he, 'is its having so many wolves and bears.' I had heard some of the ladies talking of their escapes from wolves while pursuing sledge journeys in winter; but the narration sounded only like something in a book; and I never had allowed the idea of danger to myself to cross my mind. Of bears, too, some of the gentlemen talked; but they talked so much like sportsmen, that I paid little attention. A genuine case of a bear actually encountered and slain, seemed about as rare a phenomenon as the authenticated capture of a forty-four pound salmon. Now, however, sauntering along the shore with Mr Fantrom, when I heard him illustrate his remark by telling that, four winters ago, a bear had carried off a little cow from the back of that small outhouse, I must own that a certain feeling of alarm came over me. He said that bears certainly were now and then met with in this district, though in summer they were disposed for the most part to confine themselves to the fields. I bethought me that to be met by a wolf while pursuing levelling operations might prove seriously unpleasant, because, not having that confidence in moral powers of self-defence against this species which Horace expresses in the ode already quoted, I might perchance have less than his good fortune in the Sabine wood.† As for the bears, I knew of no valid defence, moral or physical, beyond what lay in a good pair of heels.

From Mr Fantrom I got some idea of the amount of business which a kiopman will do in a year. There had been collected last year at Komagflord, he said, of cod-liver oil 130 tons, of stock-fish 1500 vogts (a vogt is equal to 40 English pounds), of sci-fish 400 vogts, of rodsjer (another kind of fish) 300 vogts. The kiopman gives for these articles, often anticipatorily, the goods which he has for sale in his shop. He sends them to one of the merchants at Hammerfest, whose agent he may thus be said to be. The shop is a curiosity from its miscellaneousness. I found in it a barrel of Medoc from Bourdeaux, and blanket tunics for the Lapland ladies. There were checked prints and gingham for

* Scheffer's History of Lapland, English translation (London, 1704), p. 27.

† *Namque me silva lupas in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.*

HOA.

Translated by Henry George Robinson (1844):

For as I strayed in careless mood,
Beyond my bounds, in Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage, alarm'd,
A wolf fled from me, though unarm'd.

the Norwegian females, and tobacco and brandy for the men. A large store at the wharf was full of barrels of flour, sacks of potatoes, and other bulky articles. It was curious to see a window presenting some of the things customary in grocers' shops, and to reflect that the shop could not be visited except by a formal boat-voyage, and that day must often elapse without the appearance of a single customer.

Mr Fantrom, though he spends the summer half of the year with his father-in-law, conducts business as a kiopman during the winter at the inland Lap town of Karasjok, of which every stranger hears much in this part of the world. It is a hamlet of twenty-four families, or 120 souls, in a district containing a population of from 575 to 580 persons. Amidst these Laps he is the only Norwegian, besides Mr Zettitz the clergyman, who lives with him. The leading occupation of the people is the keeping of reindeer on the fields. The *Field Fins*, as they are called, are a comparatively rich people. A reindeer is worth about 12s. English, and some Fins have several hundred. They are also a comparatively honest people, and he trusts them to some extent. The general business is the dispensation of meal, tobacco, salt, sugar, brandy, clothing, and money, in exchange for their own raw wealth. Last year Mr Fantrom collected in this manner, of reindeer flesh 300 vegts, of reindeer skins 450, of fox skins 30, of squirrel skins 140, of wolf skins 10. He carries all his merchandise to and from Karasjok on sledges drawn by reindeer, each carrying five vegts. He showed me some of the handkerchiefs, and various kinds of cloth—scarlet, blue, and yellow—designed for the Fins: these articles come from Hamburg. The Fins have not as yet acquired a taste for tea or coffee. The sugar they take is used with brandy, or as a luxury for the palate. They do not, however, drink brandy to any excess. Mr Fantrom speaks favourably and kindly of his customers. He tells me, and this I heard from many persons, that a few of them are men who would pass as rich in almost any community. There is one, for instance, at Karasjok called Johannes Nilsson, who possesses between two and three thousand reindeer, and between two and three thousand specie dollars besides. The rich men of the tribe either have no idea of living in any better style than their poorer neighbours, or are prevented from doing so by public sentiment. Nilsson dresses himself exactly like his neighbours, and his house is in no observable respect better than theirs. The only use the wealthy Fin makes of his abundance is to purchase for himself a little more brandy, and to munch a little more sugar. They have no idea of putting their cash into a bank, or lending it at interest. It is deposited by the owner in some secret place under ground, generally without the knowledge of even the nearest kindred, so that it is not uncommon for a family to lose all benefit from their father's wealth; and *poses* are now and then lighted upon. R. C.

MEMORIALS OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S LAST DAYS.

THE widespread popularity of Macaulay's History of England has awakened attention and curiosity to some of the unexplained points with which all history abounds. Perhaps the most striking passage in the book is the account of the battle of Sedgemoor; the last, happily, which polluted the soil of England. Connected with it and the miserable flight of Monmouth, two or three interesting circumstances have come to light since the publication of Mr Macaulay's volumes, which we think it will be interesting to notify.

The readers of the first volume need hardly be reminded how picturesque and clear his description has been rendered by the trouble the author took in personally going over the moor, and collecting from it and the neighbouring town of Bridgewater a store of the local traditions which still float about the district. It will be remembered that on the fatal Monday morning (July 6,

1685), after the five or six thousand colliers and ploughmen which composed the rebel army of the Duke of Monmouth had fought against James II.'s battalions of regular cavalry and infantry for a couple of hours—enveloped in a dense marsh fog—the routed rustics came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater utterly broken. 'The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favoured the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbours who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given.'

It was perhaps unfortunate for Monmouth and the leading Whigs that they had not sought protection from such generous Jacobites, instead of flying across the country as the duke did, with Lord Grey, Buyse, and a few other friends, making such good speed towards the Bristol Channel, that although the party commenced their flight at four in the morning, their stout horses had put twenty miles behind them by six. They then mounted fresh ones, changed their course, and pushed on for Hampshire, in the hope that the cabins of the deer-stealers of the New Forest might for a time afford security. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages; but on Cranbourne Chase in Dorsetshire the strength of their steeds failed, and they turned them loose, hiding the saddles and bridles. Here they disguised themselves as peasants, and proceeded on foot towards the New Forest.

Thus far Macaulay; but since his account was published, some persons interested in the minute illustrations of these events have notified the precise spots at which these little incidents occurred. The horses were, it seems, dismissed near a well-known road-side inn, a few miles south-west of Salisbury, on the road to Blandford, called 'Woodyates Inn.' It would seem that Monmouth had changed once again his determination, and was making the best of his way to the Hants coast, either to Christchurch or to Bournemouth, 'where he expected to find a vessel,' says the Earl of Shaftesbury, the present owner of the estate on which the duke was ultimately captured.* He and his companions passed the night in the open air, and when morning dawned, they found by certain indications—even around the remote spot where they had been concealed—that their enemy's scouts encompassed them on all sides. In fact Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction; while Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. Still, the wretched fugitives tried to pursue their way, but with the precaution of occasionally separating. We now once more take up Mr Macaulay:—

'At five in the morning of the 7th, Grey was seized by two of Lumley's scouts. . . . It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley, and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the peas, and the oats were high enough to conceal a

* This, and some of the subsequent information we shall presently adduce, was elicited in an exceedingly useful weekly publication which has been recently established in London, called 'Notes and Queries, a Medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, &c.' In this instance Mr John Bruce the antiquary put in one number of the work certain 'queries,' which were promptly answered from the best possible authority—the nobleman on whose ground the Duke of Monmouth was taken. This single example shows the utility of 'Notes and Queries.'

man; others were overgrown by fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share in the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded; the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the search could be completed; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge; but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then separated, and concealed themselves in different hidingplaces.

At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw peas, gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles II. had decorated his favourite son.

All who love particular localities for their historical associations, must have regretted the vague description here given of the place in which the rash but unfortunate duke was arrested. A knowledge of such spots fixes the events enacted on them in the mind, and gives them a vivid and enduring interest. Even when the charms which time throws over remarkable circumstances are absent, particular places are cherished and eagerly visited; and pilgrimages are made to the landing-place of royalty, the scene of a recent crime, or the death-place of a great character, merely from the associations they call up. What would the Nether Bow in Edinburgh be but for John Knox's house? and would St Leonard's, under Salisbury Crags, be half so much visited as it is but for the cottage which fiction has made classical by the bare supposition that it was the residence of Jeanie Deans? It is therefore doing good service to rescue scenes of even minor historical interest from obscurity. This, then, has been done in reference to the exact spot on which the Duke of Monmouth fell into the hands of the emissaries of his uncle. It is correctly but too generally described by Mr Macaulay as 'separated by an enclosure from the open country.' The enclosure, in fact, lies in the parish of Woodlands, Dorsetshire; and being a kind of oasis in a small desert called Shag's Heath, has always had the name of 'The Island.' At the north-eastern extremity of this enclosure the duke was found, on the 8th July 1685, crouching in a ditch under an ash-tree. The field, of which the ditch is a boundary, has ever since been called 'Monmouth Close.' Lord Shaftesbury gives some account of it:—'The whole of Woodlands now belongs to me. The greater part of it was bought by my late brother soon after he came of age. I knew nothing of Monmouth Close till the year 1787. When I was shooting on Horton Heath, the gamekeeper advised me to try for game in the enclosures called Shag's Heath, and took me to see Monmouth Close and the famous ash-tree there. I then anxiously inquired of the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses respecting the traditions concerning Monmouth Close and the celebrated ash-tree, and what I then learnt I have printed for the information of any person who may visit that spot.'*

We subjoin his lordship's interesting memorandum:—

'The small enclosure which has been known by the name of Monmouth Close ever since the capture of the Duke of Monmouth there in July 1685, is one of a cluster of small enclosures, five in number, which stood in the middle of Shag's Heath, and were called "The Island." They are in the parish of Woodlands.

'The tradition of the neighbourhood is this: namely, that after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor near Bridgewater, he rode, accompanied by Lord Grey, to Woodyates, where they quitted their horses; and the duke having changed clothes with a peasant, endeavoured to make his way across the country to Christchurch. Being closely pursued, he made for The Island, and concealed himself in a ditch which was overgrown with fern and underwood. When his pursuers came up, an old woman gave information of his being in the Island, and of her having seen him filling his pocket with peas. The Island was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away, one of them espied the skirt of the duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery. The duke, when taken, was quite exhausted with fatigue and hunger, having had no food since the battle but the peas which he had gathered in the field. The ash-tree is still standing under which the duke was apprehended, and is marked with the initials of many of his friends who afterwards visited the spot.

'The family of the woman who betrayed him were ever after holden in the greatest detestation, and are said to have fallen into decay, and to have never thriven afterwards. The house where she lived, which overlooked the spot, has since fallen down. It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be made to inhabit it.

'The duke was carried before Anthony Elterick, Esq. of Holt, a justice of the peace, who ordered him to London.

'His gold snuff-box was afterwards found in the pea-field, full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs Uvedale of Horton. One of the finders had L.15 for half the contents or value of it.

'Being asked what he would do if set at liberty, the duke answered that if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again.'

Thus much of the localities: we have now to describe the recent discovery of one of the cherished articles found on the duke's person at the time of his arrest.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the above facts, an interesting relic of them was brought to light at a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Dr Anster exhibited a manuscript volume of 157 pages, which he declared to be the identical 'album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms,' found in Monmouth's pocket when seized. It was purchased at a book-stall in Paris in 1827 by an Irish divinity student, was given by him to a priest in the county of Kerry, and on the priest's death, became the property of the present possessor. Respecting its identity and history, from its removal from the rebel duke's pocket down to its production at the Royal Irish Academy, Dr Anster showed that after Monmouth was beheaded—which he was on Tower Hill, by the too-celebrated John Ketch, on the 15th July 1685—the articles found on his person were given to the king. At James's deposition, three years afterwards, all his manuscripts, including those that had belonged to Monmouth, were carried into France, where they remained till the Revolution in that country a century afterwards. Dr Anster, in exhibiting the book, showed that the remains of silver clasps had been destroyed, and a part of the leather of the covers at each side was torn away, seemingly for the purpose of removing some name on a coat of arms with which it had been once marked; and this he accounted for by the belief that at the period of the French Revolution the persons in whose custody they were, being fearful of the suspicions likely to arise from their possession of books with royal arms on them, tore off the covers, and sent

the books to St Omer's. The after-fate of the larger books was, that they were burned; some small ones, we are distinctly told, were saved from this fate, but seem to have been disregarded, and all trace of them lost. The Abbé Waters—a collateral descendant of Lucy Waters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother—was the person with whom George IV. negotiated for the Stuart papers, and from whom the volumes which have since appeared as 'Clarke's Life of James the Second' were obtained; and it is from the Abbé Waters we have the account of the destruction of King James's autograph papers. Dr Anster showed, written on the inner cover of this volume, the words, 'Baron Watiers' or 'Waters.'

As to the identity of the book, Dr Anster quoted several passages from contemporary authors to test their account of the contents of the 'album' with those of the book he was describing. In the 'Harleian Miscellany,' vol. vi. p. 323, it is stated in Sir John Heresby's memoirs, that 'out of his [Monmouth's] pocket were taken books, in his own handwriting, containing charms or spells to open the doors of a prison, to obviate the danger of being wounded in battle, together with songs and prayers.' Barillon describes the book in what is nearly a translation of this—'Il y avoit des secrets de magie et d'enchantement, avec des chansons des recettes pour des maladies et des prières.' Again, in a note by Lord Dartmouth to the modern editions of 'Burnett's Own Times,' we have the following statement:—'My uncle, Colonel William Legge, who went in the coach with him [Monmouth] to London as a guard, with orders to stab him if there were any disorders on the road, showed me several charms that were tied about him when he was taken, and his table-book, which was full of astrological figures that nobody could understand; but he told my uncle that they had been given to him some years before in Scotland, and he now found they were but foolish conceits.'

The actual contents of the manuscript volume show a great resemblance to these descriptions. The most curious passages which it contains are the duke's memorandums of his journeys on two visits to the Prince of Orange, in the year previous to his last rash adventure. His movements up to the 14th of March 1684-85 are given. The entries do not seem to be of much moment; but they may accidentally confirm or disprove some disputed points of history. There is an entry without a date, describing the stages of a journey in England, commencing with London and Hampstead: it ends with Toddington. This forms a strong link in the chain of identity; for Toddington is a place remarkable in the history of the duke. Near it was the residence of Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, baroness (in her own right) of Nettleshead, only daughter and heir of Thomas Lord Wentworth, grandchild and heir of the Earl of Cleveland. Five years before the duke's execution, her mother observed that, despite the duke being a married man, her daughter had, while at court, attracted his admiration, and she hurried her away to Toddington. In 1683, after the failure of the Rye-House Plot, Monmouth was banished from the royal presence, and it was to Toddington he retired. When, on retracting the confession which he had made on the occasion, he was banished the kingdom, the companion of his exile was Lady Henrietta Wentworth. 'I dwell on this,' said Dr Anster, 'because the accidental mention of Toddington seems to authenticate the book: the name of Lady Henrietta Wentworth does not occur in it, and the persons in whose hands the book has been since it was purchased in Paris do not seem to have noticed the name of Toddington, or to have known that it had any peculiar relation to the duke's history. It occurs twice in the book—once in the itinerary, and again in a trifling and unmetrical song which is probably the duke's own composition; written probably on the eve of his flight with his romantic but guilty companion to Holland:—

"With joy we leave thee,
False world, and do forgive
All thy false treachery,
For now we'll happy live."

We'll to our bowers,
And there spend our hours;
Happy there we'll be,
We no strife can see;
No quarrelling for crowns,
Nor fear the great one's frowns;
Nor slavery of state,
Nor changes in our fate.
From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be;
We'll sit and bless our state
That from the noise of wars
Did this glorious place give
(Or did us Toddington give)
That thus we happy live."

In Macaulay's history we find that the latest act of the duke on the scaffold, before submitting to the stroke of the executioner, was to call his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick-case, the last token of ill-starred love. 'Give it,' he said, 'to that person!' After the description of Monmouth's burial occurs the following affecting passage:—'Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington in Bedfordshire witnessed a yet sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettleshead. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest: her name, carved by the hand of him she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.'

In further proof of identity, Dr Anster pointed out several charms and recipes which the manuscript volume contains. The conjurations are in general for the purpose of learning the results of sickness in any particular case, and of determining whether friends will be in certain circumstances faithful. There are also incantations for the use of several maladies, and one to make gray hair grow black. No 'charms against being wounded in battle,' such as Sir John Heresby mentions, are to be found in the volume; but there are some prayers against violent death, which have the appearance of having been transcribed from some devotional book. There is evidently a mistake in supposing that this book contains any charm for breaking open prison doors, and it is likely that Sir John Heresby was misled in this way:—There is in page 7 a charm in French to procure repose of body and mind, and deliverance from pains; and the word for 'pains' is written in a contracted form; it might as well stand for prisons; but examining the context, it is plainly the former word which is meant.

The rest of the entries consist of extracts from old recipe-books, mixed in the oddest way with abridgments of English history, and the most trifling memorandums, chiefly of a private and personal kind. Altogether, this commonplace work is highly indicative of the weakness, vanity, and superstition which stood forward so prominently in the character of the rash but unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

THE HUNCHBACK AND THE HARLEQUIN.

It was a very hot day in the month of July 1768: five o'clock had sounded, and the performance in the Italian Theatre in Paris was about to commence with a harlequinade, in which the celebrated Carlin was to appear.

The curtain drew up: Carlin advanced on the stage, and casting a glance around the building, perceived that pit, boxes, and gallery were all equally empty. He stood silent for a moment; and then addressing the leader of the orchestra, said, 'Really, my dear friend, I have no mind to act for your sole amusement. I shall just quietly go home, and I advise you and your musicians to follow my example.'

'By no means!' cried a sharp voice issuing from a remote corner of the pit; 'I bar that: I have paid my thirty sous to see the play, and I insist on having the worth of my money.' Looking in the direction of the

voice, the actor with some difficulty discerned a being about four feet in height, making desperate efforts to approach the stage by climbing over the benches.

'My dear sir,' said Carlin, 'if you think so much of your thirty sous, my comrades and I are quite ready to return them; or, if you like it better, I will even double the sum, and we will have a bottle of wine together.'

'Sir,' replied the little man, as he climbed on a bench, 'I am not thirsty: I have paid for seeing the play, and the play I must have—so do me the favour to commence.' So saying, he assumed an upright attitude, which displayed to great advantage a huge hump on his back.

'My dear sir,' said Carlin, mimicking his tone of voice, 'it can't be.'

'Why not, pray?'

'Because, in beginning, I should have to address myself to the public, and unhappily there's no public here to address.'

'I am here, sir; for what do you take me?'

'I take you for a hunchback.'

'You're an insolent fellow!' Carlin took off his mask.

'Doubtless,' he said, 'you don't know me. Learn that my name is Carlo Bertinazzi; that before going on the stage, I served as an officer in the army of his majesty the king of Sardinia, and that I never allow an insult to go unpunished.'

'You mistake,' replied the hunchback coolly; 'you are not Carlo Bertinazzi: you are the harlequin whom I have paid for seeing act. My name, Master Harlequin, is Joseph Dubreuil; I am an attorney's clerk, and I live in the Rue St Honoré. To-morrow I shall lodge my complaint with the lieutenant of police, who will be very likely to lodge you quietly in prison if you refuse to commence your performance immediately.' Having so spoken, the little man, with an air of much dignity, resumed his seat. Carlin was in the wrong, and he knew it. He resumed his mask, and began to recite his monologue, intermingling it with pointed extemporaneous allusions to his troublesome auditor. The latter was delighted, and applauded with might and main. However, when it came to the turn of Carlin's fellow-actors to speak, they did so with the utmost negligence; and the hunchback, feeling his dignity invaded, drew from his pocket an enormous key, which, when applied to his lips, served to produce a most sonorous hiss. At this unexpected though well-known sound the actors paused.

'Come,' exclaimed the little man, 'you played badly, and I hissed you: 'tis quite according to rule.'

'The gentleman is right,' said Carlin: 'he stands on his privilege. Let us pay respect to the public and to ourselves.' The remainder of the act was played in a most satisfactory manner; and just before the curtain fell, Carlin addressed his spectator:—'Sir,' said he, 'should you happen to meet any of your friends this evening, perhaps you will have the kindness to commend our performance, and advise them to visit us to-morrow.' With much sincerity the hunchback promised to accede to the request, and went out of the theatre during the interval between the acts.

It so happened that, during the last hour, thick clouds had gathered in the sky, and before the second act had commenced, a fearful torrent of rain was pouring down on Paris. The pedestrians who thronged the streets were glad to take refuge in any open building, and in a few moments the Italian Theatre was not only filled, but crowded. Standing on a bench in the centre of the pit, the diminutive hunchback made himself conspicuous by the extraordinary series of gestures which he directed towards the stage, first pointing to himself, and then to the crowded ranks of spectators, whose leader and conqueror he seemed to be. Of course these pantomimic signals were lost on the newly-arrived public, but they were perfectly well understood by Carlin, who smiled applause on his ambitious little friend.

Next morning, as the latter was setting out for his office, a servant in livery handed him a letter, bearing the seal of the Italian Theatre. Its contents were as follow:—'M. Carlin and his friends request the honour of M. Dubreuil's company at breakfast, and will feel gratified by his accepting a free season-ticket to the Italian Theatre, as a slight mark of their esteem.' The hunchback gladly accepted the invitation: the breakfast was delightful, the entertainers and the entertained being equally pleased with each other. From that time the little man seldom missed a representation at the Italian Comedy, and became the most intimate friend of harlequin, whom, when outside the theatre, he no longer hesitated to recognise as M. Carlin.

THE LEGAL POSITION OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

At this moment we conceive it would be rendering an essential service to the industrious orders of the community, more especially to such of them as are depositors in savings' banks, if the position of such depositors with respect to the security they possess for the money they have lodged in them were clearly stated. The recent serious defalcation of an actuary of the Rochdale Savings' Bank, following as it does so closely upon the widespread privation and ruin inflicted on hundreds of the industrious poor in Ireland by the failure of kindred institutions in Dublin and Tralee, must have tended to create alarm in the minds of those who have a stake in the savings' banks of the country; whilst it certainly necessitates some more vigilant supervision by the trustees, if not on the part of the government itself. Already has the legislature hedged round those institutions with safeguards against fraud and dishonesty, but that that protection is not wholly effectual, is proved by the instances of defalcation already referred to, and by those which occurred a few years ago in connection with the Northampton and St Albans Savings' Banks.

Since the institution of savings' banks, early in the present century, a number of acts of parliament have been passed with the view to their encouragement and protection; and one of the main provisions of these acts is, that the trustees of savings' banks are empowered, and indeed bound, to invest the monies of the depositors on government security, and on that alone. At the commencement of the banks, and for some time afterwards, the benevolent persons who associated themselves for their establishment and management pledged their joint personal security to the depositors; but in course of time it was found that an immense aggregate sum had been lodged in savings' banks, and it became obvious that some more solid foundation ought to be provided for maintaining the confidence of the industrious orders. Thence originated the provision referred to for investing the deposits on the security of the government itself, and various other minor regulations calculated to remedy and prevent fraud and dishonesty on the part of those intrusted with the management: such as the rendering it incumbent on paid officers to provide good and sufficient sureties for the proper discharge of their duties, the enabling the trustees to sue defaulters on behalf of the general body of depositors, and the preventing any small number of the trustees from withdrawing the funds of the bank from the hands of the government, except with the consent of the whole or a competent part of them.

In the year 1817, when there were about seventy savings' banks established in England, the first legislative provision was enacted for their management. Acts were passed (57 Geo. III. c. 105 and 130) with the view to afford protection to those already established, and encouragement to the formation of others. By these acts the trustees and managers were prohibited from receiving, directly or indirectly, any personal emolument or advantage from the institutions with which they should be connected, beyond their actual expenses; and they were required to

enrol the rules of their institutions at the general or quarter sessions of the county. The treasurer, or other person intrusted with the receipt or custody of the deposits, was to give security for the due discharge of his duties; and in case of forfeiture on the part of this officer, the clerk of the peace was empowered to sue the sureties to make good the defalcation. A fund was established in the office for the reduction of the national debt in London, under the management of the government, entitled, 'The Fund for the Banks for Savings,' and to this fund the trustees of savings' banks were bound to transmit all deposits when the sum amounted to £50 or more. For the amount so invested the trustees received a debenture, carrying interest at the rate of 3d. per centum per diem, or £4, 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. The rate of interest then usually allowed to depositors was 4 per cent. The trustees were absolutely prohibited from placing any of the deposits confided to them in the hands of a private banker, or upon any one's personal security, excepting such sum as should necessarily remain in the savings' bank to answer its exigencies. In Ireland the depositors were restricted to the investment of £50 in each year; and in England the same restriction was imposed, with a relaxation in favour of the first year of the deposit, when £100 might be received. A short act was passed in July 1820 (1 Geo. IV. c. 83) for settling the rate of interest to be allowed by the government to the trustees of savings' banks at the sum mentioned above, and for preventing any individual member of the trustees, or any person acting as the agent of the bank, from withdrawing any portion of the money lodged with the government, unless duly authorised by the other trustees. At the time when the first of the acts cited were passed, no further restriction than that already mentioned as to the amount to be invested by the depositor seems to have been necessary, nor was he prevented from investing simultaneously in as many different savings' banks as he might deem advisable. This power was found liable to abuse, and an act was passed in 1824 (5 Geo. IV. c. 62) which restricted the deposits to £50 in the first year of the account being opened, and to £30 in each subsequent year; and when the whole should amount to £200, exclusive of interest, no further interest was to be allowed. Subscribers to one savings' bank were likewise prohibited from making deposits in any other, but the whole money deposited in one savings' bank might be drawn in order to be placed in another. The trustees were also required to draw up annually accounts of the progress of their respective banks, and of the amount of money remaining in the bank, and in whose hands, and to transmit such accounts to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, who were empowered to close their accounts with the trustees of any bank who refused or neglected to comply with this requirement.

In 1828 a subsequent statute was passed (9 Geo. IV. c. 92), entitled, 'An Act to Consolidate and Amend the Laws relating to Savings' Banks.' By this act, under the provisions of which all savings' banks are at present conducted, it is enacted, 'that the rules of every savings' bank shall be signed by two trustees, and submitted to a barrister appointed by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the same are in conformity to law; and the said barrister shall give a certificate thereof, which, together with the rules signed by the trustees, shall be laid before the justices for the county, riding, division, or place, at the general or quarter sessions; and it shall be lawful for such justices to reject and disapprove of any part or parts thereof, or to allow and confirm the said rules, or such parts as shall be conformable to the act.' The rules and regulations so made and confirmed are required by the act to be deposited with the clerk of the peace for the county or division, and are then declared and deemed to be binding on the officers and depositors of the institution. As

in the preceding acts, the money deposited in savings' banks must be invested by the trustees in the Bank of England, or of Ireland in the case of Irish savings' banks, in the names of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. By this consolidation-act the interest which the receipts or debentures given to the trustees for the deposits invested with the government carried was reduced from 3d. per cent. per diem, or £4, 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum, to 2½d. per cent. per diem, or £3, 16s. 0½d. per cent. per annum; while the interest paid to depositors, which was at first 4 per cent., was limited to 2½d. per cent. per diem, or £3, 8s. 5½d. per centum per annum, the difference between the sum allowed to the bank for interest by the government and that allowed by the bank to the depositors being retained by the trustees to defray the expenses of carrying on the bank. Depositors are not allowed to make deposits exceeding in the whole £150, and when the balance due to any depositor amounts, with interest, to £200, no further interest is to be allowed. Charitable and provident institutions are empowered to lodge funds to the amount of £100 in any single year, or £300 in all, principal and interest included.

By a further act (3 Wm. IV. c. 14), the industrious classes are encouraged to purchase annuities, to commence at any deferred period which the purchaser may choose; the purchase-money being paid either in one sum, or by weekly, monthly, quarterly, or yearly instalments, as the purchaser may determine.

The act 5th and 6th Wm. IV. c. 57, passed in 1835, repealed the law relating to savings' banks in Scotland, and in lieu of it extended the 9th Geo. IV. c. 92 and the 3d Wm. IV. c. 14, abstracted above, to those institutions in Scotland, and placed all parts of the kingdom in this respect on a similar footing.

The last act passed relative to savings' banks was the 7th and 8th Vict. c. 83 (9th August 1844), and it reduced the interest payable on the receipts issued to the trustees by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt to the sum of £3, 5s. per cent. per annum, and that payable to the depositors by the trustees to £3, 0s. 10d. per cent. per annum. It also constitutes the act of an actuary, cashier, or secretary, or any person holding any situation or appointment in a savings' bank who shall receive deposits and not pay them over to the managers, a misdemeanour, and renders him liable to punishment. And it has likewise this important provision (section 6) limiting the responsibility of trustees and managers—'That no trustee or manager of any savings' bank shall be liable to make good any deficiency which may hereafter arise in the funds of any savings' bank, unless such persons shall have respectively declared by writing under their hands, and deposited with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, that they are willing so to be answerable; and it shall be lawful for each of such persons, or for such persons collectively, to limit his or their responsibility to such sum as shall be specified in any such instrument, provided always that the trustee and manager of any such institution shall be, and is hereby declared to be personally responsible, and liable for all monies actually received by him on account of, or to, and for the use of such institution, and not paid over or disposed of in the manner directed by the rules of the said institution; and an abstract of the above provisions shall be enrolled as one of the rules of the institution.' The act also limits the annuities created and payable under 3d and 4th Wm. IV. c. 14 to £30, and specifies the scale of the consideration money to be paid with respect to them.

Such is a succinct statement of the existing law applicable to savings' banks, from which it will clearly appear that the depositors in these institutions possess the best possible security for their money, and that the earnest solicitude of the legislature has been evinced towards them from time to time. It remains for us to correct an erroneous notion generally prevalent with re-

gard to the relationship subsisting between the government and the depositors in savings' banks. We refer to the belief that the government is under an obligation to make good any loss to the depositors occasioned by the fraud or defalcation of the manager or other person connected with a savings' bank. That is not the case. The government is simply chargeable with whatever money the trustees of a savings' bank may lodge with it, under the terms of the acts of parliament already cited. Beyond that, the depositors in savings' banks have no legal claim upon the government for any loss they may sustain; nor have they any remedy, according to the statute law at least, against the trustees or managers for such loss, unless the trustees or managers have declared in writing that they are willing to be answerable; and even in that case their responsibility is limited to the specific amount they may insert in their written declaration. The trustees and managers are, nevertheless, personally responsible and liable for all monies actually received by them on account of, or for the use of the bank, and not paid over or disposed of in the manner directed by the rules. In addition to this, in cases of loss or defalcation, the depositors have a good remedy against the sureties of any officer defrauding them, by suing such sureties for the penalties mentioned in the bonds given by them to the bank, whilst the principal himself is liable to punishment for a misdemeanour. We may add, that in no case of defalcation that has yet occurred in England or Scotland in connection with savings' banks have the depositors suffered loss. In the cases of the Northampton and St Albans Savings' Banks, the trustees, to their lasting honour, made good the deficiency out of their own private fortunes.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The commissioners on this subject report that, for several centuries, marriages within certain degrees of affinity were prohibited by the church; but that, by the authority of the pope, dispensations were granted, though to what extent, and in what cases, is not ascertained. In England this was the state of the law up to the time of King Henry VIII., whose marriage was pronounced null and void by Archbishop Cranmer. From that period the ecclesiastical court dealt with these marriages, at first by pronouncing them null and void, notwithstanding one or both of the parties might be dead when the suit was sought to be commenced. But in the time of James I. the courts of common law interfered, and prohibited the spiritual courts from proceeding to pronounce them null and void after the death of one of the parties. Hence all these marriages came to be called voidable marriages, in contradistinction to those which were void, as in the case of a marriage where there was a first husband or wife living at the time of the second marriage; or where one of the parties was a lunatic at the time of celebrating a marriage. Marriages, therefore, within the prohibited degrees were only voidable; and if they were not pronounced null and void by the competent ecclesiastical tribunals during the lives of both parties, their validity could not be afterwards questioned, nor the legitimacy of the children be impeached. This state of the law continued unaltered in England until the year 1835, when the statute 5 and 6 William IV. c. 54 (commonly called Lord Lyndhurst's Act) passed. The effect of that statute was to prohibit the ecclesiastical court from entertaining any suit for the purpose of pronouncing null and void marriages within the prohibited degrees of affinity, celebrated before the passing of the act; and all such marriages celebrated after the passing of the act were declared by it to be null and void. The commissioners proceed to observe, 'That they find from a mass of evidence, that marriages of this kind are permitted by dispensation or otherwise in nearly all the continental states of Europe.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A DINNER IN CALIFORNIA.

The 'New York Tribune' gives an account of a 4th of July dinner (the anniversary of American independence) at the mines in California. It says—'It was given by Ramsey to his customers, and fifty sat down, or rather lay down, for our dinner was spread on a level, which was made by felling a tree, trimming it, and filling in above it with earth

and stones. We had a cloth along the centre, and scraps of mats and blankets along the sides of each, on which we reclined in Oriental style. Each man had a tin plate, and a tin pot for his liquor, water not being allowed on the table; champagne and other liquors were too plentiful to make it desirable to but few. There was some lack of dishes to serve up in; but with wash-basins, the pans of the gold washers, and a cast-iron bake-kettle, and with the assistance of two large soup tureens, the numerous dishes were displayed. We had, among other luxuries, fresh blackberries and bon-bons; the latter were rather dry, and had no doubt travelled far. Each man had a three-pronged iron fork, and a regular case-knife. The cost of the dinner, exclusive of wines and meats, was 1100 dollars.'

SONG OF THE WINDS.

HURRA—hurra—hurra!

Exultingly let us sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, alone are free.
The earth hath a zone, and the sea hath a bound,
But our rest and our home have never been found.
We play with the clouds on the mountain's brow,
We wreath on the flowers in the vale below,
We lash up the waves in our boisterous mirth,
Or idly roam through the bright lands of earth.
Oh! whatever we will we do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, alone are free.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Let us boldly, proudly sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the mightiest be.
A nation's navies went forth to fight,
We swept o'er the waters—and where was their might?
We flew o'er the earth in sport as we passed,
The kings of the forest were strown on the blast;
We paused in our wrath where a city lay,
And its beauty and pride have passed away.
Oh! whatever we will we do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the mightiest be.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Let us gladly, gaily sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the merriest be.
We dance on the flowers of the joyous spring,
We cradle to rest where the bright birds sing;
We play with the tress upon Beauty's brow,
Or kiss the rich gems on her breast of snow;
We scatter perfumes in our wayward flight,
Or melody breathe through the starry night.
Oh! whatever we will we do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the merriest be.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Triumphantly let us sing, for we
O'er the human soul hold mastery.
For the blood of the merchant-prince grows cold
As we tow on the waves his heaps of gold;
And mother and maid turn pale with fear
As the tone of our midnight wail they hear;
And the mariner's heart beats quick for life
As we revel and rave in our reckless strife.
Oh! nothing in all the wide earth or sea
Can boast of such mighty power as we.

A. S.

MODERN LETTERS.

What characterises the literature of our time is—its *human interest*. It is true that we do not see scholars addressing scholars, but men addressing men; not that scholars are fewer, but that the reading public is more large. Authors in all ages address themselves to what interests their readers; the same things do not interest a vast community which interested half a score of monks or bookworms. The literary *polis* was once an oligarchy; it is now a republic. It is the general brilliancy of the atmosphere which prevents your noticing the size of any particular star. Do you not see, that with the cultivation of the masses, has awakened the literature of the affections? Every sentiment finds an exponent, every feeling an oracle.—*The Carbons.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFIORD CONCLUDED— RETURN TO TRONDHIEM.

THE third morning, which was that appointed for my return to Hammerfest, proved wet and misty, and fresh snow appeared on the summits of the Seiland mountains, as it sometimes does on our Ochils and Pentlands about the middle of October. As it was only a week since I had sailed at midnight into Hammerfest bay under an experience of the mildest airs, I had sufficient reason to conclude that the summer of Finnmark was not to be praised for consistency. There was, however, one favourable circumstance—the wind was fair for Hammerfest. I therefore set out immediately after breakfast.

For several hours we made fair progress, and the weather was not so bad as to prevent me from making observations on the coasts. After midday the wind shifted several times, and then became violent. It required the greatest watchfulness on the part of the men to prevent the boat from being thrown over by the gusts which occasionally came out of the gullies on the sides of the fiord. As it was, there was a terrible tossing, and much shipping of water. Having heard that a boat containing two gentlemen connected with the copperworks had once been upset at this very place in similar circumstances, when one of the passengers was drowned, and the other only saved by clinging for three hours to the wreck, I was not without some apprehensions, although very much cooler about the dangers of the case than I could have previously supposed. In these circumstances I could not but admire the patience of the boatmen, as they strove to control the movements of the vessel, never complaining of either the cold, or the drenching which they were getting. It was interesting also to observe the effects of their skill in keeping the boat alive, the more especially as it was a kind of skill of which I had myself no share. Probably, I thought, I could explain the principle of *displacement* better than these poor fellows; but as to the practical management of the vessel, I should be comparatively as a child. After enduring the storm for some time, Sörn deemed it prudent to go before the wind for Klokke-havn, a creek in the island of Qualøe, where he knew we should have shelter. I was glad to step ashore at this place, though it was a perfect wilderness, several miles from any human habitation.

After consulting with the men, I deemed it best to take one of them as a guide, and walk across the mountains to Hammerfest, which I was assured we should reach in two hours. Meanwhile Sörn and the other man would wait with the boat till fair weather should allow them to bring it round to port. To make their circumstances as endurable as possible, I surrendered to them

the best of my provisions, and likewise promised to send assistance if it should appear unlikely that they should be able to bring off the boat before night. I then set out, through wind and drizzle, over as wild and irregular a tract of ground as I had any recollection of ever passing. After an hour's walk, I came to a small farm in a nook of the coast, where the poor people were striving to save their hay, hanging it, as is their custom, across horizontal poles and over walls. On entering the cottage to take a few minutes' rest, we were hospitably offered coffee, which, however, I declined. We then passed along the brow of the rough coast and over the skirts of the Tuven mountain, wading without ceremony each mountain streamlet we came to. The whole affair reminded me of the description of some of the more dismal wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart in the Hebrides. At length, after a rapid walk of between three and four hours, we reached Hammerfest, where once more I was most kindly welcomed by Mr J—. In the evening, to my great joy, Sörn made his appearance with the boat.

The next day, which was a tolerably fair one, was devoted to a series of measurements along the line of terrace between Hammerfest and the place called Siøholmen, each so near the other, as to leave no chance of a change of terrace taking place in the interval. The result was a perfect conviction that the upper line is, in reality, as in appearance, one unbroken and undivided piece of ancient sea-margin, and, strange to say, on an *inclination* which gives a rise of several feet for every mile of direct space.* It appeared, then, that M. Bravais was right in describing his two lines in Altenfiord as stooping, and as thus proving that, since the time when these lines of erosion were made by the sea, the frame of the land had undergone a remarkable movement out of its original plane. The proofs for this were now, I conceived, complete, as far as the above space of ground was concerned. It only remained that I should make a few more observations along the fiord, and endeavour to arrive at such generalisations as

* The particular measurements were—

	Feet.
Hammerfest, - - - - -	84.73
A geographical mile to the west, - - - - -	87.84
A little farther along in same direction, - - - - -	89.49
In Hyppfiord, - - - - -	91.50
At Saragamma, 2½ miles of direct distance from Hammerfest, - - - - -	96.69
In Akkerfiord, 3½ miles of direct distance from Hammerfest, but not on the same line, - - - - -	104.69
Molstrand, about a mile farther on, - - - - -	106.11
Indre Siøholmen, - - - - -	114.32†

At Quismæs in Seiland, nearly opposite to the latter place, the terrace was 107.

† In this table geographical miles are meant.

were attainable regarding the ratio of the inclination in various parts, and its axis of direction.

To-day, while making the observation in Akkerfjord, a small but characteristic circumstance came under notice. It was a rough, uninhabited valley, with no appearance of life anywhere to be seen. Indeed so still and cheerless were these solitudes in general, that I had ceased to look for or even think of living things. I was taking a sweeping survey with the telescope of the levelling instrument, to see if any traces of the terrace were to be detected on the level of that portion of it on which I stood, when something moving came into the field of view. It was very indistinct, but at length I made out a reindeer, and finally two. To the naked eye they were totally imperceptible. I know not how to apologise for mentioning a thing so trivial, unless by reference to the romantic emotion which the sight of such objects in such circumstances excited within myself.

After another hospitable night at Hammerfest, I bade this place a final adieu, and proceeded on my last voyage along the fjord. It was a rough, wet day; nevertheless I made some important observations, tending to support the conclusion arrived at on the previous day. When I parted with my friends at Komagfjord next morning, I was embarrassed to find that nothing could induce them to treat me otherwise than as a friendly guest. They were, however, too good people to render it possible that I should resist this kind feeling of theirs too much; and I remembered, moreover, what we are too apt to forget in such circumstances that, if we assume to ourselves the privilege of little regarding money in payment, we ought equally to allow to others the right to be indifferent to it in receipt. Worthy Mr Hinschel at Qualsund had acted in the same hospitable manner. In fact, so it chanced that I never paid a bill during the whole five weeks I was absent from Trondhiem, except those on board the steamer. It was an entire month of the old kind-hearted world which knew not rigid reckonings and the accursed love of gold.

A sail of six hours next day brought me to Talvig, a pleasant recess in the coast, where there is a parish church, with a village, and where barley and potatoes are reared without apparent difficulty, while well-grown birch woods clothe the neighbouring slopes. I was entertained very kindly at dinner by the parson, Mr Ors, and his pleasant wife, whom I found, as is not uncommon in Norway, conversant with the works of Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens, through the medium of Danish translations, while all our more solid writers are totally unknown. When I chanced to mention that I had been acquainted with Scott for fully ten years of his life, though only as a young and obscure man may know an elderly and a great one, the worthy couple evidently regarded me with a highly-increased interest. It was delightful to be able to expatiate, from personal knowledge, on the fine gracious character of Sir Walter Scott, in a Norwegian prestegaard under latitude seventy. Here I met Mr Stour, the kioptman of Talvig, an intelligent, elderly man, who has travelled over most of Europe, and speaks nearly the whole of its languages. How extraordinary would it be to meet a man of such accomplishments in any similar mercantile situation in Great Britain! He mentioned to me that rye would be raised at Talvig as well as barley, if it were not got on more advantageous terms from Russia. He considers the Laps or Fins as in some respects even better people than the humbler class of Norakmen. They have an old traditional morality which serves as a better restraint upon them than any possessed by the Norwegians. They are also less prejudiced about the common affairs of the world. A Norak farmer declines to adopt any obvious improvements, or enter upon any new courses, however promising, on the old plea—'My father did not do so, and yet was very well: I shall fol-

low in his steps, and thus be sure to be right.' A Lapslander has no such hesitations. Strange to say, it was one of these people, living in Kaafjord, who first cultivated potatoes on any considerable scale in this district. He raised as much as 300 bushels on his little bit of ground.

Mr Stour remarked that it is good for a fisherman along these lonely shores to cultivate a little ground. It does not interfere with his ordinary duty: it rather occupies well a leisure time which might otherwise be spent detrimentally. By the results he is better prepared than he otherwise could be to bear the calamity of a bad or poor fishing season; but the moral effects are those of the greatest importance. When a man has a little something to look to in the ground round his cottage, he seems to become a superior being. He is raised in his own esteem, and acts so as to gain that of his fellows. I considered Mr Stour's unasked opinion on this point important, as it must have been the result of mere observation, there being no great question on the subject in Norway, as with us. It is just here perhaps that the manufacturing system shows worst in contrast with humbler kinds of industry. From local and other circumstances, and from the engrossing toils to which it leads, this system does not admit, at least does not readily admit, of being attended by any subordinate kind of labour, such as gardening or farming, on however small a scale, which might serve as something to fall back upon when mills had to stop for want of foreign orders. Although, therefore, it gives greater gains while full work lasts, yet, as little is saved, the evil day of non-employment finds its children unprovided with the means of living a single week: starvation or pauperism immediately supervenes; and the result is a practical barbarism in the midst of civilisation, worse than any barbarism known on these desolate coasts. One of the greatest social requisites of our day is undoubtedly something that would raise the manufacturing labourer—and, I may add, the rural labourer also—above the moral and physical ills which seem inseparable from a life of bare weekly wages. The labourer, so remunerated, never knowing the dignity of any but the most fleeting possession, is a man on a low moral platform, even compared with the Norwegian fisherman, whose total income does not perhaps amount to a third of his. So receiving his gains, he is either deficient in the will or the power to save. Legislating only for the week, he is never more than a week from a state of pauper-like dependence on his master or his neighbours. The intervals of non-employment which occur in this system of things are certainly the immediate cause of a vast proportion of the ills of our state. It may be, I think, seriously questioned if they do not counterbalance all the advantages of freedom, in the contrast between the independent labourer and the slave. Indeed, to talk of our labourers being independent, when they at all times are so near to pauperism, is mockery. The slave is, in comparison, like a man with a regular providence over his head. Query—Is this a system of things quite unalterable or irremediable? Are we to believe that, when simple gives place to combined industry, the hand-work to the work in which hands are assisted by vast enginery, small economy to grand economy, the results are to be hopelessly destructive to the wellbeing of the great multitude of the industrious, and the last state of that nation to be worse than the first? Surely not: yet who can say how the remedy is to come, or what form it shall take?

Two rivers come into the sea at Talvig, and the valleys are filled up with their sandy detritus exactly like those of the Kaafjord elv and the Alten. This detritus forms plains and terraces, clasping round the bases of the hills. One remarkably round, smoothed, rocky hill, on the coast to the east of the village, with a belt of sandy terrace round it, reminded me of a globe with its artificial horizon. That terrace is 205 feet above the sea, being somewhat less than the height of the similar terraces at Kaafjord and Alten.

The general result of the investigation of the terraces, when I afterwards deduced it from the facts in my notebook, was, that there is a district of at least forty geographical miles in extent between Hammerfest and Kaafjord, which has undergone several distinct movements out of its original plane, in the course of the time during which the last changes of the relative level of sea and land took place. This portion of country has moved on a fixed point, the situation of which is about a third of the space from the northern extremity of the part examined; namely, near a place called Noeverfjord, two or three miles from Beritsmol—the elevation of the upper line being there the same as at Tromsø. At Hammerfest the sink is *fifty-eight* feet. At Kaafjord the tilt up is *ninety-eight*. The rise having been found tolerably equable along the sound between Seiland and Qualøe, which is in a direction a little to the east of south, but considerably less when we turn to the points of observation in Varg Sund, which runs nearly from N. E. to S. W., I was led to suppose that the axis of the line of rise was in the former direction, and that the latter partly crossed it. On consequently protracting the first line, being one exactly 14 degrees to east of south, or near the line of the magnetic meridian, and raising on it perpendicular lines touching the points of observation, it was found to be actually the case, that *equal degrees of the rise are passed through in equal portions of that meridional space*; so that it appears that the dip and cant of the moved territory is N. 14 degrees to W., or S. 14 degrees to E. One fact connected with this raising of perpendiculars was very conclusive; namely, that that farthest to the south not merely suited the elevation of the Alten alluvia, but passed thence through the terraces at Bos-sikop, Quaenvig, and Kaafjord elv, a space of ten miles in all—these being accordingly all of one elevation. The Talvig terraces at 205 are a little lower in fair proportion to the distance along the meridional line from which a perpendicular would have to be raised in order to cross them. The breadth of the territory affected appears from these facts and others to be not inconsiderable; but on this point, and its length, my observations were not exhaustive. The data respecting the lower line were such as to show that a similar angular movement had been undergone after it was formed; but the marking having been too vague to admit of very precise measuring, we only attain a general probability of its indicating the same axis of movement as the upper line: it certainly is very near. As to the eleven intermediate terraces seen at Komagfjord, and repeated in greater or less number elsewhere, they are too fragmentary to admit of connections being established amongst them; but, involved as they are in the same system, they must be regarded as sufficient evidence of an equal multitude of angular movements. The general fact must be regarded as one of some importance in physical geography, as it shows the possibility of very considerable local movements of the earth's surface, as well as that these may be upon a central pivot, and equable over certain spaces.

I arrived at Kaafjord late in the evening, and received a warm welcome after my various perils and toils—*'multo jactatus per Alten,'* as a wag observed. The affair had occupied exactly a fortnight. I may remark, that the conduct of my boatmen had been in all respects satisfactory. They had undergone great fatigue and considerable hardship without the slightest complaint; on the contrary, they were always cheerful and obliging. I had had occasion, too, to admire the frugality and temperance of these hardy sons of the north. They lived upon a mere trifle of rye bread and cheese, drinking only the crystal spring. They were content to sleep under their sail in the stern of the boat. It seemed to be their great object to take home the fee which I had to give them (22½ specie dollars) entire to their families, probably as a reserve for the winter. Their unaffected joy in receiving the reversion of my small stock of provisions was a sermon to me on contentment.

Next morning (August 14) the *Prinds Gustaf* once more made its appearance in the fjord, entering almost to the minute of our expectations. The arrival of this three-weekly vehicle of communication at any part of its course is, as I found in Kaafjord, an event of high consequence. Either visitors are to come or to depart, perhaps both; journeys are to be commenced, or long-absent members of families restored. The event occupies the thoughts and conversation of the people for days beforehand. They date little incidents from it, as other people do great ones from plagues and conflagrations. The *Prinds Gustaf* being on the way to Hammerfest, we now lost all our lady visitors, as well as Parson Zetlitz, receiving in exchange a gentleman from Scotland, whose aim was health and salmon-fishing, the one through the medium of the other. He landed here on his way to the Alten River, and we spent an agreeable day together in inspecting the works.

The copper-mines are in the form of long winding passages in the interior of the hill, some of them in operation, others exhausted and disused. At the mouth of each adit is a great spoil bank, and here a considerable number of women are engaged in searching for small pieces of ore formerly thrown away or neglected. There is a large smelting-house on the shore below; for instead of taking the ore to the coal in England, they bring the coal to the ore here, and export only the refined metal. As formerly mentioned, about 700 persons are employed, many of whom are Quæns or Finlanders. As far as I could learn, the lives of these people are not in any measure exempt from the moral conditions which seem generally to attend severe and systematic toil. One painfully-expressive fact is the great mortality of young children. A gentleman told me that he knew three married women who had had each ten confinements, yet none of them had a surviving child. There is little affection seen between parent and child after the earliest youth is past, because the child can then, by taking work, become independent; and having no occasion to look any longer for parental protection, he seems at the same time to feel relieved from filial duty.

The next day, proving rainy, was devoted to in-door occupations. I embraced the opportunity of conversing with a Norwegian gentleman of official rank regarding the laws for the transmission of property, which are here so peculiar. The old udal arrangement was, to divide the family possessions into shares, each brother getting one, and each sister a half; and amongst themselves they could make an arrangement whereby one could retain the landed estate, and make compensation in money to the rest. Connected with this was a right of the next heir of any person who had sold an estate to buy it back within a certain period at the price paid for it, to which must now be added the value of improvements effected upon it. We are apt to feel a prejudice against an arrangement tending to the subdivision of the land, but I never could find that the evils we are apt to apprehend from that source are much experienced in Norway. By one means and another the estates remain from age to age with little change—few very large, but few also too small, and no sensible progress making towards their further comminution. Whether there is something in the moral character of the people which saves them from the apprehended consequences, I cannot tell; but so is the fact. Another circumstance is worthy of special remark—property is as persistent in the possession of particular families in Norway as it is in England. There are numberless families which have for centuries enjoyed particular estates, although these are perhaps very small. And this gives rise to a pride among the peasant proprietors somewhat incongruous with the democratic nature of their institutions. Some of them watch the marriages of their children with the most scrupulous care, so as to prevent alliances with families less dignified. And the line of demarcation between this class and the unpropertied peasantry is perhaps the most rigid class-line anywhere to be met with.

Were a stranger to arrive at the Tofte post-station in Gulbrandsdalen, he would probably think himself amiably condescending if he were to enter into conversation with the landlord; but what would be his surprise to learn that this person counts kindred with some of the old kings of Norway, and would not allow his children to ally themselves with any inferior blood! And this is a characteristic case. There are inconveniences, I believe, in the necessity often incurred of borrowing money to pay out the younger members of the family; but I question if, after all, the debts of the actual landholders on this account exceed those under which the landlord class almost everywhere groans, in consequence of the temptations to a heedless expenditure, not to speak of the burthen to which they also are liable on account of provisions for younger children.

There are, however, several features of the Norwegian rule of property to which I could not reconcile myself. One, above all, is the depriving a man of all right to use his discretion in bequeathing his property. It must perforce be divided among his children, whatever their special characters may be, or however undutifully they may have behaved towards himself. It shows the effect of custom in reconciling us to the most objectionable procedure, and raising a prejudice against the opposite, that, when I spoke of the hardship of not having one's own will in the disposal of property, the Norwegian gentleman replied by asking, 'But were men free in this respect, would they not often act according to their partialities, and be unjust to children against whom they had a causeless antipathy?' It had never occurred to him that nature herself takes care of all these things. This is not the whole extent of the error; for in Norway, when a married woman dies, the property of her husband is divided by a public officer, and one-half devoted to her children, who, if above twenty-one years of age, enter on immediate possession: in the other event, it is sequestered by the law, and reserved for them till they shall be of age. I was told of one unfortunate gentleman who had at one time been worth twenty thousand dollars, which makes a rich man in this country; but first ten thousand were reft from him for the children of one wife, and then, having married again, five thousand out of the remainder was taken for the children of the second; so that he was left in the end of his days an embarrassed and impoverished man. All such interferences by the law with the course of a man's will in connection with his property must certainly tend to take away from the value which men are disposed to set on worldly possessions, and consequently to diminish the stimulus to industrious exertion. If there are countervailing advantages, I should like to see them explained. I am bound, in the meantime, to remark that the Norwegians are rather more generally content with their laws as to property than we are with ours. No complaint on the subject is ever heard. And if the general prosperity of a country is to be appealed to as a test of the excellence of such laws, it is unquestionable that Norway leaves a Briton little room to pick faults; for this country is certainly on the whole prosperous. I have remarked that the unendowed and unskilled labouring-class shows no better than our own; but then this class is not proportionally a large one, as it is with us. The grand fact in Norwegian prosperity is the large proportion of its propertied middle-class. It has less capital to expend on great objects than England, and so far is a weaker country, even in the proportion of its population; but it is by no means certain which is the best kind of strength for a country to possess—that of masses of wealth in the hands of a few, or that of a large happy population, the great bulk of whom is under the dignifying sense of property, and engaged by the strongest ties to defend and support the whole fabric of things under which they live.

On the morning of Thursday the 16th August I took leave of my friends at Kaaford, with ineffaceable impressions of the kindness I had experienced in that

nook of the world. The weather was cold and ungenial, and new snow on most of the hills. I should have thought it a commencement of winter, suitably early for this latitude; but I was assured that it was only an outlying patch of winter which often occurs in Norway in the middle of August, and which the people recognise under the name of the *Iron Nights*. The first evening of our voyage southward gave us a clear though cold sky, and I had occasion to admire the golden-greenish tinge of the fading sunlight upon the snowy summits of the mountains.

The voyage, being a doubling back upon a former track, was less interesting than that from Trondhiem to Kaaford. The weather was also less agreeable. To the former features of our cabin party there was now added an English lady, and, strange to say, a recently-married one. A gentleman and his young wife had chosen to take a marriage jaunt, or what was almost such, to Norway, and, being at Trondhiem, had seen no reason why they should not have a sail to Hammerfest and back, since they could be on board a good steamer during the whole trip. They had experienced literally no inconvenience in this adventure, excepting in the want of a hotel at Hammerfest in which to spend the day between the arrival and return of the vessel. They had, however, made bold to apply to the English consul (the Scotsman formerly alluded to), and from him they had received all needful hospitality. Of course, if these Hammerfest people choose to be without a hotel, they must lay their account with acting as good Christians towards all decent-looking strangers who may come to their shores.

There being two tables in the cabin, a segregation of the company seemed almost necessarily to take place, the Norwegians sitting at one, the English at the other. I amused myself by contrasting the manners of the two parties. To the natives I felt sure that our easy informal manners must have appeared a sort of barbarism. To us they appeared, on the other hand, ultra polite towards each other, and especially the gentlemen towards the ladies. The English degree of mutual courtesy seemed to me—but then I may be prejudiced—just about what was rationally necessary to make all happy and at ease. The Norwegian, in my opinion, went beyond this point. In one respect, with all their politeness to the fair, the Norsk gentlemen fell sadly below the English, and this was in their habit of smoking in female company, and the freedom with which they indulged before ladies in all the consequences that flow from the use of the pipe. The habits of some gentlemen were a source not merely of remark, but of wonder amongst us English. You would come down into the cabin, take a seat, and commence reading. In the course of a few minutes you hear something between a shout and a shriek proceed from some one at the opposite table, and look up in the fear that a passenger has gone off in the last agonies of mortality. You see only a well-dressed healthy-looking man, reading a newspaper, with his eyes near the sheet, and altogether unconscious of having given any cause for alarm, for he has only been clearing his throat of a real or imaginary something, unknown in the physiology of the English subject. Similar shrieks go off every two minutes or so for an hour, and none of his co-patriots of either sex seem to regard him as anything but a well-bred person.

After a voyage unvaried by any incident worthy of remark, and rendered comparatively cheerless by the cold weather, we duly arrived in the bay opposite Trondhiem at eleven in the evening of the 21st. Amidst a pell-mell of boats which came rushing through the dark to the sides of our vessel, I was glad to hear the voice of my bold dragoon, eager to hail my return, and facilitate my getting on shore.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark,
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

Such was my feeling in meeting the good soul, whose whole unsophisticated nature was for the present bound up in my comfort. In how much more are we all kin than alien, and how much more joy is there in what unites than in what divides us!*

R. C.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

'THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.'

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening towards the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterwards emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkably free-and-easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future of the new-comer.

'I mind him well,' quavered an old white-haired man. 'It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnon: just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer.'

'He that's left him such heaps of money!'

'Ay, boy, the very same, though he wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?'

'Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do ye mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he warn't quite sensible which.'

'I can't say,' rejoined the more ancient oracle, 'that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it. Henry Burton horsewhipped him on the Doncaster race-course, that I know; but whether it was about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterwards, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember.'

'Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box.'

'True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's Jail and Ruin

for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron phiz, I can see.'

The random hits of these Pool gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horsewhipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley—pretensions indirectly favoured, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gainsford became Mrs Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocer establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterwards, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yoll of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. 'At last!' he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—'at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy!—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrongdoer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!' The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwanted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent, impassable as ever. The letter which he despatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty bitter years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the mocking eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his waking sense was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exultation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep. No wonder that the demons of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with premature old age a body rocked with curses to unblest repose! It seemed, by his after-confessions, that he had rarely loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested, successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlour of Grange farmhouse, scarcely realised the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man. Mrs Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance

* It will be remembered that, in the first of this series of articles, a description was given of the disappointment of the passengers *per* the Hull steamer, on finding at Copenhagen that the attestations of health which they had obtained from the Danish consul at Hull were not to save them from waiting under quarantine till the expiration of five days from their leaving England. The author now learns that, from some cause which does not clearly appear, the passengers were under a misapprehension of the effect of those attestations, which at the most could only save them from waiting longer than five days. The author has to express his belief that the respectable consul was not to blame on this account.

and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only 'thinned her flowing hair'—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive coverts whence they had glanced in tremulous beguety, in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire-blaze which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

'Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth,' said he. 'What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him.'

'Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect?'

'Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather—Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match!'

'Nonsense, father!'

'Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart score I marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago.'

'It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry,' rejoined his wife, 'and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practise a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage.'

'That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first: Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby at all events: and here at last comes the shrivelled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles.'

If Mrs Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognising glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. That was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry business tone demanded if Mr Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage.

'Yes, thank God,' replied Burton, 'I am: here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!'

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

'They are quite right,' he said, rising from his chair; 'and here is your receipt.'

'Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you will go—go in God's name! Good-night!'

'Baffled—foiled!' muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. 'Where could he get the money? Borrowed it,

doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!' And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds with which he usually did business to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—the bank was just then full of discounts. Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market-value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already-existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgages he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. 'Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?'

'The usury laws,' replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, 'would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up.'

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. Useless! 'They did not know the party.' The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, 'Would you discount the note of Mr James Hornby of Pool?'

'Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure,' Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

'You hinted the other day,' said Burton, 'that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required.'

'Did I?'

'At least I so understood you. I am of course not ignorant, Mr Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds *bonus* for your acceptance at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds.'

'What?' exclaimed Hornby with strange vehemence. 'What?'

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away towards the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual colour; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterwards remembered, was wild and exulting.

'Have you a bill stamp?'

'Yes.'

'Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it.'

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment; slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgment that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

'I don't want your money, Henry Burton,' said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. 'I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet.'

'A queer stick,' thought Burton, as he gained the street; 'but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted! He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose.'

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downwards, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the

managing clerk. The grayheaded man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton. 'Why, surely this is not Mr Hornby's signature! It does not at all resemble it!'

'Not his signature!' exclaimed Burton; 'what do you mean by that?'

'Reynolds, look here,' continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank employes. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

'Please to step this way, Mr Burton, to a private apartment,' said the manager.

'No—no, I won't,' stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. 'I will go back to Hornby;' and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggering with a confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street. He was stopped, with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger despatched by the bankers to Hornby returned with an answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr Hornby that Mr Burton had indeed requested him to lend two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge for trial at the ensuing assize.

It was useless, as painful, to dwell upon the consternation and agony which fell upon the dwellers at Grange Farm when the terrible news reached them. A confident belief in the perfect innocence of the prisoner, participated by most persons who knew his character and that of Hornby, and that it would be triumphantly vindicated on the day of trial, which rapidly approached, alone enabled them to bear up against the blow, and to await with trembling hope the verdict of a jury.

It was at this crisis of the drama that I became an actor in it. I was retained for the defence by my long-known and esteemed friend Symonds, whose zeal for his client, stimulated by strong personal friendship, knew no bounds. The acceptance, he informed me, so little resembled Hornby's handwriting, that if Burton had unfolded the bill when given back to him by the villain, he could hardly have failed to suspect the nature of the diabolical snare set for his life.

In those days, and until Mr, now Sir, Robert Peel's amendment of the criminal law and practice of this country, the acceptor of a bill of exchange, on the principle that he was interested in denying the genuineness of the signature, could not, according to the English law of evidence, be called, on the part of the prosecution, to prove the forgery; and of course, after what had taken place, we did not propose to call Hornby for the defence. The evidence for the crown consisted, therefore, on the day of trial, of the testimony of persons acquainted with Hornby's signature, that the acceptance across the inculpated bill was not in his handwriting. Burton's behaviour at the bank, in endeavouring to repossess himself of the bill by violence, was of course detailed, and told heavily against him.

All the time this testimony was being given, Hornby sat on one of the front seats of the crowded court, exulting in the visible accomplishment of his Satanic device. We could see but little of his face, which, supported on his elbow, was partially concealed by a handkerchief he held in his hand; but I, who narrowly observed him, could occasionally discern flashes from under his pent brows—revelations of the fierce struggle which raged within.

The moment at last arrived for the prisoner, whose eyes had been for some time fixed on Hornby, to speak or read his defence, and a breathless silence pervaded the court.

Burton started at the summons like a man unexpectedly recalled to a sense of an imperious, but for the moment forgotten, duty.

'James Hornby!' he suddenly cried with a voice which rang through the assembly like a trumpet, 'stand up, and if you can face an innocent man!'

Hornby, surprised out of his self-possession, mechanically obeyed the strange order, sprang involuntarily to his feet, let fall the handkerchief that had partially concealed his features, and nervously confronted the prisoner.

'Look at me, I say,' continued Burton with increasing excitement; 'and as you hope to escape the terrors of the last judgment, answer truly: did you not, with your own hand, and in my presence, sign that bill?'

'This cannot be permitted,' interrupted the judge.

'If you do not speak,' proceeded the prisoner, heedless of the intimation from the bench; 'or if you deny the truth, my life, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will be required at your hands. If, in consequence of your devilish plotting, these men consign me to a felon's grave, I shall not be cold in it when you will be calling upon the mountains to fall and cover you from the vengeance of the Judge of heaven and earth! Speak, man—save me: save your own soul from mortal peril whilst there is yet time for mercy and repentance!'

Hornby's expression of surprise and confusion had gradually changed during this appeal to its usual character of dogged impassibility. He turned calmly and appealingly towards the bench.

'You need not answer these wild adjurations, Mr Hornby,' said the judge, as soon as he could make himself heard.

A smile curled the fellow's lip as he bowed deferentially to his lordship, and he sat down without uttering a syllable.

'May the Lord, then, have mercy on my soul!' exclaimed the prisoner solemnly. Then glancing at the bench and jury-box, he added, 'And you, my lord and gentlemen, work your will with my body as quickly as you may: I am a lost man!'

The calling of witnesses to character, the opening of the judge's charge, pointing from its first sentence to a conviction, elicited no further manifestation of feeling from the prisoner: he was as calm as despair.

The judge had been speaking for perhaps ten minutes, when a bustle was heard at the hall, as if persons were striving to force their way into the body of the court in spite of the resistance of the officers.

'Who is that disturbing the court?' demanded the judge angrily.

'For the love of Heaven let me pass!' we heard uttered in passionate tones by a female voice. 'I must and will see the judge!'

'Who can this be?' I inquired, addressing Mr Symonds.

'I cannot conceive,' he replied; 'surely not Mrs Burton?'

I had kept my eye, as I spoke, upon Hornby, and noticed that he exhibited extraordinary emotion at the sound of the voice, to whomsoever it belonged, and was now endeavouring to force his way through the crowded and anxious auditory.

'My lord,' said I, 'I have to request on the part of the prisoner that the person desirous of admittance may be heard.'

'What has she to say? Or if a material witness, why have you not called her at the proper time?' replied his lordship with some irritation.

'My lord, I do not even now know her name; but in a case involving the life of the prisoner, it is imperative that no chance be neglected.'

'Let the woman pass into the witness-box,' interrupted the judge.

The order brought before our eyes a pale, stunted woman, of about fifty years of age, whose excited and by no means unintellectual features, and hurried, earnest manner, seemed to betoken great and unusual feeling.

'As I'm alive, Hornby's deformed housekeeper!' whispered Symonds. 'This poor devil's knot will be unravelled yet.'

The woman, whose countenance and demeanour, as she gave her evidence, exhibited a serious, almost solemn intelligence, deposed to the following effect:—

'Her name was Mary McGrath, and she, was the daughter of Irish parents, but born and brought up in England. She had been Mr Hornby's housekeeper, and remembered well the 4th of February last, when Mr Burton, the prisoner, called at the house. Witness was dusting in an apartment close to her master's business-room, from which it was only separated by a thin wooden partition. The door was partly open, and she could see as well as hear what was going on without being seen herself. She heard the conversation between the prisoner and her master; heard Mr Hornby agree to sign the paper—bill she ought to say—for two hundred and fifty pounds; saw him do it, and then deliver it folded up to Mr Burton.'

A shout of execration burst from the auditory as these words were uttered, and every eye was turned to the spot where Hornby had been seated. He had disappeared during the previous confusion.

'Silence!' exclaimed the judge sternly. 'Why, woman,' he added, 'have you never spoken of this before?'

'Because, my lord,' replied the witness with downcast looks, and in a low broken voice—'because I am a sinful, wicked creature. When my master, the day after Mr Burton had been taken up, discovered that I knew his secret, he bribed me with money and great promises of more to silence. I had been nearly all my life, gentlemen, poor and miserable, almost an outcast, and the temptation was too strong for me. He mistrusted me, however—for my mind, he saw, was sore troubled—and he sent me off to London yesterday, to be out of the way

it was heavy upon me, I thought, especially as it was the blessed Easter-time, that I would step to the chapel. His holy name be praised that I did! The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I saw clearer than I had before the terrible wickedness I was committing. I told all to the priest, and he has brought me here to make what amends I can for the sin and cruelty of which I have been guilty. There—there is all that is left of the wages of crime,' she added, throwing a purse of money on the floor of the court; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed with passionate earnestness, 'for which may the Almighty of his infinite mercy pardon and absolve me!'

'Amen!' responded the deep husky voice of the prisoner, snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave to liberty and life. 'Amen, with all my soul!'

The counsel for the crown cross-examined the witness, but his efforts only brought out her evidence in, if possible, a still clearer and more trustworthy light. Not a thought of doubt was entertained by any person in the court, and the jury, with the alacrity of men relieved of a grievous burthen, and without troubling the judge to resume his interrupted charge, returned a verdict of acquittal.

The return of Burton to his home figured as an ovation in the Pool and Otley annals. The greetings which met him on all sides were boisterous and hearty, as English greetings usually are; and it was with some difficulty the rustic constabulary could muster a sufficient force to save Hornby's domicile from sack and destruction. All the windows were, however, smashed, and that the mob felt was something at all events.

Burton profited by the painful ordeal to which he had, primarily through his own thoughtlessness, been exposed, and came in a few years to be regarded as one of the most prosperous yeomen-farmers of Yorkshire. Mr Frank Symonds' union with Elizabeth Burton was in due time solemnised: Mr Wilberforce, the then popular member for the West Riding, I remember hearing, stood sponsor to their eldest born: and Mary McGrath passed the remainder of her life in the service of the family her testimony had saved from disgrace and ruin.

Mr James Hornby disappeared from Yorkshire immediately after the trial, and, except through his business agents, was not again heard of till the catastrophe at the Brunswick Theatre, where he perished. He died penitent, after expressing to Mr Frank Symonds, for whom he had sent, his deep sorrow for the evil deed he had planned, and, but for a merciful interposition, would

have accomplished. As a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to Mrs Symonds, the daughter of the man he had pursued with such savage and relentless hate!

EFFECT OF THE CALIFORNIAN DISCOVERIES ON EUROPEAN EMIGRATION.

ONE effect is being produced by the recently-discovered Californian mines, to which the dazzling attractions of their gold seem to have almost blinded statistical writers—and that is their influence on the movement of emigration. Since the Sacramento River revealed the secret of its treasures, a new wave has risen in the tide of emigration, which, although it directly affects the United States, has an indirect influence over this part of the world. A vast amount of labour and some capital have already been withdrawn from the Atlantic shores of America; and although this has not yet been sufficient to cause so sensible a diminution in those first necessities of a comparatively young republic as to make room in the United States for immigrants from the old countries, yet if the movement of population towards the Pacific go on as it has begun, such an effect may be safely anticipated. The population of California in July 1846 was about 15,000, exclusive of Indians. Mr Larkins, who was, till recently, consul for the United States at Monterey, states that in July 1849 it had arisen to upwards of three times that amount, or 40,000: by far the larger moiety of increase having taken place during the previous year and a-half.

To show, however, with what rapidity the future augmentation may be anticipated, we must add, that while Mr Larkins wrote, a number of emigrants were on their way to the new state—by the most dangerous, painful, and tedious land route—equal in themselves to the entire population already settled. Colonel Craushawe arrived at the 'Wearer Diggings' on the 2d of September with a pack-mule company, bringing up the rear of an enormous army of emigrants, which had been collected at a particular point of the western extremity of the United States, and had travelled together for mutual assistance and safety. This gentleman states, that from the unerring data of a register kept at Fort Saromie (an Indian trading port of the American Fur Company, 670 miles from the States' frontier), which all were constrained to visit *in transitu*, he ascertained that 10,273 wagons had passed and 240 pack-mule companies. The average number of travellers to each wagon was five, while each pack-mule company consisted of twenty. Thus there have arrived overland from the United States alone, since Mr Larkins' computation in July, upwards of 56,000 persons. But further; the same gentleman declares that only a minor proportion of the immigrants into California from the United States enter it by that route, the majority going by sea either round Cape Horn, or landing at Chagres, cross the Isthmus of Panama, and re-ship for San Francisco. This is borne out by an intelligent traveller, who, writing in September, says, 'It would not be an extravagant guess to set down 100,000 as having come over the isthmus or round Cape Horn, according to the best information I can collect on the subject'—all Americans. It appears, therefore, from these data, that since the breaking out of what the people of the States called the 'Californian fever,' nearly 200,000 of them have changed their residences from the centre and eastern shores to the western side of the continent. Neither has the fever abated since in the least, for the accounts constantly received more than confirm the first reports of the extent of the golden treasure distributed over the new territory. Indeed, from statistics of the federal government just received, we find that the torrent of emigration still flows without abatement. A competent authority estimates, that by the end of 1850 more than half a million of the enterprising citizens of the United States will have changed their abodes.

Nor can this be regarded otherwise than as a mo-

derate estimate. It must be remembered that the emigrants, up to this time, have been exclusively adult males, who have left behind them female and juvenile connections. Arrived in the new country, these men are rapidly forming settlements; for it must not be supposed that all are delvers for gold and wanderers: there is a due proportion of traders and artisans, who have departed to practise their trades. Once 'settled,' these emigrants will send for their families; many have indeed begun to do so already. Hence the exodus of hosts of 'family connections' will cause an additional draught from the United States' population.

These are facts to which the absorbing topic relating to California—its gold—must not blind the political economist. Half a million of its working hands cannot be abstracted from so active and eminently industrious a nation as the American states without disturbing that balance of classes which keeps the labour-market equably supplied, and without making it imperative that the broken ranks should be filled up with fresh recruits from elsewhere. Those who have not perused, like ourselves, private correspondence and newspapers from America during the last twelve months, can hardly form an idea of the mania for California which has raged, and still rages. We have already indicated the number who have left their homes and kindred; we have also made it our business to find out, from the most reliable sources, the professions and states of the majority of emigrants, so as to ascertain in which trades and classes the widest gaps have been left.

From careful enumeration, we have found that unquestionably the greatest number of desertions have taken place among agriculturists. At least one-third of the United States' emigrants to the Pacific side of the continent have been the proprietors of not only small, but often of large farms, amongst whose owners the desire for the gold country has burned so fiercely, that we can quote instances in which well-appointed estates have been offered in the market at 30 and even 50 per cent. under intrinsic value, and in many—indeed, so far as we can judge from accumulated evidence, in most instances, without finding a solitary customer. But this was no discouragement. Their owners raised, at usurious rates, sums sufficient on mortgage for their outfit, and to maintain their families until a sufficient harvest of gold should be gathered to transport the entire household to the modern Dorado. Those numerous farms have lain unproductive, and not a few have been wholly abandoned, with a *carte blanche* from the proprietor to the land-agent or mortgagee, to sell at any price that will cover the mortgage, and leave a small surplus.

Another third of the absentees are blacksmiths, white-smiths, and other metal-workers, who are of course, together with carpenters, in the greatest request—joiners, tailors, saddlers, and small traders. The other section, after enumerating a few merchants of repute, some store-keepers, shop-assistants, and medical men, consists of the 'loose fish' of North American society, such as gamblers, bankrupts, and adventurers of that peculiar do-nothing class existing nowhere else but in the States, and known as 'loafers.'

These circumstances considered, it must be obvious that the gaps thus made in various occupations in different parts of North America must be filled up, and that solely from Europe; for from thence alone can farmers and skilled artificers come. In no case, however, has this change in the condition of transatlantic society created as yet such a demand as to call specially for immigrants. Although many farms have lain rank and unproductive during the past season, and tracts from which supplies of corn were previously drawn have sent nothing to market, yet neither their extent, nor the period they have lain barren, has up to this time been great enough to have any marked effect on the corn market. Again, there has not yet been time for even the smaller communities to feel the loss of but a few of their carpenters, tailors, or blacksmiths. But time runs on, and, as we have already stated, the attrac-

tions of California continue undiminished; so that, from all we can gather, we cannot but anticipate that, unless some unexpected check is applied, at no distant date the breaches in the agricultural and operative classes which are daily widening will have a visible effect on prices.

Here, then, we reach the indirect effect which the gold mines of California are likely to produce on European emigration. They will in all probability soon have caused such a demand for British capital, for British and—let us hope, above all—for Irish labour, as to make emigration to the United States a better speculation than it has hitherto been. The English farmer, instead of setting up his son in the next farm to his own, and making him a direct competitor against himself and his neighbours both for land and produce—raving at the same time to all the world that he is already ruined by high rents on the one hand, and low prices on the other—will find it far more advantageous to venture his son and his capital in a cleared estate in the transatlantic republic.

If, again, our anticipations be well based, it cannot be long before encouragement will be offered to enterprising artisans to emigrate to the United States. The blacksmith will at no distant date find in the States not a few cold and silent smithies ready for his bellows and his hammer, the carpenter here and there an empty workshop, and the shoemaker an empty stall—all encouraged to work by customers waiting for their services.

Another consideration strengthens these hopes:—while Californian gold-seeking is drawing off a surplus population from the great republic, it is at the same time creating fresh demands for labour and capital. The commercial accounts from America already testify to this fact. The shipping interest of the States has, during the past year, received a visible impulse—and so have the provision and timber trades—from, it is said, the new commerce with California. A railway over the enormous expanse between the States and the Pacific, so as to grasp the whole breadth of the gigantic continent, is already a feasible project; and already the preliminary operations have been commenced for a canal and railway across the Isthmus of Panama, to be cut by American enterprise.

We wish, however, impressively to be understood that the advantages here pointed out are only in prospect. They cannot be said to be in actual existence at this time: they are only to be anticipated; although, on the other hand, the anticipations we have formed from correct existing data, dealt with by applying the simplest doctrines of probability, offer every chance of their realisation. Our object is to place before the eyes of those who take an interest in emigration materials for deduction—to apply the spur to inquiry, and to promote an additional watchfulness of such events as may tend to the safe and prosperous relaxation of the ruinous competition which exists in certain overworked branches of British industry.

CHÂTEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

CHRISTMAS AND A CHRISTENING.

MARSTON MANOR wore its winter attire very gracefully. The lawns presented one unbroken surface of glittering, spotless white, looking like gigantic Twelfth-cakes. The old beeches and tall spruce-firs had wreathed even their tiniest branches with feathery snow-flakes, and the holly-trees—they are of unusual size at Marston—proudly displayed their scarlet berries and crowns of smooth green leaves, the sharp prickly ones, nearer this rough earth of ours, bearing up little snowballs in cups of emerald. A solitary magpie—to which we saw the girl from the farm curtsy for luck as she passed—and a robin perched on the china jars under the portico, were the only living and moving things in that still picture, over which the cloud-encum-

bered sky hung heavy with another storm. Portia and I, as we looked from the library windows, came to the conclusion that we should be more comfortable within doors than without, and returned to our seats and occupations near the fire; her work being not of Berlin wool, but of gray worsted, from which she was manufacturing stockings for the poor; and mine the completion of some heraldic paintings undertaken for my kind host. When weary of our labours, we relieved them by reading aloud, or chatting till the luncheon bell, with a heavier and duller sound than usual, called us to the dining-room.

The spacious apartment was no longer prepared for the reception of a number of guests, as we were now only a family party; but close to the hearth-rug stood a semicircular table, embracing, as it were, the glowing fire, the blaze of which, however, was not permitted to visit our faces too roughly, the inner side of the table having a glass screen attached to it, so that we enjoyed the brightness of the blazing brands without being scorched by them, whilst our feet had all the benefit of the genial warmth. On this most comfortable of winter tables were placed the hot dishes only, the cold turkey, ham, and beef occupying a more distant position on the yellow marble slabs; and beside the dish of the season—the mince-pies—stood a huge tankard of silver, once the property of the celebrated Sir Everard Digby, the Gunpowder-Plot conspirator. Perhaps, full of as potent home-brewed ale as that it now holds, it passed round the circle at Drystock, and was raised to the moustache of the too 'well-beloved' Catesby, or to the smooth lip of the hypocrite Garnet. Be that as it may, its contents had power to warm our chilled blood; and a labourer chancing to pass at the moment on his errand of path-sweeping was called by Portia to the window, and presented with a brimming glass, the merits of which he warmly attested.

The letters of the second post-delivery brought us an invitation to attend the christening of the heir of Marston's infant son—himself the probable inheritor of a large fortune. We were to go on the morrow; and as the journey could not be wholly made by the railway, some interest was excited about the state of the roads. Portia proposed, as she had several commissions to execute for the coming Christmas, that we should drive to Irvinghoe, and thus ascertain whether it would be possible to accept her brother's invitation or not. Warmly clad in furs and cloaks, we departed therefore in the open barouche, meeting a very cold salutation of falling snow-flakes as our carriage passed beneath the beeches. There were few people stirring in the village, but those we did meet made their rural obeisance with a glad smile. I think they partly guessed our errand; for every Christmas-eve two carts issue from Marston Park, the one bearing blankets, shirts, and flannel petticoats, the other beef and tea, to be so distributed by the bailiff, Forest, that no cottage shall lack its portion of good cheer to keep a merry Christmas. Irvinghoe is scarcely five miles from Marston: it is a nice, clean, quiet little town, dependent on a ducal residence in its immediate neighbourhood; but it was more still and quiet than usual as we drove into it this December afternoon, four o'clock being the tea hour of many of its inhabitants, of whose glowing hearths and cosy tea equipages we caught occasionally a passing glimpse. We stopped at Mr Good's the linendraper, and took into the carriage a large supply of blankets and linen; and then proceeded to Mr Dodd's the stationer, to order paper, &c. The bookseller, a neat, sensible-looking, little man, came to the carriage for orders; and whilst Portia (with whom he was high in favour, because, as she once laughingly observed, 'he knew all our little ways!') was giving them, the knell tolled suddenly from the tower of the beautiful church opposite the shop, and a humble funeral entered the churchyard, headed by a white-robed priest. Alas, there was a vacant place in one homestead at least this Christmas! The solemn sound and the now deepening gloom saddened

us a little as we returned to Marston, and we gladly hailed the bright light which the fire cast from the library windows, flickering and flashing as if it knew that it had been compared to 'a good deed,' and was grown Pharisaical; and hurrying into the hall, we speedily laid aside our out-of-doors gear, and sought its genial warmth. Here, with a cup of tea each, Portia in an easy-chair, and I at her feet—I am sufficiently Oriental to love a low seat—we discussed old times, old people, old books, and some new ones, till both were thoroughly warmed; then my companion, moving to the piano, sung me in her low, rich voice a quaint old ballad, whilst I watched the flickering shadows and the faces in the fire.

Dinner brought Mr Marston home, and our journey for the next day was planned, 'the baby' talked about, and the sponsors named and described. As we re-entered the library, the chimes of Marston church burst into a merry peal. The ringers were at once warming themselves and hailing the coming season; and Portia told me the same musical greeting would be continued till the old year should have passed to those 'before the Flood.' They still ring the 'passing bell' at Marston—a custom now nearly obsolete in England. It originated, they say, in the popular superstition, that bells, which were in the middle ages honoured with baptism, had the power of scaring away the fiends supposed to be watching to impede the parting spirit in its passage to another state of existence. It was at this hour I usually read to Portia; but now the bells kept up a sort of accompaniment to 'Tasso's Lament,' that made us not unwilling to close our book, and move, as the men entered with the urn and tea-things, to prepare for tea. The night proved cold, but clearer than we had hoped; and when the housekeeper, in consideration of the severity of the weather, brought us a hot glass of her own elder-wine to our bedrooms, she promised us a fine day for our morrow's excursion. And so, in truth, it proved: the sun shone forth brightly, and the cold blue sky appeared the clearer from the contrast of the yesterday's gloom. We found the young mother looking very delicate and pretty; and shortly after our arrival, the nurse was summoned to bring the baby to be introduced to his aunt. The 'Sairy Gamp,' who shortly obeyed the order, was quite a model nurse—fat, middle-aged, with a jovial expression of countenance, and a cap rejoicing in the reddest of red ribbon. As every presentation of her little charge was attended by a liberal donation from the guests (rather an unfair tax, by the by, levied by 'babies' on the British public), she was well pleased to exhibit the tiny stranger, which was of course 'the finest child' she had ever nursed; and in truth I believe the good woman really liked it; she looked down on its unconscious face with such an expression of motherly kindness. It was a pretty child, not fat, yet with really intelligible features—that is to say, one could distinguish its nose; and its eyes, when open, were blue and brilliant. It was speedily transferred from its comfortable resting-place in Sarah's arms to ours; and after an hour or two of nursing, during which the baby manifested occasionally profound sensibility, it was unanimously resolved that I excelled Portia in 'my notion,' as Mr Pecksniff would have said, of taking care of an infant.

The next day, on which our new acquaintance was to be admitted into the Christian community, was also bright, clear, and frosty. It would be quite un-English not to describe the weather!—and numbers of carriages rolled up the elm avenue of Langton, bearing the guests who were to attend the christening. The church was fortunately close to the house, consequently we all walked thither about noon; and in a time-honoured edifice, the carved stone font of which attested its antiquity, the service of baptism was performed. It was an exceedingly pretty scene: the frosty sunlight broke through the painted glass window above the altar, and streamed upon the font, resting with a propitious splendour on the white-robed clergyman and the tiny crea-

ture slumbering in his arms. 'Baby' behaved charmingly, sleeping as profoundly as any worthy old gentleman at a two hours' sermon, till the cold water touched its little brow, when it moved its waxlike arms, and uttered a low plaint, reminding me of the pretty story of Queen Mary's 'Good Master Amen.' On our return to the house we found a splendid second breakfast awaiting us, the most distinguished ornament of which was the christening-cake, made of the same rich materials as those of which wedding-cakes are usually composed. It was covered with almond-paste, and with an admirable mimicry of the frozen snow on the lawn, surmounted by a sweetmeat-cradle and baby, of really exquisite workmanship. 'Master Philip's' health was drunk in sparkling champagne, and his father returned thanks in due form: then followed the usual routine of a breakfast. As we left the dining-room, our host proposed that those of the party who were not afraid of the cold should walk to the village inn, where the poor of the estate (it was one belonging to his father) were assembled at a christening dinner. The proposal was gladly accepted, and a short walk brought us all to the Marston Arms. Here we found about thirty or forty blithe labourers and their wives seated at a long table covered with roast beef and legs of mutton. Ale was liberally dispensed; and soon after our entrance, the spokesman of the party proposed the health of their landlord and his heir (pronounced 'hare'), which was drunk with loud applause. As the cheering subsided, we withdrew, meeting huge plum-puddings, ornamented with holly sprigs, at the door, on their way to succeed the beef and mutton, whilst a fiddler seated in the passage, employed in tuning his fiddle, suggested the prospect of further rural hilarity. Mr Marston desired that dinner might be given to the minstrel also; and thus another merry guest was added to those whose hearty mirth was still audible as we left the inn. On our return to Langton, the sponsors presented the usual christening gifts—a morocco-case containing a gold spoon and fork, a gold cup, and a coral with silver bells. The baby, splendidly dressed in a robe manufactured in the East from the pine-apple fibres, and trimmed with old point-lace, made its appearance again for a short time, and seemed duly to appreciate the latter offering, showing quite a philosophical contempt for those which typified his animal destiny of eating and drinking.

Dancing occupied the evening; old and young joining in a final 'Sir Roger de Coverley'; then the village choristers making their appearance, sang the 'Old English Gentleman' and 'God Save the Queen,' and we retired to bed, leaving the deserted hall for the fairies (who, once upon a time, always attended on such occasions) to hold their revels in if they pleased; though, as I looked from my bedroom window upon the white plain without doors, and at the fairylike frostwork of branches glittering in the clear silver moonlight, I thought the 'good people' would be more at home there than in an earthly dwelling.

We carried back with us to Marston Portia's married sister, and another lady connected with the family; and the early part of Christmas-eve was spent by them and us in sending forth the garments destined for the poor. It was quite a business: but Portia had a book containing lists of what had been distributed the previous year, and we were thus enabled to give each old dame the habiliment she most required, without running a risk of bestowing a superfluity of flannel-petticoats. Our fingers were exceedingly cold when our task was ended; and to warm us, Portia's sister, whose delicate loveliness was greatly enhanced by her vivacity, proposed a visit to the larder to look at the beef, also about to be sent into the village, and thither we accordingly adjourned. There was a great bustle in the servants' offices through which we passed. The housekeeper was busy making mince-meat; the gamekeeper had just brought in a fine hare and some partridges, and was receiving in turn a cup of potent ale: every one seemed busy, and all

looked pleased; for Marston Manor was that day acting as an English manor ought, and its inmates felt a reflected satisfaction of the good deeds that bring blessings. Outside the larder quite a picturesque group had assembled. Forest, his face radiant with honest pleasure, was superintending the removal of the huge pieces of beef into a cart decked with green boughs and mistletoe: near him stood the under-gardener, holding an immense basket full of holly, rich in scarlet berries. Parrot, with a supply of mistletoe flung over his shoulder, stood looking on with foolish glee; an old woman in a red cloak and the keeper's two fine dogs completing the picture. As we have before said, the larder is close to the stable-yard; we were therefore easily induced by Portia to pay a visit to her favourite Arab. The groom ran eagerly to open the doors for us as we crossed the slippery pavement. The yard was well covered with straw, and we were speedily in the stables, the warmth and comfort of which, contrasted with the severe cold of the winter sky, was very delightful. Even Selim, the graceful, bright-eyed Arab, was keeping Christmas, his stall being duly decked with holly. Nothing can exceed the exquisite order and arrangement of the stables at Marston. The greater number of the stalls are closed in, some open; but all beautifully clean, and with due heraldry the style and title of each good steed is emblazoned above his manger. The coach-house can boast of the best 'turn-out' displayed during the season in Hyde Park. The carriages are kept aired by means of hot-water bottles placed inside them, and have the modern invention—a whispering-tube—attached to the check-string, by which orders can be conveyed without the footman's descent from his place behind the carriage. The harness-room is equally the abode of the genius of order, and is so well furnished, that one can scarcely conceive the number of good steeds that might be saddled and bridled from its resources.

By the time eventide closed in, the old manor was as gay as the scarlet berries of the holly and the pearl blossoms of the mistletoe could make it; and such a Yule log burned upon the library fire!—for the Marstons love to keep up old customs. We drew close round it; and as we sat in its light, one of the fair guests, whose graceful intellect and sweet voice made her a meet companion for the social hour, told us many strange stories touching the manner of celebrating Christmas in some of the Teutonic and Slavonian nations she had visited. 'The Servian peasant goes forth,' she said, 'on Christmas-eve, and cuts from the nearest wood an oak sapling—a huge Yule log—called a *Badnjak*. He brings it home, uttering as he enters the house the greeting, "Good-evening, and a happy Christmas!" The fireside group reply, "God grant it thee, thou happy one, rich in honour!" and cast corn over him. The log is then placed on the coals. In the morning a visitor, previously chosen, comes to the house. He throws corn from a glove into the doorway, exclaiming, "Christ is born!"—and some one within answers, "He is born in truth." They then strike the *badnjak* with the poker, so that the sparks may fly in great numbers, saying at the same time, "As many sparks, so many oxen, sheep, goats, and beehives, mayst thou possess—so much good-fortune and happiness!" The goodwife then envelops the visitor in a coverlet of the bed, and the smouldering log is carried to the orchard. They have no church-service for the day; but at the evening meal every one appears bearing a lighted taper: these are all fastened together, and placed in a dish filled with different sorts of grain, and with a roll of unleavened bread, in which a piece of money is concealed. The tapers are then extinguished, and the bread broken, and he who finds the piece of money in his portion, is expected to be most fortunate during the ensuing year. The table is not cleared, nor the room swept, for three days afterwards, and open house is kept for all comers till New-Year's morning.'

Late in the night, even as we were in a half dream of Servian forests and blazing Yule logs, we were roused

by the observance of one of our prettiest national customs—the Waits (or Wakes?). Sweetly that simple strain of holy melody stole upon the stillness of midnight, reminding us of the sanctity of the season, and of happy days of childhood, when the quaint Christmas carol had appeared the perfection of music and poetry. We thought of the dead and the distant—nay, even of the widowed heart at Ivinghoe; for music, even the rudest, wakes at times strange echoes in our memory; and then we turned on our pillow, gazed upon the still bright embers of our fire, and, remembering that many blessings were still left to cheer us, resolved to let 'by-gones be bygones,' and slept again.

Marston church was splendidly decked on Christmas-day, great contributions having been levied on the evergreens about the manor; and the congregation displayed their best attire in honour of the festival. Mr Marston's pew (built of course some three or four centuries ago) was a small room, having a stove, or rather fireplace, reading-desks, &c. in it. The floor was covered with matting, and on the walls were spotless white marble tablets, recording the deaths of Johns, Philips, and Cicelys, who had lived in the course of the sixteenth century. Three of the large church-windows were contained in the pew, and through them a twig of ivy had here and there forced its way, and crept along the wall. In commemoration of the day, the village choir had prepared an anthem; and much to their own satisfaction, if not to that of their fellow-worshippers, sang for nearly the space of half an hour the words, 'This shall be a sign,' in every possible variety of tone, shrill and nasal. The anthem was, however, followed by an admirable sermon from the rector; and as we returned home, we were greeted by many old people, who had 'made shift,' as they phrased it, 'to come to church that day at least.' Even blind Betty had found her way thither, and Parrot was delighted to offer his services to the ringers, who chimed till the congregation were out of sight.

We had the neighbouring clergyman to dine with us (a character, as several of the very old parochial clergy in the neighbourhood are), and were more amused than was quite befitting, perhaps, by his quaint manner and primitive simplicity; but the good man was quite unconscious, and prosed on till after dinner, when sleep proved more powerful than our attractions, and he nodded in his chair. As we left the dining-room, an expected guest, who had disappointed us, arrived: this was the hussar. He had been hunting recently near Marston with the Osbaldestones, and had consequently been invited to make one of the Christmas circle at the Manor. An accident that had happened to his carriage had delayed his arrival; and as he stood in the hall, making eager apologies to Portia for his apparent rudeness, I thought I had seldom seen him look handsomer or more animated. Who can tell what may chance before the snowdrops peep? My attendant Jane observed, in a rather loud whisper to the housekeeper, as I passed them in the corridor at night, 'That it was quite ominous—Captain Arthur Montgomery had been the first to speak to their young lady under the mistletoe bough!'

And thus closed Christmas-tide at Marston.

WILLIAM M'NAB.

LATE CURATOR OF THE EDINBURGH BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE operations of gardening are so intimately connected with the various branches of science, that we would naturally expect gardeners to evince an inquiring and cultivated mind. Such we find to be the case: they indeed form one of the most intelligent and best-educated classes of working-men, and among their ranks have been displayed some of the most singular instances of zeal and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge. This is more particularly the case with *Scottish* gardeners, who, as a class, have been long and justly celebrated as the first gardeners in the world—a fact evi-

denced not only by the advanced condition of horticulture in Scotland, but also, and not less powerfully, by the circumstance that many of the most important horticultural appointments in almost all countries where any progress has been made in the art, are held by men who have been reared amid the heath and bracken of our northern hills. And these men, too, have, as a general rule, begun their career in the obscurity of the lower class of society, from which they have emerged by their own unaided diligence, so as ultimately to become ornaments to society and an honour to their country. We need but to mention the name of Loudon to recall to the reader's recollection a gardener of universal fame; or that of Douglas, to summon up reminiscences of one of the most indefatigable travellers who ever set foot on transatlantic shore.

William M'Nab, who for nearly forty years held the 'post of honour' among the gardeners of Scotland, was born in 1780. His place of birth is the parish of Dailly, in the classic county of Ayr, where the poet of Scotland first saw the light. Like Burus, too, M'Nab was the son of a crofter or small farmer; and, as is still the custom with boys of his degree in the rural districts of Scotland, he was sent at an early age to tend the cows and flocks of a neighbouring farmer—an occupation ill calculated for the intellectual training of most youths, but nevertheless one which has yielded up some glorious spirits to literature and science. M'Nab was naturally of a contemplative cast of mind, and even in those youthful times felt that 'it was not solitude to be alone.' He did not, herdboy-like, look upon the birds, and bees, and flowers, among which his daily avocations led him to linger, as the idle playthings of an hour; for he saw something in them to admire, to study, and to love, and day by day were their hidden beauties more and more disclosed to his searching eye. The foggy bees in their mossy homes, the water-wagtail by the streamlet's marge, and the linnet of melodious song, all yielded him delight, and helped to relieve the monotony of his shepherd wanderings. But the wild flowers attracted his attention in an especial manner, and of these there are not a few in the county of Ayr. The 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon' bloomed then as fresh and fair as now, and our shepherd-boy would find in his daily wanderings on the hill-side the hardy heath of purple hue, and the bright blue bells of Scotland; while in the boggy spots, the two little butterworts, the snowy grass of Parnassus, and the rosy bog pimpernel, would gladden his boyish eye with their beautiful flowers, unknown to him then by Linnean names, yet not less capable on that account of yielding delight to one

'Whose pleasures were in wild fields gathered.'

Thus nursed among his native hills, did M'Nab acquire an inextinguishable love of nature, more especially of the vegetable creation; and as

'The child is father of the man,'

so this taste determined the course of his future life.

At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed (according to his own choice, and with his father's consent) to the gardener at Dalquharran in Carrick, where he remained for three years, assiduously devoting himself to his profession. So diligent was he, that at the expiration of this time he was, on the recommendation of his employer, engaged by Mr Walter Dickson, nurseryman in Edinburgh, to go into the gardens of the Earl of Haddington, at Tynningham in East Lothian. After remaining there for about a year, he proceeded to London with the view of farther improving himself in his profession. He was fortunately recommended to that 'prince of gardeners,' the author of the '*Hortus Kewensis*,' and Mr Aiton accordingly gave him employment in the Royal Gardens at Kew. The advantages afforded by these magnificent gardens for his improvement were of the most ample kind, and he indeed availed himself fully of them; for he had not been here more than three years, when

he so attracted the able superintendent's special notice, by his diligence and perseverance, that he was advanced to the highly-responsible situation of foreman. While holding this prominent position, he was favourably noticed by George III., who had a strong predilection for rural pursuits, and was then a frequent visitor at Kew. His proficiency in botany and his general intelligence, combined with his unobtrusive manner, also attracted the attention of Sir Joseph Banks, who was alike keen in the appreciation, and generous in the encouragement, of real merit. He had frequent opportunities of conversing with Sir Joseph, and to him was he indebted for the honourable appointment at Edinburgh, which he so long and faithfully held.

M'Nab had held the situation of foreman in the Kew Gardens for a period of three years, during which time he had discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of his superiors, when the curatorship of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh became vacant. The filling up of the vacancy devolved upon the professor of botany in the Edinburgh university, then Dr Daniel Rutherford (an uncle of Sir Walter Scott), and he applied to Sir Joseph Banks to name a person to fill it with the necessary experience and ability. Sir Joseph immediately recommended Mr William M'Nab, and he accordingly received the appointment. He was installed in his office in May 1810 and continued zealously to discharge its duties till the day of his death. The Botanic Garden was then situated in Leith Walk, but has since been removed, under Mr M'Nab's care, to the grounds which it now occupies at Inverleith Row. The success with which he effected the removal of even large specimens and trees to the new grounds was quite surprising to the horticulturists of the time; and indeed, in the words of Professor Traill, formed a remarkable instance of his 'indomitable industry.' He published an account of his practice in the plantation and general treatment of evergreens, which forms a valuable guide to growers of these shrubs.

M'Nab's Treatise on the Propagation, Cultivation, and General Treatment of Cape Heaths,* published in 1832, is still the standard work on the subject, and contains an amount of practical information rarely found within so small compass. Professor Lindley says of it—'No man has ever given such excellent practical directions for the whole management of heaths, from their first stage of a seedling or a cutting, to their last of a noble full-grown bush, as Mr M'Nab of Edinburgh. . . . It is one of the very best practical horticultural papers in any language.' And again, the secretary of the London Horticultural Society, in quoting from the treatise, says, 'Borrowed from Mr M'Nab, and therefore may be implicitly relied upon.' Mr M'Nab was no more writer on heaths; he was an excellent heath-grower; and his proficiency in the culture of this lovely tribe of plants is amply testified by the many gorgeous specimens still in the Botanic Garden. We believe we wrong no one when we say that he was the best heath-grower of this or any other country. In De Candolle's 'Prodromus' (vii. 612), Bentham has dedicated a genus of heaths to him under the cognomen *Macnabia*, and its etymology is thus referred to, '*Cl. Macnabio curatori indefesso horti Edinburgensis, Ericarum cultivatori diligentissimo dicatum*'—that is, 'Dedicated to the illustrious M'Nab, the indefatigable curator of the Edinburgh Garden, a most industrious cultivator of heaths.' Long may *Macnabia* flourish, to commemorate an honourable name, and be a remembrance to young aspiring horticulturists of the height to which, through untiring study and industry, the lowliest merit may attain!

As a botanist, Mr M'Nab was of high standing; and a most accurate estimate of his character is contained in the following eulogy passed upon him by the Botanical Society, in recording the loss which botany and horticulture had sustained by his death—'Long and

ardently devoted to the cultivation of plants, Mr M'Nab had carefully observed the influence of particular treatment on their evolution, and had acquired very distinct conceptions of the nature and limits of variation, and the conditions of healthy vegetation. To a profound technical and practical knowledge of his profession, he added a frankness in imparting his information, conjoined with a correct view of his social position, and a singleness and modesty of character, by which he secured a rare amount of respect and esteem.' Professor Balfour says of him—'Few men ever had a greater number of friends, in all ranks of society, during his lifetime; and none ever died more generally regretted. His death is a loss to the city, and will be deeply felt by all the practical gardeners of the country.'

Mr M'Nab was elected an Associate of the Linnean Society, an honour of no mean kind; and in 1844 a valuable testimonial was presented to him in Edinburgh, among the subscribers to which we find the names of almost all the botanists and horticulturists of eminence in this country, and not a few in other countries.

This useful and estimable man died at his post at the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, on the 1st December 1848. With his talent was wedded a kind and generous spirit, and an anxiety to promote the welfare of all engaged in botanical and horticultural pursuits; and with perfect truth does he say—'I have had a considerable deal to do in recommending persons to situations of responsibility, both as head-gardeners and as under-gardeners; and my invariable advice to them has been, first to serve their employers well and faithfully, as being the best way to serve themselves. . . . I have acted on the advice I have given to others.' The curatorship of the Royal Botanic Garden is now held by his son, Mr James M'Nab, A.J.S., who so long distinguished himself as the able superintendent of the Caledonian Horticultural Society's Experimental Garden.

It is proper to mention that the materials for the present memoir are chiefly obtained from biographical notices of the deceased, published since his death in the 'Botanical Gazette' and the 'North British Agriculturist,' together with the published speeches delivered on the occasion of the testimonial having been presented to him in 1844, to which we have already referred. We understand that his gardening friends have set a movement on foot with the view of erecting a meet monument to his memory. Should permission be granted by the government authorities, it is proposed to place it in the Royal Botanic Garden—

* Where, by his hands arranged, in order grew
His chosen trees, his favourite flowerets blew.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

ABSENCE of mind is so common, that there are few who may not find instances of it in themselves. But though it is so general, it arises from various causes in different individuals. It is often the result of mere mechanical movement, or, to speak more correctly, of the force of habit. Thus nothing is more common than for a person to wend his way unconsciously to a house where he has been in the constant habit of visiting, and not recollecting, till he is at the very door, that the friends he wished to see have removed elsewhere, and been succeeded by strangers. It was absence of mind of this kind which Mr Bunover experienced when he deliberately shaved himself before the place where his shaving glass had hung, but which had been removed without his knowledge: it was not till after the operation had been safely completed that he was made aware of his achievement. Sometimes, by a ludicrous mistake, we detect ourselves in a state of forgetfulness. A friend of ours, who came home late, and fatigued, went to his room to dress for a dinner-party, to which he and his wife had been invited. She was ready, and waited for him in the drawing-room. A length of time passed without his appearing; and the lady, knowing it

* Edinburgh: Thomas Clark, 38 George Street.

was beyond the time mentioned in the invitation, went up stairs to hurry him. She found him in his bed, comfortably settled, as it were, for the night. As the act of undressing always preceded his going into bed, the moment his clothes were off, he mechanically put out his light, and stepped in. We are told that Monsieur Thomas, 'a French writer, and profound thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing in a low voice, and taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together without being aware that it had long disappeared.' Perhaps, however, there is no case of absence of mind so extraordinary as that where communication between the external senses and mental perception is suspended—where objects may be presented to the eyes, and sounds ringing in the ears, without making the slightest impression. Thus, Dante went to see a public procession from a bookseller's shop; and taking up a book by chance which lay upon the counter, became speedily so absorbed in its contents, that though surrounded by all the noise and bustle of the exhibition, he confessed, when he returned home, that he had seen or heard nothing of it. The attention having been so intently rivetted on the subject of the book, accounts for this abstraction from everything else; but there are many cases where nothing of an interesting nature appears to occupy the persons whose minds are away from what is about them. We have known some take out their watches and look intently at them, and while putting them up again, ask, 'What is the hour of the day?' There was scarcely a member of a large family with whom we were acquainted, who lived close to a church, who have not been known to inquire whether the bell had rung for prayers, though it had tolled a loud peal for a quarter of an hour. It has happened, in like manner, that some of the officers at a barrack have inquired whether the drum has beaten for mess, though it might have been heard a mile off. But perhaps as strange an instance of this wandering of the mind from the influence of the senses, is that in which whole pages have been read with the eyes, sometimes even aloud, without conveying any idea to the mind. In a case such as this the mind is usually said to be 'engaged on something else.' This is true. But let us observe that two distinct mental operations must be going on at once—the faculty of recognising and reading the print before us, and the faculty of reflecting on some separate and very different subject, all at the same time. Might we not imagine from this that the mind is a combination of things or agents, not one thing? The power of double thought is, however, very imperfect; and the habit or the instinct of doing accounts for much curious phenomena. Some people make use of their hands without the slightest consciousness. It was during a conversation with his sister, in which he was deeply interested, that Richard Brinsley Sheridan took up a pair of ruffles, which she had just worked at the expense of much time and pains, as a gift for her father, and with a pair of scissors, which chanced to lie upon the table, gave them a snip for every word, till the communication and the ruffles were at an end together.

Mr C—, during the fits of abstraction to which he was subject, never suffered his hands to remain idle. One day he was shown, before the arrival of company, into the drawing-room of a lady with whom he was to dine; and being alone, he fell into one of those musings to which he was liable. When his hostess entered the room, she found all the hairs plucked out of the hearth-brush, and strewed over the person of her guest, who held the denuded handle in evidence of his industry. We are told of Hogarth, that he was so entirely occupied with the designs which engaged his pencil, and the scenes which had struck his fancy, that he could attend to nothing that was going on. In these reveries he was extremely fidgety, and would sometimes get up in the middle of dinner, and twirling his chair round, sit with his back to the table. Then he would as suddenly rise again, place his chair in its proper position, and resume his dinner.

Newton's fits of abstraction were very frequent, and he was in some measure aware of them himself. His friend Dr Stukely called to see him one day, and was shown into the parlour: Newton sent word that he would be with him directly, but thought no more about it. The doctor had come a great distance, and after waiting for a length of time, became excessively hungry. Newton's dinner was laid in the room where he was, and a nice roasted fowl served up. This considerably increased the doctor's appetite: its cravings became so urgent, that they were irresistible, and he applied himself so vigorously to the fowl, that there was not a morsel of it remaining when Newton came down, and perceived that it was gone. 'I protest,' said he, 'I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner. You see, doctor, how oblivious we philosophers are!' The Count de Brancas is supposed to have furnished Bruyere with his idea of the 'Absent Man.' It is told that he was reading by his fireside when the nurse brought his infant to him. He laid his book on the table, and took the child into his arms, and was admiring her, when a visitor of consequence was shown into the room; upon which the count, confounding by some extraordinary process the ideas of the babe and the book, flung down the poor infant on the table, who soon informed him of his mistake by her loud cries. So little, indeed, did he give his attention to what was before him, that one day, as he was walking in the street, he said to the Duke de la Rochefoucault, who crossed the way to speak to him, 'God help you, my poor man!' Rochefoucault smiled, and was about to speak—'I told you,' interrupted the count somewhat impatiently, 'that I had nothing for you; there is no use in your teasing me; why don't you try to get work? Such lazy idlers as you make the streets quite disagreeable.' A hearty laugh from the duke brought the absent man to his recollection.

Persons engaged in sublime meditations, and elevated above the ordinary affairs of life, are sometimes quite unconscious of the lapse of time. Socrates would remain for an entire day and night without changing his posture, his eyes and countenance directed to one spot, from which they never wandered during his whole hours of profound thought. In the same way La Fontaine would remain in one reclining attitude from early morning till late in the evening, under the shade of a tree. 'It has been told of a modern astronomer,' says Mr D'Israeli, 'that one summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before it is too late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it.'

Poets and painters have been ever remarked for their love of solitude—perhaps from its being favourable for that mental abstraction which seems essential in their pursuits: they love to turn to the ideal world of their own creation, and to transform themselves into the imaginary beings they would represent. Crebillon, the great tragic poet, often sought the deepest retirement, that he might wander undisturbed through the scenes which his fancy suggested, and thoroughly identify himself with the characters in whom he took most interest. He was thus indulging himself one day when a friend entered his study. 'Don't disturb me,' he exclaimed; 'this is a moment of exquisite happiness. I am going to hang a villain of a minister, and to banish another who is an idiot!' Domenichino, while busy at his canvas, always acted for the figures which he sketched. While he was painting the martyrdom of St Andrew, Caracci found him in a violent passion, speaking in a most furious tone. His anger was directed against a soldier, who was represented as threatening the saint. When his rage had subsided, Caracci threw himself into the painter's arms, declaring that from him he had now

learned the true way of catching the expression which he wished to represent. Fuseli was liable to fits of abstraction, and often, when given up to the wild fantasies which suggested subjects for his pencil, he has been heard to call out 'Michael Angelo!' in a loud voice, as if that great master were within call.

A YARN IN THE HALF-DECK.

'Did you say you served your apprenticeship in the *Arethusa*?'

'Yes; I served my time in the *Arethusa*.'

'What age were you when you went to sea?'

'I was sixteen.'

'Put down sixteen, Bill.'

The scene of the present dialogue was the fore-castle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames: the speakers an old seaman, and three others scarcely arrived at middle-age, one of whom, behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk on the lid of his own chest.

'Put down sixteen, Bill,' whispered one; and the number was put down.

'Then how long were you in the *Arethusa*?'

'I served five years,' said the old man; 'then I stopped by her other three: I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner.'

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

'But you would be a young fellow then: I should think you would not be long out of a ship?'

'I got a ship directly, and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened, we were water-logged as we were on our passage home: all hands took the rigging, where we were three days without a bite of anything, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day, got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I did not get you told all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America. The Americans used me very well; so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose you were in America altogether?'

'I was away ten years from leaving home.'

'Didn't you go into the Greenland trade after that?'

'No; it was not till some time after. I was on board of a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other the pressgang got scent of me: a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me: but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, "The sooner we part company the better, old fellow." So I ran away: it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me; so I got myself stowed into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way.'

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, 'On board man-of-war seven years.'

'Then did you get home all right?'

'Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had: the ice was short and hummocky,

and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows, who'd been fuddled maybe the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute.'

'How long were you in the Greenland trade?'

'I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman, and traded to the East Indies for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose?'

'About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and the most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching, I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me.'

'Did you get home all right and tight?'

'All right and tight, bob!'

'Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?'

'I didn't lie up at all. When I got home I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship, and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for five years seeking him. I turned tired of wandering, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the mainland; and I traded in her for ten long years—ten long years I can assure you.'

'Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?'

'I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China.'

'How did you like the China trade?'

'I liked it very well. I was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it; but I tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put ashore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started negro-driver in a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I would be off to sea again.'

'Was that before you were captain of the old *Clinker*?'

'Yes; that was just before I got to be captain of the *Clinker*.'

'Weren't you a long time captain of the *Clinker*?'

'I was captain of the *Clinker* for nineteen years. I was captain of her till she was lost on the Gunfleet Sand: it was as much as we could do to save our lives that time.'

'What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?'

'That was the *Peggy*. I was a long time in her both mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master.'

'How long is it since the *Peggy* was lost?'

'Let me see: it will be fourteen years this next month: just fourteen exactly.'

'Then you must be a good old fellow now?'

'Ay: I'm a good age now, you may depend on't.'

'See what age he is there, Bill, will you?'

Bill, who had been listening in the background, and taking notes on the lid of his chest, proceeded to read off the following items:—

'Went to sea in the <i>Arethusa</i> ,	16 years old.
In the <i>Arethusa</i> ,	8 years.
In America,	10
On board man-of-war,	10
In Greenland trade,	19
In East India trade,	13
Among the pirates,	3
Among the savages,	16
Travelled in America,	5
Traded to Prince Edward's Island,	10
In the coal trade,	30
In the China trade,	5
In the Baltic trade,	7
In the hospital,	8
Negro driver,	9
Captain of the <i>Clinker</i> ,	19
In the <i>Peggy</i> ,	12
Since the <i>Peggy</i> was lost,	14
Total,	206 years.'

'Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!' said Bill with a chuckle.

'Bravo!' said Tom; 'there's not a man like him in the fleet!'

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

The growth of the city of New York is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this country. Its natural advantages are very great, and these seem to be appreciated both by capitalists and mere adventurers. The number of buildings going up is very large, and among these is a large proportion of princely residences. For 12,500 a house may be purchased in a fashionable part of the town, with thirty-three feet frontage, sixty-five feet depth, with a height of five storeys. The interior, for I have an instance in my eye, is finished in the most costly manner. The halls are paved with marble, the decorations are in the highest style of art; every convenience of the kitchen, of baths, of water-closets, of ventilation, and of heating, is carefully attended to. This will doubtless be the residence of some successful merchant, or professional man, who began the world fifteen or twenty years ago without a penny. Before he takes possession, the most expensive carpets, mirrors, candelabra, china, and plate, will be provided for his comfort; a luxurious carriage will be ready to take him from the door, and servants in liveries (very probably) will usher him into his new home. This is New York—this is American life. If he happens to have a wife of good connections and education, she will at once slide into her new position, and leave her former humble apartments with a belief that she has fully deserved her good fortune. At once, and as if by magic, she dresses with taste and propriety; falls into the manners of the gay world as if she had always practised them; and if she has wit and beauty, she attracts about her the most distinguished of our male society. She patronises the Opera, attends the most fashionable church of her own particular denomination, and floats along in a sea of delight. Her husband, rewarded by the novelty of his new pleasures, looks back to his former career with the satisfaction of feeling that to himself alone he owes his advancement. He next looks forward to see how his prosperity may be prolonged in his family. Generally, if he have children who have passed their infancy in restrained circumstances, his cares are of no avail. The daughters marry, and often badly, to young men who have pretensions without money or worth; and the sons, if they have not been disciplined in the school of the father, become gay young men about town, with no other views than to expend money for the sake of personal pride or personal pleasure. The second generation generally, therefore, undoes the work of the first, and the third ends where the first began. There is no country in the world where fortune is so easily won or so easily lost as in the United States. It depends entirely on the character of the individual who possesses it whether it is or is not honourably and usefully enjoyed. The great wealth of the city of New York is manifest, not only by the number of its magnificent private residences, but by the official statements annually published of its taxable resources. What we term its real estate, or, in other words, the real estate of its citizens, is now valued at about 198,000,000 of dollars, and, according to our system of undervaluing for taxation, may be set down as

one-half more. The personal property of the inhabitants is estimated at 58,000,000 of dollars, and this does not include, in fact, the plate, the jewellery, the private securities, or the amounts of cash they are possessed of. In five years the aggregate of this value has increased more than 16,000,000 dollars. We should like to know of any city in the world which, in proportion to its age and population, compares with New York. Take another instance. The last day's receipts at the customhouse for duties has been 75,000 dollars, and the balance in its vaults is within a fraction of 4,000,000 dollars, notwithstanding the continued draughts on it for the public service.—*New York correspondent of the Daily News.*

THE BIER-PATH.

I'll lead thee to my favourite ground within the valley nigh,
Where a narrow rushing river foameth ever wildly by—
O'erhung with rugged rocks which glance from out a leafy screen—
Their gray and sombre sides festooned with canopies of green.

Around the entrance-porch are twining no bright summer flowers,
It leadeth to no garden trim or rose-encircled bowers;
But welcome is the solemn shade from garish light of day,
Where gloomy yews of age unknown survive amid decay.

A pathway windeth from the porch—a broad and decent way—
Adown it in the evening-time young footsteps often stray.
It hath no rustic resting-seat, no fragrance round it shed:
It windeth through the lone churchyard—the bier-path of the dead!

No nightingales frequent the spot, but oftentimes may be heard
The robin's note in cadence sad—the melancholy bird!
It hoppeth lightly o'er the sod, disturbs no grassy bed:
But soft and sweetly singeth still a requiem for the dead!

Ah! hallowed is that old bier-porch, since when, in mute despair,
I knelt beside a dismal load the bearers rested there!
That bier-path is the dearest path in all the world to me—
For it alone, my lost beloved, can bring me near to thee!

May I be borne beneath that porch when journeying to the home
From whence this weary, wasted form, shall never thenceforth roam!

May I be borne along that path—retracing it no more—
My wanderings all ended here, and all my sorrows o'er!

C. A. M. W.

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THE STRENGTH AND DUTIES OF POVERTY.

THE change that has come over the efforts and aims of men in the gradual progress of civilisation, is not more apparent in anything than in the growing attention excited towards the condition of the poor. Whatever measure of good may arise out of the flood of evil that now overwhelms the continent of Europe will probably take a social direction; for a desire after social amelioration still ferments universally, notwithstanding the crushing influences of military despotism. To this desire we owe, in our own country, whatever reforms have been effected or contemplated of late years—our free trade, our attempts at national education, our endeavours after financial reform; above all, our organisation for sanitary improvement—a reform at the foundation of all others, and without which, as a basis, all others will fall far short of their intended good.

This direction of effort has necessarily brought into strong relief the inequalities of our social position, the contrasts between rich and poor, and the woes and evils of poverty. And it is right that it should be so in a country where one infant is born to the inheritance of hundreds of thousands a year, and may choose, when he comes into possession, between five or six princely habitations; while another has no place for him but, it may be, the corner of a wretched cellar, or the shelter of a hedge or of the arch of a bridge, or the warmth of a cinder-heap. But there is another side of this question. Poverty has her blessings as well as her woes, her strength as well as her weakness, her duties as well as her wants. The mass of the people have been described as 'a dumb animal, crying in its pain and misery towards Heaven;' and so it may be in one of its aspects: but there is another, and it is that other on which the people must learn to fix their thoughts. The cry must go forth to them—'You have strength in spite of, and in some measure arising out of, your weakness. You must be up and doing, and work out your own regeneration, or all that is done for you will fail; for it will be the mere outside cleansing—the whitening of the sepulchre. Do not think that the rich only have their duties; you also have yours, and they are arduous and imperative.'

Yet if the poor will listen to this appeal, do not let them misunderstand it, or think it is made in forgetfulness of their wrongs, or of the apathy which has left undone that which they cannot do for themselves. It is made, on the contrary, under the painful consciousness of the errors and injustices recorded in our history, and clinging to our institutions, which have combined to plunge so many into pauperism; and in especial, of the neglect which has left the great body of our people a prey to disease, and has lessened the duration of their lives in every part of our country by many years; while in some of our crowded cities the life of the poor man measures,

on an average, less than one-half that of the rich. It is made under the conviction, that while the very elements have become sources of poison to them by the pollution of the free air and pure water given for blessings to all, they cannot, with brain dizzy and heart sick, listen to the voice of their souls, nor act with energy in any direction. But these things cannot last. One after another, these errors and evils will give place to truth and justice. Even now, light, and air, and purity are on the point of taking the place of the abominations that surround their physical condition; and the very pestilence that has afflicted us has, like all other evil, tended to advance the good work. When it shall be accomplished, health of body and mind will, as far as human endeavour can obtain these, mainly depend on themselves. Now such blessings are unattainable, but then the great mass of the people may rise to their proper place in the social scale, if they are prepared to receive the boon, if they will learn to perceive and to act upon the conviction, that improvident expenditure, absence of foresight, intemperate and unrefined habits, and narrow and unimproved minds, will poison their lives, even though bread is cheap, and the pure light and air of heaven are streaming round their abodes. There are signs of movement in the right direction in many places. Individuals and bodies of men are every here and there rousing themselves with energy out of the disadvantages of their position; still, as a class, they expend their tens of millions on intoxicating drink, and lay by nothing in times of prosperity against the evil day, remaining thus at the mercy of every accident and every fluctuation.

But do not let the rich man, because, unhappily, these things are so, declare 'that the working-classes are hopeless.' We have all 'one human heart,' all one common nature; and whenever large numbers among us manifest peculiarities, the causes exist, and may be discovered. The causes of the prevalent intemperance of the working-classes are becoming every day clearer. The bubbling cesspool, the reeking graveyard, the tainted and scanty spring, the neglected lane, the stifling wynd, the noisy, damp, dark, wretched home, the vacant mind—these are the supporters of the gin-palaces! To throw off sickening influences, to drown carking care, to pass away heavy time, men as capable of good as their more fortunate brothers sink into degradation and ruin. Many there are among them who have strength to resist the evil. Many a bright example among working-men might be cited at this moment, and many a name known in art, science, and literature which has risen from their ranks might be brought forward to show that even now they can take their places among the honoured of the earth; but it is too much to expect of them as a body. It may, however, be possible to rouse them to take advantage of better circumstances when they come.

It is most important, at the commencement of any

satisfactory improvement, that the people should cease to dwell on the wants and weakness of their position, and should learn to appreciate its advantages and strength. Beggary, pauperism, the suffering of cold and hunger—these are real evils. For these the heart must mourn; to diminish the numbers of those who are so sorely afflicted must be the aim of all. But poverty, and pauperism or beggary, are perfectly distinct terms. It has been clearly shown that the worst evils that cling round poverty are all removable. There is no more reason why the poor should be inconveniently lodged, surrounded with miasma and the prey of fever, than that the highest of the aristocracy should. Our Metropolitan Buildings and Model Lodging-Houses are demonstrations of this. Every class in the country may have—let us hope shortly *will* have—domestic accommodations, each suited to its respective habits, in equal perfection; and as we have been promised, let us have faith, that typhus will be banished from the poor by our sanitary measures, as the jail fever has been from the prisoners by John Howard; and this is a faith not based on hollow theories, but on the clearest reasoning deduced from facts.

These physical evils being removed, the inequality of human condition, or the possession of less or more wealth, is of so little importance as to be unworthy of a thought. Every class deceives itself on this matter. Those who can make fifty pounds a year fancy they should be in perfect case if they made a hundred. They who make a hundred wish it were two or three; the fortunate possessors of three are equally longing for five, or a thousand; and so on to the top of the scale; while the truth is, that (as far as this is concerned) they are all on equal terms. The power to live independently on what we have, or can make, being granted, and the removable evils of poverty being annihilated, our wellbeing depends on the inner life solely; on the development of the individual nature, and on the degree of harmony into which it has brought itself with the great centre of life.

All the best gifts of the Creator to us his creatures are free and priceless. They could not be bought by all the gold of all the mines hid in the earth. No money can purchase love. Yet the affections in all their varieties of tenderness, sympathy, disinterestedness, devotedness, and intensity, are the soothers, blessers, and purifiers of our nature. It is the same with all real good—the sense of beauty, the perception of harmony, the perception of order, the faculty of imagination, the gift of genius, the pleasure of acquiring knowledge, of exercising the intellect, of sympathy with our fellow-creatures, of working for them, of giving pleasure, of mitigating sorrows above all, the happiness of aspiration towards the Infinite in religious feeling. What wealth, let it be repeated, could purchase one of these! These are powers belonging to our nature, and with these powers the outward world in which we are placed is in harmony. Here prince and peasant are equal; nay, in some respects it is the peasant who has the advantage; for the good seed is still, as it has ever been, liable to be choked by the thorns, the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

There are sources of strength also which are peculiar to the poor. They have strength in their numbers. Their numbers become a source of weakness to them in one single relation—namely, the competition for work; in all others they are, or should be, their strength. It is true that the necessity of finding work is of primary importance to them; but if they set themselves earnestly to discover the various sources of strength which lie in numbers, having many interests in common, and acting together for the common good, they would so greatly elevate their condition in all respects, as indirectly to conquer the greatest evils which result from a competition for work in a populous country.

The principle of combination is at work in every direction among the middle and monied-classes. They use it politically and socially: they exert a moral influence

over the legislature by it. We see its effects wherever we turn our eyes. Clubs, railways, bridges, docks, public buildings, banks, life-insurance, fire-insurance, shipping companies—all these and many more bear witness to the powers of co-operation. The working-classes have their friendly societies and clubs, and have, besides, tried the means of combination for other purposes—sometimes for good, more frequently for evil. They might use it for objects of vital importance to themselves and the whole community; but to do so, they must gain intelligence and acquire knowledge, so as to comprehend what are their true interests, and must get the command of money. It has been truly said that the penny of the millions is as good as the pound of the thousands. Why should not the poor combine their pennies, find out what are the objects at which they should aim, and erect their companies also?

There is included in the term 'poor' a great variety of grades, stretching downwards from the poorest of the middle-class and the well-paid skilled artisans (who are, strictly speaking, poor, when compared to the possessors of property), till we reach the helpless victims of pauperism and crime. These would all be powerfully influenced by any movement in advance made by the working-class; but it is to the working-class we must look for the movement.

To be always on the brink of starvation—entirely to depend on the daily labour for the daily bread—is a wretched condition. Those so circumstanced can scarcely wish to live to be old. They are, indeed, like slaves; for whatever terms are offered them, they must submit: hunger impels them to work as effectually as the driver's whip. Still worse is it to have neither power nor inclination to exercise the best faculties with which our nature is endowed; to be ignorant of ourselves and our brother men; to live in this wonderful universe, seeing and comprehending nothing of its infinity.

But to gain intelligence, knowledge, and the command of money, arduous duties must be undertaken. The first step must be to throw off the stain of intemperance. Those millions spent on intoxicating liquors might accomplish much, and the brains now heated and stupefied would discover how to use them when set free from this pernicious habit. The following passage should be read and taken to heart by those concerned. It is quoted from the Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain, drawn up by Edwin Chadwick, Esq. in 1842:—'The amount expended in ardent spirits (exclusive of wines), tobacco, snuff, beer, &c. consumed chiefly by them (the labouring-classes), cannot be much less than from L45,000,000 to L50,000,000 per annum in the United Kingdom. By an estimate which I obtained from an eminent spirit-merchant, of the cost to the consumer of the British spirits on which duty is paid, the annual expenditure on them alone, chiefly by the labouring-classes, cannot be less than L24,000,000 per annum.' According to the growing conviction of those who have studied the subject, and to the increasing experience of large numbers of working-men themselves, this enormous sum is expended to produce pure evil. There is evidence on every hand that the nutritious food, warm clothing, fuel, better houses, which could all be secured by a tithe of this outlay, would give strength, comfort, and a sound mind; while those so-called luxuries which swallow up all the means of all other luxuries, produce, it is true, a temporary excitement wearing the semblance of strength, but undermine the constitution, predispose to disease, shorten life, darken the intellect, and overturn the moral being. The Report quoted above contains statements from all parts of England and Scotland, to the effect that comfort does not depend on the wages of the labourer in anything approaching the degree in which it depends on his habits. Whole bodies of men having wages from thirty shillings up to three pounds a week, may be found living in wretchedness, bare of every decency of life, and without a shilling laid by; while others, having less than half of the least of these sums, bring up their families respectably, and have comfortable homes. Indeed it appears that so prevalent is the habit

of spending all beyond the sum wanted for the bare necessities of existence on drink, that high wages too often tend solely to demoralise. We all know the efforts now made by the friends of temperance to conquer this dreadful evil. Sanitary reform and improved dwellings will powerfully second the good cause; and it is not too much to hope that the rising generation will, by all these aids, and the increasing means of education, rise above it, or even that the present one may shake it off in a great degree.

A small portion of the means now spent on intemperance would put within their reach all the means of education. They might either take advantage of the schools now or hereafter established for themselves and their children, or establish schools of their own. The same with all mechanics' or literary institutions, halls, or theatres, which they could either join or erect for themselves. By combining together, they could all have the best periodicals and newspapers, and well-stored libraries of standard works, at present to be had for a small amount of money. Time is wanting! may be said. Unhappily it is so with many, but not to the extent believed. Many hours not thought of now might be found by zealous learners; and there is a suggestion on this subject which might be improved. There are many occupations that are monotonous, and become perfectly mechanical, throughout which a mind stored with ideas, and seeking fresh knowledge, might work. Whoever has observed a sawpit, a stone or marble-cutter's shed, or a rope-walk, will perceive the truth of this; and in proof of it, there are to be found many fine mathematicians among weavers. Skilled labour which requires thought is better paid, and consequently does not last so many hours.

But there are other ways of economising their means besides the cessation of intemperance. Every one who has observed the habits of the poor is aware that their domestic economy is in general very badly managed. This is especially true of the manufacturing districts. In regard to many of the necessities of life, they pay a higher price than the rich, and get worse articles for their money, because they buy in small quantities at bad shops, and often on credit. Some useful observations and calculations are made on this subject in the Report already quoted.

This is a matter in which the strength that lies in numbers having common interests and habits might be admirably employed. If a fund were formed for the purpose by weekly contributions, wherever, as in large towns, numbers are congregated, a combination among themselves to buy in large quantities, for ready money, at wholesale prices, would procure for them all they want at a much lower rate than they now pay, and of good instead of bad quality. Let any one observe the one article of fuel, for example, especially where coals are dear, as in London, and the mode in which the poor obtain it a little at a time, the price rising as the weather becomes more severe, and imagine the difference to them if they could fill a large common cellar in summer when it is cheap, and distribute it by properly-appointed officers as wanted. Such institutions as the Metropolitan Buildings would facilitate plans of this kind; but they might be carried out in any populous neighbourhood. Another great saving might be accomplished by combining together for a common kitchen. The new Model Lodging-House in Spitalfields has begun this excellent arrangement, and it might be applied to families equally well. Something like Associated Homes—a combination of the club and the improved dwelling-houses already built—would thus be established, wherein, while each family should be, as at present, preserved in entire union and privacy, common stores, kitchens, &c. might exist.

The comparative simplicity in the domestic habits of the poor, the fact that they can 'put their hand to the work,' and be their own servants, and that their gains, though small, are certain, and paid to them at once; that if they can get work they will receive their wages; all these would be so many sources of strength to them in such undertakings.

But if they cannot get work? Here is the difficulty to

which we come at last. Let us imagine, however, an intelligent population, who read and think, and know what is going on in the world, and can form a clear judgment on their own concerns; temperate, and masters of themselves; freed by the well-administered laws from the removable physical evils of poverty; having well-ordered homes, sound health, and funds at command, collected by their combined foresight and economical arrangements. Such a population would undoubtedly conquer this difficulty in great measure; at all events, would be in a position to meet fluctuations and emergencies like men, instead of like machines thrown aside when no longer wanted.

The difficulty is local, not universal. It is seldom true even of one country that there is no work anywhere for the hands who are ready to do it; and ages must roll before it is true of the whole world, or rather it is an absurdity to imagine such a condition. If our own agriculturists find out that they must improve their modes of farming, so as to meet the new relations imposed on them by free trade, there will be an increasing demand for labour at home; and this becomes more likely every day. If any set of circumstances should induce capitalists to bring even a moiety of the waste lands of the United Kingdom into cultivation, there would be a dearth of labourers; and this is possible. If the poor—the mass of the people—should ever find themselves able actually to supply their own wants; to furnish themselves with warm and ample clothing, bedding, and household furniture suitable to their mode of life, all the workshops and factories in the kingdom would be working full time for several years to come, and would be kept continually at work to supply the demand; and it needs only foresight and temperance to bring this about. If man ever sets himself in earnest to fulfil the primeval command 'to replenish the earth, and subdue it,' then all our so-called 'crowded populations' would look like a scattered remnant, in comparison with the vast, fair, and fertile regions that wait for them. The real difficulty is, that the workers are ignorant where they are wanted; have not the means of moving there if they were informed, nor the inclination to go even if they had. They have little idea of moving, except to flock into some of our large towns, often at the worst time, and with the worst results. Plans of emigration are set on foot by companies, and even contemplated by government, and at times of great distress numbers emigrate, as we see at present in Ireland; but it is done as a last resource, while it ought to be a habitual means of acquiring and maintaining independence. It is so with the middle and monied-classes in general. They spread themselves everywhere throughout the United Kingdom, its colonies and foreign countries, in search of employment and wealth; and among them a father would never keep a family of sons idle at home if by any means he could settle them abroad.

This is the habit which is required to be formed among the poor. A spirit of enterprise arising in the working-class, analogous to that existing in the monied-classes, might enable them to find the means of moving. If they could set apart a certain fund, raised by combined subscription, to the purpose of acquiring exact information as to the demand for labour in their own and all other countries; to fitting out a certain proportion of their children, and apprenticing them to trades in any of these places; and to enabling all out of work among themselves to move wherever they knew labour was wanted—either by their own means, or by taking advantage of means appointed by government or companies—the whole aspect of that which is called the 'labour-market' would be changed; and it would be the interest of all to subscribe to such a fund; for it is the few who are out of work who lower the wages of the whole body. Neither would they be left unassisted in such a movement. It is so clearly the interest of each class in every country to promote the welfare of all, that facilities and aids would be set on foot on every hand. Moreover, a people rising in their strength, and performing their duties in this 'spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,' would exert a healthy influence over the councils of nations; and governments would soon be

found efficiently co-operating in the great movement. Until this invigorating element is infused into the social fabric, the Christian principle of brotherhood fails of its realisation. When it comes, men will learn to prize the great boon of life, and the slight inequalities in the possession of a little more or less wealth will be forgotten, or found conducive only to the general good. M. G.

THE BLACK HUNTER.

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

BY FREDY B. ST JOHN.

WAR is the passion of all savage nations, and of none more than of the people of Madagascar, who have felt its fatal influence for centuries. Many a terrible and tragic narrative have these endless strifes given occasion to; and one which we select by way of illustration may perhaps afford counsel to nations more advanced than the Madagascariotes.

Simandra was, at twenty, chief and monarch of the Betsimsaraca, a small tribe of Malgaches. Simandra was a Mulatto, though his grandfather was a Frenchman. Tall, handsome, and of noble mien, the young king seemed far more disposed for peaceful occupations than for that turbulent existence which is the fate of nearly all his race. He was a great hunter, and used the *zagaré* or lance to perfection; while his rifle, studded with brass nails, was famous in the land. His grandmother, last of the ancient line of the rulers of Yrondrou, had given him much of the instruction she had gained from his French ancestor; and Simandra used these lights to make his people happy. His village was surrounded by fields a little better cultivated than usual, and by rich herds of cattle, while a vast marshy plain was turned into a great rice-field. And thus the Betsimsaracs of Yrondrou prospered, and would have continued to do so, had not the young chief's father left him a longer legacy of feuds than of privileges. Still, Simandra got over these difficulties by successful campaigns and fortunate treaties of peace; and by the time he was one-and-twenty, appeared to have more brilliant prospects than ever.

The hereditary enemy of the chief of Yrondrou was Sialin, monarch of Tamatava, a state that bordered on his own. During the wars, Simandra heard great reports of the beauty, modesty, and wondrous charms of his only daughter and child. She was painted as something far beyond ordinary Malgache beauty; and the young man's imagination being fired, he demanded a truce, and visited Sialin with all the pomp and circumstance of savage state. All the ardent warrior wished was to see the child of Sialin. 'The long-desired day came,' says Simandra; * Sialin presented me to his daughter, and her sight sufficed to make my reason wander, for she was far more beautiful than she was represented in her portraits. Stranger, never will Zanaar ever show you anything equal to the marvel; but if you would have a just idea of her, consult the men of Arabia brought hither by commerce, and they will read to you from an old manuscript, which they have from a great gené of their country, a passage where they paint the features, the graces, the ravishing form of Volalanda, or Silver-Silk.' This young princess, educated more modestly than the Malgache women in general (her grandfather, like Simandra's, was a Frenchman), received the undisguised homage of the visitor with favour, and peace was at once concluded, with the prospect of permanently uniting the two tribes by a marriage.

While the courtship was going on; and just as Simandra and Sialin were advancing to an excellent mutual understanding, there appeared among them Jean René Boucher, a half-caste son of an Antatschin woman. Jean was rich; owned flocks, and herds, and powder; had a house at Foulpoint, and a country villa at Tanioy. He saw and loved Volalanda, and boldly asked her of her father; but Sialin rejected the little, ugly, and cowardly half-

caste, who thereupon determined on revenge. He had the cunning of a snake and fox combined, was soft of speech, and added Malay astuteness to French audacity, but not French courage. His brother Fiche was a pure native; and in his own mind he planned to make this savage the monarch of Yrondrou and Tamatava. He had asked for the young princess as much from ambition as from love; but hiding both, he went and complimented his successful rival, who admired his generosity, and became his devoted friend. Interpreter to the French government, as well as trader, Jean had much influence. His hundred barrels of powder, his boxes of muskets, his cloth, and, above all, his arrack, dazzled the eyes of the people; for the Malgaches combined the two kinds of intemperance—the love of drinking, and the love of fighting.

Meanwhile his agents were at work, and about a month before the day fixed for the marriage of Simandra, the northern mountain-tribes declared war on Sialin and his future son-in-law. Both were thrown into consternation. Sialin had neither guns nor ammunition, while Simandra had used all his powder in his late wars. They were both compelled to apply to Jean, which was what the traitor expected, who readily consented to aid them, on a condition which at first sight did not appear too arduous of fulfilment. A *kabar* was held; and in solemn council Jean agreed to supply arms, ammunition, and arrack, on condition that, if in one moon after the termination of the war the above were not paid for, he was to be received as joint ruler with Simandra and Sialin. These chiefs plunged their lances into the flanks of a bull to ratify the promise. For the war Simandra could only count on the aid of one caste, the Zafferaminians, while Jean gave the assistance of several hundred armed negro slaves, his devoted body-guard. One battle decided the campaign, and the allied powers were victorious, and peace was again proclaimed.

The victors returned home, and in festivity and joy passed the ensuing moon. Simandra married Volalanda, who proved as attached and devoted as she was lovely. At last the moon expired: Jean Boucher came, surrounded by his formidable guard, to ask for money or power. The *kabar* sat under the cocoa-trees in council. Rice was the only important article of commerce of the Betsimsaracs; but Jean had contrived that, since his agreement, none should be bought, and the people and the two kings were without money. Simandra asked for time; but several hired orators rose, and in flowery language proposed to pay the national debt by giving the creditor an equal position with their rulers. To this revolutionary measure the honest chiefs could say nothing. Jean had their bond, not signed and sealed, but spoken. The half-caste was proclaimed, and the very next day he deposed Sialin in favour of Fiche, aided by arrack and his Caffre guard.

Simandra fled to Yrondrou with Volalanda, resolved to defend his paternal inheritance. He fortified his village as well as he could, and made every preparation for a contest. The majority of his people fled or joined René, but the Zafferaminians remained true. Jean soon came with his brother Fiche, and sat down to the siege of Yrondrou. For many months Simandra prolonged his defence, until, overpowered by numbers, and his *toubis* and village all in flames, he fled with his insensible wife in his arms. Chased by the negro guard, the young husband used his whole strength and agility to escape, and at nightfall took shelter in the dark recesses of a cavern, where, that very evening, Volalanda brought forth prematurely a son to inherit his father's misfortunes. Simandra, alone with his lovely bride, tended her as would have done the gentlest woman; and at dawn of day, joined by about a dozen faithful Zafferaminians, made a litter, and thus bore mother and child into the deep recesses of the mountains. Some generous mountaineers braved the resentment of the cruel and ambitious Jean, and gave them shelter.

Simandra took but few days of rest in the society of two beings he loved more than himself; for the kingly feelings were still strong within him, and he started on a long tour to all the neighbouring chiefs, to demand their

* This narrative is paraphrased and completed from the narration of Simandra himself, told one night, in the woods to a European trader.

assistance to punish the usurper, and to aid him to reconquer his paternal inheritance. But he was now poor, and without influence, and his voice was listened to no more. The heads of tribes bethought them of the power of Jean and his agreeable arrack punch, and they one and all decided to reject an alliance which could only be productive of honour, but promised very little profit. Hitherto Simandra had seen the smiling aspect of human nature: he now saw the reverse, and he conceived a profound contempt for his species; and would probably have felt equally careless about life, had not the remembrance of his wife and child come home strongly to his bosom.

Still vengeance was the dominant feeling for the moment, revealing how strong was savage nature still in the heart of Simandra, and he joined Volalanda only to put her and her infant in safety with a friend in the retired valley of Bezonzons. This man owed everything to the generous gifts of his sovereign, who was also his relative, and at once agreed to guard the sacred deposit with every care and deference. The parting was tender and sad. Volalanda, in tears, implored her husband to care no more for the grandeur of the world, to abandon all thought of revenge, and retire to the mountain fastnesses, where, in an obscure hut, he might find in the hunter's life a happiness which royalty could not give. Simandra was much moved, but he could not bend his heart to yield. An inward shudder seemed to warn him how fatal would be the parting; but he went on his way, accompanied by his dozen faithful followers, to the residence of Rafaralah, chief of Antsiance, and afterwards brother-in-law to the celebrated Iadama.

Rafaralah received him in a manner suitable to his misfortunes and his station; and though then engaged in a bloody war, authorised Simandra to recruit among his subjects, and even gave him arms and ammunition for his desired expedition. The number who associated themselves with the young chief were few, but they were bold and determined men; and as Simandra trusted to stratagem rather than force, they answered his purpose. He plaited his hair like an Antsiance, and then driving cattle before them like traders, the adventurers started on their daring expedition. They were a hundred soldiers to reconquer the lands of Yrondrou and Tamatava. They made first for the latter place, and halted in the woods in a secluded spot. Then two or three went forth, disguised as traffickers, and offered some of the oxen for sale. With difficulty did the young man control his impatience; but he knew that he had no other resource. Leaning on his long gun, habited in black clothes, and dark with ponas, Simandra was already known as the Black Hunter. Presently the spies returned, and dire was the rage and despair of the king of Yrondrou. To attack Jean Boucher was impossible. Secluded as he was in a house of wood—erected after the model of those of the Mauritius, the only one in Tamatava—it would be necessary to climb a palisade of twenty feet high, and to swim a ditch. The house was entered only by a bridge; while around, above, below, everywhere, were the savage negro body-guard, with loaded muskets, watching over their master. The palisade was, moreover, covered by spikes, and the ditch full of traps: Jean had taken every precaution which cunning and cowardice could devise. But the town of Yrondrou, where resided Fiche, was said to be guarded carelessly; and thither the expedition directed their steps.

Yrondrou, the habitation of the usurper, is situated on the banks of a river, while the dwelling of the chief is so placed that a piroque can come up to its principal entrance. The other entrance faces the village, which has a numerous population. The ex-chief resolved to attack from the water. The whole party silently made for the hut of a Zafferaminian, whose brother was of the expedition, and which lay out in the woods. This man was faithful to the Black Hunter, and had only been prevented from following his fortunes by a large family, wholly composed of wives and daughters. This hut was made the camp; and thence sallied forth scouts and foragers to collect piroques and paddles, which were secured in sufficient number by nightfall to carry over the

party. It was a silent, calm, and lovely moonlight, as the bold party crossed the river on their terrible expedition. They reached the great hut without difficulty, and crossed the palisade; but the faithful watchdogs barked, and a sentinel alarmed Fiche. The Malgache guard fired in confusion, and Foughiloh, principal minister of the usurper, and ex-favourite of Simandra, fled to alarm the village. The Black Hunter fired at him, but this only gave him lighter heels. After a short resistance, however, they became masters of the dwelling, where they found Fiche surrounded by his women, and drunk with arrack. Still he darted a spear at Simandra, who leaped on one side, and instantly the usurper was stabbed to death. The women and other persons present fled. Next minute a smart firing was heard. Foughiloh, at the head of many hundred men, came up. The followers of the Black Hunter prepared for a desperate defence. He himself walked forth, and called to his subjects to lay down their arms. But fear of Jean and love for his arrack blinded them, and their shots were all directed at Simandra. A frightful struggle ensued: the Zafferaminians fought desperately: they reached the bank: the canoes were all gone; and presently Simandra was alone, swimming across the river, full of caimans, and exposed to a furious discharge of musketry from his people. Escaping both crocodiles and balls, the unfortunate chieftain reached the shore only to fall senseless from loss of blood on the arid sand. His insensibility lasted until morning.

And now Simandra rejoiced at one of the many good actions he had committed while in power. At dawn of day an old woman came down to the river to draw water: she saw a man, as she thought, sleeping, and curiosity made her approach. Startled at the sight of blood, and at the horrible aspect of the dead, she was about to fly, when a glance at the face made her pause. She was Vouloumanour, an aged slave, who, in recompense for her long service with his family, he had emancipated, and amply provided for. Stooping low with a low howl, she at once perceived Simandra yet breathed. Throwing down her bamboo tub, she ran back to her hut, which was near at hand, and brought down her son, a young fisherman, with whose assistance she bore him to shelter, and dressed his wounds. Youth and nature did the rest, and the Black Hunter began to recover. But Vouloumanour heard at Yrondrou that the woods were to be searched for the daring chief who had so nearly recaptured the capital of his state. Believing him in danger there, she, jointly with her son, put him in a piroque, and carried him to the hut of another son, some miles up the river, this poor Ampinare vying with them in attention and devotion.

Vouloumanour was born in the land of the Sakalavas of the south, and was, like all the women of that warlike race, wise in herbs and in plants useful to the wounded and sick. Having lit a warm fire, and placed a clean mat, with clean linen, on the ground before it, she carefully dressed his wounds, and having sought herbs in the woods, cunningly tended the sick man. She then gave him to drink an infusion of saffron, gum, and certain herbs, which wonderfully revived the Black Hunter.

But the convalescence of Simandra was tedious. Fatal visions and thoughts filled his mind. The massacre from which he alone escaped, the fate of the prisoners taken by the Antu-Yrondrou, and, worst of all, his deep anxiety relative to his wife and child, made his blood boil, and retarded his recovery. His wounds of the body were as nothing to the wounds of the mind. Of a warm disposition, needing gentle affection, devotedly attached to Volalanda and her babe—all that now remained to him in the world—his eager desire to go forth and seek them almost neutralised the good effects of his nursing. He longed for other hands to tend him, for other eyes to beam upon him, and longing made him feverish. His very helplessness was itself a cause of futile rage and despair.

One day the young fisherman, who often visited him, told Simandra that Sialin yet lived, and that he hid from the satellites of Jean Boucher in the tangled woods and

thickets of the neighbourhood. Simandra at once sent to him a dagger covered with figures, which he knew the old man would recognise; and overjoyed at the prospect of seeing at least the parent of Volalauda, became for a while light-hearted and full of hope. The unfortunate man little guessed at the tidings which his father-in-law was to bring.

The next night there was nearly a hurricane; thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, with the raging thoughts of the helpless chief, combined to keep the Black Hunter in a state of frenzy. The rain beat heavily on the leaf-roofed hut, and the bat flapped its wings, and gave forth its hideous cry. It was a night for war, and pestilence, and slaughter; and when a rude knock came to the door, Simandra started. His mind, disposed by suffering and the storm to sinister thoughts, heralded a message of death. But the Ampinare recognised the voice of the son of Vouloumanour, and opened.

He entered, followed by a trembling old man, in whose decrepit form the Black Hunter recognised with some difficulty Sialin. He was haggard and pale, his eyes were red with weeping, and his whole mien showed terror, grief, and despair. The young man knew that his altered fortunes had not caused this change; for Sialin was a mild and good old man, totally without ambition, and caring only for domestic joys. Simandra shuddered, closed his eyes, and listened. The following are the exact words of Sialin as related by Simandra:—'Sharpen the iron of thy zagaie, for vengeance is the only thought which can henceforth dwell in thy bosom, and give thee strength to live. I dwell in retirement near Tamatava since I was expelled by my perfidious comrade; a few attached friends came now and then to see me; they told me of thy expedition to Yrondrou, but the joy it gave me was short. Jean, greedy of the Mulatto blood, soon found means to make it flow; thy relative, gained by his emissaries, sacrificed to his avarice his honour and the remembrance of thy bounty, and gave up thy family in exchange for some European goods. The victims, dragged to Tamatava, were joined with thy faithful Zafferaminians and to some warriors of Autaiance, made prisoners at Yrondrou, and the next day witnessed a scene of fearful horror. Jean took the prisoners out to the plain of Taniou, where was the tomb of his brother Fiche. The Betsimsaracs did all they could to save my daughter; the whites, both English and French, offered large sums of money to Jean if he would spare her: the tyrant was inflexible: he ordered his savage Miangourandes to strike thy babe: he was killed in his mother's arms, she falling a few minutes after. Fourteen more prisoners were massacred, amongst whom were thy most faithful friends and adherents, before the eyes of René. I only knew of these awful events in the evening: had I before known of the massacre, I should have shared their fate; but I went, dragging my aged limbs, aided by some friends, to give the victims burial. But no! the savage negroes guarded them: Jean gave them no grave but the vulture! They would not let me go near: but my tears moved one negro: he went and cut off the hair of thy wife and child. I bring it thee, that thou mayst feel thy revenge every hour. May this talisman preserve thee from the pitfalls of the wicked, my son, and give thee courage to live for revenge! I—feeble and useless old man, a stranger on the earth where I was born—I shall die wandering and miserable; for the blood of the ancient Mulatto is extinct.'

A month after this, a solitary hunter was often noticed in the woods around Tamatava. Wearing a fantastic costume, half-savage half-European, he was the dread of the neighbourhood. Several of the guardsmen of Jean who straggled from their party were found shot in the head. Jean beat the woods: it was in vain: not a trace of the Black Hunter could ever be found. It was noticed that no one but the guards was touched, although these suffered fearfully even when in parties. Jean grew terrified, and secretly left Tamatava for his country residence. He took with him a portion of his negroes, and locked himself in his great house, which had two floors and a large garret. Surrounded by a lofty palisade and ditch, its

front was towards an open prairie or clearing, its back to a thick wood, whence the materials of construction had been taken. There was a large garden both back and front, and in the latter Jean often walked, avoiding the former, as his quick eye saw that he might easily be shot from the upper branches of the neighbouring trees. But neither near Tamatava nor Taniou was tale or tidings heard of the Black Hunter from the day that Jean left the town for the country.

This was during the moonlight nights: but presently storms came on; and then, one night about the middle hour, when all was still in the house, a man stood on the edge of the ditch, which he sounded with a pole. Satisfied with this examination, he entered the water, after hiding a gun in the grass. Once across the ditch, he stopped at the foot of the palisade, and laying his hand upon the poles, began to work. A long, thick, sharp knife was taken from his belt, with which he laboured at the thick beam for four long hours. But his patience was rewarded: just as the dawn began to break, he passed through the open palisade, replacing it artistically, and then looked around him. Before him was the house, and he himself was in the garden. The gray light enabled him to discover a long ladder, used in mending the roof—an article of René's importation—and it would have rewarded any curious eye to observe the characteristics of the desperate man who thus crept into the still and sleeping house. He was tall, and of noble mien, but his ragged hair and beard, floating on his bony shoulders, showed one either wild by nature or by circumstances. A black Arab *burnouse* or cloak covered his form. Besides this, he wore nothing but a waistcloth, and on his back a whole bundle of short lances for throwing. These, with his long knife, were all his arms. His mission was revenge!

Taking the ladder in his sinewy arms, he placed it against the house, and climbed up. The ladder reached to the very summit, and Simandra stood upon the flat roof. A trap-door was under his feet, and this he instantly raised: a stair appeared, descending into one of the garrets, and he went down. On one side was a door, on the other a ladder, going to the lower rooms. The door was ajar, and Simandra could see that it was full of lumber. Voices were at this instant heard below, and he entered the lumber-room, which was piled with goods. As the persons were probably coming thither, the Black Hunter glided into a narrow passage between several bales, where, placing his lances in a dark corner, and preserving only his knife, he stood crouched and expectant. For an instant all was dark, and then light came to his eyes and to his heart. A mat under her, and a mat over, lay Volalauda and his babe, calmly sleeping! She was thin, and pale, and worn; but it was she, alive, safe, and free from insult, for she was in hiding. Simandra was dizzy: he thought his senses had deceived him. He crawled, suffocated with emotion, to her side; and there he vowed on the instant, if the god of his people enabled him to escape with his wife, to abandon all idea of revenge.

'Vola,' said he in a whisper.

She woke with a start, recognised him, and then crushing within her very heart her emotions, she said not a word, but looked unutterable things in his eyes.

'I came to kill *him*,' whispered the Black Hunter, 'and I find you alive.'

'Some good white people paid large sums to the negroes to spare me. But four are in the secret, and they are absent. A black girl, devoted and admirable creature, brings me daily food.'

'You were not hurt then!'

'Neither I nor the child was touched. We fell shrieking, as if mortally wounded. René would let none come near to bury us, and this kept up the deceit until night. We then came here.'

'But oh unhappy forgetfulness! I have left the ladder,' said Simandra in an agonized voice. 'We shall be discovered.'

'Have you killed *him*?' said Volalauda anxiously.

'No.'

'Then think no more of death. Let us think of happiness, my husband: no more of glory, no more of power, but of life, of joy, of our child.'

'I live now but for you,' replied the Black Hunter with terribly-repressed emotions.

'Hush—here is Chaffette! Come in, girl: nay, start not; it is my husband!'

'Girl,' said Simandra rapidly, 'is any one up?'

'No one but Chaffette and Popo.'

'Will you follow us?' asked the Black Hunter.

'Everywhere.'

'Go then at once: ascend the roof: look well around: descend the ladder, and in an instant Simandra will follow.'

All acted with rapidity and caution. The young chief raised the lamp that illumined the dark hole where had lain his wife; she took the child, and Chaffette bore a small bundle—all the ex-princess's clothes. The women went out upon the roof; Simandra watched them down the ladder; and then hurrying back, piled all the dry things he could find together, and fired them. With the rapidity of lightning he then flew to join the fugitives, descended the ladder, opened the palisade, swam the ditch with the child in his arms, followed by the women, and as the flames burst forth, reached the wood. This saved them. The ladder and the opening in the palisade were seen ten minutes after their flight; but Jean Boucher thought more of saving his goods than of revenge.

Twelve months later, a Zafferaminian fugitive wandering in the mountains, and guided by a column of smoke, reached a secluded valley which opened on a solitary lake. At the mouth of the valley were two huts and a small field, and on the lake a boat. In the boat stood a tall, handsome, contented-looking young man, guiding the canoe with a paddle cautiously (for it was full of fish), and a boy of eighteen months rocked it by his gambols. A young woman with a newly-born infant, a negress, and an old man, stood on the shore awaiting the arrival of the canoe; and then the young woman clapped her hands as the little fellow paddled through the shallow water to her, and the old man smiled gravely, and the fisherman looked supremely happy.

'Oh, my master,' said the Zafferaminian, falling at his feet, 'have I found you?'

The tranquil group were a little alarmed at first; but Simandra recognised a faithful servant and follower, who, sole remnant of the devoted band which had proved true to him, was at once received into the family, and soon after took Chaffette for his wife. Simandra was happy: he knew nothing of war, of strife, or of revenge. Sialin, Volalanda, his children, were around him, and he missed not his little court, never so true as the two followers who had joined his fortunes. He heard without a pang that Jean René was invested by Radama with the dignity of hereditary Prince of Tamatava, and commander of the Betanimenes; and infinitely preferred his peaceable and happy life, as the Black Hunter of the mountain lake, to the cares and sufferings of that petty sovereignty, which, without the importance, had more than the contingent disadvantages, of a great one.

THE HOUSE-SPARROW.

BY RUSTICUS.

I LOVE the sparrow! He is entertaining in all his ways: he is funny in love, in war, in nesting, in feeding, in roosting. The year before last I joined some of our wisacres here in making voluminous computations about grains of wheat. One more sagacious than the rest counted twenty-seven grains of wheat out of the crop of a sparrow he shot on the 31st of August. It was a late year, and plenty of wheat was still out: We agreed to allow the little gormandiser to have swallowed a grain a minute, and then, with the assistance of a pewter pint, 'Cocker's Arithmetic,' and our slates, we made out how many minutes go to a year, and how many grains of wheat to a pint, a peck, a bushel, a quarter, and so forth; and finally, we found with great nicety how many quarters, bushels, pecks, and pints

of wheat every sparrow ate every year. I was for making an allowance for nights, and gained my point too, although a plethoric farmer, who was regarded as a kind of oracle, objected that he 'was up early and late, and always saw the vормin at work.' I tried another amendment, on the ground that ripe wheat was not so plentiful all the year as on the 31st of August in a late harvest; but I lost this amendment on the ground that, 'when the wheat was not to be got in the fields, it was to be had from the ricks.' The upshot was, that I joined the un-holy alliance against the sparrows, and have repented it ever since. I look on that act as one of unmitigated folly.

The weapon to be used was poison, and *nux vomica* was the drug most strongly recommended. It went sorely against the grain with me; but I steeped some wheat in the prescribed poison, and strewed it along the top of a brick wall that divided the poultry-yard from the garden, the very place where I had before, and have since, given the sparrows many a wholesome meal. They soon came, and pecked away in perfect confidence; but I saw them, one after another, fall giddy, and stagger off the wall. I watched them crawl away under the laurustinuses to die. It was very sickening, but I strewed more wheat, and killed more victims. At last the survivors profited by the warning, and left the wheat untouched. In the spray of a pink hawthorn would they sit, look on the plump corn with distrustful eyes, and chirp out 'Physic! physic!' whenever they saw me pass. At last they deserted the wall and house altogether, and confined their attention to a patch of marrowfat peas that I was saving for seed. In vain I mounted scarecrows of the most frightful kind, in vain I set a boy to make the most hideous noises: I lost the seed-peas entirely; I could not save a dozen pods. Determined on an armistice with my feathered thieves, I set a lad to brush away the poisoned wheat, and strew the wall with bread-crumbs. The boy obeyed: he brushed the wheat into the poultry-yard; my bantams and Javass pecked it up, and died: I lost every one. So ended my first and last crusade against the sparrows.

The loves of the sparrow are very funny, and the complacency with which the hen receives the oft-repeated attentions of the cock most edifying. But he is greater in war than in love. It is delightful to behold a regular fight, or, as we call it, an 'Irish row' among the sparrows. I have often seen a dozen or more sweep through the air, and dive pell-mell into the very heart of a tortured lime-tree before my window, all chattering at the top of their voices, and none listening; driving one another through the twigs and leaves; pecking right and left; or, as it might be described, each running a muck at all the rest. And lo! after the fight has raged with indescribable fury some forty seconds, and seems at its very zenith, and threatens slaughter to all concerned, it ceases as suddenly as it began, and each bird goes about his business as methodically and quietly as if nothing had happened out of the common way.

The nesting of the sparrow is subject to that variety which our schoolboy copies assure us is charming. The usual nesting-place is a hole in the roof of a house, barn, stable, or rick, the entrance generally just under the eaves; but the mud-nests of the house-marten, and the deep holes of the sand-marten, are very commonly used for the purpose. The lawful occupants of these domiciles are too weak to contest the matter, and obey the notice to quit with a remarkably good grace. But there is a piece of audacity and impertinence the sparrow is sometimes guilty of that is of a very different character: he ventures to appropriate a part of the rook's, or even heron's nest to himself; and there is scarcely a rookery or heronry in the kingdom but has its colony of sparrows, and many of them have a settlement of starlings also. The rook's nest is very substantial, and forms a capital protection against the weather. The sparrow fixes his abode beneath, using partly the rook's building materials, partly his own: the

sticks are the rook's property, the straw and feathers his own; and here, without abating an iota of his usual noisy and pert familiarity, he rears his young in a like contempt of his betters. Sometimes, however, this familiarity has been carried too far. I have more than once seen the intruder forcibly ejected, his building-materials cast loose on the wind, and his callow young hurled headlong to the ground. Sometimes rooks, starlings, and sparrows are joint tenants, but not tenants in common of one domicile. I once observed, by the aid of a pocket-glass, that a pair of sparrows had taken possession of the cellar of one of these bulky dwelling-places; three starlings were feeding their young on the ground-floor, and two aristocratic rooks occupied the drawing-room flat. I know not what part each family had contributed to the edifice; but the loose straws and feathers at bottom showed the sparrows had done their share. However, the oddest freak of the sparrow in the architectural line is, when he determines to be serious, and to build, like other birds, a ship-shape nest of his own in a tree. He collects about half a bushel of hay, straw, feathers, leaves, and sticks, and with these materials makes a huge, unsightly nest among the branches of a tree close to your house. The design of this nest—I won't say *shape*—is oval like the long-pod's; and, like the long-pod also, he goes in by a hole in the side; but in elegance and neatness no two nests can form a greater contrast. Whenever one pair of sparrows take to this seemingly-natural kind of building, others are sure to follow the example; and a solitary sparrow's nest is as uncommon as a solitary rook's; so that, where the fancy takes, we have sparroweries as well as rookeries. I know of an establishment of this kind where there are nearly fifty nests, or fractions of nests; the fractions resulting from the spirit of persecution which pursues the sparrow with such dogged pertinacity. When these nests are left alone, they serve for breeding-places in summer, and for roosting-places in winter.

In autumn the sparrow has a way of roosting peculiar to himself—vociferous and multitudinous. Just as the leaves begin to fall, the sparrows begin to hold their 'evenings at home;' and strange evenings they are: such chattering and chirping; such hopping up and down; such changing of places; such bickering and squabbling; such fidgeting and wriggling; the row often lasting more than an hour, and only ceasing when they have chattered themselves to sleep!

Now we come to the sparrow's eating, or I will say *biting*; for I believe a good deal of biting on some occasions goes to a very little eating. In the spring the sparrow has a most mischievous propensity for biting: scarcely anything fresh out of the ground seems to come amiss to him. The gay flower of the crocus is often plucked off by the sparrow, and its flaming petals scattered on the ground. Peas, sweet and green, directly they show above the surface, are first nipped off, and then drawn up carefully, root and all, and laid on the surface. Radishes share the same fate. Even grass sown for a lawn is tugged up, and its root exposed to the influence of sun and wind. Flower-seeds of several kinds are served in the same way. The object of all this biting and pulling up is not manifest. Perhaps the sensation is pleasure to their beaks, just as brats and puppyish delight in using their teeth. Then the sparrows have a very tiresome trick of picking the buds off the currant-bushes and plum-trees, just in the same way that the bullfinches serve the gooseberry-bushes. Now there are some would-be benevolent people who pretend that the bud-picking birds only nip off those that are blighted, and have a grub in them; but this is not so. I have looked at hundreds of these picked-off buds—for they generally fall to the ground—and I have always found them sound healthy bloom-buds; and so great is the propensity for this bud-picking in the bullfinch and sparrow, that I have often known more than half the crop destroyed by it. Now this is all very bad, very mischievous, very immoral—call it what you

please. But this bud-picking just precedes the breeding-season, and this picking up of growing seeds is in the breeding-season; and as a set off, we must recollect that at this very season the good deeds of the sparrow far more than compensate for his evil deeds; for he is a most inveterate foe to all manner of grubs and caterpillars, gray and green. In fact, as to colour; he is most impartial; but not so as to skin, giving a great preference to the smooth over the hairy.

Those who have not closely watched the proceedings of birds can have but little idea of the eating powers of that section of the ornithic community commonly called the 'callow young.' I wish some gifted disciple of Cocker would turn his arithmetical powers to account in favour of the sparrow, by reducing the caterpillars required by a single pair of sparrows to supply the callow young of a single season, into pecks, bushels, quarters, and so forth; and I verily believe the 'sum-tittle of the whole,' as the honourable member for Middlesex beautifully explains it, would astonish the most enthusiastic member of a sparrow-killing club. After the juveniles are fledged, and forsaking the paternal roof or rick, as the case may be, have essayed their first powers of flight, and been coaxed by parental affection from gutter to gutter, from tree to tree, it is very pleasant to observe the care of the mother, and to watch the young one, almost a man in size, though a very baby in helplessness, approach her with shivering wings, and receive the writhing caterpillar, or, haply, moistened bread-crumbs from her beak.

After this, old and young together are off to the wheat-field and the pea-field, and plague the farmer—there is no doubt about that; and rob him too—there is no doubt about that either: and so, forgetful of the caterpillars eaten in the spring, without a particle of gratitude for past services, and smarting under present losses, the sufferer girds on the weapons of destruction, and forms offensive alliances against the whole race. Short-sighted man!—he has previously destroyed the friend who would have protected his wheat and his peas—a friend seemingly destined for the very office of tending the crops before they are harvested—I mean the windhover.

As if especially to protect the ripening wheat from the pilferings of the sparrow, a bird, beautiful in plumage, but the sparrow's chiefest dread, is appointed to take his station on winnowing pinions above the field. From time to time this winged mouser—for it is mice, and not sparrows, that she is seeking—moves her station fifty or a hundred yards, then again she resumes her stationary position, fanning the summer air as before. Anon she stoops: perchance a mouse has ventured from a heap of stones collected by the hedgerow; how graceful her sweep, and with what grace she rises again to hover, having missed her prey.

What with the windhover by day, and the screech-owl by night, the rats and mice must have a poor time of it. The tyrants relieve each other at sunrise and sundown; and by the perpetual presence of the windhover, the poor sparrow is deprived of even that slender pittance which he might fairly claim in compensation for grubs devoured in the spring. He dare not face the active windhover. Whilst she is in the air, he leaves the drooping ears untouched. If man were to direct his best attention to the construction of a scarecrow to save his ripening corn from the feathered thieves, perpetually looking out for an opportunity of stealing it with impunity, he could not devise one so efficient as the hovering windhover. Why is this? Because nature has implanted in the bosoms of little birds an instinctive dread of all manner of hawks; whereas the fear of tending-boys, with their execrable cow-horns, and more execrable shoutings; of old hats stuck on bundles of rags; of ragged coats and dog-skins stuffed out with straw; of cats elongated into the similitude of juvenile crocodiles, is not a natural, not an implanted fear. A sparrow may ponder over these little demonstrations of eccentricity, may view them

askance, and at a distance, for a few days; but he soon gets accustomed to them: his logical pate rapidly decides that they are mere bugbears, and then he resolutely refuses to be frightened at them. I once knew a pair of sparrows build in an old hat that was stuck up in a garden to protect three rows of peas from their depredations. It is a curious fact that animals have no instinctive fear of man or his contraptions: they learn by sad experience to dread the gun, but that dread is not innate.

The windhover-hawks do this good office for the farmer without entertaining any evil design on the sparrows. They are perfectly content with mousing, and now and then gobbling, like fern-owls, a few cock-chafers and door-beetles; but such is the natural dread of the sparrow for the hawk, that he will never enter a field while the windhover is suspended over it.

How do our farmers repay this good service? Of course they welcome and protect the windhover; of course they encourage these admirable mousers; of course they forbid their people to offer them the slightest molestation! No such thing: they follow the windhover with unrelenting hostility; they trap him, they shoot him, they crucify him on their barns; and they serve their next best friend, the screech-owl, the same. They expend their money and their time in the most inveterate persecution of those creatures which an all-wise Providence has given them as protectors of their property. There is an infatuation about this that we cannot comprehend. Argument is lost upon them. Times and often have I tried to convince the farmers of their folly, calmly and quietly; all to no purpose. There is, however, a little secret that must out: nearly all our farmers are sportsmen also, unqualified, uncertificated certainly, but sportsmen nevertheless. They commonly keep greyhounds, setters, and pointers, and enter them as sheep-dogs. Well, when I have contested the point about the kestrel, I have often been told in reply, 'They play such havoc among the birds.' Now the kestrel never by any chance touches a partridge—I need scarcely say that the term 'birds' refers exclusively to partridges—but this is of no moment. As with hedgehogs sucking cows, tradition declares it, and tradition is paramount, so reason is out of the question. I would enact a law which should inflict summary punishment on the offender. Every farmer by whose hand or by whose order a windhover or a screech-owl was killed and crucified, should be nailed by the ear to the same barn, and there remain during the space of six hours. It would do him no deadly injury; and spending a few hours in such a position might possibly induce that right-thinking for which it would give him such ample leisure.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

TRONDHIEM REVISITED—JOURNEY TO SUNDSVALL.

It was pleasant to awake next morning in Madame Sylow's clean, cheerful *Hôtel Bellevue*, and look out upon the broad, sunny street of Trondhiem, where a fountain, playing into a public tank, broke the silence with a welcome monotony. It was now necessary to prepare for a long land journey, for I designed to cross the country to Sundsvall on the Gulf of Bothnia, for which no guide-book allows less than six days. Quist was therefore instructed to get the carriage and harness inspected, and put in full repair. Meanwhile I contemplated spending a couple of days in the city before starting, having particularly in view a visit to the cathedral, an object never omitted by the stranger in Trondhiem.

The weather had once more become warm, and blue skies ruled over the green fird. There was some life in the inn, as well as in the neighbouring *Hôtel d'Angleterre* [by the by, it is curious to find the hotel system making its way into Norway under French

appellatives]. The bustle seemed to be mainly caused by English tourists and salmon-fishers, some of the latter on their way to the Namsen, for which, I suppose, the season was not yet too far advanced. It is evidently thought a great thing for a hotel in this part of the world to have an Englishman or two about it. An old *Bossikop* boatman suggested the probable reason in his somewhat enthusiastic exclamation to me one day—'Englishmen the best men'—in which respect the best we need scarcely stop to inquire. Seriously, however, I everywhere throughout Sweden and Norway found the English name held in respect. The scoundrelly and vulgar English, who introduce a doubt on the subject in the more frequented parts of the continent, have not yet been tempted into the north. Respectable men alone appearing there with the English name, it is quite what might be expected that the appellation is an object of esteem.

One experience of the morning, though of a trivial nature, seems worthy of notice. Quist had found a letter or two, and five English newspapers, lying for me at the post-office, and he brought me intelligence that the charge for them was two specie dollars and ninety skillings, being very nearly thirteen shillings of English money. On inquiry, it appeared that for the letters, which were not foreign, the charge was only ten skillings. All except this trifle was on account of the five newspapers, being somewhat more than half-a-crown a piece, besides twopence, which I afterwards learned had been paid on each when they were posted at Edinburgh. In my thirst for intelligence from home, I yielded to this enormous charge; and perhaps there might have been dearer luxuries; for in my subsequent journey, stinting myself to one paper per diem, I found it the greatest treat imaginable in the circumstances. But certainly there can be no justification of a system which puts a prohibition price upon this kind of communication. The Norwegians have lately obtained a cheap internal postage, ordinary letters being charged only about fourpence when the distance is within a certain limit by no means narrow. I was surprised, however, to find that letters cannot be sent after a traveller from Norway into Sweden without the postage being paid in the Norwegian office. For two countries so intimately connected, this is a discreditable state of things. I could not help suspecting that it must be owing in some measure to that unfortunate jealousy which, with or without just cause, exists on the part of Norway towards Sweden.

The cathedral is a massive old structure, in various styles, and partly ruinous, yet all in fine order as far as mere care-taking and cleanliness are concerned. It struck me as something finer and more interesting than tourists and guide-books usually allow. The choir and nave are entire, and fitted up as a Lutheran place of worship. They exhibit a curious combination of Norman and early Gothic architecture, and the light structure of arcades above arcades at the altar seemed to me a beautiful thing, though the casts of Thorwalden's Christ and Twelve Apostles placed below were perhaps a little incongruous in such a situation. I believe that a study of the styles of architecture combined in this church, and the many curious ornaments scattered over its walls, would amply repay the trouble of both the tour and the examination to an English ecclesiologist. One is surprised to think of Norway in the twelfth century producing a fane of so much grandeur and beauty.

I again experienced on this occasion the warm-hearted hospitality of the Messrs Knudtzen. A curious

fact was cited in the course of conversation. A few years ago, when a member of a porter-brewing firm in London chanced to be at their house on a salmon-fishing tour, the amount of the revenue of Norway was mentioned—namely, L.360,000. With this sum, it was stated, the government supported its army of 16,000 troops; its navy, composed of a few war-vessels and steamers; and the expenses of the government itself, and those of its customhouse, judicial establishment, &c. 'Well,' said the English stranger, 'it is so curious a circumstance, that I cannot forbear to mention it, that our firm pays more towards the British revenue than the total amount of yours!' If Norway considers this any cause of disgrace, she may be consoled in reflecting that her governmental expenses are on the increase. The estimate for the ensuing year is L.543,140. For an army and navy of such amount, the charge of L.225,500 seems moderate; and probably the most zealous of our financial reformers and advocates of peace would regard this as no extravagant sum for a nation of 1,500,000 to spend in defending a country extending over fourteen degrees of latitude. The Swedes, however, remark with some little asperity that while Norway is so suspicious and cantankerous towards Sweden, it is content to take advantage of the indirect benefits of the Swedish court and the Swedish military force, without any return but that of hard words and sulky looks. How matters exactly stand in this respect I do not know; but if I were a Norwegian, and saw Sweden willing to keep up more troops than there is any occasion for, I should certainly protest against being held in anyway responsible either in money or in gratitude.

I here made the last of my observations on ancient sea-levels. As already mentioned, the rocky hill-face overlooking Trondhiem on the west exhibits a dark band running across it horizontally. This, on ascending to it, proves to be a deep cut in the cliff, leaving a level ledge, along which you may walk at ease for a mile with scarcely any obstruction, and which very little labour would convert into a good carriage-way, though all the rest of the hill-face is to a high degree irregular. Over it rises a steep cliff from twenty to forty feet high. In short, it is a terrace of erosion—that is, an ancient shore of the sea, exactly like those in Finmark, and not less resembling the beaches on a rocky coast of the present day. This terrace proved, on an exact measurement by levelling, to be 522 feet above the present level of the sea. A detached mass of the hill near a place called Vollamshaugen presents a curious appearance. Its green sides terminate abruptly in a sharply-defined ledge of rock, perfectly flat all round, and out of this starts up a short column of bare rock, with a flat top scarcely large enough to be the basis of a good-sized house. This isolated ledge is at the same level with that already described, and, like it, is a terrace of erosion—the shore of what had once been a little island. It is altogether a most eloquent and unequivocal trait of the ancient history of this part of the world. From the remarkably-isolated form of the rocky summit, it had been early laid hold of as a defensible position, and it yet bears the name of Sverrosborg, from a castle built upon it by a Norwegian king of the twelfth century.

The valley of the Nid, for several miles backward, presents terraces of clayey alluvium at lower levels, being all of them indications of pauses in the process by which sea and land were parted down to the present point. The adjacent valley of the Gaia, forming the termination of my former journey to Trondhiem, presents similar objects, and in addition, a very grand terrace, of a sandy character, which extends for fully twenty miles inland, apparently at about the level of the terrace of erosion. A more particular account of these objects

would not be appropriate here. For this I refer to the work quoted below.*

The road to Sundsvall, though apparently a cardinal line of communication, has not been fully formed as a carriage-road for much more than twenty years. Mr and Mrs James Dickson of Gottenburg were the first to travel by it in a wheeled vehicle. It is still little used, and therefore is not well furnished with inns. By great good-fortune, there were three young fellow-countrymen in the Hôtel Bellevue, who had resolved to travel by this route, starting on the same day with myself. We soon came to an agreement to keep together for the sake of company, and for a saving in the expense of forebud notices. To speak of them more particularly, they were only fellow-countrymen in a general sense, being in reality the sons of an eminent member of the Irish bar. They had made a tour of Western Norway in an open drosky, without any servant, and with minimised baggage, and now they proposed seeing a little of Sweden. It was lucky for us both that we should have been able to associate in this manner; for six days of solitary travelling, through an almost uninhabited country, must otherwise have proved somewhat more triste than it did.

At Trondhiem I purchased a respectable book, by a writer named Tvethe, containing the statistics of Norway. One set of facts presented in it seems sufficient to illustrate the movement of the country in a career of prosperity, and to speak favourably also of its moral progress. The amount of coffee imported in 1819 was only 973,370, and of sugar 904,002 pounds; they were, in 1846, respectively, 6,737,647, and 7,082,698 pounds. The consumption of tobacco has advanced in the same time from 1,712,899 to 2,345,133 pounds. Considering that the use of coffee represents rational and virtuous life, while tobacco represents a vice, or, at the best, a low taste, these numbers ought to give comfort to the Norwegian moralist. In Forsell's 'Statistics of Sweden,' it is noted that the coffee imported in 1842 was 6,227,012, and the tobacco 3,648,510 pounds (exclusive of a quantity of this article re-exported). If my view of the comparative use of coffee and tobacco be a right one, Norway will stand morally above Sweden, for the proportion of coffee which it uses is much greater. Tea, I may remark, is little used in Norway in comparison with coffee. They make it weak, and call it, with equal appropriateness and modesty, *tea-vand*—that is, tea-water. The use of coffee, however, is one of the conspicuous features of life in this country.

We left Trondhiem in the morning of the 24th of August, on our way to Sundsvall. Had the day not unfortunately been rainy, we should have better enjoyed the many fine views which the road presents, as it winds northwards along the coast. Nevertheless, the calm sheets of land-locked water which we passed were generally very beautiful: one called Thete Fiord, in particular, impressed us much. It is a district of micaceous slate, and many of the rocks, especially near the sea, are rounded, polished, and scratched. In the evening we came to Levanger, the most northerly town in Norway, excepting Tromsø and Hammerfest, and the seat of a remarkable traffic between the rude people of the north and the merchants of the south, as well as with the northern Swedes. It is a neat, clean-looking place, at the head of a fiord, with a good deal of smiling country round about it. Our rest for the night was at a homely station called Thynaes, a few miles further on; but we regretted not stopping at Levanger, where we should unquestionably have had better accommodation. Towns are not so plentiful in this part of the world as to admit of a traveller despising the advantages which they present.

Next morning we were once more upon the road at an early hour; and now the weather was fortunately

* See Jameson's *Edin. New Philosophical Journal*, Jan. 1850, for a paper by the author, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dec. 3, 1849.

improved, since we had to cross to-day over the mountain range which divides Norway from Sweden. Traversing some high ground, we speedily came into the valley of the Voer (Voerdal), of which Mr Laing gives so pleasant an account, as a district of thriving farms placed almost on the outskirts of civilisation. It seemed to my fellow-travellers and myself a fine, open, green valley; but we should not have thought of praising it highly. I felt interested in a large district of alluvium near the embouchure of the river, which is in the course of being converted from a marshy into a wooded and arable country. After leaving it, we come to the more ancient alluvial formations, which are found near the openings of all valleys: objects originally precisely similar to the flat just described, but which, being afterwards deserted by the sea, and partially cut down and carried off, have at length assumed their present appearance of a range of sandy and clayey terraces. These form a bright green region, where much grass seems to be realised by the farmers.

While walking by myself along one of the deep gravelly roads by which the terraces are ascended (the carriages having gone on before), I met a picturesque travelling party, consisting of a young native gentleman on horseback, two or three baggage-horses, a few dogs, and a group of attendants, with guns and other weapons for sport. The cavalcade moved slowly, on account of those who walked. The principal figure looked a good deal like an English gentleman in his sporting dress; but I was told he was a wealthy Swede on his way to some sporting quarters in Norway. Being under the impression that he was a countryman of my own, I was careful to make no advances to him, notwithstanding our meeting in so remote a solitude. Had I known that he was a Swede, I might have attempted a brief conversation. We passed each other with a courteous salute, and I could not help turning about and contemplating the party as long as it remained in sight. Such, I reflected, must have been the manner of travelling of a Scottish chieftain or laird in the sixteenth century. It was a glimpse of the old primitive life of our own country, seen by reflection in the present life of one somewhat behind it in the march of civilisation.

The road, by and by, leaves the Voerdal, and passes into a lateral, rocky valley, which it pursues by steep inclinations till we cross over the summit-level of the country. Population and cultivation now give place to thin pine-forests, spread over great rocky slopes, amidst which there are no human habitations besides the lonely inns where we stop to change horses. My attention was here attracted by the extraordinary condition of the woods. In sylvan scenery, heretofore, I had always seen the utmost care taken of the timber, as a valuable kind of property. Here was a totally different state of things. Everywhere were seen prostrate trees, rotting away, and old trees still erect, but falling into ruin. Noble pines, of seventy feet high, and as straight as an arrow, had in manifold instances been rudely cut down at about four feet above the ground; their want of market value making it of no importance to cut low or to cut neatly. These trunks were usually half-burned, implying that the sole aim of the country-people was to get quit of them as an encumbrance to the ground. It was distressing to see such fine natural objects, and so intrinsically valuable a commodity, treated in this ignominious manner; but it was simply a result of there being no population at hand to use the timber, and no means of carrying it economically to any market.

The last station on the Norwegian side is a lonely one called Kongstuen, where, I was told, the innkeeper requires some extraordinary privileges to induce him to keep an open door for travellers and baiting for their horses. Even here, however, though it is probably 1800 feet above the sea, I found the family engaged in cutting some fine natural grass. Hitherto the rocks within sight of the road had appeared rough, as if exempt from the ancient glacial forces; but now, when

the valley becomes more contracted, they begin to exhibit the usual polishing and furrowing, the line of marking being coincident with that of the valley, which is east and west. As we approach the plateau of the range, the ground becomes clear of wood, and expands into great slopes, all perfectly smoothed, with a few angular blocks scattered over them. The high valley through which the road is carried across the summit is curiously scamed with narrow longitudinal cuts, and near one of these I observed an unusually fine example of the *reisetopfes*, or giants' tubs, the general character of which has been already described. The rocks are here of chlorite schist, in nearly vertical strata. Now the remarkable feature of this district, which is said to be 2000 feet above the sea, is, that it is all smoothed and furrowed with the finest possible superficial polish, but not in the line of the general valley and its longitudinal hollows, but *obliquely across that line*, or nearly north-east and south-west. The agent, which had been constrained to go in the direction of the valley, east and west, had in this open space been free to proceed in the line of its own proper impulse; it had also been of so massive a character, as to overcome all constraint from the hollows above-mentioned. I looked round with wonder upon the hieroglyphics in which nature had here painted a part of her own history, and seeing a small piece of the surface lying loose, picked it up, and brought it away with me, as a memorial of one of the most extraordinary scenes I had ever beheld. This fragment, though little bigger than the crown of a hat, is amply sufficient to testify that the cutting of the surface has gone sheer through the stratification, and is perfectly independent of cleavage and all other accessory circumstances, to which it has been sometimes attributed on supposition by those who, merely from having never seen it, are disposed to be incredulous as to the actual cause.

The descent on the Swedish side is comparatively gentle, and the traveller soon finds himself passing over ground of a totally different character from the western valleys. He quickly perceives that an abundance of detrital matter covers the surface. It spreads in sandy plains interspersed with peat-bogs. Water-laid gravel, which cannot be believed to have been anything but the work of the sea, appears scarcely 200 feet below the summit-level. At Skaltuen, the first station on the Swedish side, one of the sandy plains terminates in a sort of tongue or projecting ridge—a new and striking object in the configuration of the ground. It is the first of the celebrated *ösar* of Sweden, of which I shall afterwards have occasion to speak more particularly. In the drive from this station to the next, Skäljarnatugan, there are many more specimens, generally appearing as appendages of sandy or gravelly terraces. Judging from what I saw to-day, I would have supposed them to be relics of alluvial sheets, taking this peculiar ridgy shape from some circumstances attending the withdrawal of the sea. They contain many rounded stones, which have come from a distance—granite, gneiss, &c.—besides many of the schistous rocks of the district; also many blocks of all these rocks scattered over and imbedded in them.

At Skaltuen, while waiting for some Swedish money in exchange for our remaining stocks of Norwegian coin, a native sportsman, who seemed temporarily settled there, came up and addressed me in French. Finding me to be an English stranger, he entered into a dissertation on the game of the district, which, from his report, did not appear to be very attractive. He then offered for my inspection a musket with a peculiar arrangement for loading, which, he said with some pride, had been invented by a Swedish common soldier, and was now adopted generally in the army. A piece at the end of the stock was opened up on a hinge, and the charge laid into it, after which it was closed down and fastened. It was like Dr Beaumont's mode of feeding his patient, Alexis St Martin, by opening up his stomach and depositing his dinner, and then

closing up the aperture. If the Swede entertained any notion of astonishing an Englishman by an exhibition of the inventive powers of his country, he was destined to a mortifying disappointment; for having loaded the piece, and levelled it at an object on an opposite barn, he drew a faithless trigger. 'Diable!' A new percussion-cap was quickly applied, and the piece once more levelled. Still a mere flash. 'Sacré!' With some excitement, my friend put in an entirely new charge, and then—flashed once more. If he had gone on thus much longer with his 'ineffectual fires,' I suppose I should have heard him go through the whole decalogue of Swedish execrations—from 'thousand devils' to 'ten thousand devils,' and so on to 'ten thousand millions of bushels of devils,' which I understand is the last expression of human ire and mortification; but my good-nature could no longer forbear coming to his rescue, with some reference to the dampness of the day, and its effect upon gunpowder, together with an expression of interest in the ingenuity of the invention: so matters came smoothly off after all; and, my money-account being now adjusted, and fresh horses ready to start, I bade him a courteous adieu.

We paused for the night at Skaljernstugan, being the second station within the Swedish frontier, and comparatively a poor one. Having come on in advance of my fellow-travellers, I endeavoured to prepare tea against their arrival, but succeeded very badly. In the principal house there was no fire. Making my way into another, I found there both fire and water, but no other of the necessary articles. The fact turned out to be, that this latter house was not a part of the inn at all. The honest woman in charge of it was continually endeavouring to impress something upon me; but, hopeless of understanding her, I persisted in putting a kettle upon her fire, and sitting down in front of it to warm myself. A dirtyish gentleman, who proved to be a custom-house officer, was constantly coming in to try and explain or accommodate matters; but it was all in vain. I held to the boiling kettle as the one great principle in the case, and utterly refused to go to the house which had no fire. At length, by some treaty among the various powers, tea-things were brought in from the other house, and we did effect one of the roughest of all possible meals. I am afraid our whole conduct was rather arbitrary here; yet as I kept up a constant demonstration of good-humour, and at the last conferred a six-dollar on the lady of the kettle, I suppose we came off without leaving any very marked tarnish upon the English name. It is, by the way, most important on such occasions, and indeed on all occasions, in travelling, to keep up at least an appearance of good-humour. It puts the people amongst whom you are thrown at their ease, and disposes them to serve you. In all my sojournings amongst strangers, I have ever found that a smiling face is the best passport, and that even jealousy and prejudice are softened by it; as if, by holding out the usual signals by which men judge that you have no bad feeling in your bosom, you extinguished everything of the same kind in theirs. I should, indeed, add my belief that, if the smile be the expression of a genuine feeling within, it will be the better in all respects for the wearer.

In the principal house, when our meal was done, we found tolerable beds, each of which had a coverlet of kids' skins, an article of comfort perfectly new to us, and which seemed remarkably well suited to the climate. In the morning, getting into conversation with the people, we found that these coverlets might be purchased, and I was glad to possess myself of one as an addition to my means of comfort in travelling. The cost was sixteen six-dollars, equivalent to eighteen shillings sterling.

The whole of the previous day's journey, excepting a small portion at the beginning, was through what may be called an uninhabited country. The winter in these uplands is so extremely severe, that human nature

shrinks from the struggle, and the few station-keepers require particular temptations to induce them to keep houses for the benefit of travellers. The greater part of the present day's journey was through a district still too inhospitable to allow of any but the scantiest population. The general slope is gentle, but it is composed of broad terraces of detrital matter, the fore-edges of which are perfectly well defined, so that it is only at certain intervals any observable descent is made. The general composition of the detrital matter in these terraces is that confused mixture of angular or unworn stones of various character, with clay and sand, which a student of glaciers recognises as identical with their products, the well-known *moraines*. From the terraces, however, there branch out long ridges (*åsar*), in which the stones are waterworn and the sand is water-laid. Low hills of rounded rock are seen at a distance on either hand, betokening that the whole of the solid fabric of the country has been at one time under ice. It becomes evident that the country has in the first place been subjected to the grinding action of vast glaciers passing across it from the north-east, and leaving it almost wholly overspread with the rubbish arising from that action. It is equally clear that this rubbish has afterwards been under the sea, which, detaching certain portions, has worked the stones into round forms, separated the sand and clay, and left the whole in a new arrangement—namely, that of terraces, with long branching ridges or banks. The ridges are a form of the surface not unknown in other countries. In the north of Ireland there are a few, called *eskers*. In Scotland they are less conspicuous; but they are sufficiently remarkable in a few places to have caused their general appellation of *kames* to be applied as a special name to certain localities. In Canada such ridges run across the country for many miles, very often with public roads formed along their tops. But nowhere in the world are such ridges so notable as in Sweden, of which, indeed, they may be said to form the most characteristic feature. In the southern and more level districts of that country they extend for hundreds of miles, without any regard to the interruption of lakes or rivers, sometimes thirty, sometimes fifty, and occasionally not much less than a hundred feet in height above the base; and here, as in Canada, on account of the dry footing which they afford, they are often used as roads. I was particularly interested in now finding them connected as spurs with large plains mainly composed of moraine matter; for this fact, which I had not seen previously remarked, seemed to afford a pretty clear hint of their origin in the agitations of a sea which had succeeded to the reign of the glacial influence.

At Dyfid, the first stage of this day's journey, we found a customhouse, at which it was necessary to exhibit passports and luggage, and pay a small fee to an officer. The country was now beginning to display signs of cultivation and of population, and we were less afflicted than heretofore with the sight of woods running to waste. We were told, however, that only a few miles off there were camps of nomadic Lapslanders, with great herds of reindeer, the country generally being still in the condition of a common where every man was at liberty to feed his flocks. It was felt as quite a relief when, after so long a sojourn through a wild and inappropriate country, we came to a green place beside a sparkling river, where a good house made its appearance, surrounded by the usual array of timber outhouses, and circled by shaven fields dotted with hay-ricks. Still, however, there was no trace of cereal crops. After a drive of about fifty-five miles, performed with only three changes of horses, we arrived about the dusk of a drizzly, uncomfortable evening, at Berge, which proved to be even a worse station than the last. I have seldom seen a place so devoid of comfort. Having outstripped my fellow-travellers, I entered by myself, and set about preparations for an evening meal. There was but one woman to serve, and she was far from being prompt to

enter into my views. A number of peasants—neighbours who had dropped in to chat with the family—sat on a form in the kitchen, looking at me without one particle of intelligence in their eyes, while I kindled fires in two rooms, and, with Quist's assistance, got a pot hung on to boil water. There was a coffee-pot, lined with the inky fur of a thousand makings, and which, therefore, could not be encountered. There was no teapot: neither were there any provisions but eggs and coffee. I forget how we managed to get some tea prepared; but the meal was altogether a wretched one, and we bitterly thought of the morrow.

That morrow came with an equally miserable breakfast, as well as a continuation of the previous evening's drizzle; so we commenced our fourth day's journey in no great good-humour. The country over which we passed is generally open, there being only rocks perking up here and there. On some of these I observed strice in a different direction from what is common—namely, from north-west to south-east, which is not always, though it is sometimes, the direction of the valley in which we were travelling. Owing to the peculiar superficial formations, the rivers in this district manifest a tendency to expand into lakes. Numerous ösar are seen, many of them in a direction transverse to the rivers and lakes. Eight or ten appeared all at once on the borders of a lake passed between Haste and Östersund. Having to pause on the borders of this lake for a boat by which to cross, I took a saunter along its shores, and at a sheltered spot fell in with an illustration of the ös-formation in certain little ridges which had been left by the water on its drying down to a lower level. The whole object was a perfect miniature of what we see exemplified on a gigantic scale in the country at large.

It was pleasant about the middle of the day, which had meanwhile become fair, to come within sight of a well-built, whitewashed, rather gay-looking town on the borders of a lake, being the only object of the kind between Levanger and Sundsvall. This is Östersund, the capital of its province. Notwithstanding a note of alarm from Murray as to the charges at the hotel, it was with a feeling of eagerness that we drove up to that place and ordered dinner, a meal which we had not partaken of for four or five days. It proved marvellously good; and the whole expense for the four persons, including a bottle of Madeira, was 10 rigs—equal to 11s. 3d. sterling; so we unanimously voted that our friend of Albemarle Street had been misinformed. Our evening drive to Grinnaes was through a district presenting vast numbers of granite blocks scattered over the surface, being fragments of the rock here prevalent. I again found surfaces marked in a north-west to south-east direction, being contrary to that most common. Grinnaes proved to be another poor station, though not so wretchedly poor as Berge. We now saw that we had made a bad selection of stopping-places all through our journey, though how far it is remediable I could not pretend to say. Undoubtedly, however, we had made one mistake in not sending on our forebuds each evening to order arrangements for our accommodation. By such a procedure much of the inconvenience we had suffered might have been obviated.

We recommenced our journey at seven next morning, and passed through a granite district, marked by ridges and blocks. After the second station onwards (Jamt Krogen), the weather being agreeable, I walked on a mile before the carriage, and observed the features of the country more narrowly. Great ridges of loose matter appear near the road, sometimes melting into a terrace form, all thickly covered with trees. Judging from the breaks of the surface made for the supply of road-metal, the general composition appeared moraine-like—that is, clayey, with nests of waterlaid sand, and included angular stones; but there is often an alluvialisation on the surface, thus still supporting the idea of a succession of the glacial period by one of immersion. We dined, according to forebuds notice, at a place called

Borgsjöbyn, which seemed a considerable improvement upon previous stations, not to speak of the group of houses by which the inn is surrounded, and the cluster of people who had met to see us alight. From the neat appearance of the detached saloon into which we were shown, we expected an entertainment not much, if anything, short of Östersund. A dish of eels, or, more properly, one large eel dished, made its appearance, and we treated it rather tenderly, in the expectation of better solacements to come. Followed a large dish of gooseberry-fool with milk, which my young companions attacked with great zeal. I hung off, under the impression that it would suit better at the close of dinner; but on inquiry, it was ascertained that the eel and the gooseberries were designed as the whole of our repast. There was no help for it, except that a good joke is worth half a dinner at any time. Quist, unable to eat his share of the eel, had merely bread and milk. So much for the hospitalities of Borgsjöbyn. The charge, however, must be allowed to have been modest, being only 2½ rigs for the gentlemen, and half a dollar for Quist, or 3s. 4½d. in all.

In the latter part of the day's drive we passed along the valley of the Njurunda, and for the first time since crossing the summit began to observe sand and beds of river-mud. A more curious object was an ös, or sand-ridge, running down the valley, occasionally interplaiting with the river, generally from 20 to 40 feet high. The road, for a considerable space, passes along the top of it, and the traveller wonders to find the river in the hollow close under on one side, while the hollow on the other side is dry meadow-ground. Vast quantities of loose stones are everywhere strewn about, except where cultivation has caused their removal; and the mixture of these objects with bleached stumps and trunks of trees, as well as green and living vegetation, produces a somewhat extraordinary landscape. A few villages were passed to-day, and grain crops began to appear, the elevation above the sea-level being now probably under 500 feet. The always joyful sight of the first reaping of the season here met our eyes. We stopped for the night at Kjalista, which proved a tolerable place, though still deficient in many things which we thought necessary.

I rose next morning at an unusually early hour, and walked two miles back to have a leisurely examination of the ös. It here runs along the middle of the valley, on the left bank of the river, winding slightly, but generally in the same direction as the valley, which is north-west and south-east by compass. The greatest elevation is about 70 feet above the river, the breadth from 100 to 300 feet. The constitution here is gravelly; but farther down the valley it always becomes more and more sandy, though gravel is seldom altogether lost sight of. It terminates at a contraction of the valley a little below the Nedansjö station.

At Wattjom the road crosses over from the Njurunda valley to a minor one, where we begin to find denser population and bustling harvest operations. Our attention is here attracted by a harvest apparatus, new to us, but which we found to be prevalent throughout Sweden generally—namely, a tall frame of wood with cross beams, somewhat like a clothes-screen, but on a gigantic scale—the purpose of this being the speedy drying of the sheaves which are bound to it, for the sake of ready exposure to the air. Our forenoon's drive was enlivened by the cheerful sight of the autumnal fields, and the knowledge that we were approaching the end of a long and toilsome journey. At length, at two o'clock, we entered the town of Sundsvall, and joyfully emerged, at the *Kallare*, into clean clothes, tolerable accommodation, and a civilised style of eating. We have taken five and a-half days to the journey of 360 miles from Trondhiem. Were it to do over again, we could improve a little upon our arrangements. We should adopt the following as our stopping-places: first night, Levanger; second, Dyfid (same as Forssa), a long day's journey, but not so long as appears from Murray;

third, Ostersund; fourth, Borgsjöbyn (notwithstanding the self-dinner); fifth, Sundsvall. Finally, we should take care to send notice of our intended arrival to each station where we were to sleep; because, travellers being so few, the people are otherwise totally unprepared, and the guests must therefore fare badly; whereas, with premonition, it is wonderful how good an entertainment may be had.

R. C.*

JOHN COAD THE REBEL.

In a note to a passage in Macaulay's 'History of England,' which describes the sufferings of the rebels condemned by Judge Jeffries during the 'bloody assize' which succeeded the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, the author says, 'The best account of the sufferings of those rebels who were sentenced to transportation is to be found in a very curious narrative written by John Coad, an honest, God-fearing carpenter, who joined Monmouth, was badly wounded at Philips-Norton, was tried by Jeffries, and was sent to Jamaica.' This manuscript found its way into Mr Macaulay's hands in a mutilated state; but the fragments have since been discovered, put together, and printed. It forms a bit of extremely curious contemporary history.

The 'Memorandum of the Wonderful Providences of God to a Poor unworthy Creature during the time of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, and to the Revolution in 1688, by John Coad, one of the Sufferers,' is prefaced by a few remarks, from which we learn that when Monmouth first landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire, Coad dwelt at Stoford, a hamlet of Berwick parish, near Yeovil in Somersetshire. He was manifestly possessed of a certain amount of landed estate, inasmuch as he was called on to serve in the militia, to which only such persons were at that time liable. He performed this service with no good-will, for he was much opposed to the popish tendencies of the existing government, being a staunch Independent. His 'memorandum' commences by stating, in the orthography peculiar to his time, that 'After the death of King Charles the Second, and the advance of the Duke of Yorke to the crown, Popery and arbitrary government did more visibly appear in continuall and unwearied plotting and contriving to weaken the Protestant party, which gave great cause of feare of the subversion of our religion and liberties, from which we had great hopes of deliverance by the Duke of Monmouth's appearance, and declaration for the Protestant religion and liberty, who arrived at Lyme 11th of July 1685. The 13th day, being commanded out in my traine armes for King James, went from home with full resolution to goe to the duke's assistance as soone as I could; but considering the weight of this affair, and the danger of such an enterprise, had great reasonings within me while marching in the king's traine: the hellish oaths and ribaldry of many of that company strengthened my resolutions in going off. But the two opposites in my apprehension was plainly Popery and slavery, and Protestantism and liberty. To contend for the former, and oppose the latter, was directly against my principle and conscience. The conclusion then was, it is best to keepe peace (most well this noble resolution) within though there was war without; better to incur the wrath of an earthly king than an Almighty God.'

Had all the rebels—especially the arch-rebel Monmouth—been actuated by the same unselfish motives as John Coad, the bloodless Revolution of 1688 would have been anticipated by one three years earlier, and one which would have been, like most other successful rebellions, a struggle for a deeply-rooted principle. In the duke's case it was a war of private ambition; and when this was discovered, friends cooled, and humbler adherents held back; for men will not fight for persons unless when they are the representatives of principles. This was proved by the succeeding change in 1689, which was a happy because a bloodless one.

Coad's companions appear to have been neither loyal

nor brave; for 'the next day,' the autobiographer continues, 'we advanced from Charde towards Axminster; but on the news of the enemy's being at hand, the most were driven with feare backward, but I was drawn by love forward; and next morning, wading through a river to escape watches, being the 16th day, came to Axminster, and tendered myself and armes to the duke, was kindly accepted, where I found Mr Ferguson at prayer; and soon after Major Foxe gave the orders of the army, giving strict charge against swearing, thieving, and plundering, &c. with penalties on the breach thereof.'

It will be remembered that it was Ferguson who, about three weeks after, preached the famous sermon on the eve of the battle of Sedgemoor (Sunday, 5th July 1685), taking for his text the awful imprecation by which the Israelites who dwelt beyond the Jordan cleared themselves from the charge of rebellion brought against them by their brethren on the other side of the river.* Coad proceeds to state, that from Axminster he and his companions travelled eastward to Keynsham, 'where the enemy came upon us at unawares, and assaulting 3 passages to the towne, but could not prevail, but retreated with the loss of about 20 men, where I came to push of pike with them, yet through the protection of God had no harm. From hence, marching eastward, we lay one night at Philips-Norton. Next morning our enemies, coming on us by surprise, attacked the north-west entrance to the towne, guarded only with two companies, of which I, being in one, received a shot through my left-hand wrist, and also under my left breast, at which instant falling to the ground, bleeding excessively, lay under foot during the fight, being cut down, but not cut off; cast down, but not forsaken; for the fight being over, was taken up alive, but almost without sense of seeing or feeling. Some means were used to stop the blood; but my wounds being judged mortal, and wondering I was not dead, the chirurgions refused to dress my wounds; but the same evening, notwithstanding the great raine which fell, our camp moving eastward, I was cast on a waggon with few clothes about me. The shaking of the waggon made my wounds bleed afresh; yet my senses being something restored, despairing of life, I desired death, but could not obtain it: went on eastward to towne. The good and gracious God still showing his power, in my weakness bearing me up as it were by miracle of mercy, being in great measure destitute of all outward accommodations, as friends, food, raiment, or physitian. Then returning westward, after 3 days lying in my blood undressed, came to Shepton Mallet. Next morning obtained the favour of being dressed. One Mr Hardy, an apothecary in Lyme, cutting off my bloody clothes, stetched and stuck fast to my body, in searching found the bullet lodged in the loins of my back, cut it out; but the army being still in motion, and marching westward, had no opportunity of being dressed, until I came to Middlesex, where meeting with my wife in the time of the 4 days Act of Pardon, being disabled as to any further service, came away intending to lay hold on the act; but the same day was taken with a violent fever, could reach no farther than Long Sutton, where I could obtain neither physitian nor chirurgion. My condition seemed dismal and desperate; yet by the goodness and mercy of my God, and the slender means that was used by the midwife of the place, who adventured to come to me privately by night for a while, life was prolonged, the swelling and rage of my wounds something abated; an incredible deal of waterish blood working still out of the wound of my backe, was still under great affliction, yet through the malice of some neighbours, was deprived of the assistance of the midwife, &c.

It was while in this deplorable condition that Coad heard of the total rout of the Duke of Monmouth's followers at Sedgemoor. Being in the hands of enemies,

* Joshua, chap. xxii. verse 22.

they triumphed over him, helpless as he was. 'One night,' he says, 'there came soldiers on purpose, having had information who and what I was, as they swore desperately they would kill me, and put me out of the pain. As they came up stairs, one of them having a pistol in his hand, fired in the chamber where I lay: the pistol, being overloaded, did me no harm, but hurt his hand that discharged it, which made him run down cursing and swearing as fast as he came up stairs.'

These people informed against him, and he was incarcerated in Rochester jail for ten or eleven weeks, at the end of which he was drawn in a train to Wells assize, 'where,' he says, 'we had a church for our prison, a board for my bed, and something more than the shadow of death for my comfort.' Judge Jeffries, as is too well known, made short work of these trials, and honest John Coad, all wounded as he was, was sentenced to be relieved of his sufferings by death. Having pleaded guilty, he was condemned to be hanged and quartered, along with 600 more. He heard his sentence with fortitude. 'Even,' he states, 'when I stood before the bloody Nero, Geo. Jeffries, I found such inward support and comfort, that I could not say that I feared any evil; but when above 600 condemned men fell on their knees, and most dolorously cried for mercy, I could not bow a knee or speak a word for mercy; but had such workings of spirit, and something did, as it were, speak within me, that if it were a thing possible to be done, I would not exchange conditions with the judge at the bench though I was condemned at the bar.'

It was ordered, however, that the courageous carpenter should not die by the hands of the executioner. His escape is so singular, that it partakes more of the nature of romance than reality. Soon after he had received his condemnation, 'while,' he relates, 'I was at prayer with many others, in a morning came my sister that attended me, and calling hastily upon me, I went to her; and she told me there was an officer come into the cloister to call 200 men for Jamaica; she much pressed me to endeavour to get out amongst them, she being much troubled that morning by an information that she had, that my flesh was to be hung up before my door, at which she swooned away twice that morning. I, seeing her in so sorrowful a plight, did go with her to the officer, and privately told him the circumstances I was under, and offered him a fee to take me into his list, which he refused, but told me that when he called a man that did not answer, I might answer to his name, and step in. To deny my name I was cautious of, and stood by while many others under my circumstances went in, for I judged there was near 30 saved by so doing. I seeing the list full, went away; but such was the wonderful providence of God, there stood a poor woman of Charde, a stranger to me, who observed one of the company unwilling to be transported, came after me, and pulling me to the man, he hastily shifted himself out of the string, and put me in his place, and told me if I was called, his name was Jo. Halker.'

The danger had, however, not yet passed away; for while on the road, and resting at Sherbourne in Dorsetshire, where Coad was well known, a constable recognised him, and demanded of the officer of the convoy whether Coad's name was in the list of transports, he apparently knowing that it had been already inscribed in the 'dead list.' The fellow insisted on seeing the former document, and not finding John's name upon it, went away, leaving the wretched carpenter in hourly dread of being recalled to the gullows—a fate which had actually happened to one Shepherd the day before. But in the end the whole party got safely on board ship at Weymouth, and set sail for Jamaica.

The hardships suffered on the voyage may be judged of from one sentence in the journal:—'The master of the ship shut ninety-nine of us under deck in a very small room, where we could not lay ourselves down without laying one upon another.' Diseases of the most shocking character were the consequence; and twenty-two of the convicts died, besides several of the crew and free

passengers. Happily the voyage was remarkably short, for it only lasted six weeks and three days, the ship arriving at Port Royal on the 24th November 1685. On landing, Coad was sold to a Mr Hutchenson for L.12; but became so ill, that the doctor left him for a dead man. 'But,' ejaculates the pious convict, 'it pleased the Lord again to show his power, love, mercy, goodness, and truth, in my weak, low, destitute condition. When friends failed, physician failed, hopes failed, yet He failed me not; but to the admiration of all about me I was raised up, and made again a monument of His mercy, and made a wonder to myself for what end I should be preserved through so many dangers and visible deaths.'

After Coad had worked among negroes as a slave, enduring a variety of hardships, the news arrived in 1688 of the expulsion of James II. from the throne of Great Britain, and the landing of the Prince of Orange. This intelligence brought with it hopes of freedom; but it was not till May 1690 that a new governor of Jamaica was appointed, and from him emancipation was expected. This was petitioned for at first without success; but Coad drew up another petition, and determined to present it at a fitting opportunity. One evening he watched the governor walking in his garden, and backed by a companion, seized that moment for his purpose. 'We came to the first guard, and told them we had business to my lord. They said, pass on. When we came to the second guard, we told them that we had business to my lord. What is your business? said they. Then I delivered the petition, which they read, and one of them carried it to the governor his master, and waited for his answer at the entrance of the house; and we were detained at the other gate, and could see him walk to and fro in the court, perusing the petition, and considering the matter a considerable time.'

This must have been a moment of surpassing suspense.

'At length he [the governor] asked where are the men? The men that waited his motion beckoned to us, and we went in before him, who received us very kindly. With a compliment of a small bow he asked me, Are you one of the men that was with me before? I answered, No, my lord; I never saw your excellency till this day. His answer was, I have received an order to set you all free; and the king hath given orders for your coming home: go and pay your respects to your master, and in two or three days your business shall be accomplished. I humbly thanked his excellency, and wished him a happy government, and withdrew. The tidings went through the town like lightning, and our fellow-sufferers met us in the street before we got into our quarters, making a great noise. They would have an ox roasted in the street. I told them that we were ordered by the governor to behave ourselves respectfully to our masters, and if they would make such disturbance, I would begone and leave them as I found them. They replied they would go and give us wine; I told them we would have none of their wine; and with many persuasions we sent them to their houses, and we showed ourselves to both our masters, with one and the same man, who said, I hear you have got your freedom. We answered, We have the king's order by the governor for it.'

After many delays and difficulties, Coad was shipped home, and reached Plymouth on the fifth anniversary of his sad landing at Port Royal—namely, on the 24th November 1690. On arriving in his native town, he found his wife and three sons living, but in poor circumstances. Even after his return from banishment, therefore, his troubles had not ceased, although, as the author of the preface to his memorandum quaintly remarks, 'his courage was unshaken; for soon after, his wife dying, he took unto himself in his old age another—a woman young enough to be his daughter. The offspring of this union were a son and daughter: the former, Thomas, became a dissenting minister of Dorking in Surrey, where may still be seen a mural tablet to

his memory. The daughter, Sarah, married; and it was on the death of her granddaughter—who was buried at St Cross near Winchester in 1808—that the original manuscript, from which the present little work is printed, was found in her trunk. When John Coad died, or what became of the rest of his family, is not known; all that could be discovered was, that there are now in Stoford churchyard tombstones marking the restingplaces of many of his name and lineage.

Every lover of the minutest lineaments of history will thank Mr Macaulay and his publishers* for having brought this instructive and interesting memorandum to light.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

From forty to sixty a man, who has properly regulated himself, may be considered as in his prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given him judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence: the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called 'The Turn of Life,' which, if crossed safely, leads to the valley of 'Old Age,' around which the river winds, and then flows beyond, without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the 'turn of life' is a turn either into a prolonged life or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigour until night has entirely set.—*The Science of Life.*

COMPOUND INTEREST.

The following simple rule will show the number of years in which a single sum will become double in amount, by the accumulation of compound interest, for all rates of interest not exceeding 10 per cent.:—Divide seventy by the rate of interest per cent., and the quotient is the number of years required. Thus 70 divided by ten, will give seven years; by five, 14 years; by four, nearly 18 years; by three, nearly 23 years; by two, 35 years.—*News-paper paragraph.*

THE CONVICT GIRL.

Well, do you see, at night we used to amuse each other by telling our tricks—egging one another on in daring, vice, and wickedness. Well, amongst us we had one uncommon clever girl—a first-rate mimic, and she used to cause us grand sport, and was a vast favourite: she used to make us roar with laughter. Well, this fun had been going on for weeks; she had gone through most of her characters, from the governor to the turnkey, when she starts on a new tack, and commenced taking off Parson Cowper and Father Thorry. Some way it did not take, so she went back to Newgate, and came Mrs Fry to the very life; but it would not do: we did not seem to enjoy it—there was no fun in it for us. So, then, she began about the ship's leaving, and our mothers crying and begging of us to turn over a new leaf; and then, in a mimicking, jesting sport, she sobbed, and bade us good-by. Well, how it happened I know not, but one after the other we began to cry, and 'Stay, stay, not my mother,' said one. 'Let Mrs Fry alone. Father Thorry must not be brought here, nor Parson Cowper—stay, stay.' Well, she did stop; but tears were shed the whole of that night. Everything had been tried with me: good people had sought in vain to con-

vince me of my evil ways; but that girl's ridicule of my mother I could not stand. Her grief was brought home to me, and not to me alone, but to many. I do believe that night was a great blessing to many. I was so unhappy, that the next day I tried to get out of sight to pray; and when I got to a hidingplace, I found three girls on their knees. We comforted each other, and then how we spoke of our mothers! Mine was dead. She left this world believing me past hope—but the picture of her grief made me earnest in search of that peace which endureth for ever.—*Mrs Chisholm.*

THE 'CROCHET-WORKER.'

SUGGESTED BY KTTV'S PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1849.

SEX with what nimble ease her fingers ply
The coloured threads, that deeper-coloured grow
By contrast with the hunk of ivory,
And fingers pure as the transparent glow
That tints the shell, or in the virgin rose
'Blushes in praise of its own loveliness'
Looping and twisting, dropping with a cloc,
In all the beautiful unconsciousness
Of industry intent. Dear Beauty! stay
Thy busy fingers, and look up and bless
Me with a smile; from crochet-work I pray
Spare me a glance! Yet, no—I must confess
Thou teachest much by silence. Happiness,
I see, is occupation; for thy face
Is not a blank of pretty thoughtlessness,
But redolent in innocence and grace.
Grace to the gracious—goodness to the good!
Rest in endurance—hope, submission's child!
So God ordains; and leaves, alas! the rude
To chafe in sorrow, by rebellion wild.
I'll not be jealous of thy web, dear maid!
Cast on thy stitches fast and manifold;
Let thy mind struggle still in thought, unstayed,
Unscathed by phantasm tempters. I unfold
Thy image to my dearest memory—
A treasure of the beautiful within—
To teach and mildly preach of industry,
Saviour subordinate of man from sin!

GEORGE SEDGWICK.

TO BACHELORS IN PARTICULAR.

See, my friend, that you make your house a home. A house is a mere skeleton of bricks, laths, plaster, and wood: a home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves—for children to love, and learn, and play in—for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, to make life a blessing. A house where the wife is a slattern and a sloven cannot be a home: a house where the husband is a drunkard cannot be a home: a house where there is no happy fireside, no book, no newspaper, above all, where there is no religion and no Bible, how can it be a home? My bachelor brother, there cannot, by any possibility, be a home where there is no wife. To talk of a home without love, we might as well expect to find an English fireside in one of the pyramids of Egypt.—*E. P. II. in Moral Reformer's Almanac for 1850.*

INVENTION FOR DISCOVERING THE POSITION OF AN ENEMY AT NIGHT.

The 'Carcase,' fired at Woolwich on Captain Boxer's plan, was a beautiful spectacle, the shells ascending to a great altitude, and when at the highest point, an explosion took place similar to the bursting of a rocket in the air, and out came a parachute, fully six feet in diameter, and about three feet in depth, suspending the brilliant blue light, and gradually descending in the south-east direction, owing to the point of the compass from which the wind was blowing at the time, and lighting the part of the common on which it descended with a light nearly equal to what is given by a full moon on a clear night.

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THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

TIMES have changed, all allow, but whether for the better or the worse is a disputed point between the old and the young, which will ever remain undecided; for the young naturally desire and admire novelty, and those whose young feelings have long since died away, as naturally regret the time when they felt as we only can feel once in our lives, 'when all things please, for life itself is new.' We are apt to forget that, even were the same time to come over again, we could not feel as we did then; because, however altered the world may be, and is, the great change is in ourselves. Can the most scientific, nay, the most beautiful and pathetic *new* music, ever awaken in us the sensations we experience on hearing again the 'Baa Croon'—'Can ye sew cushions?' or other simple old tunes, with which 'the mother that looked on our childhood' lulled us to sleep? Or does the most spirited *alligro* make our hearts dance and our eyes brighten like the blithe lilt we heard carolled in the hayfield, when the bairns'-maid guided our infant steps there, to see the cornerakes' and partridges' nests which the mowers had come upon, and to look for the little field-mice, 'wee cowerin', timorous beasties,' that ran so fast? No, no! the very sun had a blink then it has never had since, to our eyes at least: summer was a lifetime, and a day like a modern week, so many fresh ideas and sensations impressed themselves upon the white paper of our minds.

How does the very scent of some wild flowers recall our infancy and early rural walks! And even the sight of the daffodil, polyanthus, grape hyacinth, double primrose, and 'all the flowers that children pull' unchecked, because too numerous and common to be cared for by florists and gardeners, take us back into a long vista of years. 'Old familiar faces,' old familiar voices, rise up before us with the distinctness of yesterday; and we have to recall to remembrance the changes death and time have made, before we can persuade ourselves that all is gone for ever, and that 'no more, no more—ah, never more on me the freshness of the heart can fall like dew!' To us the alterations for the better that our reason tells us to applaud are to our feelings no improvement; and even when we sink, tired and indolent, into the comfortable cushions of a feteuil-Voltaire, in a splendidly-furnished room, of which also we acknowledge the increased comfort, our affections revert to the scanty curtains and straight-backed chairs that stood in the same room long, long ago, when our hearts were gladdened by the kind faces of our best parents, and the light laughter of brothers and sisters now dead and dispersed, or forming part of other families, where their affections centre far away from us. What would we give to have it all back again, with the healthy frame,

the hoping heart, of bygone days! London was then further off than Rome is now, and India was another world: letters and papers travelled slowly, and we had time to digest one piece of news before another arrived. Languages were then laborious studies; a man who had made the grand tour was a lion; and a miss or madam who had written a paper in a magazine a learned lady, privileged to ramble about with inky fingers and untidy hair. No reasonable being ever expected to find a decently-dressed dinner at her house, any more than to hear her talk of common things with common sense. She set herself up, in short, for a blue-stocking, in whom dirt and disorder were supposed to be excusable. In *this* instance the most bigoted old persons of my acquaintance allow that the *blues* of the present day are an improvement upon those of their own.

Forty years ago I was five years old. My father's regiment was ordered to India, whither my mother decided upon accompanying him; and I was left at my uncle's house, to be educated with his own daughters in the meanwhile, and sent out at sixteen to my parents. My childish despair at the parting it is needless to enlarge upon; but my tears were soon dried by the kindness of my relatives, who taught me, ere six months were at an end, to consider myself in all things one of themselves. Glenbrechan was a fine old place, with fine old trees. The castle itself was in ruins, haunted by ghosts and rats at night, and by the lovers of wallflower—which grew in every crevice—during the day. The modern dwelling was large, very plainly and not very amply furnished; the table as abundant as it was homely; the servants, regular and irregular, as numerous as they were inefficient. There were but six real servants, over whom was an old woman called 'the mistress,' who never did a hand's turn herself, but saw to everything—cooking and cleaning, mending, making, &c.; but then there were innumerable helpers and hangers-on—lassies that ca'd the kirk and the kye, laddies that carried coals or curried horses, auld wives that shelled peas and washed potatoes, and old men that did nothing but sit in sunny places, giving their sage opinions on theology and politics. These primitive beings looked up to the laird and leddy as something superior, and ranked them, it would seem, far above any English nobility; for when the Duke of Launceston rented a shooting-box in the neighbourhood, they invariably called him *Launceston*. 'You must say the Duke of Launceston,' observed Miss Birch: 'it is not respectful—it is taking a liberty to call him *Launceston*.' 'Leeberty!' answered old Dawnie Macalister, 'do I no say Glenbrechan?'

The family was large and cheerful, hospitable and kind to a degree. I shall never forget my first introduction, nor how the uproarious gaiety terrified me; but very soon I became in thoughts, habits, and expression like those I lived with; and the eleven years I

spent at Glenbrechan are still among the happiest of my life. My cousins Ninian, Charlie, and John, tall, stout, handsome lads, filled the house with noisy companions, who came when it suited them, and ever found a warm welcome, and a large room at the top of the house, containing seven beds, and called 'The Barracks,' always ready. These young men brought servants and dogs, horses and high spirits, with them; and I never but twice remember the barrack-room totally untenanted. Many ladies also came to stay besides the regular county families, who were visited and entertained at stated periods; but young ladies, old maids, or married women, I seldom remember above one or two who brought with them these nuisances—ladies'-maids, as every one of far inferior rank and fortune does know.

My female cousins were of all ages, well-grown, handsome, though coarsish girls, with large extremities, high complexions, and high noses. There were seven of them, and the youngest was three years my senior. The governess, a staid, starched person, taught us all she knew, which was very little after all: being what would in the present day be called the *rudiments* of French and music, and a certain quantity of grammar and geography, which, with pages of dictionary and dull prosaic poetry, we were daily forced to commit to memory—called and considered *tasks* by the teacher and the taught. Upon Sundays this routine was diversified by the learning of long hymns and interminable questions, and every one read aloud for nearly an hour some 'good book,' which was generally at the same time very dry. Margaret, Christy, Beatrice, and Belle, had finished their education, to which they added painting shells, gay and grassy, reposing in nests of sea-weed, and bunches of roses and sweet peas, surrounded by the tendrils of the blue convolvulus; but as this was not an accomplishment of Miss Birch's, we had a little meek man from a village two miles distant, who taught us to draw in pencil from models, and laid the foundation of what some of us have since excelled in, when perfected by the instructions of more talented teachers. 'The Battle of Prague' and 'Lodoiska' were the most difficult pieces to which any one ever aspired, and when we had mastered them, we were pronounced finished musicians. Those of the girls who had done with the school-room, took out their work-baskets regularly every morning, and made frilled shirts or other articles of dress, or perhaps embroidered handkerchiefs (seldom writing, and never reading), till at half-past one our dinner and their luncheon-bell rung. An immense tureen of barley broth, or hotch-potch, or an equally huge plate of potatoes, were standard dishes, flanked at the four corners by jugs containing both sweet and butter-milk; but besides these were other things according to the season. In summer, strawberries in profusion, of which each person ate more than one large soup-plate full, and covered plentifully with thick cream, ladled out of an immense china-bowl in the centre by Maggy, whose arms were the longest. This meal despatched, the elders drove in the capacious family-coach, and the young ladies walked or rode; for there were three saddle-horses, and ponies in plenty for the catching, little, spirited, ungromed beasts, with fiery eyes gleaming through long, shaggy manes that fell half over their faces—until the firing of guns, the yelping of dogs, and shouting of hoarse voices, announced the return of the gentlemen from shooting, and the near approach of the five-o'clock dinner.

This meal outdied in profusion all the others: meat, poultry, and game were there in every variety; soups, strong and tasty; black-puddings, white-puddings, meal-puddings, liver-puddings, and a haggis, whenever a sheep was killed, when its singed head was made into broth, and served up with the trotters as a dish; apple-pies appeared, of which it was the custom to invite the guests to partake merely of the

'apples.' Cream was eaten with everything, as well as apple-pies and strawberries, boiled rice, 'calves'-feet jelly,' English puddings even, when they had them, which was very rarely indeed—(mince-pie meat put into skins was called 'sweet-puddings')—and the quantity consumed was an answer to the usual question of English visitors—'What can a private family want with so many cows?' Two large china jugs stood at each end of the table, containing a pleasant sort of beer they called 'twopenny,' out of which every one drank; but each had a wine-glass to himself in my day, although a few years previous four were supposed enough for a large company, placed on the middle of the table, with green mufflings on the feet. Claret was then drunk out of the cask, and the port and sherry were both famed. After all this feasting, my readers may suppose tea was but a ceremony: no such thing. At half-past seven it was brought in, shortbread, currant-bun, and seedcake handed about, and there was usually a plateful of caraway-comfits, into which you dipped your thickly-spread bread and butter, and few let these good things pass them. Cards, music, and dancing concluded the evening at ten o'clock, when a capital hot supper was served—roast fowls, calf-head hash, and dishes as substantial, smoked upon the hospitable board—of which the whole company partook, with hearty appetites, washing them down with a liberal supply of wine and cold punch.

In those days dyspepsia and nervous complaints had not come into fashion, and at half-past nine next morning all were ready for breakfast: and such a breakfast!—piles of scones, pyramids of rolls, farls of crumby oat-cake, and more butter than is now eaten in a week, in pots of all sizes, just out of the churn; honeycomb at one end, cut with no sparing hand; and jams and jellies down the middle, not delicately put in cut-glass dishes, but unblushingly presented in their original pots, which were quite emptied every day; hen and turkey eggs, tea and coffee, were always there: but some ate porridge and milk; some supped sowens; some liked rizzered haddies or kippered salmon; and others contented themselves with the beef-ham that ever stood on the side-board: all jested, laughed, talked, and ate as if they had not seen food for twenty-four hours; and none took offence at the personal remarks and practical jokes which in these unsophisticated days every one indulged in, but which any person presuming on now, would be *chassé* from all wellbred society.

'The laird' (always called Glenbrechan) and 'the lady,' as Mrs Hetherfield was commonly termed (though very old-fashioned people spoke of and to her as Lady Glenbrechan), were treated with great respect and deference; but there was no restraint in their presence, and all looked and behaved as if they felt perfectly at home. Upon Sundays, when the carriage could not contain all the party—the numbers it *did* hold outside and in are incredible—and when it was too wet to walk to the old kirk of Drumbrechan, a cart was put in requisition, furnished with sacks stuffed with straw for seats, and driven by Sawnie Macbuffle, who lectured us all the way there for 'making' siccan a din on the Lord's day; but spite of sacks and Sawnie's sermons, we preferred it to the more aristocratic conveyance. Upon this day we were, on the whole, very demure; and after dinner sat with 'good books' in our hands, until the laird led the way from the dining-room, earlier than common, but not soon enough to prevent the gentlemen from having imbibed more port and punch than was quite proper.

What religion Glenbrechan professed was never accurately ascertained, for although he abused in no measured terms the reformers who had pulled down the old castle, he showed no predilection for the faith of his ancestors in whose time this misfortune happened; quite the contrary indeed. Once he was prevailed upon to enter an Episcopalian chapel, but he pronounced the service 'most redeccid.' To hear Bess Forfar, mut-

tered; he, 'skirlin' to the Lord to presairve her frae sin, as if her face and her fifty years wadna do that!'^{*} (If the kirks he seldom or never went; yet notwithstanding these outward and visible signs of indifference, he was upon friendly terms with the excellent minister, and certainly the most benevolent, kind-hearted, hospitable being that ever breathed the breath of life. Every Sunday night regularly he made it a rule to read a sermon to his household; and upon his wiping his spectacles, putting them on, and glaring gravely round at each person, all seated themselves, and after three or four premonitory 'hems,' the worthy squire began, and with more solemnity, it must be confessed, than correctness. Upon one occasion, I remember, the male part of his audience looked more unsteady than usual, and that very evening the sermon in turn was one of Blair's, beginning, 'When I cast my eyes upon the objects that surround me.' A laugh stopped him; and in great wrath he laid down the book, delivering an exordium of his own, perhaps better adapted to the then powers of comprehension displayed by his gentlemen auditors, though especially addressed to the lady laughers. It was in those days a rare event for a man to join the tea-table on steady legs; and any one indeed who did so, rather lost than gained in the opinion of his companions. After the sermon, we sat and tried to talk with a gravity becoming the day, but very soon relapsed into our usual joking, jesting style. There was little intellectual conversation. Occasionally, indeed, Glenbrechan touched upon politics, if an unmeasured abuse of democrats may be so termed; to which word, by the by, he gave what he imagined was the true French pronunciation, calling them 'demmy craws.'

But the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' was scarcely missed in that true-hearted, happy, hospitable family: people were quite contented with what they found; and the few *habitués* that live to remember the dear old place and its then inhabitants, turn with a fond regret to these days of auld langsyne, days that will never return again. Steamboats, and railways, and modern accomplishments *ont changé tout cela*. Music was confined either to the pathetic Scotch and Irish airs, or reels and strathspeys for dancing; and the expression given to the first, and the spirit to the last, seem now to be lost; for those who execute other music with taste and brilliancy, fail utterly when attempting our national tunes. Of course it was only at the latter end of my stay that I made one of the society above described: we children stayed in our school-room, and were every day dressed in white frocks, to be ready, when sent for, at the dessert; and taken to the drawing-room by the ladies after we had gone through the dread ceremony of drinking everybody's health round, and the more agreeable one of eating some fruit or sweetmeats. When the tea was brought in, we were sent to bed with a slice of cake, and a kiss from every lady present. Except at luncheon, we never associated with our elders at any other time; for the pernicious Scotch custom of bribing children to eat more porridge than they were inclined for (supping porridge being considered in the nursery as a moral virtue, entitling the little gormandiser to rich reward), by a promise of a 'shave o' laif wi' marmalade on't,' at the dining-room breakfast, never prevailed at Glenbrechan.

We were, however, so thoroughly happy in our own pursuits, that we never wished for anything different from what it was. Lessons, to be sure, sometimes bored us, and Miss Birch lectured us upon order and neatness, but these were the only shades to our sunshine: we never quarrelled, and were never ill; envy, jealousy, and such petty passions we had never seen in others nor felt in ourselves; and when we were

told that the good would go to Heaven, the only heaven we could imagine was like a certain woody glen where the clear water from the hills dashed down over rocks on the goodly burn beneath, forming a pool, or *linn*,^{*} as it was called, in which we bathed, dressing and undressing under the trees, where the birds carolled merrily in spring, and the insects hummed drowsily in summer, quiet and sheltered always in all weather; and where, when those who were ready first, sat waiting for the others, singing, 'Oh happy, happy was the time on yon burn-side;' or wandered about pulling bunches of the blue wild geranium, watching the solitary large mountain bee (bumbee we called it, from the booming or humming noise it made) sucking the sweets from the foxglove or heather-bell; or the caller trout, whisking from one stone to another; or we went peering into every bush and brake in search of the birds'-nests, so cleverly concealed by the thick foliage of June. No sickness nor sorrow had we, no fears for the future, no anxiety for the present: all we loved were near us, and we knew so little of death, that we could not separate it in our minds from a sound, calm sleep. This was our idea (at least it was mine) when we reflected upon the subject at all. But truth to say, we rarely spent our time in meditation, either sacred or profane: if we had nothing particular to say, we had always plenty to sing; for all the old ballads were familiar. We had an intense love of music, and could frame a simple second to every tune we loved, with a true accent and taste, such as none who are not Scottish-born and bred can attain, any more than they can the right staccato touch of the Scottish reel, that sends the young blood dancing through the veins.

All rural occupations we took interest in, and knew something about; we could tell the note of every bird, the name of every flower 'that sips the dew,' and an accomplished young lady from London was looked down upon as an ignorant savage because she did not know a lime from a beech, nor a lark from a linnet. Our plays were rural, and we made the most of our summer; danced round the trees, swung in their branches; made bowers here, seats there, 'houses' wherever we could find a gnarled and knotted stem on which to fix our broken bits of plates, nut-shells, and crab-claws. Fir-tops were our cows, and our 'kail-pat' the bottom of a broken wine bottle turned up, in which crumbled cake, wild mint, and spring water formed the broth. When the cows were milked, then was a happy time with us, as, with our 'luggies' in one hand, and a bit of toasted cake in the other, we waited for the 'afterings' of a favourite cow, or whiled away the time in wandering from one cool spring-well to another, tasting the waters, and pretending to fancy we found different flavours in each; or washing radishes and young turnips in them, which we carried off triumphantly under the very eyes of James the gardener himself, whose 'bark' we knew was 'waur nor his bite,' in spite of his threatenings. These humble cakes were to our unvisited palates quite as good as the most *recherché* hot-house peach or pine-apple. Then the charm of scrambling after wild fruit—blueberries and brambles, nuts and wild raspberries! The gooseberries of the garden were nothing to these dainties, obtained with some difficulty, although we made considerable havoc there too, especially in the jam-making season, when we got a holiday expressly to assist in the 'topping-and-tailing,' and when we ate quite as many as we pulled off prepared. What plagues we must have been to the old henwife! for we must see every goose, turkey, or hen that was sitting, and every fresh pig that was produced; must penetrate into the dark

^{*} I persist in thinking that *linn* is the pool, not the fall; and that Burns, when he wrote,

'She missed a fit, an' over the linn,
Over head and lugs she plumbt.'

meant to write 'to the linn, over,' &c. All the common people and the old people understand *linn* to be the pool. 'To bathe in the linn' every one says.

^{*} This anecdote (somewhat refined in the text) was related by a lady of rank and fortune, and of the highest respectability, in the hearing of the author's father.

recuses of the henhouse, and gather the eggs, feed the calves, count the kittens; and when we had exhausted her department, off we were to the stable-men, begging to play with the puppies, or pat the new foal. God bless their honest hearts, these old servants! they loved us dearly, and not the less so for thinking themselves privileged to scold us whenever we were in mischief. Dear old nurse, however, never scolded: in her eyes we could do no wrong. She was a gentle creature, full of the milk of human kindness, and possessing an inexhaustible collection of old tales and stories. Even when stone-blind, she knew our every step, as well as she did our voices; and her husband, old William, was just such another, leaving his work to swing us in the 'sluggish-shoo,' canting us high among the green branches with unwearied arm, and relating a choice anecdote between each performance, invariably beginning, 'I mind ance'—a delicate way, perhaps, of reminding us that 'rest renders labour lighter.'

But it was at length necessary for me to leave these scenes, and hasten to a fashionable boarding-school, where it was supposed a year would polish off the rusticity acquired in Scotland, after which I was to sail for India. What my free spirit and vigorous appetite endured in this polite abode would scarcely, I suppose, interest my readers; suffice it to say, I lost my health and happy spirit; I lost, too, my ignorance of evil, and gained very little in exchange. Right glad was I to go, and when Mrs Vane Trimmer delivered me up to the lady who was to *chaperone* me across 'the deep waters of the dark-blue sea,' she said most truly, 'Miss Heatherfield is a very different person from what she was upon coming to me from Scotland!'

LEARNED SOCIETIES IN FRANCE.

THE first volume of a work, to be continued annually, has been published under the authority of the French government, intended to furnish a periodical notice of the various scientific societies throughout the kingdom. The attempt is praiseworthy, as it will in all probability be the means of making generally known a number of useful institutions, which otherwise might never have been heard of beyond their immediate locality, and thus increase the stimulus of good example. The want of such a publication has often been felt in this country. How few persons are aware of the numerous provincial associations, each busy in its own neighbourhood, doing something, more or less, for the advancement of philosophy, science, and literature! The work under consideration contains some instructive particulars, from which a general idea may be gathered as to the state of learned societies on the other side of the channel.

Such societies, it has been remarked, more than other institutions, have passed harmless through political changes and convulsions. Generally speaking, rulers, whether wise or warlike, vicious or stupid, have afforded them a certain degree of countenance and protection: perhaps they may have had a suspicion that it was better to tolerate these assemblages, than that their promoters should betake themselves to the study of politics. From some of these societies, as in the reign of Louis XIV., an annual ode or triumphal poem was sent forth, in which the sovereign came in for more than his share of adulation. Among other notable events, this monarch's reign was marked by a considerable increase of associated bodies; they, however, did little besides discussing literary subjects, until the Revolution came, and gave them a new impulse. By a decree of the Convention, August 8, 1793, all the academies founded by royal letters-patent were suppressed; more, however, with a view to their reconstitution on a diffi-

rent basis, than from a desire for their abolition. At this period some of the Parisian associations were animated by as much zeal for science as their compatriots for liberty; more particularly the Philotechnic Society and the Athenæum of Arts. The members of the latter body sent a deputation with an honorary crown to the illustrious Lavoisier three days prior to his execution. It was at this time also that public courses of lectures were opened under Lamarck, Cuvier, Fourcroy, Monge, Chénier. Science was kept alive in the metropolitan institutions when learning in other parts of the country was terrified into silence.

The societies formed during the Empire were all more or less literary; and were so imperfectly constituted, as to have in most instances but a short existence. The Revolution of July 1830 gave a new impulse to intellectual culture, which, shared by the leisure orders of society, spread rapidly and extensively among the industrious classes. The new feeling was fostered by the minister Guizot, who, in one of his official circulars, wrote, 'the more elementary instruction becomes general and active, the more is it necessary that higher studies, great scientific undertakings, be equally progressive.' All societies were recommended to correspond with the minister of public instruction; and thus the first approaches were made towards active and systematic co-operation.

There are in Paris, at the present time, thirty-six learned societies, recognised and approved by the government; several of them, yielding to the movement of the age, have abandoned literature for positive science, while others have become little better than debating or musical societies. We have already alluded to the Athenæum of Arts. There is now a Royal Athenæum, where lectures are given on almost every subject—magnetism, Fourierism, homeopathy, cranioscopy in its relation to civil justice, the value of colour in the organic kingdom, folly considered as a discordance of the encephalic functions, being a few of the more remarkable. The lecturers are not paid; and the institution is said to be a sort of training-ground for aspiring savants. There is a Society of Literati—of dramatic authors, the latter numbering nearly five hundred members, all engaged on some branch of dramatic literature. The first Ethnological Society, we believe, was formed in Paris; it started in 1839, and has published two volumes of memoirs, or treatises upon the physical characteristics of mankind, their language, religion, belief, worship, traditions, influence of soil and climate upon different nations. London and New York now each reckon an Ethnological Society among their scientific associations. The Historical Institute, founded in 1833, has published eighteen volumes of memoirs, devoted chiefly to the history of France, its language, and early literature; while the Society of French Bibliophiles charges itself with the publication of inedited works, and reprints of old and rare books, which throw light on the ancient national history. During the thirty years that this latter society has existed, it has done good service by bringing to notice many important writings and documents which otherwise might never have been heard of. The Society of Antiquaries was founded by Napoleon in 1805. In the early years of its existence it was called the Celtic Society, and directed its attention more particularly to the customs and literature of ancient Gaul. In 1814, however, the members determined on taking a wider field of operations, and they now investigate antiquities generally, whether of art, science, literature, or philosophy.

The Geographical Society, which dates from 1821, as far as warranted by the funds at its disposal, undertakes the sending out of expeditions for foreign discovery. To this society we owe Caillé's voyage and the discovery of Timbuctoo, as well as other important journeys. An annual price of 1000 francs is awarded to any European traveller who, within the year, has made the most important geographical discovery: during eighteen years that the society has existed, the prize

has been awarded thirteen times. A second prize of 2000 francs was afterwards instituted by the Duke of Orleans, for the geographer or traveller who shall have most benefited agriculture, manufactures, or humanity, by what he has brought with him into France from the countries he has visited. The society has paid away altogether 60,000 francs in prizes, published seven quarto volumes relating to ancient voyages, and forty-three volumes of the *Bulletin*, or what may be called geographical transactions.

Paris has also its Geological Society, devoted to the progress of the science in general, and the study of the soil of France in particular, in its relation to industrial art and agriculture. The society numbers 500 members, native and foreign: no other qualification is required than an introduction by two members, and a payment of thirty francs annually. A bulletin is published for the use of the subscribers, in which it is said a 'Report on the progress of geology during the past ten years' will shortly appear. Next we have the Entomological and Cuvierian Societies; membership in the latter, as we are informed, is constituted by subscription to the 'Zoological Review.' The Philomathic Society was established in 1788, and has reckoned some of the most eminent philosophers as its members—among whom may be mentioned Lacroix, Laplace, Chaptal, Ampère, Fresnel, Cuvier: it is sometimes called the Little Institute. The ablest philosophers of France are still in its ranks; its discussions are remarked by acumen and thoroughness of investigation; nothing is taken for granted, but every fact is rigidly demonstrated. The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, founded in 1802, has had a most active and direct influence upon material progress: down to 1845 it has distributed 392,850 francs as prizes, all for objects beneficial to the national economy. It comprises a large body of individuals favourable to the cause of free trade, and earnest for the removal of impolitic restrictions. Education is not left unnoticed: there is a Society of Elementary Instruction, which, ever since its foundation in 1821, has laboured to bring instruction within reach of the poorer classes; particularly of children who, set to work at an early age, have no time for study through the day. Schools are opened for them at the hours most convenient for them to attend. The society has not been content to follow a stereotyped routine: it has gone on adding to its experience and improving its methods; training at the same time a band of skilful teachers to be distributed in the provinces; in addition to which, a 'Journal of Popular Education' has been published, abounding in excellent precepts and useful suggestions.

In common with other large capitals, Paris reckons among its institutions several devoted to active philanthropy; among these we may specify the Society of Christian Morals, established in 1821 by the Duke of Laroche-foucauld-Liancourt, its object being the application of the precepts of Christianity to social relations; and, in the words of the statutes, to demonstrate 'that the greater part of the errors and vices which impede the course of truth, justice, and peace among men, originate in ignorance or forgetfulness of Christian principles.' There are 275 members in the society, divided into seven committees; each has special duties to perform: thus we find the committee of charity and beneficence—of orphans—of prisons—of peace—of moral amelioration—of the abolition of the slave trade, and last, for the moral improvement of the liberated. These committees leave national and sectarian differences quite out of sight in the discharge of their duties: their proceedings have been printed in forty volumes; they have correspondents in every part of the world, among others the Society of Universal Morality, recently formed at Constantinople by some benevolent Turks under the patronage of the sultan.

In addition to the societies already enumerated, there are eight connected with surgery and medicine, besides a multitude of others unchartered, and but little

known either to one another or to the public; these include sculptors, architects, painters, musicians, artisans of every degree, and orators. There are about 150 singing societies, composed exclusively of working-men; some of these require the candidate for admission to improvise a few couplets on wine, glory, or French song, as a title to membership. Apart from these useless requirements, it must be confessed that in these musical reunions the working-classes are taking a step in the right direction. It is, however, somewhat remarkable in the present day to see a Heraldic Society, whose occupation is to emblazon the arms of all its members upon long sheets of parchment: it may be perhaps the artistic amusement of a few idle people. Many of these last-mentioned societies are open to women: the ladies, too, have an Institute to themselves. In 1836, a course of lectures was opened at the Ranelagh, by a celebrated lady, on the social rights of women: from this arose the Ladies' Institute, which is now licensed. A rich and clever lady, noted for her literary enthusiasm, is at its head: the programme was most liberal: the female academicians were to be lodged and paid after the example of the Royal Institute; their first work is said to be a new dictionary of the French language. The first ten ladies were nominated in 1845, with power to elect their colleagues to the number of forty. It remains to be seen whether the labours of these female philosophers will have any stimulating effect upon those of the other sex.

Turning from the capital to the provinces, we find that, in 1788, there were in France forty-eight other societies of various pursuits, of which it was said by Voltaire 'they have created a spirit of emulation, have impelled to exertion, accustomed young men to useful studies, dissipated the prejudices and ignorance of certain cities, inspired politeness, and, as much as may be, driven out pedantry.' The eighty-six departments of France at present contain 189 learned societies, besides twelve archaeological commissions, fifty agricultural societies, and 664 rural associations—showing a prodigious increase over the number for 1788. Many of these bodies publish annual reports of their proceedings. In point of literature, the predominance inclines to the southern section of the country; while in the north (the chief seat of manufactures) the subjects considered most worthy of attention are history, agriculture, and the application of science to industry. The most solid and active societies are said to be found in Toulouse, Strasburg, Caen, and Lyons; the difference, however, between these and other provincial towns is comparatively small. The associations, generally, still feel the impulse described by Lamartine in his address to his colleagues of the Macon Academy: 'You have felt, gentlemen, that knowledge is yours only on the condition that you diffuse it, and that to raise the low is to elevate the high.' Around you all is progressing. Will you stand alone? will you suffer yourselves to be overtaken? No, gentlemen, men of leisure, or rather ourselves workmen, but workmen of thought and science, it is for us to be the first to participate in the movement. In a state of civilisation, where intelligence gives power, rank is maintained only by the maintenance of moral superiority; when the intellectual order is deranged, disorder is not far off.' As may be supposed, the publications of the various societies exhibit different degrees of science and utility; we may instance one specimen—a long treatise in the Memoirs of the Scientific Society of l'Aube, 'On the Influence of Coffee and Wine upon the Poetry and Literature of France'—in which the author decides that, while coffee may do very well for philosophers and mathematicians, wine is the only drink for poets. This, however, is an exception to the general rule, which is towards improvement. In some of the manufacturing towns, the societies have established courses of lectures explanatory of the relation of science to the arts, as a means of instructing large bodies of workmen; prizes have also been instituted, to be awarded by the operatives them-

elves. At Mulhouse, one of the seats of the cotton manufacture, an industrial museum has been founded; a technological library of 3000 volumes; two gratuitous schools, one for mechanics and linear drawing, the other for painting, attended by more than two hundred pupils: sixty prizes were distributed in 1842. The same example has been followed by the societies at Metz, Cambray, Nantes, and other places. The subjects chosen for their essays are usually those most affecting the wellbeing of the industrious portion of the population.

We have only space for a concluding word on the agricultural societies, which are said to comprise more than a million members. When it is remembered that in France the number of those engaged in the cultivation of the soil amounts to twenty-five millions, we shall become aware of the necessity that must exist for combined and energetic action among these societies. Model farms have been established, inducements are offered to the inventors of agricultural implements, which, with the large meetings frequently held for discussion, will probably lead to a knowledge of that great desideratum—the real capabilities of the soil.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

I AM at home now: I call it home because I have lived in these, my lodgings, for some years. My street has grown beneath my eyes; passing from its infancy of three new-built houses and a brick-field, through a comical, one-sided, half-paved youth, to the dignified maturity of a respectable suburban thoroughfare. The time when my sketch begins was between the first and second era—when there rose up before my gaze, instead of the brick-field, one solitary house—and its inhabitants became, *par excellence*, my 'opposite neighbours.'

It really was quite an event in my life when they came into possession, and I had positively something to look at and somebody to watch. Now, reader, misjudge me not; I am no prying old maid—though of necessity I sit at my window the greater part of the day: the secret is, I am a wood-engraver. Oh the weariness of labouring from breakfast-time till dusk, hearing no voices but the scoop—scoop—scoop of the tool against the wood, save when listening with nervous eagerness to the boom of the near church-clock, that marks the passing of another hour, every moment of which is worth so much precious coin! Oh the relief of lifting one's head for a brief space to drink in light and air, and to gain a few passing interests of life without that may drive away the throng of memories which such a dull, mechanical occupation cannot fail to bring! Surely 'my opposite neighbours,' if ever so retiring, would not have grudged me this innocent recreation.

They were very retiring indeed. They came into their new abode at dusk, and for several days I saw no specimens of living humanity except the small servant, a tidy, little, rosy-cheeked country-girl, who enlivened her dreary existence each morning by cleaning the steps, which, during the succeeding day, were never defiled by any footmarks save her own. Moreover, if there were no visible inhabitants, it also seemed as if there was no visible furniture, for the drawing-room shutters were kept closed, and the parlour blinds half-drawn down.

However, ere the week ended, I saw, placed within the wire-blind, one of those framed advertisements which are used by 'genteel' professions. It bore the inscription, 'Miss WATERS, Milliner.' I saw, too, the hand that was placing it there—one evidently belonging to a young woman—round, pretty, and rosy. And on the very next day, Sunday, I beheld its owner.

At church-time two persons walked out of the house, one a girl, apparently just gliding out of her teens into maturer womanhood; the other a tall thin stripling of a boy. They were very like one another—brother and sister apparently—and both wore that fresh simplicity which we designate 'a country look.' Moreover, as the boy took his elder sister's prayer-book, and gave her his arm to lean on, it was with an air of independent dignity, as much as to say, 'I'm quite a man at last.'

For months I never saw anybody in the house but these two. I supposed they lived there all alone, a desolate, perhaps orphaned pair. Oh the number of those who are early doomed to merge youth's pleasures in ago's lurking cares—to spend their life's tender spring in self-dependent but bitter toil, and so grow old long ere winter comes!

I pictured to myself a cold, half-furnished house, and the brother and sister—forced misers!—sitting with pale, early-wrinkled brows, counting up their little store. Little it must be, for there came no customers to 'Miss Waters, Milliner.' And as for the boy, I saw him pass in and out daily, not with the quick, active, self-important step of one who 'must be at his office at nine,' but with the dull lounge of one who has no occupation, no aim in life. He grew taller and thinner every day, his long limbs shaming the boy's jacket—a shabby one too—which he still wore. At last, from taking his walks in the broad noon, he never went out until dusk. Poor lad! I well guessed why. Moreover, his sister now went to church alone. I marvelled not that it was with a drooping head, and a veil scarcely ever raised—but still she went.

'God help her!' I said to myself. 'One-half the fellow-worshippers will never know, and never heed, how solemnly to her sounds the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."'

One morning I was surprised to notice on the window a second framed inscription—'MR ALFRED WATERS, Artist.' And then I penetrated into a little mystery which had puzzled me for weeks—namely, that the shutter of the second-floor window was almost always kept half-closed. At once I pictured to myself the poor young artist's studio—the self-made easel, the common colour-box, and all the adjuncts of that wretched struggle of genius against poverty.

'Simpleton that I am!' I sometimes said to myself, 'how do I know that the lad's a genius? May he not be one of those lazy drones who take to art because daubing canvas, and lounging about, sketch-book in hand, seems easier than learning a trade?'

But I looked in the boy's face as he sat one evening at his attic window, gazing out on the sunset, and I knew that he *was* a genius. And if so, what miserable heart-burnings he must have felt—what shame in being obliged to make money out of the crude productions which in years to come he would wish consigned to oblivion—what self-degradation in writing up after his name the word 'artist,' just as he might have written 'bricklayer!' Poor fellow! I had almost rather have read in his face the assurance of conceited puppyism than of delicate, sensitive genius.

My young friends—for so I called them in my heart—had interested me for at least six months. One day, a little before Christmas-time, I sat speculating rather dreadingly on my own Christmas and on theirs—how lonely both would be spent, and what a pity it was that I had not riches at command to send them in anonymously a capital Christmas dinner, and invite myself to dine with them!

As I looked, there seemed to be a slight confusion in the house; and through the opened folding-doors I distinguished the pretty, slight figure of Lucy Waters flitting to and fro, clearly visible between the windows. She moved cheerily, as one does in pleasant expectation, now stirring the fire, now arranging the table, and anon pressing her cheek close to the frosty pane, and looking anxiously down the street. She was evidently waiting for some person or persons unknown. I thought to myself pensively, how happy it was to have some one to wait for, anxiously, expectantly—to arrange all little things—to watch and keep the fire bright and blazing—to wheel the easy-chair, and have the pet footstool ready—to listen eager, yet trembling, for the striking of the appointed hour—and then to sit down and try to 'play patience'—perhaps indifference, talk of common things, and look quite calm and careless—as though the heart within were not leaping wildly at every sound. Ah, fool!—fool! to call up such visions when thou sittest silent, looking down

the murky street, along which no foot will come; or gazing with dull, vacant stare upon the winter fire, that will shine upon no face save that pale, tear-blinded one—thine own! But patience, patience; if hope may of no more to thy lonely hearth, there sits there ever—one whom no chance or change can now take from thee—the solemn, meek-browed angel Memory!

I could gaze no longer on my opposite neighbour. So, remembering that I had a block to take home, I put on my bonnet and walked out. As I opened the street-door, a trunk-laden railway cab drove up, and there was an inquiry for the name of 'Waters.' Just then a stream of light darted on the wet pavement, from an opened door on the opposite side, and the long thin boy came bounding across the narrow street.

'Father—mother—here's the house.' Lucy, hold the light: they're come at last!

So my young people were not orphans. It took away from the romance, but it added to the joy. Ah, they at least would keep a happy Christmas-day!

I knew they did. I saw them all go to church together, the boy supporting his mother, and Lucy leaning on her bluff old father's arm. Then, judging from their appearance, I added to my romance that of a ruined country farmer, whose duteous children had tried to make for their broken-down parents a London home. Well, poor as it was, there was great joy within its walls this day. The little family had a visitor, too, a tall young man, who, in mien and bearing, was superior to any of them, except Lucy. At dusk, when, thanks to the firelight and the undrawn blind, I had a complete Dutch picture of the whole circle, I noticed how the guest sat between old Mrs Waters and her daughter. And once, when a clear bright gleam flashed on her face, I saw Lucy regarding him with a look of such intense pride—such deep tenderness! 'Ah,' thought I, 'it is the old tale once more.'

After that time I did not wonder to see the stranger knocking certainly thrice a week at the Waters' door. Smiling, I sometimes repeated Hood's rhyme—

'There is a young man very fond
Of calling o'er the way.'

He always came at the same hour, and I generally guessed the time by seeing Lucy sit, working at the parlour-window, her eyes glancing every five minutes down the street. And when the door was opened to him, it was ten to one that the janitor was no other than Lucy's own smiling self.

Thus matters went on for several months. There was apparently a decided improvement in their circumstances, though whether through the increase of Miss Waters's business I could not tell. But I rather thought not, especially as there appeared in addition to the millinery advertisement one which informed the public in general that within there was 'wax flower-making taught on moderate terms.' Also, shortly after, I noticed a 'Times' advertisement, stating that 'A respectable person would be glad to have intrusted to his charge bookkeeping, the collecting of accounts, &c.;' also that there were 'unfurnished apartments to be let in a quiet family.' The address no other than that of my friends the Waterses.

Truly, if ever there was a hard-working, struggling family, it was my opposite neighbours.

They were to me a positive blessing. It did me good to have such sweet heart-warming interests—although all secret. And little harm my watching did them. The old mother, coming in blithely from her small marketings, knew not of a hidden eye that, gazing, wished that tenfold plenty might come to her basket and her store: the boy-artist was none the worse for the sympathies that penetrated his half-closed shutters—understanding well the life he led within: and when Lucy and her lover—as of course he was—walked out together in the gloaming, were they less happy because of the silent blessing that followed their footsteps from the heart which felt the more what such wealth of love must be, because itself through life had been so poor!

One evening they took a shorter walk than usual, and when they re-entered the house, I saw Lucy's hand-

kerchief to her eyes. It made me quite unhappy: I thought of it constantly, as I sat at my engraving till late at night. When I went up stairs at last, I looked mechanically over the way: there was still a lamp burning in the Waterses little parlour. Then I saw the door open, and Lucy, holding a light, stood in the passage. Beside her was their usual guest—her supposed lover. They stood talking for many minutes, he clasping her hand all the time. At last he moved to depart; she put down the light, and throwing her arms round his neck, hung there in such utter abandonment of woe, that I felt the parting was not for a day, a week, but one of those farewells that wring the very heart-strings of youth.

He went away—the door closed—and there was darkness. What darkness must have fallen on that poor girl's soul! I knew—none better than I!

After that night I never saw the lover again—Lucy took her evening walks alone. For a time I fancied that her step was slow, and her head bent; but these tokens of grief changed. Youth can bear so much, and for so long. In spite of her trouble, Lucy Waters looked well and pretty, and I was glad to see her so. Moreover, the family fortunes seemed still improving, for ere summer ended, the drawing-room shutters were at last taken down, furniture came, and, I supposed, an inhabitant—for there appeared on the door a goodly brass-plate with 'MR GAMBIE, Surgeon.'

I saw this said individual in due time. He was rather small—and I, like most little women, have an aversion to little men; he wore green spectacles, which I hate; he was slightly bald; and might have been any age from thirty to fifty. I did not take any interest in him at all. I only noticed that he seemed on good terms with the Waterses, and went to church with them every Sunday.

'Pray can you tell me anything about your opposite neighbours?' said to me one of those few benignant friends who take compassion on my loneliness, and now and then enliven my engraving by chatting to me the while.

I did not like to reveal what was only a romance founded on guess-work, so I answered, 'Why do you ask?'

'Because I saw they taught wax-flower-making, and I wanted my Harriet to learn—just for amusement. So I went in there to-day, and saw the nicest family. Such a mild-looking old woman is the mother—and the daughter, Miss Lucy Waters, so very pretty and lady-like! I was quite charmed. Positively Harriet shall learn of her.'

And Harriet did: and consequently Harriet—the most blithe, good-natured lassie that ever sported through her teens—was continually putting her merry face in at my parlour-door, with various legends of my opposite neighbours; legends, too, always of the most favourable kind. Never was there such a charming old lady as Mrs Waters, such a clever youth as Mr Alfred, and such a complete angel in every way as Miss Lucy!

One day my friend Harriet sprang into my room with such a burst of joyance that I was quite overpowered.

'Oh, Letty!'—(Reader, do you know the sort of people whom everybody calls by their Christian names—all except the very wee folk, towards whom they bear a universal aunt-hood? Well, such am I!)—'Oh, Letty, I've found it out now. I thought I should. I know why they're all been smiling, and whispering, and dressmaking, and putting off my lessons now and then; and'—

'Well, my lassie—why?'

'Because she's going to be married: sweet, darling Lucy Waters is going to be married. They're all so glad; and so am I, even though I wish it had been somebody younger and handsomer than that quiet Mr Gambier.'

'Mr Gambier!' My block fell to the floor. 'Impossible, child! Don't tell me so—don't let me think that pretty, quiet creature, such a'—

I stopped. I would not for worlds have revealed what I knew. I pressed down the indignation, the scorn, which rose up in my bosom. I listened to Harriet's story of the merry wedding to be next week, the bride's good-luck, the bridegroom's excellent property.

'Ay, there it is!' I said to myself when my young favourite was gone. 'One more added to the list of weak-minded, unstable women: faithless, heartless; changing their lovers as easily as their gloves; ready to marry anybody, so that they are married at last. Oh, Lucy, Lucy! to think that you should be one of these!'

When, next day, I saw her walk down the street leaning on Mr Gambier's arm, looking so quietly happy, as a betrothed bride should, I positively hated the girl. I would have gone from home on the wedding-day, so as not to see the atrocious sacrifice of broken faith; but that foolish, bewitching Miss Harriet came with her coaxing ways, to beg she might see the wedding from my windows. I never can refuse that lassie anything, so I stayed. But I would not go near the window.

'Tell me all you see, Harriet dear.' And so she did, and a great deal more too; for her little tongue ran on unceasingly about the 'people over the way,' especially Mr Gambier.

'Don't, child—I hate to hear about him,' said I snappishly. 'The disagreeable, ugly old man!'

'Old man! Why, he is only just past thirty. Lucy told me so; and she loves him so much, and says he is the best man in all the world.'

'The wretch!' I muttered, thinking of that night—the wild embrace—the mournful parting. How dared she stand where they two stood—cross the same threshold which he crossed—he to his eternal exile, she to her marriage altar!

'Harriet, my dear child!'—And I went up, intending to read my young friend a homily against faithlessness, when I saw, standing by the Waterses parlour-window, a young man—he with whom Lucy had so often walked. 'Tell me, Harriet, do you know who is that man?' I cried.

'Who? He with the curly brown hair—so handsome? Why, 'tis Lucy's brother—her elder brother, and her favourite. He is a tutor in a gentleman's family. He helped to maintain them all, and used to come and see them very often, till he went abroad travelling. Lucy almost broke her heart at parting with him, she loved him so much.'

'Bless Lucy—God bless sweet Lucy!' I muttered, feeling half-ready to cry. What an idiot I had been! And yet the mistake was quite natural. Only I erred in one thing—I should have trusted that innocent, loving face. I should have guessed that it was the sure token of a true woman's heart.

'But yet,' said I, smiling, to Harriet, when I had told her of my blunder, and she had quizzed me heartily, 'I don't quite see why Lucy should marry such a man as Mr Gambier.'

'There you are, Lefty, judging by appearances again. Why, that is the most noble part of Lucy Waters's story. She knew him from her childhood, and he was so good and generous! He saved her mother's life too in a long, weary illness; and then, just before he came to lodge with them, he was very near dying himself too—dying of a broken-heart, because he thought Lucy could not care for an old-looking, ugly man. And he would not ask her to marry him from gratitude. And she does not: she marries him from love—real love. Look at her now!'

Lucy came to the door with Mr Gambier—the worthy, noble man! Even with his small stature and his green spectacles he looked a perfect Apollo in my eyes, and so he would in those of his happy wife—evermore!

I have been a year absent from my little home—not from pleasure, but from duty—what duty I may tell some time, not now. I returned hither last week, to live my lonely, peaceful life of old. My first look was to my opposite neighbour.

Mr Gambier, Surgeon, still flourished on the hall-door; but there were no other professional inscriptions. Only, my maid told me, the old people came there every day, and must consequently live very near. And accidentally taking up a catalogue of the Water-Colour Exhibition, I saw among the W's, *Alfred Waters*. 'Brave!' I thought, 'my young genius: here is a good beginning!'

To-night, as I sit writing, somewhere near twelve o'clock, I am quite disturbed by the sound of music and

dancing 'over the way.' The Gambiers are quite right to be merry if they choose; but really—Ah, I remember now! this very morning I saw a cab at the door, and old Mrs Waters being handed therein, together with a bundle of white lace and muslin.

Oh the wretches! They are absolutely giving a christening party!

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SUNDSVALL—GEFLE—DANNEMORA MINES.

SUNDSVALL, which I had now reached, was an important point in my tour. It is situated half-way up the Gulf of Bothnia, and is a port of considerable importance for the business of ship-building and the exportation of timber. There is no more considerable place to the north, the only towns of any consequence in that direction being Pitea and Tornea, the latter of which is the frontier town of Russia. I might have come from Alten by a direct route of 430 English miles to Tornea, and thence along the gulf by a steamer to Sundsvall, which would have saved me the necessity of doubling that portion of my route between Trondhiem and Alten; but not merely was my having a carriage waiting at Trondhiem unfavourable to this plan, but I shrunk from the roughness, not to speak of danger, attending a journey, the first part of which is performed in a pulk drawn by reindeer along pathless mountains, and the second part in a cockle-shell of a boat down a river full of rapids, where safety is entirely due to the incessant vigilance and singular skill of the boatmen. I afterwards learned that one of the gentlemen whom I had met at Kaafjord in quest of salmon-fishing adopted this line on his way home, and was much delighted with his adventures; but he numbered twenty years less than I, which makes a considerable difference in the qualifications for such a mode of travelling.

Our usual home-staying ideas about a place in a situation like that of Sundsvall are almost sure to do it injustice, in as far as they are apt to associate it with rudeness. Sundsvall I found a very neat, cheerful-looking town of about 2000 inhabitants, many of whom have all the appearances expected in the gentlemen and ladies of the most refined parts of Europe. There is a goodly harbour of shipping; I found at least two booksellers' shops; the hotel is tolerable; and there is a dignified-looking church on the *ös*, which runs through the town, in a line parallel to the river. Several British merchants are established in Sundsvall, and to two of these I had letters of introduction. The letters, being committed to the landlord of the Kallare, were despatched in different directions to places seven miles distant, and I hoped to see next morning one or other of the gentlemen addressed. Owing to the distance, however, and the briefness of my stay in the place, these letters were unproductive of any advantage to me; but I felt interested in the illustration the affair afforded of the value of such labour in Sweden, as the charge for the two messages proved to be only about 1s. 9d. English.

While in this district, I had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the observations made by employers regarding the dispositions of the labouring-class. It was stated, that while capital was certainly finding profitable fields of operation in this country, particularly in the collection and exportation of timber, it was much less available, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining efficient labour, than it otherwise might be. The common people, having usually something of their own in the ground whereon they may depend, show little inclination to undertake work for hire. When the harvest has been good, this inclination becomes proportionally less. They are also under strong feelings of jealousy and suspicion towards employers, dreading to be taken advantage of in any engagement they may form; from which cause they often grievously cheat themselves. It is remarkable that we thus find little hold-

ings telling in Sweden in exactly the same way as they are alleged to do in England, where, as we well know, the farmers oppose, for the very same reason, every thing like allotments. How far it might be a temporary fault, and how far we might trust to common commercial principles to bring the labouring-class in time to better views, I cannot pretend to decide. Neither shall I undertake to pronounce that capitalists would be justifiable in preventing arrangements which could be proved as certain to favour the morality of the labouring-class, merely because they would thereby be rendered less easy to be tempted into hiring labour. I have only deemed it worth while to chronicle the observation, which I was told had been made, leaving it to take its place, and have its due effect, when the great question of the moral and political effects of unmixed hiring labour comes, as come it must, to be discussed in the presence of anxious nations.

We embarked at two o'clock p. m. (August 30) on board the steamer *Nordland*, which we expected to deposit us on the second morning thereafter at Gefle. I was agreeably surprised to have, as a fellow-passenger, Mr Axel Dickson, one of the sons of the eminent merchant, Mr James Dickson of Gothenburg. We had last met in Scotland, whither the young gentleman had been sent that he might study agriculture, and so be able to take charge of some extensive estates which his father has acquired in this part of Sweden. The steamer afforded but narrow sleeping accommodations, and it was rather crowded with passengers; nevertheless we enjoyed the voyage. I everywhere found low shores, composed chiefly of rounded rock, and bristling with pine woods. We made short stoppages at two considerable towns on the coast, Hudiksvall and Soderhamn; but our saunter there presented us only with the agreeable spectacle of a thriving mercantile population.

Gefle (pronounced Yefla), where we landed in due time, is situated on low ground at the head of an estuary. It is a town of 8000 inhabitants, containing some handsome streets, the result of modern prosperity in the timber-exporting trade, while several neat villas, belonging to the principal merchants, shine out through the woods along the neighbouring shores. There is a thriving iron-foundry in a little valley about a mile from Gefle, and, rather oddly, this place, with its rows of houses for the working-people, seemed to us the prettiest spot about the town. Close by is an extensive cemetery of modern date, containing many elegant mausolea, in one of which, belonging to an affluent merchant, we found a picture of the Last Day, very beautifully executed by a native artist. At Gefle, at this time, a cotton-spinning establishment is about to be erected by an English company, under the encouragement which protective duties give to native manufactures.

This part of the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia is noted in geological history, on account of the observations made in its neighbourhood for ascertaining the supposed upward movement of the land. The progressive shallowing of the seas in this district has been observed for more than a century, being attributed by the common people to a retirement or sinking of the water, but by men of science to a rise of the land. Observations to exactly the same purport have been made on the other side of the Swedish peninsula, near Gothenburg; while the southern point of Sweden is, on the contrary, believed to be sinking, because at Malmö old pavements are found under the present streets, and several feet beneath the level of the sea. From time to time marks have been made on rocks in or bordering on the sea, so as to ascertain the ratio of the movement; and two of these are within a short half-day's sail of Gefle. Being anxious to embrace the opportunity of seeing these objects, I obtained such introductions from my young friend Mr Axel Dickson, as resulted in my being favoured with the guidance of a gentleman named Lötman, who was fully acquainted with the localities. It was arranged that we should drive next morning in our carriages to a place at a few miles' distance on the coast,

and thence proceed to the marked rock at Löggrund by a sailing-boat.

At an early hour the carriages were ready to start, each with its pair of horses, when Mr Lötman came to tell us that he had secured a much superior means of conveyance in a small pleasure steamer, for which only a trifling fee would have to be paid. We accordingly remanded the four horses. It seems not unworthy of remark that the proprietor of the animals, who had had the trouble of bringing and yoking them, asked only a rix-dollar (1s. 1½d.) as compensation. Under an unreflecting instinct I gave him two, which of course made his *Tuk för betalla* (thanks for payment) unusually impressive, but must have tended to spoil him for other travellers.

At nine we started by the steamer, and at twelve had reached Löggrund, a small low wooded island, where a mark had been made so long ago as 1731. In trying to get to shore, I sustained the only accident of my whole expedition in a partial plunge, from which my faithful Quist quickly extricated me. Entering a fisherman's cottage, in order to put on some dry clothes, I was agreeably surprised at the cleanliness, comfort, and tokens of good living which appeared in it, as well as by the superior manners of the people. In our country, a fisherman is a man left utterly behind in the march of civilisation, and whose *ménage* is not much superior to that of a North American Indian. In Sweden, he presents the domestic appearances which we usually see in the house of a small farmer. Having procured the services of the fisherman and his boat, we were taken out into a small shallow bay, where a large angular block of stone starts up above the waves. On coming close to the seaward side of this rock, we readily traced upon it, near its top, a deep level score, roughly executed by a chisel, with the date '1731' carved above it. The story is, that a native professor named Rudman, having committed a manslaughter, took refuge for a winter in this lonely island, where he obtained shelter among the fishermen, and was safe for the time from the fangs of justice. Having heard these people talking much of the sinking of the sea, he made this mark, in order that future observers might ascertain if such was the case. Mr (now Sir) Charles Lyell visited the rock in 1834, and found Professor Rudman's mark two feet seven inches above the surface of the water; implying, according to the ideas of the modern geologist, that the land had risen about thirty inches in a century. We now found the water about six inches below the mark Sir Charles then made at its surface, implying a continued rise of the land at about the same rate. It was not easy to determine this point exactly, for, owing to a wind blowing towards shore, the waves rose and fell on the face of the rock, and were sometimes fully above the lower groove; up to which point, I may remark, in consequence of this dash of the water, there were minute whelks adhering. Nevertheless, having brought the boat alongside the rock, and thus made the water as calm as possible, it was admitted by all present that the surface was fully six inches below Sir Charles Lyell's mark. It may be remarked that the Gulf of Bothnia, while unaffected by tides, is liable to be raised and lowered to some small extent by the direction of the winds. On the present occasion, however, the boatman assured us that the water was at about its ordinary level for the season—this season being the same almost to a day as that in which Sir Charles's observation was made. The boatman also assured us that he remembered, forty years ago, when the water stood considerably above the situation of the lower groove. The only circumstance which gave the least reason for doubt was, that the rock, being a loose block near shore, might be supposed liable, during winter, to be beset with ice, and in that state carried by the waves a little nearer to land, in which case the mark would seem to rise progressively above the waves, while in reality no shift of the relative level of sea and land took place. Here we have a source of fallacy which I am surprised was not formerly remarked; but it must

at the same time be owned that, from other and more assured observations, there is exceedingly small likelihood that any fallacy has actually taken place in the present instance.

I was led to expect that we should see another mark at Edsko Sund, a few miles off; but a disappointment in obtaining a pilot prevented our reaching it. Mr Lötman, who saw it ten years ago, says it is upon a rock called St Olaf's Stone, which rises in a sound about a cable length from either shore, and to a height of thirty or forty feet, and is therefore, he has no doubt, a fixed rock. The mark made here in 1820 was found by Mr Lyell, fourteen years after, only 1.66 foot above the water, a space so small as to be of no assignable account in the case.

We left Gefle at seven in the morning (September 3), and proceeded in the direction of Elfkärlby, desiring to visit the celebrated Dannemora Mines. Elfkärlby is remarkable on account of certain falls which the river Däll there makes, just before it reaches the sea. We found that the river is divided by two little islands, and that it pours down the intermediate channels rather in the manner of a rapid than of a cascade. The effect of the vast mass of turbulent water is nevertheless very fine. Our journey to-day was over low but undulating ground, composed of alternate rock and plain, and generally covered with wood. Almost for the first time for a month the weather had become genial; and so the insect world of the woods was in great activity. I was particularly struck by the abundance of dragonflies of various species. It seemed to me as if I had never in my whole life seen one-tenth of the number of the *Libellulæ* which met my eyes during this one day. The rock surfaces are invariably rounded; where weathering has not taken place, the scratches are generally in a north and south direction, or from north north-west to south south-east. Many of the more prominent masses have abrupt *lee sides*, where the glacial agency has evidently not operated. These are oftenest to the south, sometimes to the east, sometimes to the west, but never north.

At Lövsta we passed the iron-works and magnificent mansion of Count de Geer (pronounced Yeer), who is said to be one of the richest men in Sweden. The iron-mines of Sweden, it may be remarked, are one of its principal sources of wealth. The article is said to be nowhere else of superior quality. We were told that the Geer family originated in a humble Dutchman of a past age, who, coming into Sweden, applied himself successfully to this department of the national industry. It is thought that his descendant usually realises fifty thousand a year. His house was the first country-mansion of the least pretensions to grandeur which I had seen in Scandinavia. In the evening we came to Östreby, and obtained accommodation in a private dwelling set aside for strangers visiting the mines, which are only one and a-half mile distant.

Rising before six next morning, we had a pleasant walk across a series of low meadows very much like those of England, and bearing exceedingly rich clover. On arriving at our destination, we found ourselves too early, the works not being in operation till seven. The interval we employed in examining the general arrangements. In a rocky ridge, rising little above the flat of the aforesaid meadows, there are three profound pits, two of them perhaps 100 feet in diameter, and one of them 300 by 100. One is upwards of 700 feet deep; another about 400. The downward view into these abysses is lost in smoky shades. The sides are varied by projections and transverse arched masses, on which heavy weeds are seen growing. Openings in the sides lead into galleries, which laterally penetrate the ground. Men go down to the ledges by ladders, and agonize the beholder by seeming to work on little slopes and prominences destitute of all proper footing. Others descend to the bottom by cranes projecting from the edge of the pit.

A little while after our arrival the men began to

assemble in their coarse homely dresses; but before going to work, they met in groups in small outhouses where their tools are kept, and here we witnessed an interesting ceremony. One of the number gave out a hymn, which the party thereafter sang. Then the same man uttered a prayer, and afterwards some sacred poetry, to which all listened reverentially. While we stood outside, listening to these devotions, several of the men came up, took off their caps, and joined in the service. It was most affecting to see these simple people, who daily expose themselves to a dangerous trade for their livelihood, thus put themselves into the hands of their Creator, resigned to every contingency which might arise in the course of His providence. When their devotions were concluded, all proceeded to their work; and it was curious to observe them spreading themselves over the sides of the pit, and commencing their various duties of digging and blasting.

Finding that strangers are taken down into one of the pits for a small fee, which goes towards a charitable fund for the benefit of old and disabled workmen, we put ourselves into a bucket suspended from one of the cranes, and commenced a slow descent. The steep black walls, the mouths of the lateral galleries, the men seemingly clinging to the ledges where they were working, and the look up to the blue sky above, made it a strange and exciting situation. After five minutes of constant descent we reached the bottom, which we found composed of rough and irregular rock, partially covered with a deep bed of snow, partly with men preparing blastings, and under so cold a temperature, that we were fain to move about as actively as possible, in order to keep ourselves in some degree of comfort. Such are the iron-mines of Dannemora. The men, we afterwards found, have wages which an English workman would regard as miserably low. Whether, as one often sees in Sweden, their efficiency as workmen is in proportion, I cannot tell. One of them, seeing a gentleman of our party munching a piece of common white-flour biscuit, expressed curiosity about it; and Quist then desired the gentleman to show the people what he was eating. My young fellow-traveller immediately distributed a few pieces, which the men regarded with as much wonder as an English labourer would feel respecting pillau or edible birds'-nests. An old man, after turning his piece over and over, and chewing a little bit, put the remainder carefully into his tobacco-pouch, in order to take it home and show it to his wife. The simplicity of all this was a little amusing; but, what was better, it went to the heart.

After breakfasting at our lodging—where, by the by, we had a *chedar* or capercaillie as one dish—I parted with my young fellow-travellers, who proposed going directly to Stockholm, while it was my design to diverge to Öregrund before taking that course. My solitary journey led me over a low country generally covered with wood, but often presenting flat or rounded rocky surfaces, the strivæ on which were north and south by compass. Coming near the sea at Öregrund, I found some flats of polished rock of extraordinary extent—certainly, in some instances, upwards of an acre. The road passes over these surfaces without greatly injuring their smoothness. Reaching the little seaport of Öregrund about five o'clock on a beautiful calm evening, I immediately obtained a boat, with two men, and, attended by Quist, sailed out to an island called Gräsö (Grass Island), where the level of the sea was marked in 1820. The place is about three English miles from the harbour, on the face of a vertical rock which goes sheer down 22 feet beneath the waves, therefore exceedingly well qualified for the purpose. The sea was this evening (September 4) perfectly still, so that there was not more than an inch of wet rock above the usual level observably maintained by it. The men said that they considered the sea as at present about a medium height for the season. In the more rainy times of the year it will be four or five inches higher; during the prevalence of north-west winds it will be upwards of two feet

higher. The surface this evening was *eleven inches* below the line cut by Mr Flumen, September 13, 1870—for such was the date inscribed above the score. If, then, the sea was in the same conditions on the two occasions, my observation indicates a shift of the relative level of sea and land in this place to the extent of eleven inches in twenty-nine years, being a rate surprisingly near to that denoted by the Löffgrund rock.

The charges for everything in this district are remarkably moderate. My two boatmen charged me only one dollar banco (twentypence) for their afternoon's work—six miles of rowing. At the clean, neatly-furnished house where I lodged, I had a good meal with coffee in the evening, my bed, and an excellent meal for breakfast, including two dishes of warm meat, a preparation of eggs, and some preserve (I thought wild cherries); besides which, my servant had a counterpart of all these entertainments. The bill was 3.42 rix-dollars, something less than 4s. 3d. sterling. It is a neat, cheerful-looking town, and the abraded surfaces in and near it, and dipping all along the shore into the waves, would convert even Sir Roderick Murchison into a glacialist.

I had a fine day for the drive across the low country to Upsala. After passing the station of Haberga, the houses diminished in number, though not in size; and the fields increased in extent, and became improved in point of culture. I was told of a show of stock and agricultural implements expected to take place on the ensuing day, when it was likely that fully 2000 people would attend. Here, I accordingly inferred, agricultural improvement is in progress. It is, however, of native growth, for there are no English or Scotch in the district. I was shown, indeed, an English plough; but, like some others within sight, it was drawn by oxen. The ruminant animal is much used in this portion of Sweden for purposes of draught. I had never before had an opportunity of observing the character of the ordinary arrangement for ox-draught, and I felt surprised at its barbarism. The yoke, laid across the necks of the animals—that article so noted in ancient writings, and which has ever been the ready metaphor for bondage and oppression—is designed merely to sustain a fillet on their brows, or rings slipped round their horns, by which the attachment to the animals of the thing drawn by them is effected. The draught thus proceeds from the head and neck, on which it must produce a painful strain, because the neck is never allowed to get into a line, but is always curved backwards. The proper seat of draught for such an animal would be the chest, by which the muscular force of the limbs would come into full play. It is strange to consider that cattle have thus had their strength misused, and been subjected to a needless torture, through Scriptural and classical times, and even down to the present day, in consequence of a piece of gross ignorance in their masters. Verily, friend Placcus might well speak of—

—'Vomerom inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido.'

I was now on the road to Upsala, the old university town of Sweden, where many objects interesting to the historical antiquary are to be seen. During the remainder of the day's journey thither, little that is worthy of remark occurred, but I continued to feel some interest in the rock-surfaces occasionally presented. The striae or scratches seen on these are so certain to be north and south, that they form an infallible indication of the points of the compass without the help of any instrument. Once or twice I suspected that a change of direction had taken place, and descended in order to test the matter by the instrument, when it immediately appeared that I had been deceived by a turn of the road. The wonder, however, is great how a sheet of ice could move over a flat open country with so steady a direction. Wherever a ridge starts up, it is usually sloped up from the north, with smooth sides on the east and west, but on the south usually ends abruptly, with a train of fragments scattered along for

a little way. Blocks of huge size are likewise seen on many of the smoothed surfaces in this district, less frequently on the intermediate plains of soft ground. One of these was not less than twenty feet high.

At five in the evening I came in sight of Upsala, which has from that direction a very striking appearance, its three principal structures, the schlot (palace), university library, and cathedral, being all placed conspicuously on a lofty bank, with the mass of the town nestling in the plain beneath. My worthy charioteer was now evidently getting into high spirits because, I believe, he found himself for the first time during two months in a country which he had seen before. Curious to learn from him what sort of town Upsala was, I asked, and received for answer, 'You see, much boy here, sir'—a definition of a university town which perhaps in some instances, in my own country, would not be much below the truth. We took up our quarters at the post-house, a plain and not very clean establishment, which is admitted to be the best place offered in Upsala for the accommodation of strangers. When I had overcome a few of the first difficulties, I found it far from uncomfortable. R. C.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

A FARMYARD.

Mrs Wright. I HOPE you are better, Brian?

Brian. I am, an' phase your ladyship; quite a'most recovered. That cup o' warm soup was a fine medicine.

Mrs Wright. This sort of weakness in a young strong-looking man is very unusual. It is strange for a man to faint without some serious cause for it.

Brian. It is, my lady. I can't say how the weakness tuk me all of a sudden, an' I jist going to give the horses a turn, an' come down the long field agin.

Mrs Wright. You have no pain anywhere, have you?

Brian. Not a pain, nor an ache, nor an ha'p'orth, 'cept jist about the heart: a kin' o' weakness.

Mrs Wright. Did you dine to-day?

Brian. Well, thin, I did not.

Mrs Wright. Did not Kitty bring your dinner?

Brian. She did not.

Mrs Wright. Did she bring your dinner yesterday, or the day before? You see your must be honest with me.

Brian. I didn't incline for to ate, my lady.

Mrs Wright. Or was it that little Brian at home wanted more food than your sisters were able to give him, eh? I thought you looking ill; and I have been making my inquiries, and I find that you have latterly been in the habit of going without your dinner that there might be enough to spare for your little nephew.

Brian. He's named for me, my lady, an' I stud for 'im; an' ye see Pat made a bad match of it—ran off wid a girl that had nothin', and little since; and what small matter they had, they made a bad hand of; an' there's hapes o' childer, an' I thought that by takin' the one that was named for me, the rest would be somethin' lighter on them.

Mrs Wright. But you could not do this and do justice to yourself, Brian.

Brian. I could not, my lady; and that's God's truth.

Mrs Wright. You meant very kindly by your imprudent brother; but I cannot say that you did right.

Brian. My lady?

Mrs Wright. I must explain to you that you did not do right. You have an old infirm father, two young sisters, and a lame brother to help to support by your labour. By bringing this other mouth among them, you deprive them of just so much as you give him.

Brian. They're willin' to lose it, yer ladyship; they never says a word: they're quite content to share wid one another.

Mrs Wright. But they have not enough, Brian; for

you have been obliged to go without one meal a day yourself in order to leave the more for them.

Brian. Ye see we was in hopes the times would come round a bit; and Tommy does be makin' thim cherry-nets yer ladyship had him tached; an' by the blessin' o' God, we expect to sell them shortly to the ginty in the summer season; an' the girls does be knittin' and sewin'; an' please God, the hay will be comin' on, and the weedin' in the master's turnip-field—long life to him!—an' I'll ate my dinner from this out as a satisfaction to yez.

Mrs Wright. Well, Brian, I am sure I hope all these bright days may come; but in the meantime—

Brian. God is good, my lady.

Mrs Wright. I see you can't understand that you have hurt your father and sisters by adding your godson to your family. Now, how do you think you have acted by your master?

Brian. By the master! Sure I never hurted the master aither by aitin' or by lettin' it alone; nor wouldn't; for he's a good un, and deserves I shouldn't.

Mrs Wright. And yet you have not served him honestly. [*Brian stares.*] He pays you wages, does he not?

Brian. He does, and good uns. Every Monday mornin', as the bell rings after breakfast, he has it ready counted out upon the table in the little office. Sorra one ever waited for the master's shillin'.

Mrs Wright. What does he pay you wages for?

Brian. For doin' his work. Certainly, my lady, I don't deny it: for doin' his work.

Mrs Wright. And do you do it, or can you do it, when you don't nourish yourself sufficiently to stand a day's ploughing? Have you for some weeks back been able really to do a fair day's work? Come, be honest now, Brian, and answer me honestly—have you felt you were in good faith earning your shilling?

Brian. Ye see I never gits my six shillings. One does be kep' back on account o' that clothin' fund.

Mrs Wright. You knew that when you were hired; and you knew why we were obliged to make that rule. Because otherwise you would all have continued in rags and tatters like the beggar, a disgrace to any gentleman's service. But if you had seven shillings a week, or eight, or ten, it would be all the same; you would never save a penny, or appear to be in anyway the better for it. It would all go in 'dribs and drabs,' as you say yourselves, to your idle relations. And this leads me to say that you do not really benefit your brother by the odd shilling you so often give to him, or by having relieved him of a child.

Brian. Sure! by takin' little Briny from out o' them it leaves the more among the rest?

Mrs Wright. Are you quite sure of this? Does little Briny's father work the harder because you thus assist him?

Brian. Work's uncommon slack at this present time.

Mrs Wright. Still some work must be done, and some workmen must be hired to do it. Is Pat always sure of a job, or is he always ready for a job when jobs are going? Does he never take it easy because Brian will give or lend the shilling? Do the farmers ever pass him by, and look for more active men? Believe me, Brian, you do him positive harm by your ready shilling: one he earned himself would be far more blessed to him. So with the child. He and his idle wife should not be relieved of a burthen they have brought upon themselves; they must lay their account to suffer from the consequences of their extreme imprudence. It is folly such as theirs, and charity such as yours, which fills our country with beggary. No one can lay by for sickness or old age. Every penny, however hardly earned, is drawn from the industrious by the needy, and thus all are kept crushed down to the miserable condition we see around us. I know you think me harsh—

Brian. Severe, my lady.

Mrs Wright. Well, severe; but I really am only just. You know right well that those who thus beg are too

indolent to work; that while they can get a penny for asking for it, not one of them will try to earn it. You know well that if one of a family gets employment, the rest are apt to take it very easy at home. The mother's tea, the father's tobacco, the odd stone of meal, or the few shillings short of the rent, how often have you seen it begged from such as you by such as Pat and Mary?

Brian. An' will I part the child?

Mrs Wright. Why, not at present.

Brian. God bless you, my lady.

Mrs Wright. You have taken him till times mend, and I believe it would hardly be fair to send him home at this dead season; but when the harvest work begins, give the boy back to his parents. If they cannot manage to support their children, the poorhouse is open to them. [*Brian winces.*] It is for such as them that this refuge is provided. Were you all prudent, none of you would ever have to look to such an unhappy end. To save you from it, I have read you this long lecture, for your good heart makes you well deserving of our care. Think it all over, Brian, and I believe you will agree with me.

Brian. I will, my lady. I know yer spakin' for my good; but ye see it's not just always aisy to be insensed into the rights of it.

LIFE OF AN INSECT.*

THE author of this little work has contributed so frequently to the pages of our Journal, more especially in the department of natural history, that we have no occasion to characterise his new production. The reader will trace in it the same patient investigation, the same curiously-graphic detail, and the same reverent and pious mind, with which he has become familiar in these columns. In the following specimens, the only principle of selection on which we have proceeded is to take care that the information conveyed is new, at least in so far as the Journal is concerned.

The attachment of certain insects to their eggs is a novel subject, for in general these creatures display little of the solicitude of the hen. Some observations made by M. Bonnet the naturalist are very curious:—"The insect upon which his observations were made was the spider, so commonly found on turning up a log of wood in the fields, or a clod of earth. She carries her eggs about with her in a little round white pouch of silk attached to her body. Well has it been said, "Never miser clung to his treasure with more tenacious solicitude than this spider to her bag. Though apparently a considerable encumbrance, she carries it with her everywhere." M. Bonnet found that he could not beat away the affectionate creature from her treasure, and on forcibly removing it from her, she instantly lost her ferocious aspect, and became tame. In this emergency she stops to look around her, and begins to walk at a slow pace, and searches diligently on every side for her lost eggs, nor will she fly if threatened by the bystander. If, however, out of compassion, the bag is restored to her, she darts forward, catches it up with all the intensity of a mother's love, and runs away with it as fast as possible to some secret place where she may again have the opportunity of attaching it to her body. In order to put this insect's affection for her eggs to a test, M. Bonnet threw a spider with her bag into the den of a ferocious insect called an ant-lion, who lurks at the bottom, like the Giant in the "Pilgrim's Progress," waiting for poor insect-travellers to drop into the pit which it forms, and then, rushing out, devours them. The spider endeavoured to escape, and was eagerly remounting the side of the pit, when it again tumbled her to the bottom, and the ant-lion, more nimble than the first time, seized the bag of eggs with his jaws, and attempted to drag it under the

* The Life of an Insect; being a History of the Changes of Insects from the Egg to the Perfect Being. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, Appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1850.

† Familiar Entomology, &c. &c.

sand. The spider, on the other hand, made the most strenuous efforts to keep her hold, and struggled hard to defeat the aim of the concealed depredator; but the gum which fastened her bag not being calculated to withstand such violence, at length gave way, and the ant-lion was about to carry off the prize in triumph. The spider, however, instantly regained it with her jaws, and redoubled her efforts to snatch the bag from the enemy; but her efforts were vain, for the ant-lion being the stronger, succeeded in dragging it under the sand. The unfortunate mother, now robbed of her eggs, might at least have saved her own life, as she could easily have escaped out of the pitfall; but, wonderful to tell, she chose rather to be buried alive along with her eggs. As the sand concealed from my view what was passing below, I laid hold of the spider, leaving the bag in the power of the ant-lion. But the affectionate mother, deprived of her bag, would not quit the spot where she had lost it, though I repeatedly pushed her with a twig. Life itself seemed to have become a burthen to her since all her hopes and pleasures were gone for ever.

Another combat is mentioned between the larva called the Lion of the Aphides and his victim:—‘This larva is a rare specimen of courage, as well as of destructive powers; for when it is quite young it often seizes upon an insect twice as big as itself. It is very amusing to see the unequal contest between the little but courageous foe, and his great, bulky, and stupid adversary. Immediately the larva thrusts its trident into the body of the enemy, who, stupid as he is, does not like the sensation of the wound in his side, and makes off as fast as he can. The lion-hearted larva follows him up and wrestles with him, and at length actually boards him, to use a sailor’s term, clambering up his sides, and in triumph piercing him through, and slaying him. What is perhaps most singular of all, the larvae of some species of these flies not only slay their victims, but actually clothe themselves, after the manner of Hercules on his victory over the Nemean lion, with the skins of their prey!’

The eyes of insects afford the subject of a curious notice. ‘Insects are also furnished with a contrivance by which they can see objects at a little distance, and objects at a great distance—it may be at the same time; which is more than can be strictly said of ourselves. In men and animals there is a very exquisite apparatus arranged within the eye, by means of which it can accommodate itself to objects close at hand, or again to others at the greatest distance. We can see at one moment a pin at our feet, and at the next the summit of a hill some thirty or forty miles off. Now the laws of light are such that, to effect this properly, we must have some apparatus in the eye to arrange its focal capacity, so as to receive and concentrate the lines of light proceeding from such different points as the distance of a few inches and that of many miles. What this apparatus may be is not as yet very satisfactorily determined. But in insects the same result is obtained by a very curious provision. *Some of their eyes are short-sighted, and some long-sighted.* The simple eyes are supposed, by Professor Müller, to be the short-sighted eyes, and the compound eyes the long-sighted ones.

‘The number of compound eyes in insects does not often exceed two, these being made up, it will not be forgotten, by multitudes of single eyes. But in a few, whose habits require that they should be endowed with extraordinary means of vision, there are as many as four. If the reader would betake him to the brook-side, and creep noiselessly along its margin some summer afternoon, until he comes to a quiet glassy pool where the water seems to have forgotten itself, and fallen asleep—so still, so silent, and so smooth does it lie, reflecting all the lustre of the deep-blue sky overhead—he will surprise a dancing-party of insects busy waiting at a wonderful rate, now skimming hither, now shooting across the glassy pavement on which they sport, now joining together and wheeling round and round; and again, as the kingfisher comes fluttering down the river, as though on some errand of immense importance, breaking up their party, and flying into a thousand holes and corners to wait until all is

quiet. Let him exercise his activity and patience, and catch one of these giddy insects, which are known to entomologists by the name of the *Gyrinus Nator*, and he will have a good example of an insect provided with four compound eyes, so that it can see not only before and behind, but upward into the sky, and downward into the clear cool waters on whose surface its happy life is spent. Some insects, like Cyclops of old, are furnished only with one eye; and some, it is said, are quite blind—creatures that never feel the blessed influences of the pleasant sunlight. Like the simple eyes, the compound eyes are sometimes fixed on the end of a little footstalk, so as to give the insect somewhat the appearance of being furnished with a pair of opera-glasses or short telescopes.’ Réaumur, in order to discover by which of its eyes the bee finds its way home, covered the compound eyes of some of these insects with an opaque varnish, and then liberated them very near their hive. But they could not find their way, and when he threw them up into the air, they continued to soar till they passed out of sight. The same is the case with the crow when his eyes are covered with a paper bonnet. He flies upwards till his strength is exhausted, and then drops upon the earth.

The fact that insects breathe is proved by an experiment made by our author himself:—‘A spider and a fly were put into a glass jar, the mouth of which was closed all but a hole, by which a tube was admitted. The tube was then connected with a pipe by which a supply of common coal-gas was poured into the jar, and when it was considered to be full of gas, and that all the air had been displaced, the tube was closed, and the insects were left shut up in an atmosphere of gas. In a few seconds both became very uneasy, the fly more particularly so; and in a few seconds more the fly began to agitate itself, to buzz against the sides of the glass, and to tumble over in the most extraordinary manner: the spider ran hurriedly about, as if astonished, and not knowing what to make of his new position; but presently he became very quiet, and, turning on his back, looked as if dead. For a minute or two the fly, which was a large active flesh-fly, continued its noisy evolutions, dashing itself, as if intoxicated, on every side of its transparent prison. At length, as if exhausted, it lay on its back, its limbs paralysed, but the wings still moving with extreme rapidity, and causing it to spin round in the most singular manner. Ultimately it, too, became perfectly without motion. After the lapse of about ten minutes, fresh air was gradually let into the jar, and it became most amusing to watch the return of both these insects—which had previously been, as it were, in the very jaws of death—back to life again. Twitchings of their limbs, and slight convulsive movements, were the first indications of returning activity; and in a few minutes more both insects, now placed in a perfectly pure atmosphere, were as lively as before the experiment, and were allowed to make their escape into the open air. With other insects the same effects were produced by saturating a piece of blotting-paper with ether, and dropping it into the jar, which was immediately covered over. In several other experiments the newly-discovered powerful fluid *chloroform*, by means of which the operations of surgery are performed without pain, was employed; and it was remarkable to notice how quickly the insects were overpowered with the vapour of this potent liquid. In no instance was death produced by the gases or vapours employed.’

Rearing insects in hothouses, and hatching them by artificial means, may seem a useless waste of ingenuity; but some species of larvae, as serviceable as the silkworm, may be discovered, and which produce only one generation in the year. Réaumur reared a number of pupæ into butterflies in the depth of winter, by transferring them to the Royal Conservatories, which were always carefully heated; and he then conceived the idea of hatching pupæ under a hen! He procured some hollow glass balls, which he had caused to be made as nearly as possible similar in size and shape to the eggs themselves. Into these, by an opening at one end, he introduced seven or eight pupæ, and stopped the mouth up with a cork, but so as to allow a free communication with the external

air by paring off a piece from the side of the cork. Thus prepared, he put the glass egg, together with the others, in the nest. The hen was a little more sensible than Réaumur had given her credit for; and though she did not thrust the egg out of her nest, she removed it to the outside, where she was so obliging as to permit it to remain; and as it was here just as warm as if it had been in the centre of the eggs, Réaumur did not attempt to interfere with her arrangements. A great deal of moisture arose from the bodies of the pupæ, and condensed like dew on the sides of the glass; but after a day or two this disappeared. The reader may now be anxious to learn the result of this experiment. It was equally successful—in fact it was more so than the preceding—for in the afternoon of the tenth day a pretty little butterfly was seen within his glass egg, being the first that had appeared of the eight pupæ, and the first ever hatched under the bosom of a hen!

GAME OF TWENTY QUESTIONS.

THE Christmas volume of the Juvenile Library contained a description of most of the fireside amusements of young people in this country during the long winter evenings.* One game, however, has been omitted, perhaps on account of its more than common difficulty; but it is too remarkable to be wholly passed over, and we shall therefore say a few words to our readers (who are not altogether indifferent, we trust, to such matters) about the Game of Twenty Questions.

It is well known that the present generation of grown children is wiser than any former generation ever was, or any future generation ever will be; and that no doubt is the reason why we so rarely have recourse to such frivolous modes of amusing ourselves. But after all, let us not look down with unmitigated contempt upon our predecessors. The Cannings, Huskissons, and others, were really respectable individuals in their way; and if they did play sometimes like our own little boys and girls, we should ascribe the fact to the general simplicity of the world a quarter of a century ago. When Mr Rush, the American ambassador, dined with Mr Planta in 1823, besides the two gentlemen mentioned, there were a goodly number present of the *célébrités* of that remote epoch, including various members of the government and of the corps diplomatique. In our day, with such a company, we should have stuck to our wine and politics: but hear Mr Rush:—"It would not have been easy to assemble a company better fitted to make a dinner-party agreeable, or to have brought them together at a better moment. Parliament having just risen, Mr Canning, and his two colleagues of the cabinet, Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson, seemed like birds let out of a cage. There was much small-talk, some of it very sprightly. Ten o'clock arriving, with little disposition to rise from table, Mr Canning proposed that we should play "Twenty Questions." This was new to me and the other members of the diplomatic corps present, though we had all been a good while in England. The game consisted in endeavours to find out your thoughts by asking twenty questions. The questions were to be put plainly, though in the alternative if desired; the answers to be also plain and direct. The object of your thoughts not to be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as not to be supposed to enter into the knowledge of the company, but something well known to the present day or to general history. It might be any name of renown, ancient or modern, man or woman; or any work or memorial of art well known; but not a mere event—as a battle, for instance. These were mentioned as among the general rules of the game, serving to denote its character. It was agreed that Mr Canning, assisted by the chancellor of the exchequer, who sat next to him, should put the questions; and that I, assisted by Lord Granville, who sat

next to me, should give the answers. Lord Granville and myself were consequently to have the thought or secret in common. And it was well understood that the discovery of it, if made, was to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or hocus-pocus of any description. With these as the preliminaries, and the parties sitting face to face, on opposite sides of the table, we began the battle.

We shall not give the details of the game, because these were published in 1840; but this is the conclusion:—"The whole number of questions being now exhausted, there was a dead pause. The interest had gone on increasing as the game advanced, until, coming to the last question, it grew to be like neck-and-neck at the close of a race. Mr Canning was evidently under concern lest he should be foiled, as, by the law of the game, he would have been if he had not now solved the enigma. He sat silent for a minute or two; then rolling his rich eye about, and with a countenance a little anxious, and in an accent by no means over-confident, he exclaimed, "I think it must be the wand of the Lord-High-Steward!" And it was—EVEN SO." Many of the company present said that this was the only instance they had witnessed of the secret having been preserved till the twentieth question—most games being finished in half the time. 'Dining at the Marquis of Stafford's,' Mr Rush concludes, 'at a subsequent day, this pastime was spoken of, and it was mentioned that Mr Pitt and Mr Wyndham were both fond of it. Lord Stafford said that the former had once succeeded in it, when the secret was the stone upon which Walworth, lord mayor of London, stood when he struck down Wat Tyler in Richard II's time; and his impression was, that Mr Pitt had triumphed at an early stage of his questions.'

A correspondent from Limerick gives us more in detail the present rules of the game, which, according to this authority, are shortly these:—

Two persons (usually a lady and gentleman) are chosen by the company, who fix in private upon an article or subject. Two others are then chosen to endeavour to find out what the thought is; and this is done by asking twenty questions as to its nature and qualities. A fifth person is usually selected as umpire, who is made acquainted with the subject fixed on, and whose duty it is to see that all the answers shall be fair. These answers are not to be such as will be calculated to mislead; although of course it will be observed that the wider they are from the mark, the more difficult will the guessing be rendered.

The following game was played at our correspondent's house on a recent occasion (during the Queen's visit to Ireland), and it will afford a fair illustration of the nature and manner of the game:—

Question. Does it belong to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom?

Answer. To all three.

Q. Is it a manufactured article?

A. Always.

Q. Is it in the room?

A. No.

Q. Is it in this city?

A. No.

Q. Is it useful, or merely ornamental?

A. Useful.

[Here the idea struck the questioners that it was a vehicle of some sort: they therefore asked]

Q. Is it ever used as a conveyance?

A. It is.

[We then thought it might be a ship, or perhaps a balloon: so we inquired]

Q. Is it used as a conveyance by air, earth, or water?

A. On the earth.

[The locomotive now suggested itself, and we asked]

Q. What was the motive power?

A. Various.

[This did not lead us very far towards a guess; but we determined to come closer: so we queried]

* "Fireside Amusements," being the last published volume of Chambers's Library for Young People.

Q. Is fire ever used in connection with its motions?

A. On some occasions it is.

[We now became certain that it was connected with a railway, and the question which followed was]

Q. Has it a chimney?

A. No.

Q. Have any of us seen it?

A. Do not know whether you have or not.

[We then began to suspect that it was in some way connected with the prevailing topic—the Queen's visit; and so we asked]

Q. Is it in Ireland?

A. It is.

[We then thought it might be well to ask]

Q. Is it used for a special purpose?

A. Yes.

[We immediately concluded that it was the state railway carriage; but to make certain, we inquired]

Q. Has it any glass in it?

A. Yes.

And at the fifteenth question—namely, 'Has it soft seats?' to which the answer was, 'It has'—we guessed that it was the 'Royal State-Carriage of the Great Southern and Western Railway,' which had been brought to Ireland on purpose for the accommodation of the Queen.

In concluding this memorandum, we may return for an instant to Mr Planta's dinner, to remark that the game occupied upwards of an hour, during which not one drop of wine was drunk!

WHAT I SAW ONE MORNING IN INDIA.

IN the year 1836 I commanded a little detachment of native infantry at Condapilly in the Northern Circars; the object of this military occupation of a lonely and decayed town being the protection of the adjacent country from bands of petty marauders, who, in the absence of richer booty, made spoil of the cattle and crops of the ryots, or agricultural population. There are no dense forests or thick woods in the immediate vicinity of Condapilly; but beyond the hill-fort, which, at the distance of perhaps half a mile, commands the town, and the ascent to which is steep and difficult, extends for several miles a stretch of jungle, where the *looties*, or thieves—for they deserve not the high-sounding title of banditti—found frequent shelter, in common with a few cheetas and a great many snakes. Here, too, game was abundant, providing them with the flesh of the spotted deer, the hare, the shy porcupine, and the peafowl, which is said to haunt such places as are tenanted by tigers, from which it may be safely inferred that water is not wanting, since neither panther nor tiger make their lair far from that necessary element. Here also grew profusely the trees of the *Cratæva marmelos*, whose apples—covered with a hard rind, through which, when ripe, oozes a slimy liquid—are used for food; the *Diospyros ebenum*, whose medlar-like fruit, after having been buried for months in the earth, forms a mellow and wholesome sustenance; and the *Ximenesia Americana*, whose acid drupes cover a nutty kernel, very grateful to the wanderer of the woods who cannot gather for his dessert the rich-flavoured mango, or pink and succulent guava.

From having once been a town of considerable importance, Condapilly has dwindled to a very inferior rank amongst the cities of the Circars; and the hill-fort, at one period of considerable strength, now presents nothing but a meagre skeleton of its past celebrity. Towering high above the little esplanade on which the humble range of barracks which sheltered the detachment was raised, the mountain was accessible at only one point, where a winding track—the remains of a flight of stone-steps now in complete dilapidation—formed a steep ladder, up which I have often toiled wearily at early dawn, eager to watch the rising sun from the topmost pinnacle—a sight that amply repaid me for the extra fatigue of half an hour's climbing.

There, trumbling piecemeal beneath the foot of Time, mouldered an ancient building of Moorish architecture, still suggesting by its extensive ruins and palatial structure recollections of the Mohammedan prowess which, so far back as 1471, had wrested the province of Condapilly from the hands of the Hindoos.

A long but sleepless night in sultry March had fevered my blood, as one morning, ere yet, a single individual was stirring about our quarters, I strolled towards the mountain-gorge, and had stumbled almost to the top of the steep acclivity before the faint flush of dawn had roused the sentinel, whose call awoke the solitary pair of musicians of our party, a drummer and fifer, to sound the *réveillee*. In ten minutes more I stood panting on the summit of the rock, gazing thirstily on the scene beneath me, where Asiatic beauty winded slowly before me, like a glorious river, whose changeable waters the eye tired not of drinking. I had no fear of thief or thug, for a late excursion in the district behind me had assured me of safety; but nevertheless I started violently when, from the branches of a stately peepul-tree that grew close by, a dark figure, that seemed of human proportions, leaped with a jibbering cry upon the ground.

I had no great reason to be alarmed, for I saw not a man, but a monkey—one of those long-legged, brown monkeys with white-streaked faces that abound amongst these heights, and which, probably little less startled than myself, receded as I advanced, jabbering its dissatisfaction at my intrusion. At the foot of the peepul-tree, throwing up its rich white petals, that shed around a sweet but sickening odour, grew a magnificent plant of the datura; and as I stooped to pluck it, a rustle in the underwood beyond, followed by an acute, sharp scream, which I ascribed to my friend the monkey, arrested my hand. I had judged correctly; but I had underrated the number of my early companions. With a spring that brought it almost to my feet, making me in my turn retreat, the monkey lay moaning, and, as I thought, violently convulsed among the grass; nor did I at the moment perceive, what indeed I discovered with a degree of horror, that round its body was twisted a gorgeously-spotted snake—the cobra di capello! I wish I could describe the maddened contortions of the monkey, as, writhing beneath the straining coils of the reptile, it rolled on the grass in vain efforts to rid itself of its deadly assailant. The piteous gaze of its eyes, as they wistfully looked up into my face, was eloquent with a summons for help which I was by no means inclined to resist. Whether the snake had bitten it or not, I could not guess, for it seemed to me as if it were merely playing with the animal—that fatal game which the cat plays with the mouse! But I shouted, and threw a stone, and then seizing a withered branch that lay on the ground, I advanced to the charge. The monkey, which at another time would have fled at my approach, now remained perfectly motionless, as if it awaited certain succour. But the serpent, aroused to the cognisance of an assailant by a smart blow on the head, instantly inflating its horrid crest into that hood-like form which renders it so appallingly hideous, gave vent to a loud hiss that seemed brimful of poison.

Again and again I struck at it: nor was it without a cold thrill through my veins that I beheld it disengage itself from the monkey; but far from attempting to make its escape, as I had conjectured it would do, it turned itself, half-erect, towards me, and with a fluttering hobble—like the hop of a bird whose wings have been broken—it leaped, with forked tongue protruded, right into my very path! There was no time for thought. My stick was neither strong nor long. I could see the venomous eyes burn like fire, and the colours of its swelling neck glow more deeply, as it prepared to spring again; and I was fairly on the point of making my retreat by plunging at all hazards down the rock behind me, when a shrill, chirruping cry, somewhat like that of a guinea-pig, was heard, and suddenly an elegant little creature, which at the moment I was well-

nigh ready to spiritualise into a good genius, sprung upon the serpent with a bound of lightsome ferocity which reminded me of the swoop of a kite upon a water-rat.

It was a mungoo! And now, indeed, a combat took place which fixed me to the spot in mute admiration; but not for long. Once or twice it seemed to me that the mungoo was bitten, but it might not have been so; for the velocity of their movements, as, clinging together, the snake and its foe rolled over and over amongst the long grass, prevented minute observation. It is asserted that, when bitten by a snake, the ichneumon retires for a moment to eat of some unknown plant, capable of rendering null the viperine venom; but on this occasion nothing of the sort occurred. The mungoo left not the conflict for a breathing-space; and at the end of about ten minutes the cobra di capello lay dead, torn and mangled piecemeal by the little animal, which frisked and danced about, with a purring sound, in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment.

As I held out my hand, actually believing, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that it would approach to receive my caresses, the mungoo, giving a bright, quick look at me, stamped its tiny hind-feet briskly on the relics of the serpent, as if in scorn of its victim, and disappeared amongst the brushwood.

I had forgotten the poor monkey. I found it stretched out, stiff and stark, among the datura flowers. The mungoo had come too late!

THE EVERGREEN LYRIC.

M. Génin, during a number of years cashier to the ministry of the interior, used to recount the following anecdote:—'In 1811,' said he, 'I received an order to pay five thousand francs to a poet who had composed an ode on the occasion of the King of Rome's birth. This production, a perfect specimen of ill-rhymed commonplace, and in which "glory" and "victory" were happily intertwined with "laurels" and "warriors," had as a chorus the following quatrain:—

"Si l'étranger, comme un seul homme,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Autour du noble Roi de Rome
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

In 1821, at the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same lyric appeared on my desk, with the following slight modification of the chorus:—

"Si, méditant notre ruine,
L'étranger veut nous asservir,
Autour du fils de Caroline
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

The Restoration proved less generous than the Empire—it granted the author only three thousand francs. I had quite forgotten the poet and his rhymes, when, after the birth of the Count of Paris, this evergreen ode was once more handed in, with a fresh adaptation to circumstances:—

"Ah! si l'étranger dans sa haine,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Autour du noble fils d'Hélène
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

This time the author received two thousand francs. Decidedly the verses were beginning to wear out. At length—would you believe it?—a few days after the Revolution of February, I found in my office the eternal lyric, on this occasion terminating thus:—

"Si l'étranger dans sa furie,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Sur le sol de notre patrie
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

The Provisional Government was far from rich; they awarded but two hundred francs to the industrious poet. Thus behold a copy of maudlin verses, adroitly managed, bringing to the author ten thousand two hundred francs; and yet people will tell you that in our age poetry does not find its reward!

MARRIAGE SLIPPER.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered. As she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at

once saw the interpretation of the passage in Scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East being taken off in-doors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife, and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike, for 'good-luck,' as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied.—*Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules.*

THE STOLEN DANCE.

'LISTEN!—hush!' said a whispering voice,
'Up and away! come, let's rejoice,
For no more sleep our eyes shall know
Till we've danced upon the new-fallen snow.

'Mamma is in bed, and our bare little feet
Will make a silent and swift retreat
Down the back stairs, through the parlour door,
And the garden gate we can clamber o'er.

'The snow like a swan's-down carpet will be
For our stolen moonlit dance of glee:
Beautiful snow! so fast to fall
And spread such a carpet for such a ball!

'Our sparkling crystal lamps are these—
Iceicles hanging from the trees:
And look! on the roof of our fairy palace
The sword-dance of the burlas!

'Oh are we not happy, joyous, and gay,
From our lazy beds to have slipped away,
And thus in a dance of wild delight
Make warm the cold, white winter night?

Like fairies, in fairy-rings they go
With their soft, white feet o'er the softer snow:
If spot on earth be free from care,
Those glesome children have found it there.

Hark! can you tell whence came that sound
That stopped the dance's merry round?
The wail of a child's low moaning cry
Born on the night-breeze passing by.

How fearfully the children go
To where the garden hedge grows low,
Closely clinging, hand in hand,
A transient little angel band!

When all at once they forward bound
Eagerly o'er the trackless ground—
And, on the moorland bare and wild,
Behold a poor deserted child!

Oh truants! it was no idle thought
To that wandering child your footsteps brought;
You were called from sleep by angels bright,
Ye little watchers of the night!

A father's frown they need not fear,
Nor doubt he will their fondling rear;
So home to their soft warm beds they go,
And dream of the dance on the new-fallen snow.

MARY CLEAVEIN.

GREENHOUSE HEATED BY KITCHEN.

I have one of two small rooms over my kitchen fitted up as a greenhouse. It has a western aspect; size, about 12 feet by 10 feet. The warmth of the kitchen underneath is sufficient to keep out slight frost. In case of severe frost, I have steam from the kitchen boiler, conducted by an incline into two tins, each about 18 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 1 foot deep. Without any trouble or mess, by simply turning a stopcock, I can get any heat I require. The waste steam, and the condensed steam, each escape by small tubes through the wall.—*Cottage Gardener.*

WORDSWORTH THE POET.

Wordsworth is said to have no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

UPSALA—SKOKLOSTER.

I HAD come to Upsala with but one idea regarding it—LINNÆUS. It is the old capital of Sweden, the seat of the primacy, the seat of an old university—full of objects of interest to tourists; but to me, in a distant land, but one word had come in connection with it—the name I have mentioned. Linnæus had been a professor at Upsala, and had here worked out those systems of the two great departments of organic nature which were almost immediately accepted by the studious portion of mankind. In his lifetime only a humble functionary of his university, he afterwards became a great lawgiver in the empire of mind; so that strangers are apt to think of Linnæus first, and of Upsala or of Sweden only as second to him. Cuvier and others have since improved upon his classification of animals, and Jussieu has almost superseded his arrangement of plants; yet his were great efforts in their day, and have immensely advanced the study of nature. Linnæus, therefore, remains still an object of veneration with all who take an interest in that study. It is thus that Time inflicts a kind of retribution for the subjection in which the common great things of the world usually keep the rare great things of the intellect. In Linnæus's own day, what was he in comparison with contemporary national affairs and public men? Now, what are they in comparison with him?

It was necessary, however, to take the visitable things of Upsala in such an order as might seem most convenient. Having resolved to spend the early morning in an inspection of Old Upsala, I had the carriage at the door so early as six o'clock. Old Upsala, situated about three miles from Upsala, is a little worn-out town, with a curious antique church. It is one of the earliest seats of the Christian worship in Sweden, and connected with many remarkable events in the national history. I quickly comprehended the absolute and relative situations of the two places. The country is here flat, with little to vary the surface excepting an *ös* and a muddy river winding through the plain, the one intersecting the other. At a place where the *ös* runs parallel with the river, the modern city is situated; one part of it on the elevated ground, another on the plain skirting the opposite side of the river. At an extremity of the *ös*, in the midst of the plain, stands Old Upsala. Towards that place the *ös* becomes broken up into mounds of decreasing size, composed of water-worn gravel of primitive rock, with angular blocks scattered sparingly over the surface, and the clay of the plain overlying their skirts. In these respects they precisely resemble the mounds called *Inches* in the Carse of Gowrie in Scotland. The arrangement indicates that the mounds were first in existence;

then the blocks were quietly dropped on them, probably by icebergs; finally the clayey plain was deposited.

On the outskirts of what appears a little village full of orchards rises the church, with the last of the mounds close beside it. It is certainly a great curiosity in its way. The oldest part, towards the west, is a square tower of exceedingly rude masonry, composed of clumsy masses of the primitive rock of the country, probably erratics from the *ös*: it has two round-topped arches in each side, and narrow small windows of the like form above. The body of the church and the semicircular projection on the east end are comparatively modern, but only a degree less rude. We acquire a strange idea of the Sweden of the thirteenth century when we consider that this was its primate's church. The nearest approach to it in Britain with which I am acquainted is the Caldee church of St Regulus at St Andrews—which, however, is much more elegantly constructed. The Round Towers of Ireland are also of finer architecture. It is known that this church stands upon ground where a great heathen temple formerly stood, and indeed some antiquaries profess to believe that the square tower is a part of that temple. This, however, I should think far from likely.

An aged sexton or beadle having been summoned, I was admitted to the interior, which proved to be as homely as the exterior is rude. Everything has an antiquated air. The very doors, full of rusty nails, hung upon clumsy old hinges, and opened by keys upwards of a foot long, serve to carry the mind back into ancient times. Old as the interior furnishings are, there is an older disused altar-piece laid aside in a corner, with mutilated figures of saints, in faded gilding—evidently such an article as may have met the eyes of the Erics and the Swenos in days long prior to the Reformation. There is also a torso figure in wood, said to be of the pagan god Thor; but the form of the body and the drooping head clearly betray a Christ on the Cross. In the same corner is an ancient money-box of singular material. It is composed of a section of a huge tree, of the size of a beer-barrel, the receptacle being hollowed out and covered with a lid moving on hinges, and to which there seem to have been at one time nine hasps for as many locks: seven yet survive. Within it is kept the ancient censer for incense.

At the east end of the surrounding burial-ground there is a narrow space screened off by a thick yew-hedge. The natural gloom of the spot seemed to acquire a deeper shade when Quist mentioned that this was the place where suicides were interred. It is an arrangement, I presume, customary in Sweden.

I must now turn to the mounds. The remarkable natural character of these objects must have from the first made some impression upon the popular mind. This was probably the reason of the place being selected

as a seat of religion and of population. On the last and lowest, which has had its top flattened, the kings sat to administer justice in early times. In Scotland, on mounts precisely similar, called *Moot-hills* (that is, *Law-hills*), courts of justice were formerly held. The Kings, or great assemblies of the people, for deciding on important affairs were also held on this mount. The three next mounts, being each about fifty feet high, are such striking objects, that even though they had had no history, the popular mind would have long ago imagined one for them. They are said to have been respectively the burial-places of Odin, Thor, and Freya, the leading deities of the Scandinavian mythology. The first was ascertained, a few years ago, to have actually afforded sepulture to some remarkable person. At a considerable depth under the surface, in the centre, a rudely-formed recess was discovered, containing the remains of a human being, and having a passage of forty paces long leading to the side of the mount. I was conducted through this passage, which is formed of rough alaba, into the central recess, and there saw through a grating a few of the bones of the ancient personage who had obtained so singular and so distinguished a sepulchre.

The general supposition regarding these mounts is, that they are artificial. Only a few persons have ventured to suggest that they may be natural. That they are natural became with me a matter beyond a shadow of doubt, whenever I observed their relation to the more entire pieces of the *ös*, or great gravel ridge crossing the Upsala plain. This view was confirmed by finding their tops on a level with that of the *ös* at Upsala, and by the examination of the sea-made matters of which they are composed. It is curious to observe how this affects our ideas regarding the mounts. While supposing them artificial, we reflect upon them as extremely ancient, as the works of an early, rude people—the product of an age totally unlike the present. Admit them to be natural, and all is changed. We see in the gravel the working of the sea, which we have with us always. All is fresh, as if it were a thing of yesterday, and as if no intermediate history, referring to Odin or Odin's worshippers, existed in the case. Our ideas of antiquity are, as must have often been felt, entirely human. In nature there is no archaeology, not even in the fossils of the primitive formations. There, as with the Author of Nature himself, a thousand years are really as one day.

Having returned to town and breakfasted, I lost little time in setting out on a tour of the curiosities. The city of Upsala has a highly-respectable aspect; its streets broad and regular; its public buildings majestic. There is an appearance as if there were no want of money to keep things in good order and repair. The Dom-kirk, or cathedral, is a huge structure of dignified look, though built in great part of brick, to which, somehow, I can never reconcile myself as a material for a public building. It expresses the Sweden of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as *Gamle* (Old) Upsala church denotes the first ages after heathenry. A large Gothic church, seated for a Lutheran congregation, can never have the same effect as when arranged for the old imaginative faith, and bearing the thousand proofs and enigmas of individual zeal and devotion. Nevertheless, the interior of Upsala cathedral is elegant and imposing, though presenting little that is fine besides an extremely beautiful pulpit, with much carving and gilding, and a fine silver chandelier, the gift of a lady of rank about a century ago. In passing beneath the organ-loft, the step is arrested on our beholding, inscribed on a blue slab, the name of *Linnæus*. While he reposes here, a mural tablet, with a medallion head, has been erected to his memory in a neighbouring recess. The side recesses all round are sepulchres, where kings, ministers, and generals repose beneath sculptures more or less superb. I caught up the names of General Banner, Chancellor Oxenstiern, and Count de Geer, as previously familiar to me. In a beautiful Lady Chapel,

recently decorated, is the tomb of the great Gustavus Vasa, presenting recumbent figures of the king himself and two of his queens. On the walls are frescoes, by a living artist named Sandberg, of a series of events in the adventurous life of the king. In one he is disguised as a peasant, about to take his share of duty with the flail at a peasant's house in Dalecarlia; in others he is haranguing the assembled peasants, seeking aid from the Lubeck magistrates, and leading his brave Dalecarlians on to battle; in others, again, he is seen entering Stockholm in triumph; and finally, full of years and dignity, he addresses his last parliament. The pictures are, on the whole, entitled to much praise; but I lament one pervading blemish in the costume of the king, which is that of our cavaliers of the reign of Charles I., instead of that we see in Holbein's portraits.

It is painful to consider to what a worthless set of sons Vasa left his gallantly-bought crown. The eldest, styled Eric XIV., seems to have been little better than a madman. Amongst his extravagances was a groundless antipathy to the family of Sture, which had given several supreme rulers (*administrators*) to Sweden. When Nils Sture approached the king, and, as an assurance of his loyalty, handed to him his dagger, the wretched monarch clutched the weapon, and instantly buried it in the bosom of the noble; after which he betook himself to the woods, wild with remorse. Nils lies here in one of the side recesses. King Eric was dethroned and poisoned in prison by his brother John, who reposes in an adjacent recess, with a superb Italian monument representing him and his queen. The vessel bearing this fine tomb having been wrecked on its way to Sweden, the packages lay many years in the sea before being recovered. The arrangement of the royal right hand shows that it had originally held a sceptre. The removal of that object is attributed to the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, who was the son of a third and equally worthless son of Vasa. Coming, it is said, to this cathedral, he wrenched the sceptre out of King John's hand, saying, 'When alive, you wrested the sceptre from your brother Eric: I now take it from you to restore it to him.' And he actually had it placed in the hand of the statue of Eric in the church of Westerås, where it may yet be seen.

In this church are preserved many curious objects of antiquity. Near the communion-table is a small, richly-decorated silver chest, with a crown suspended over it—its purpose being to preserve the relics of St Eric, a sovereign of Sweden who lived in the twelfth century, and who was canonised in consequence of his great zeal in introducing Christianity. The stranger is conducted into a dusky sacristy, a small stone-room attached to the church; and there, when a window has been opened, he finds himself surrounded by precious things, deposited carefully in glass-cases. He sees the crowns and other regalia of the afore-mentioned King John and his queen, exceedingly elegant objects. In the same case are superb jewelled communion cups, and massive silver candlesticks, with many lesser specimens of antique finery. The ancient jewelled crozier of the archbishops of Upsala is shown apart, in perfect preservation. Several chests scattered about the floor attract attention. We are told they contain valuables, such as articles of plate, belonging to private families in the city—placed here for security, as such things are in banks in England.

We are then conducted to an upper side-room, where the habiliments of the cathedral clergy are preserved, from those employed in Catholic times down to the superb ones now in use. This place has gradually become a recognised depository for antique vestments. I saw in a glass-case the dress which Nils Sture wore at his death, and in which, it appears, he was originally buried. The shirt bears marks as of blood, and in the doublet are several triangular perforations—the gashes which the 'envious Cæsa made.' The assassination of Sture by King Eric was an event nearly contemporary with the death of Rizzio in Scotland, and helps to cha-

racterise a time which seems to have been marked by a murderous spirit in high places all over Europe.

From the cathedral I went to see a collection of works of art belonging to the university. I found a considerable number of portraits of royal personages, statesmen, and generals, connected with Sweden. The most interesting is an original of Gustavus Vasa, presenting a middle-aged man, of grave and intelligent countenance, bearded; the dress very different from that in Professor Sandberg's frescoes. There is a mask of Charles XII., taken after his death, and showing the wound in the forehead. I may remark that on this and several other occasions in Sweden, when I met with portraits of this singular monarch, I was forcibly struck by a certain resemblance which the countenance bears to that of Lord Byron. There is the same semi-voluptuous fulness of the fleshy parts of the face, the same unconciliatory beauty, the same traits of a something allied to insanity about the eyes and brow. The unfortunate Gustavus III., who fell in 1792 under the stroke of an assassin, is recalled by a portrait taken in early life—a beautiful face, full of lively-intelligent expression—and by a series of drawings executed by himself. Amongst a wearisome multitude of similar objects, I singled out only a fine portrait of the great Gustavus, and one of John Skytte—a local great man, who in 1625 built a house for the professors, still to be seen near the cathedral.

I had unluckily neglected to bring any letters of introduction for Upsala, and therefore had no title to expect the least personal intercourse with either the learned or the unlearned of the place. I do not recollect how it was that, nevertheless, I was conducted into a house near the cathedral, where I presently found myself in the company of one of the literati of the city. It was Mr Marklin, an adjunct or *attaché* of the university (a rank beneath that of professor, but coming to much the same purpose). Let the reader imagine a suite of small rooms, walled with dusty books of all kinds of coats, and filled with tables, cabinets, and glass-cases, replete with minerals, fossils, and other objects of natural history, all in pretty much the condition of Oldbuck's study before his womankind broke in upon it with their profane beams and dusters. Then let him imagine issuing from some innermost den or penetralia a little old man, of keenly-intelligent aspect, but in a style of attire, and personal condition, recalling the scholar of a totally different age and genus from any known amongst us. This is Adjunct Marklin, a man passing rich with perhaps less than forty pounds a year, but who, out of that wealth, has been able to indulge literary and scientific tastes to such an extraordinary extent, that his collection is now one of the curiosities of Upsala. By the vivacious activity of intellect and personal movement of this strange old man, I quickly became involved in a perfect whirlwind of Swedish zoology, geology, and bibliography, hurried from case to case, and from shelf to shelf—no stop, no tire on his part—until my mind was like the limbs of a man who has walked thirty miles without resting. Honest Quist followed, like panting Time in Johnson's well-known simile: he had never seen anything like this. At length I succeeded in fixing the worthy adjunct down upon a local subject—the shells found in the clay of the *ås* near the city, as described by Sir Charles Lyell. He not only showed me specimens of these, but, at my request, agreed to conduct me to the place where the shells were found. This walk, however, ended in no practical result, beyond that of showing me a great gravel-pit dug in the said *ås*, close to the schloß or palace, where, in a bed of clay, interjected amongst beds of sand and gravel, these shells had been found, all of them being of species which flourish at this day in the Baltic. The place is regarded as fully a hundred feet above the level of the sea; but on this point I do not profess to speak with precision.

All zealous devotions to objects not sensual or selfish, even though of dubious or slight utility, must command the sympathy of generous minds. In the modern

world, where the great bulk of mankind are absorbed in economic pursuits primarily for their own direct advantage, an unselfish enthusiasm has stronger claims on our regard than ever. Mr Marklin took me to a suite of rooms connected with the university, where he has been for a long time engaged in collecting, arranging, and cataloguing the entire series of tractates of all kinds published by professors at Upsala during the last three centuries. It includes various fasciculi of Linnaeus, mixed with a countless host of the Obscure and the Forgotten. The whole fills many shelves, extending through several rooms. The very catalogue, the painful work of Marklin's own hand, forms a huge volume. Yet the whole is destined for the British Museum at the price of £340. Could there well be a more affecting example of scholarly self-devotion? Admiration of the labour, and pity for the reward, might almost engender tears.

After an early dinner I went to see the library, which occupies a double gallery in a large modern building placed conspicuously near the schloß. The furnishings are elegant without being gaudy, and the books, which number 148,000, are in the finest order. There is one famous curiosity styled the *Codex Argenteus*—namely, a manuscript Gospels in silver lettering, in the Gothic language of Bishop Ulfilas, who lived at the end of the fourth century. This volume, which is believed to have been written at the end of the fifth, or beginning of the sixth century, has passed through many extraordinary adventures. It is now kept with great care in a glass-case, where some specimens of the writing of Luther and Melancthon, and other curiosities, are shown.

Mr Marklin had offered to conduct me at six to witness a marriage of the upper classes in the cathedral. It was expected to bring a multitude together, and therefore, in more ways than one, to be worthy of a stranger's attendance. At the proper hour we made our way through the crowd of common people filling that large church, and by the intervention of Mr Marklin, I was accommodated with a place among the relatives within the rails at the Communion-Table. The gentlemen sat on one side, and the ladies on the other, all exceedingly well-dressed. I observed amongst the former two elderly men, evidently of high official rank, one bearing a gold key on a silk rosette at his haunch—doubtless a chamberlain of the king—another wearing a dark embroidery round his collar, and many orders at his breast. The ladies were brought in singly or in pairs by gentlemen, who then, with a low bow, went over to their own side of the railed space. One beautiful old lady—old ladies are often beautiful—I took for the bride's mother, or nearest female relation, as she seemed to make it a duty to greet every other lady as she joined the group. The whole affair, though formal, as passing before the eyes of a multitude, gave me some idea of the manners of the upper classes in Sweden. The tone of high-breeding was very manifest. It was, by the way, curious to see my learned friend, with all the ensigns of old-world scholarship about him—

— 'et fœda et scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula eet, et rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet'—

pushing about in this dignified assemblage, and evidently an object of respect with everybody. There was at length some impatience, and even excitement, observable in both ladies and gentlemen. The people in the body of the church were straining for places where they might see well. I could not myself resist the contagion of the moment; and when at length the young pair came in, the emotion I felt was far beyond what I had expected. It was a union of the right and fitting sort, for the parties were both young; while the bride had that degree of beauty which is expected in all brides, but found in few. Without any stop, the gentleman led her up to the step before the inner rail, where a superb cushion had been placed. As she moved along in her white dress, devoid of all ornament but a green wreath on the crown of her

head, there was a breathless interest in the beholders. Three young maidens in white pressed on her steps, and the bridegroom had also his cortège of gentlemen. A good-looking, well-appointed young clergyman then came forward within the rails, bearing in his hands an *argy* book and a white handkerchief, rather too effectively arranged. All stood up, the bride's maids ranking behind her on the left, and the bridegroom's friends behind him. An address of some length was read; and then the usual questions seemed to be asked and answered. The gentleman's '*yes*' was well heard, though not so loud as Petruchio's; while the lady's assent was conveyed in the gesture so expressive of feminine modesty and submission. The bridegroom then handed a ring to the clergyman: it was blessed, and put upon the bride's finger. Hands were joined; the binding sentence was pronounced. Then followed a prayer, the principal parties kneeling, the eyes of the rest all reverentially downcast. A second prayer concluded the ceremony. The young wife then retreated through the press of friends, stopping only to receive the felicitations of the beautiful old lady. There was now a crowding to the door, on reaching which, I found a long suite of carriages driving off with their respective burthens, and a crowd of fully a thousand people occupying the street. I do not know whether it is a custom of the upper classes in Sweden to marry in church: if so, I give them my cordial praise; for if there be any ceremony in the world calling for the utmost possible publicity, or for which anything like secrecy is to be reprobated, I think it is marriage. I would have a couple who have resolved on marriage to invite the whole world, if possible, to see that here, in all honour and honesty of purpose, they take each other for better for worse until death do them part. There is, by the way, in Sweden a curious custom connected with marriage, and allied to this feeling. During the forenoon, the bride-elect remains in her house, fully dressed for the ceremony, and open to the view of the public, who accordingly come pouring in to see her. The principal end served is to gratify female curiosity about her dress and *froufrou*. It is said that the custom took its rise in the commands of a king in the sixteenth century, in consequence of a rumour arising against the fair fame of a court lady. The monarch, to prevent such rumours in future, caused a fashion to be introduced whereby all suspicion would be set at rest one way or the other.

I visited in the course of the day the old botanic garden of which Linnaeus had been the presiding spirit; but, to my lasting regret, I failed to make my way to his house, though I was told it is still preserved. Upsala, as a seat of learning and of learned men, is said to form an agreeable place of residence for persons of refined manners and moderate income. The reader may have some idea of its external attractions from this trivial sketch. I left it on the ensuing morning (Sept. 7), and at an early hour drove to a spot noted in the history of Sweden. In this country, it must be observed, the elective principle has always been to some extent maintained in connection with the monarchy. During the ages preceding Gustavus Vasa, kings and administrators were frequently appointed by popular assemblies. These assemblies usually took place at a certain spot a few miles from Upsala. There the king, or administrator, standing on a stone, swore to observe the laws of the kingdom towards his people. In the course of time these stones, inscribed with their respective histories, accumulated to a considerable number; and at length, in 1770, Gustavus III. built a small pavilion over them for their protection. To this pavilion, which bears the name of the Mora Stenar, I was driven in less than an hour. It stands by the wayside under a hill, in a country otherwise undistinguished. I found the stones ranged along the floor, all of them thick worn; while an inscription round the ceiling detailed the names of the personages elected, with the dates of the elections, from Sten Kil in the year 1060 to Sten Stare in 1512. It is curious that both the kings of Scotland and the Lords

of the Isles were in ancient times invested with sovereignty seated or standing upon a stone, and, as we all know, the stone used by the former is still kept in a recess under the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

I was now en route to Stockholm, with nothing to detain me on the way but a visit to what is certainly the principal, if not almost the only show-house, apart from palaces, in Sweden. I allude to the mansion of Skokloster, belonging to the Brahe family, of which the celebrated astronomer of the seventeenth century was descended. It is a large quadrangular house of the taste of that period, seated very pleasantly on the banks of a lake, amidst pine-clad grounds forming some picturesque scenery. Leaving my carriage at Alsike, I came to the borders of a branch of this lake; and then betaking myself to a little boat rowed by a boy, proceeded to the mansion of the Brahes. The family was at home; but they live in an upper floor, and allow their servants to show the principal suites of apartments in the other parts of the building. The curious quaint moral and religious taste of the seventeenth century appeared in the emblematical figures and inscriptions which adorn the staircases and galleries. The state apartments on the first floor are certainly superb, both as to decoration, furniture, pictures, and curiosities. Among the family portraits one fastens on Tycho, who appears as a good-looking man, with a red beard and a well-elevated forehead. Still more interesting is Ebba Brahe, a beautiful young creature, whom, it is said, Gustavus Adolphus desired for his bride; but this plan was disappointed by his mother, who, during his absence in one of his military expeditions, succeeded in marrying her to a private gentleman. The aspect and costume recall some of the beauties of our own Lely. Underneath hangs an old lady, in a severe mourning dress, such as a nonconformist gentlewoman of London might have worn about the year 1680. She has lost her upper teeth, and seems to have suffered from an affection of the eyes. One is disposed to pass this portrait with a commonplace reflection on the difference between youth and age in woman, when he is chilled into a pause by the information that it represents the same Ebba Brahe! The royal portraits, from Gustavus Vasa to Carl Johan and the present Oscar, whose friends the family have been and are, make up an interesting show, as exhibiting the long-continued connection of this family with all that was dignified in their native history. The drawing-room ceiling is a curious whim, being covered with figures of animals in something more than high relief, and coloured like life: for one thing, a crocodile starts out with a chandelier suspended from its mouth. Some cabinets with inlaid work are amongst the finest things of the kind I have ever seen. On the drawers of one I observed etchings on ivory, representing the favourite games and exercises of polite society in the seventeenth century. Then there are glass-cases of great size, containing rich gold and silver cups, ancient rings, purses, and other bijoux, mostly the property of historical persons. A ruby ring of the lovely Ebba is particularly pointed out. Amongst other odds and ends are the knife and fork of Gustavus Vasa, and the coffee-cup and saucer of the Princess Sophia Albertina.

The uppermost or attic floor (there being four in all) is devoted to a library and armoury, both abundant, and the former in very fine order. In a side-room is a large collection of the philosophical instruments and aids to study of the age of Tycho, including a very primitive-looking telescope in a leathern case. These articles, which must be almost unique, cast a curious light on the early history of modern science. In the same place is an automaton canary in a cage, which whistles very energetically, but not very like the bird in nature. There are old globes and charts without number, and the copperplates of portraits published (I may say) centuries ago.

The armoury contains hundreds of old muskets of all

forms, from the earliest to the most modern; an endless variety of swords of all ages; also many specimens of articles and munitions of war less likely to be preserved, such as the bandoleers in which musketeers long ago carried their shot, each charge having a little case for itself. The most conspicuous objects, however, are certain suits of old plate-armour, including several examples of those in which the knights used to encase their steeds. There are likewise specimens of the headmen's swords of the middle ages—great broad-fashioned blades, inscribed with the apologetic sentence, *Vim vi repellere licet*. There are numberless specimens of the boots, shoes, leathern doublets and jerkins, and other personal habiliments of the men of past ages; some belonging to eminent personages—as a suit of clothes of Gustavus Adolphus, and even a few fragments of the attire of Gustavus Vasa. I remarked walking-canes of Charles XII. and Gustavus III., and the dagger of King Eric XIV.; evidently, however, not, as is alleged, that with which he despatched Nils Sture, since this blade would make a four-angled perforation, whereas those in Sture's clothes at Upsala are three-cornered. The exhibitor, besides, must have forgotten that if the dagger was King Eric's, it cannot be that which committed this foul murder; for the story is, that Sture presented his own dagger to the king as a mark of submissive loyalty, and that the king turned the weapon upon its owner's bosom.

I left Skokloster with a deeper sense of the importance and dignity of the old aristocracy of Sweden than I had previously entertained. The wind having by this time become violent, I hesitated some time before committing myself to so frail a bark as that in which I had crossed the lake. There was, however, no alternative. Fortunately Quist, among his various occupations during life, had been for some time a boatman. To his skill and energy I believe I was indebted in no small measure for the safety in which I returned to Alsiike. I may remark that a steamer passing every day along the lakes and streams between Stockholm and Upsala forms the usual means of reaching Skokloster, which accordingly has an invasion of curious strangers once in the four-and-twenty hours.

On the brink of the lake at the landing-place I found some exposed surfaces of rock, extremely well polished and striated, the striae being north-north-east to south-south-west when one point was allowed for the variation of the compass. At Norjunda church, a few miles nearer to Stockholm, I found greater exposures, striated from north-north-east to south-south-west by compass; that is to say, one point nearer to the true meridian.

In the evening, soon after dark, I reached Stockholm, and took up my quarters in the Hôtel de Commerce, which bears the reputation of being one of the best houses of its kind in the city.

R. C.

DIFFICULTY.

Few persons are so favourably circumstanced as not to be aware that life is encircled with perplexities. All attainable advantages have to be gained, as it were, by conquest. Man everywhere encounters an antagonism of impediments. Without an expenditure of faculty, of labour, of valiant personal endeavour, there is no possibility of progress or advancement in any of the paths of social or individual wellbeing. All the satisfactions of the universe require to be purchased, must be resolutely won, by vigorous displays of manly force, and are yielded to none save under a stern compliance with conditions. The dominion of nature is despotic: an inviolable obedience to her appointments is indispensable to the success of every action; nor is there any means whereby a man can fulfil his authentic destiny otherwise than by reconciling his aims and aspirations with the necessary tendencies of the natural economy. Human freedom is hence contingent upon a due perception of the specialities of the Divine Arrangements; and a practical conformity with these, which constitutes a virtuous activity, demands

great and faithfully-sustained efforts, and a vigorous and determined discipline of spirit. That moral liberty which is the highest and most desirable attainment in a man's experience, is achievable only by victory over obstacles, by a resolute and successful subjugation of those circumstantial impediments which obstruct the growth and manifestation of the soul's powers and capabilities.

Thus the position of man in the world is one of imminent and inevitable difficulty. Having to work out his life into harmony with the general design of things, and being by nature liable to endless misapprehensions, and not the less to manifold practical shortcomings, he is continually opposed by bitter and harassing contradictions, which dissipate and baffle his best strength, and frequently overwhelm him with discouragement and failure. It is not, however, on that account to be inferred that the oppositions and perplexities which we encounter are so many instances of unmodified disaster, exerting over us nothing but evil influences, and calculated only to damage that unity and entirety of being which persons desirous of faithfully fulfilling their destination are understood to be earnestly striving to attain. On the contrary, it is true, and by a little reflection may be rendered clear to the understanding, that all *evil* which does not take the shape of a practical and personal wickedness is invested with certain tendencies of benefit, and contributes indirectly to the production or manifestation of some particular *good*, which, without collision with its opposite, might not have been brought into visible action or appearance. Of this kind are obviously all those external hindrances which obstruct the free and spontaneous expansion of human character. Repression of any force has a disposition to strengthen and augment the force itself. So long as the vital power is not utterly extinguished, or to any considerable extent impaired in its essential properties, the antagonism will tend mainly to consolidate and intensify the repressed energy, so that, on the ultimate removal or vanquishment of the obstruction, it will probably shoot forth into a more perfect development than would have been otherwise attained. Instances of the sort are by no means singular in the history of the human mind, nor even in the wider history of nations. And certainly it is a fact clear to the loosest observation, that the men who have been least obstructed in their culture, or have had fewest obstacles to contend with in their general life-progress, have nowise been remarkable for the greatness of their success, or for any visible superiority over those who were less fortunately situated; while, on the other hand, it is sufficiently well known that the most eminent and noteworthy of mankind have for the most part been those whose early career was almost inextricably beset with difficulties, which needed to be reconciled or overcome before any satisfactory progress could be made towards realising their peculiar aims and aspirations.

Indeed nothing great or worthy has ever been done in the world without a struggle. Man is evidently born to contend with opposition, to wrestle with whatsoever difficulty may anywhere withstand him, and, by that lusty and invigorating exercise, to win additions to his native strength. He is the more a man through every successful conflict with hardship or temptation. Once inspired with a noble purpose, all adversity cannot quench the enkindled puissance within him, nor subdue the earnest strivings by which he seeks to give form and being to the living thought which he personifies. Like a suppressed or hidden flame, which for a long time burns in secret, making no visible breach in the mass of material which surrounds and covers it, but at last, through some slight crevice, ascends gradually towards the air, and envelopes all about it in one common conflagration, so, by dim degrees, does the fire of manly power work silently among the vaults and invisible passages of circumstance, till the floors and beams which conceal and keep it down are all ablaze with its irresistible heat, and it darts up finally in volumes of awe and splendour. And as the vastness of the havoc in the material catastrophe is invariably proportioned to the extent and bulk of impediment which, by hiding the presence of fire, fostered its undermin-

ing ravages, so it is matter of experience that the greater the accumulation of circumstantial obstacles, so long as they extinguish not, but only hinder or repress the natural energies of a man, the more certainly do they tend, by trial and provocation, to strengthen and temper his capacity for ultimate and sure victory over all surmountable obstructions. Whatsoever exertion is accordant with the principles of nature, that will nature eventually sanction and substantiate. All the external oppositions and necessities of life are therefore to be regarded as a complication of inverse aids and assistances, by a right use of which a man's personal and inward force may be the more successfully displayed. Trial, hardship, exasperation, pains, and disappointments, though in themselves unquestionable evils, may be nevertheless transformed into ulterior and effective benefits, by being severally the occasions of stimulating the mind to renewed or worthier activity, or by undeceiving the too credulous and romantic heart with respect to some of those manifold delusions which, from defect of experience, it is so extremely apt to cherish. Everything that acquaints us with reality, or enables us to comprehend the measure of ourselves, contributes more or less in its degree to put us into right relations with the world and our own consciousness, and to bring us into a reasonable conformity with the dispensations of existence.

Every obstruction is, accordingly, a means of culture. The world being in a manner organized with special reference to the education of humanity, there is nothing preposterous in believing that difficulties and obstacles have been designedly introduced into its constitution for the sake of a more adequate cultivation of our faculties than would, apparently, have been possible by any less severe process. To question the perfection of this arrangement would be a manifest impiety against the Maker of the universe. Besides, it is evident to human reason that the system whereof man is part is altogether fair and perfect; that it is based upon an infinite and unchangeable goodness, which pervades and vivifies every minute and most inconsiderable portion; and is, indeed, the substance wherein man's life and his relations are all fundamentally established. And though we have experimentally no acquaintance with anything but a mixture of good and ill—which we everywhere perceive to be more or less constantly allied—yet we have, or at least are capable of having, a well-grounded assurance within ourselves that there is an absolute goodness which transcends experience; and that whatsoever destiny awaits us, it will be one in just accordance with the infinite perfections. This conviction is sufficient to justify the soul in that reliance which it instinctively places on the eternal integrity of the universe, and through which it unquestionably derives an ample and genuine contentment. Nor is it to be doubted that through experience with disaster, with hindrances, perplexity, or defeat, the mind acquires something of additional energy, some superadded tone of vigour or of thoughtfulness, a finer and loftier discernment, a wider compass of power or sensibility. And thus all the inequalities of condition may be finally rounded in, even as the curve of the globe, by reason of its immensely-accommodating comprehensiveness, reduces and includes mountain, and plain, and valley within one level and uniform sphericity.

The testimony of persons who have wrestled strenuously with fortune goes invariably to support the opinion, that a measure of opposition to a man's natural wishes and ambition exerts over him a wholesome and beneficial influence. The unpractised human will is insatiate in its demands, boundless in its expectations. For its exorbitant desires the universe were scarcely too immense for a possession, nor its store of endless gratifications too abundant for its satisfaction. But inasmuch as man is constituted to find his earthly welfare in specific and limited enjoyments, it is obviously needful that he should learn to moderate his inclinations, and not unreasonably spend his strength in pursuit of an inordinate and impracticable happiness. Therefore his life has been wisely hedged about with limitations, to the end that he might the better conform himself to the manner of existence for

which he was intentionally created. The strife and conflict with necessity, whereto he is constitutionally appointed, is accessory to the evolution of that personal and spiritual freedom which is open to his attainment in the world of human effort. Through hardship and manifold shapes of trial he advances towards an ultimate contentedness; and on looking back upon his thorny and obstructed path, can even thankfully discern that the things which had once so formidably impeded him, contributed, nevertheless, by their severe and rigorous stimulations, to brace and invigorate his strength, and operated in the end as furtherances of his progress. In this light at least many a brave spirit has estimated the effects of difficulty upon its individual cultivation. Bitter, doubtless, in the passing were the harsh straitenings and humiliations which the proud sufferer had to bear, in his long and disconsolate journey on the bleak highways of expectation perpetually deferred, with the rough tempests howling round him, and over his unsheltered head only the wide starless gloom and unmitigable cheerlessness of night; yet when the dawn of a more prosperous day arrived, he could the more wisely bless and welcome the joyful sunlight, and while remembering the bygone travail of his soul, take comfort in the sight and neighbourhood of cheerful things which, but for that remembrance, he might have overlooked, or gazed on with irrational indifference. Whosoever is called to buffet with misfortunes, to toil unrecompensed under the weight of irksome tasks, to sacrifice upon the altar of his necessity his best gifts and aspirations, or in any way to bear in his own person the painful burthen of poverty or wrong, he surely has cause to deem his destiny insupportable were it utterly without remedy or hope; but in the faith that there is, nevertheless, in all severities a covert and inextinguishable beneficence which can exalt and purify the soul of him who bears them bravely, there is an abiding consolation which may sustain it in patient and unyielding endurance. A profound wisdom and an admirable encouragement are conveyed in that memorable saying of our illustrious and universal poet—

'There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.'

The interest and admiration of the world are centered for ever around them that brave with magnanimity the oppositions and hostility of circumstances. What is it that so endears and glorifies the hero but the lofty and unquenchable courage which, even in humiliation and defeat, renders him invincible? It is the godlike and undaunted energy which flinches not at danger, which stands erect and splendid amid ruin and desolation, and carries its noble head, under all reverses and disasters, with an undiminished consciousness of dignity. How tame, in comparison, is the pampered stateliness of 'cushioned ease,' the soft prosperity that wineth at the irritation of a nerve! This is neither beautiful nor honourable in the sight of any man. None but the mean and frivolous will condescend to pay it homage. But the constant sympathy and compassion of mankind cling naturally about the brave, about the valiant men and devoted women who sustained their souls in cheerfulness amid calamity, wrestling for them graceful garlands of imperishable love, and commemorating their steadfast patience with songs of admiration. The very gods, as was said of old, look with a gracious approbation on a good man struggling with adversity. Nor is it reasonably to be doubted, notwithstanding the endless wreck of noble natures fallen in weary conflict with tribulation, that the adversity has even been permitted, to the end that they who have to contend with it might thereby the more excellently illustrate their manliness. The ennobling virtues that have flourished in all ages, and shed a magnificent adornment around the history of man, have been nurtured into grandeur and stability by the rude assaults of injury and opposition, by the ungenerous but inspiring buffetings of difficulty and mortal hardship; which, in aiming at their repression, furthered and fostered them, nevertheless, into a more manifest perfection. Be of courage, thou

desponding, heavily-laden heart! nor falter in the prosecution of any enterprise which thou canst conscientiously and calmly justify; for in this thou art doing bravely, and art in the way of true endeavour, even shouldst thou never compass any visible success. Nay, there is or shall be inevitable victory for all the worthy; if not now, yet assuredly hereafter, in some higher, more congenial sphere of being, and where the compensations of fidelity are more perfectly dispensed. He who has looked upon the sun when, after a stormy day, he went down in glory, may have seen therein an emblem of human faithfulness—how that which is beautiful is never lost, but becomes finally vindicated and revealed—may have seen that the lordly orb, whose presence was obscured throughout the day, had nevertheless pursued his path across the heavens; and that the clouds which intercepted his shining did in the end become illumined with his rays, and in strokes of manifold-coloured radiance made the western sky ablaze with splendour; and in this gorgeous apotheosis of light he may have discerned an apt similitude of the brilliant transfiguration which succeeds to every career of faithful effort sustained amid the storms and obscurations of calamity.

Let us learn to endure hardness; for difficulty, though it darkens and disturbs, does also elevate and beautify the life of man; even as abrupt prominences and the rough irregularities of nature make the boldest and most admirable scenery. An easy life is not the noblest. In a smooth current of undeviating tranquillity there is little to exalt the thoughts or sensibility of mind and heart. What, in nature, is more uninteresting or destitute of grandeur than a flat, unvarying stream, flowing languidly through a level country? But would you see the beauty and sublimity of a river, follow it up into the hills, mark its progress among the rugged rocks, see how it dashes boldly from ledge to ledge, writing the story of its struggling restlessness in furrows on the brow of hardest stone, casting around it a splendid tumult with its very foam and spray; and where it attains to the majesty of a waterfall, 'taking the rainbow from the skies to fold around its breast.' Even such is human life: bounding mightily through the pass of danger, and over the rough besetments of earthly difficulty. By earnest deeds and sublime endurances, by the lusty wrestlings which try his strength, by vigorous action in the face of obstacles and temptation, a man is spiritually and everlastingly ennobled. He puts the world under his feet, and through his mastery over fortune, repairs incessantly the dilapidations of his life; turning all harshness and perplexity into blessed uses, and drawing consolation from the bitter wells of sorrow; deriving nourishment from that which seemed to threaten his destruction; and, by his natural robustness, wrenching delight out of anxiety: even as a painful thought in a poet's brain will shape itself in words of beauty. Let no man shirk his share of terrestrial hardships, never pamper himself into undue sensitiveness or anxiety for ease, but boldly bear the brunt of human strife: manfully endure whatever ought to be endured, manfully contend against whatever ought to be encountered, for this is the wholesome exercise whereby he gathers power and access of life to his own soul.

J. L.

CHATEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

LIFE BELOW STAIRS—A VISIT—AND A MARRIAGE.

A MANORIAL dwelling has many other inmates besides those who claim it as their hereditary home; and in sketching chateau manners in England, we cannot with propriety leave out the servants' hall—the scene of the other and far different drama of life below stairs. The family at Marston was exceedingly well ordered; every consideration was shown for the servants—they ought to have been the happiest of domestics, judging from their position and mode of treatment; and their appearance, when seen all together at the winter festivals and on Sundays, gave me that impression. We

walked to church, for the grounds opened into the churchyard; and besides the two footmen who preceded us to open the church door, were followed thither, at a little distance, by all the servants except two—the kitchen-maid, who had to cook their dinner and our luncheon, and a man whose office it was to keep up the fires. The others went to church in a procession of two and two, the way being led by the butler and housekeeper. A more respectable band of servants I never saw; but they were well ruled; and those who govern well are generally well served, whether the scene of dominion be a kingdom or a family. When the afternoon service was over, they were to be seen walking in groups about the village, to which, in the course of the week, they were frequently despatched on errands of charity, that must have had a good effect on their minds, by teaching them to take an interest in the welfare of their poor brethren.

But our readers must now accompany us to the offices of Marston at early morning. It is near eight o'clock, the breakfast hour for the servants, and preparations are already making for the morning meal. The kitchen-fire is blazing up joyously, scorching the face of the kitchen-maid as she fries bacon in no stinted quantities for the men's breakfast, for it is a popular dish with the grooms; and on the hall-table stands a huge piece of cold beef, plates, tankards, tea-cups, and several large loaves of household bread. The hall is still gaily garnished with holly and ivy, and a large piece of mistletoe hanging over the door has afforded scope for much mirth; but the jest having been exhausted, and its day gone by, it is now withering unheeded. The fire here nearly rivals that in the kitchen, and it is needed; for as the coachmen, grooms, and stable-boys enter, in obedience to the summons of the breakfast-bell, they all loudly exclaim against the severity of the cold. The water-pipes are all frozen; Adams has pumped in vain; and Thomas the gardener has been obliged to fire on the ice in the pond to procure water. They gather round the board, not without a joke or two exchanged with John, the head footman, who, having been long in service in London, plays the part of the fine gentleman among them, and takes coffee and an egg for breakfast. The female servants, consisting of two housemaids, the kitchen-maid, dairy-maid, under kitchen-maid, and laundresses, drink boiled milk; the stablemen generally home-brewed ale, in the style of Elizabeth's day. The meal is a cheerful one, characterised by great civility to each other, especially on the part of the footmen towards the maids, who are addressed by them as 'Mrs Ann' and 'Mrs Jane.' There is a great difference between the servants of Marston Manor and the maids-of-all-work, or boys-in-buttons, by courtesy designated 'pages,' whose physiology has already amused the public: they (the former) speak another sort of English, purer and better to the ear, though occasionally the footman, John, rivals Mrs Malaprop in the misapplication of resonant words, of which his ear has become enamoured in the dining-room. For example, he has just assured the coachman—a gigantic Yorkshireman, whose dialect affords him, the said John, great entertainment—that he must beg he will drop the subject (that is, the delicacy of his appetite), as he never allows people to make cements (Anglic, comments) on him. And he has been heard before to say that Major Straightly was a very fine gentleman, though he was sometimes terribly quickened (criticised?) by the ladies. In spite of his fashionable mania, however, John is a very active, well-behaved

servant, and is admired by the maids for this way he wears his powder and hands the dishes. Richard, his coadjutor, is sentimental—a Mr Moddle in his way. He reads poetry when he can get any pathetic enough for his taste, and practises the violin; very mournful, complaining tones sometimes reach me from the hall window in an evening. During 'the season' he has had occasional lessons. The maids are neat, tidy lasses, clever at their work, and standing in wholesome awe of the housekeeper. When their daily business is ended, they are employed in making shirts for the Christmas distribution to the poor. The under-kitchen or scullery-maid is a girl of about fourteen, taken from the village, and still half wondering at her new position; looking up reverentially to all above her, and not yet accustomed to consider 'the gravy meat,' as she calls it, in any other light than 'a Sunday dinner every day.'

And now, leaving the subordinates to their morning meal, we will proceed up the passages leading to the hall, turn to the right, and enter the housekeeper's room, a good-sized apartment, furnished with the chairs and tables that in former days might have had a place in the drawing-room. They are of solid, massive old mahogany. The two arm-chairs—once honoured by the distinction of 'easy'—covered by a faded tapestry, the work perchance of a former lady of Marston, are occupied by the housekeeper and butler; the former a comfortable-looking, elderly dame, neatly dressed; and the latter a tall, rather solemn-looking man, quite aware of his own importance as head of the servants' hall, wearing a gold watch and chain, and a spotlessly-white neckcloth. In the housekeeper's room he can at times be facetious, though in general his well-trained features remain in grave repose when any ordinary mortal would be moved to irrepressible mirth. He is a politician, reads the newspapers in the evening to the housekeeper and the ladies'-maids; and sometimes relaxes into a perusal of one of James's novels, which he greatly admires. The ladies'-maids are very smart dancels, wearing cuffs, collars, bows, and brooches, in imitation of their ladies. Portia's attendant is of a rather better caste than usual, having been dresser to one of the princesses. She is consequently regarded with peculiar respect, being well educated, able to write a good note, or read aloud if desired. This little party breakfast in the usual manner—tea and sugar being allowed to the upper servants. The morning meal over, 'Mr Nokes' and 'Mrs Baines,' as they are styled in the servants' hall, withdraw to direct the proceedings of their subordinates, and the ladies'-maids to attend their mistresses' toilet. At nine o'clock the female servants assemble to prayers in the octagon room already described. It would be an over-tedious task to follow each of the busy group to his or her respective labours. One o'clock again assembled them in the hall, where they found the cook and housekeeper, Mrs Baines (who had just sent in the luncheon), receiving from the hands of a gamekeeper a haunch of venison, of which she expressed the most enthusiastic admiration, pointing out to Nokes the beauty of the fat, 'a good five inches thick,' and expressing her amazement that none of the servants would eat game or venison; on which John, anxious to avoid the imputation of plebeian taste, rejoined, that 'he had rather a pangshang for air (hare), but that he did not like to dine on it, though it was very well for second course.' The gamekeeper, who held powdered heads in great contempt, and had even been heard to aver that he believed footmen's brains were 'made of mashed potatoes,' smiled contemptuously, and suggested that a cup of ale would be very acceptable after his cold walk. He was, however, invited to stay dinner; and

being a 'crony' of the coachman, accepted the invitation, greatly heightening, by his rustic humour and hearty laugh, the hilarity of the repast, which consisted of a large piece of boiled beef with vegetables, a leg of mutton—Marston was very proud of its mutton 'of four years old'—some cold pork, and 'a second course,' as John styled it, of yeast dumplings and fried plum-pudding. The servants all dined together, there being no second table at the manor.

After dinner, the coachman and one footman went out with the carriage, the other servants dispersed, and the hall was again deserted till half-past four or five o'clock, when those who chose to have tea—and they were all the female servants—re-assembled. The same party that had breakfasted together met in the housekeeper's room, where an abundant supply of tea was made, as the ladies of the family were generally partakers of it, a few cups being always sent to the library. But the social meal in the servants' hall was supper: the day's toils were over, the time their own. What a huge log blazed on the fire, and lighted up the group assembled round it; and how the kitchen-maid and little Ann bustled about, to spread the snowy cloth with cold meat, bread and cheese, butter and 'mighty ale!' And then the jests they cracked and the tales they told; the 'sweethearting' going on in the chimney corner; and the fine speeches: 'Gentleman John,' as he was nicknamed, made to the maids as they moved near him. The housekeeper presided at supper, but did not partake of it, having reserved a nice 'little bit' for her own room, where Nokes and the ladies'-maids waited her coming, busying themselves meantime in mulling the elder wine. As soon as Mrs Baines vacated her seat, the long deal-table was removed, the forms drawn round the fire, and the party seated themselves in the genial light. Singing was proposed, and after some little pressing (for 'Mrs Ann' thought it good manners not to comply with the first request), the upper housemaid commenced 'Ye banks and braes,' her native taste prompting the selection, though John had gently insinuated his preference of 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.' The men's voices gradually joined in the melody, and song rapidly succeeded song, and glees were performed with infinite effect for some time, till Richard produced his violin, and a merry country dance closed the evening.

In this humble circle there occurred, not many years ago, an incident, in the 'cruel Barbara Allen' style, which struck me as so simple, and unlike our present age, that I cannot forbear repeating it. As frequently happens in large establishments, one of the footmen of Marston had succeeded in winning the affections of the under-housemaid, who, in the phrase of the English peasantry, 'gave him her company' for some time. At last, however, a London damsel arrived in the village, whose air and manner—to say nothing of her bonnet—eclipsed the humble Phebe; and her faithless 'follower' transferred his fickle love to the stranger. The poor girl took the matter to heart, like a damsel of the old world, supposed now only to exist in ballads; she drooped, pined, left her place, and finally,

'Like a broken lily,
Hung her head and died.'

The only reproach she ever made her false lover was implied, rather than uttered. On her deathbed, she sent to request that he would be one of the bearers who should carry her to the grave. Refusal was of course impossible, and John was obliged to go through the ordeal. 'A trying one it must have been; for the pretty creature, who had thus 'died untimely,' was much beloved in the village; and one can imagine the looks cast on the unlucky bearer, as the simple funeral moved slowly towards the churchyard, the fluttering hat-bands of white silk typifying the purity and innocence of her they mourned. Local associations, likewise, must have had their effect. The lane they passed down, close beside the manor shrubbery, had, when gay with the silver blossoms of the May thorn, been the scene of many

lingering in the twilight; nay, the tree they buried her under had once been a trysting spot. Perhaps the dying girl had remembered all this, and thus sought an innocent, but, as it proved, fatal revenge. However this may be, the sequel of my story is strangely tragic: the lover returned home, took to his bed, and survived poor Phebe only six weeks. Our infallible Shakespeare has assured us 'that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love'; either, however, this was an exception to the rule, or remorse and shame killed the poor man.

The event has furnished a touching legend for the servants' hall, which does not, unluckily, possess a single ghost story; for though a gamekeeper was murdered by poachers once in the immediate neighbourhood, he has proved a very quiet, inoffensive dead man, having probably had enough of *night-walking* during his life. The master of Marston was very attentive to the moral conduct and wellbeing of his dependents. A well-selected collection of books found a place in the housekeeper's room, to be lent by her to the servants' hall; and Portia found occasionally occupation for the too great leisure of the footmen, by making them wind the worsted she used for knitting stockings. In some families the 'Johns' are occasionally employed in 'grounding' Berlin-work, but from this effeminacy she spared them. Much time at their own disposal is, after all, left to the servants in such a house: the weather will not always permit ladies to drive, or gentlemen to ride; and if means are not provided for the men to employ profitably the long winter hours thus remaining, it is to be feared the 'idle hands' may find mischief to do for want of something better.

A visit to C— Castle, which I made about this time with Portia, afforded me a glimpse at another family as well ordered as that of the Marstons. We drove there to luncheon one bright frosty morning, and found the Lady Augusta surrounded by her children. Their morning studies were ended, and the quarter of an hour before their dinner—which they had at her luncheon—was spent with her in the library. The eldest son was at present at home for the holidays: he was a fine specimen of a wellborn young Englishman, and scarcely deserved that the epithet 'schoolboy' should be applied to him, at least not in its 'awkward' sense. The little girls were pretty, graceful, and a little shy. At luncheon their governess made her appearance, and was introduced to us. She was evidently a sensible, accomplished woman, beloved by her pupils, and esteemed by their gentle mother, who treated her with marked and graceful courtesy. She withdrew after luncheon to her own room, to write letters till it was time for her to accompany the children in their daily walk, and Lady Augusta then turned the conversation on education. She had not sought, she told us, for an all-accomplished instructress for her daughters: they had masters every season in London, and during part of the winter they had a singing and music mistress in the house; the absence of the numerous families in which she taught permitting her to leave town for the country, as most of the better class of teachers do. This person was a foreigner of high respectability, with whom they could also converse in French and Italian. The English governess was not therefore required to possess (or more truly, *profess*) all sorts of seldom-combined talents; she was simply a highly-educated gentlewoman, of good though impoverished family, capable of forming the children's minds, and directing and cultivating their taste. They breakfasted with her in the school-room early, dined at luncheon, drank tea with her at six o'clock, and then joined their parents in the drawing-room, to which Miss Griffin accompanied them if she pleased. Very frequently however she chose to have a quiet and solitary evening in the charming apartment appropriated to her use, to which Lady Augusta afterwards conducted us, to show us the paintings it contained. It was a large room with an oriel window, elegantly furnished, and adorned with many little luxuries—such as a stand full of choice exotics,

a number of the best new publications, an easy-chair and reading-table, a sofa drawn near the fire, &c.—all making it a perfect contrast to the uncomfortable, half-carpeted chambers in which many whose lot it is to fulfil a most important duty are condemned to pass the greater part of their time. As we glanced round the school-room at C—, we felt a conviction that one reason that Lady Augusta found few inconveniences, and much benefit derived from 'home education,' might be ascribed to the pleasant and soothing impression made by external objects on the mind and temper of her governess, as well as of her children; for in spite of all the 'wise saws and modern instances' in favour of a more Spartan-like treatment of young students, comfort appears to us absolutely necessary for the full development of mental power in this our cold little England.

After luncheon, Lady Augusta, who was a fond though not a foolish mother, took us to see the juvenile establishment at the castle. A suite of bedrooms, running down a long wide corridor—a capital place for exercise in wet weather—terminated in a large, elegantly-furnished study, fitted up with book-cases, globes, two or three fine pictures, models for drawing, &c. The garden seen from the windows was the property of the little people, and in summer supplied them with flowers: even in winter a few exotics graced the school-room. Here they studied part of the day, but not too long; and in the evenings descended with Miss Griffin to the drawing-room, where they told us they played proverbs, or acted charades. We were invited to see one of these entertainments; and lest our readers should not be acquainted with this favourite amusement of winter country life, we will describe what we saw. The back drawing-room was the theatre; the scenes were painted by a poor drawing-master residing at the county town, and represented, first, an apartment in an Eastern dwelling, in which a very fat pacha was seated on the divan, surrounded by the officers of his court. The great man had somehow or other offended the English residents in his pachalic, and the captain of a man-of-war, in full uniform, attended by his dragoman, made his appearance to demand satisfaction.

It was necessary, we were informed by this worthy (the Etonian), to say something impressive; and as the dragoman was already possessed of all particulars of the complaint, and the naval hero disdained needless repetitions, he forthwith put himself into a stage attitude, and thundered forth, 'My name is Norval,' addressing it to the pacha, who, ignorant of course of the sense, was much alarmed by the sound, and interrupting the orator, assured him, through the dragoman, that he need not be so angry—'Inshallah, it should all be as he pleased.' The scene was rendered sufficiently ludicrous by the young actors' notion of Turkish, which not a little resembled M. Jourdain's when he was made a 'Mamamouchi.' We were told this scene was the representation of a real incident. The pacha and the captain were of course reconciled, and all the ceremonial of pipes and coffee proceeded with great gravity, when the curtain fell, and the first part of the charade was guessed to be 'court.' The second scene represented the deck of the captain's vessel, on which appeared the pacha, who had taken a passage in her to Constantinople. His odd queries as to the different parts of the ship, and the equally absurd uses assigned to them by his host, were highly amusing. The officer's sister then made her appearance, and at once captivated the worthy Oriental, on whose extravagant compliments and stare of admiration the curtain dropped for the second time. The third scene represented the whole word constituting the charade. The actors were still on the deck of the vessel, and the pacha had begun his wooing by offering gifts to his lady-love. They really made a very pretty picture. On one side was seated the gaudily-attired Turk, his officers standing behind him; on the other, the young officer leaned on his sister's chair; and in the background were a few 'well-costumed' sailors. The taste of the grouping and colouring was admirable.

An Ethiopian slave then advanced, and placed a basket of beautiful flowers at the lady's feet; another brought exquisite wax-fruit; and then several advancing together, offered her splendid shawls, chains of pearl and gold, and jewels, lent for the occasion by their mother and other guests. All, however, were rejected by the lady, who made a very graceful little speech about 'liberty and content in an English cottage,' and the curtain again dropped. The word 'courtship' was at once guessed; and the young people, after they had changed their attire, appeared in the drawing-room to laugh over their performance. Portia invited them to spend the last evening of the old year at the manor, and the invitation was joyfully accepted.

The guests assembled on this occasion at Marston were of a mixed class. There were the village apothecary and his wife, worthy, respectable people, who always spent that day at the manor, and greatly enjoyed their visit; the agent of the estate and his clerk, who had arrived to receive the rents rather earlier than usual; two very singular, old-fashioned curates, representatives of a class of men now nearly extinct—happily for their sacred function; the people from the estate; the members of the family; and a few country neighbours. A splendid dinner was provided, at which an antitype of the Christmas pudding made its appearance, of really gigantic proportions, adorned in the centre with a branch of holly. All sorts of games occupied the evening till about half-past eleven, when, adjourning to the hall, the young and old people joined in a country-dance, and amidst a glorious chime of village-bells thus welcomed in the new year.

Amidst all those festivities, the Hussar had been quietly winning his way into the good graces of the owners of Marston; and though he was also evidently in Portia's 'good books,' she did not therefore threaten, like Beatrice, 'to burn her library.' She rode a great deal, and he generally accompanied her father and herself. Nay, once or twice they were observed to linger in conversation behind the others when walking; and whether the old trees then heard the secret, I do not know; but shortly afterwards the young man was shut up for some time in the study with his host, from whence he issued with a very radiant countenance. In that evening's twilight Portia told me of her intended marriage, at which I was to officiate as bridesmaid; and we talked about the necessary preparations, and her future home in Wales, with mixed feelings of gladness and regret, for she loved Marston; and it is always a sorrowful thing to leave the home of youth to tempt an uncertain future, however bright the mirage it offers may appear.

Soon after this disclosure, the gentlemen went to London, to set the lawyers to work on settlements. The lady's maid departed also, to bring down all sorts of pretty things for approval or selection, and friends and relatives began to think of bridal gifts. When we were only ladies at the manor, we dined early, and had 'the treat' of a very cosy tea, at which griddle-cakes always made their appearance. We also managed at such times to pay visits or make excursions which were likely to be too severe a tax on the gentlemen's patience. We had more time also to visit Portia's school for the poor children, and to listen to our old dames' gossip. They grieved sadly at the thought of losing their young lady, but praised the intended bridegroom, whose frank good-nature had made him popular amongst them. One old woman offered as a gift to the young betrothed an old wine-glass of George II.'s time, which had been long preserved in her family. I need scarcely say that the gift was graciously accepted, and really valued. Meantime spring was gradually stealing upon winter. The weather was mild and genial for February, and snowdrops already adorned with their pure and exquisite beauty the shrubbery and sheltered places round the manor. The Hussar's family arrived to be present at the bridal, and the Lily spent with me many of the hours which Portia could no longer devote

entirely to her friend. It was part of the happiness of the destined bride that she should gain such a sister by her marriage, for the quiet, diffident girl was not only gentle and affectionate, but intelligent, and possessed of cultivated taste.

The day before the wedding was a busy time for us bridesmaids. We were required to put the bridal cards into the exquisite little envelopes, and to direct them to some hundreds of friends; taking care to put into each a card with the maiden name of the bride, as, in spite of that tell-tale of tell-tales, the 'Morning Post,' some oblivious readers might otherwise be puzzled as to the fair lady who had now a new name.

The wedding morning dawned at last, as bright with sunshine as bride could desire, even if her happiness really depended (as the old proverb makes it) on its light. An immense party were to grace the ceremony with their presence. I went early to Portia's chamber, and found her maid just finishing her toilet by adjusting the matchless veil on her fair hair by a wreath of orange blossoms. She was robed in white, and bouquets of the bridal flower, fastened with pearls, were the only trimmings of her simple and elegant dress. The bridegroom and bridesmaids proceeded first to church, and waited her coming in the vestry; the latter, on her arrival, met her at the church door, and conducted her up the aisle. They were also in white, and the Lily merited that day her name. The church was thronged, not only by the guests at the manor, but by the village poor, all in their best attire; Parrot and the sexton had wreathed the pillars with evergreens, blended with snowdrops and crocuses, and wore enormous posies in their button-holes, in honour of the occasion. I held the bride's little white glove; her uncle read the ceremony, solemnly and impressively—and she was married. The chief actors in this important drama then adjourned to the vestry, where the marriage was registered, and the witnesses signed their names. All then proceeded to the manor, where breakfast awaited them. A table covered with every sort of luxury was crowded literally—for it rose above the other viands—by a magnificent cake, frosted and adorned so as to merit really the name of a beautiful work of art. A wreath of orange blossoms and snowdrops, covered with glittering crystals like dew, lay on its sugar snow, and made one quite sorry to see it cut. I forgot to say that we had all received our favours—bunches of orange blossoms tied with silver—in the vestry: white gloves were also distributed before we went to breakfast. The bridegroom's man cut the cake, the healths of the newly-married pair were drunk, then the bridesmaids, then the host and hostess. Champagne flashed and sparkled in the glasses, and the mirth, though never loud, was lasting. At length the bride withdrew to prepare for her departure, the bridal veil and dress were exchanged for a travelling costume, and Portia bade us all farewell. Her husband, a little quieter and graver than was his wont, handed her into their splendid carriage, and they were soon beyond the lodge gates of Marston Manor. The bridal guests dispersed to their several apartments till dinner-time, to write of or to discuss the event, to gossip about the bride's presents or *trousseau*, or to admire the loveliness of herself and her attire. As there were a great many ladies in the house, the postboy's bag was very heavy that evening.

There was a ball at Marston at night, and the servants also 'received company,' sitting down, as we were afterwards told, forty to supper. An ox was cut up and distributed to the poor; and the bells, which had been ringing almost incessantly since the ceremony, continued till nearly midnight to blend their harmony with that of the band stationed in the hall. Chimes are always the accompaniment of important events or solemn seasons in the country; and it may be this presence of a sound has beneficial effects, for it unites in sympathy the rich and poor by waking memories and associations that are common to all—the birth, the bridal, and the burial of the dead. Alas! the solemn

music of Marston bells was to tell many other and sadder tales ere they again hailed the dawn of a new year.

On the morrow the visitors left the manor, except an old gentleman nearly related to the family, who remained, intending to accompany them to town for the season. I lingered two days longer than the other guests. What a void the marriage of a daughter makes in the domestic circle! Portia's absence gave a gloom to Marston worse to bear than that of the mid-winter snows. There is also perhaps something depressing in the struggle between winter and the coming spring, but the weather had never incurred so much blame from us as it did after her departure; and it was with the hope that change of scene would remove these disagreeable impressions that I obeyed a summons home, and bade adieu to the hospitable owners and sylvan beauties of Marston Manor.

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

DR SICHEL has communicated to the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles' a curious fact, which some of our readers may like to amuse themselves in verifying. He says that, twenty years since, he made the observation so carefully, and for such a period of time, as to become perfectly assured that cats which have perfectly white coats (that is, with not even a spot of another colour) and blue eyes are invariably deaf. We may make, as close to them as we will, any noises that usually terrify them—such as the cracking of a whip, imitation of the barking of a dog, clapping the hands, &c.—and yet, provided these sounds are not of a nature to convey vibrations, by shaking the ground, as when we strike the floor with a hammer, the animal will remain perfectly indifferent. If, however, there is the smallest spot or shade of black, brown, gray, red, &c. on the coat; or if the iris, instead of being blue or grayish-blue, is yellow, or partakes of some deeper colour, then will the auditory functions be found in their normal state. This blue colour of the iris is indeed rather rare in the feline race, and is generally found only in very young animals; and when, in the progress of age, it becomes exchanged for a deeper colour, though the white skin yet remain, hearing becomes established.

After repeating these observations a great number of times on cats which he met with by chance, Dr Sichel, in 1828, had the opportunity of observing during some months an entirely white cat with blue eyes, which he had procured, while a kitten, for that purpose. This cat, which, at the mere sight of a dog, escaped as rapidly as possible, paid no heed to his barking if she did not see him. Of its complete deafness both he and a friend assured themselves. At the end of four months, the iris became of a deeper colour, and the cat began to show signs of attention when a sharp-sounding bell was rung at about a yard from its ear. Unfortunately, the farther progress of the experiment was arrested; for the cat, having passed into the street, was worried by a dog whose barking she had not heard. Since that period he has made many additional confirmatory observations, but has not had leisure to pursue any of these connectedly.

In numerous examples of albinism in man and animals he has met with nothing of the kind, and all that has been said applies exclusively to white cats with blue or bluish irides. In pure albinos the hair is colourless, the pupil is a more or less deep red, and the iris rose-coloured. In incomplete albinism in man the iris is sometimes of an extremely bright blue, having, however, in the interstices of its fibres, and especially towards the circumference, a slightly red or golden colour. These fibres themselves are in great part white, and show on the blue or partially red ground. The blue of the irides of these deaf cats, on the contrary, is quite uniform, and uninterrupted by any white fibres, or by any different shades of colour. Nor are the depth of the eye and the pupil red, as in the albino. In this case, then, there does not coincide with the absence of colouring pigment in the hairs that entire absence of it in the internal membranes of the eye which exists in the albino, and produces

the redness of his eye—the vessels filled with red blood, which in other eyes are concealed behind a dark pigment, being in his exposed to view. The pigment in these blue-eyed cats is probably of a bluish colour, and at all events it must be far lighter than is usually the case.

Dr Sichel refers to a paper published by Professor Heynsinger a short time previously, in one of the German medical journals, in which he draws attention to other peculiarities of white animals—namely, their inferior power of resisting the injurious effects of certain external agents. Heynsinger observes that facts such as these in question were formerly deemed unworthy of credit, but that accumulated observations have now vouched for their accuracy. At an early period Cuyrillo, and at a later one Marinocci di Martini and Menni di Lecce, communicated facts showing that in Naples and Sicily eating of the *Hypericum crispum* (there called *Fumulo*) acted perniciously on white, but not on black sheep, causing in the former the wool to fall off, the head to swell, and death itself to take place in a couple of weeks. On this account, in Tarentino, where the plant is very common, black sheep alone are reared. Lecce states that the plant acts in this injurious manner only when it grows in marshy places. Spinola, in his work of the diseases of swine, declares that buckwheat (the *Polygonum fagopyrum*), eaten at its period of flowering, engenders in white or partially white swine diseases which are not produced by it in the black animal; and Fuchs, treating of the diseases of domestic animals, says that it acts injuriously not only on white swine, but on white sheep and goats, and, though seldom, on white horses and cattle.

A veterinary surgeon named Steiner relates in a German periodical devoted to the diseases of animals, that in the summer of 1841 the leguminous plants, especially the vetches, became subject to honey-dew, and that all white horses, and even such as had only white marks, which partook of them suffered from disease of the skin. The white portions in partly-coloured horses became gangrenous, and separated from the dark portions, which continued sound. The dark-coloured horses which did, and the white ones which did not partake of this food, continued healthy. In the same journal a Pomeranian veterinary surgeon mentions a circumstance of exactly the same kind occurring from the same cause. Similar observations were made by Burmeister at Anklam in 1842.

Mr Youatt relates a case bearing upon the subject. A cow for the most part white, but having some black spots, fell sick, and became bald on every part of the white surface. On these parts the epidermis detached itself from the subjacent true skin, while the dark spots continued perfectly healthy. A veterinary surgeon named Erdt relates a similar case. A black and white cow became very ill. The two colours perhaps were nearly alike in quantity, but were commingled in numerous patches of very various sizes. As the cow recovered, the portions of skin covered with white hair were observed to be swollen and unduly sensible, while the portions covered with black hair remained in their normal state. At the lines of junction between the two colours the epidermis of the white portions separated, became warped, and acquired a parchment consistency. These portions gradually retracted, and rolled themselves up, falling off in a week or two; so that, at the end of a fortnight, not a trace of the white hairs and subjacent skin was observed; and so slowly were these reproduced, that three months after the animal was still denuded of half its hair. Not the slightest injury befell even the smallest portions of the parts covered with black hair. After the detachment of the skin, not a white hair could be detected upon the entire animal; nor could careful examination discover a single black one on the portions of skin that were thrown off.

M. Sichel, commenting on these cases, observes that they serve to show that the absence or modification of the pigment in mammiferous animals is not a mere physiological variety of the order of those formerly termed *lusus naturæ*, or freaks of nature; but that it may exert a real and great influence not only upon the skin itself, but upon

various other organs, modifying, or even abolishing, the functions of some of these, and creating a singular susceptibility to toxic substances. In regard to man himself, it has been also long observed, that both in his normal and morbid conditions, various portions of the organic system, besides the skin and hair, comport themselves very differently in fair and dark subjects.

RÉNÉ MADEC;

A NARRATIVE OF REAL LIFE.

[The following narrative may acquire additional interest in the eyes of our readers as coming from the pen of the venerable Monsieur Keratry, who, at the opening of the French Legislative Assembly in May 1848, took the chair as '*royen d'âge*,' in which capacity it became, to use his own words, his 'office to constitute the chamber, and to direct its first labours until such time as it shall have appointed officers capable of imparting to its deliberations a regular and dignified course of proceeding.' M. Keratry is a native of Brittany, and in the following narrative he gives a sketch of the eventful career of one of his fellow-countrymen in that province:—]

THERE lived at the quaint old town of Quimper in Brittany, about the middle of the last century, a boy of fifteen years of age, of a resolute character, a good natural disposition, and an active though uncultivated mind. He was an orphan, poorly clad, and but little cared for. He had an uncle who kept hack-horses for the use of travellers (for the then steep and rugged roads of Brittany were as yet unfrequented by the *diligence* or the *wilde-poste*), and the young René earned a scanty subsistence by running alongside of the animals, and bringing them back to his uncle when the journey was accomplished.

About the period to which we refer, however, this lad was sent on a somewhat more distant excursion than he had hitherto performed. A wealthy merchant hired the best pony to take him to Brest, which our travellers reached on the evening of the second day, just as the gates were about to close. The merchant, after giving his young escort a rather larger fee than he was accustomed to receive, dismounted at the best hotel in the town; whilst the barefooted boy, cracking his whip, and gaily singing one of his wild Breton songs, took his pony by the bridle, and went his way to a very poor tavern, where he knew that both man and beast were lodged at the cheapest rate. Just as he reached the door, he was accosted by a Norman jockey, who, after carefully examining his horse's points, offered to purchase the beast for a sum amounting to about L.5 sterling of our money—at that time no inconsiderable price. René, however, laughed at the proposal; and having carefully rubbed down his pony, given it a feed of oats, and a shake-down of fresh straw, he took his place at a table around which were seated some half-dozen sailors, who had just enlisted on board a privateer, which was to sail in the course of the following day from the port of Brest. They were mostly, like himself, beardless youths; and whilst they washed down slices of salt pork with draughts of sour cider, they talked with glee of the fights they expected to have with the English, of struggles in which they were ever to come off victorious, and of the rich prizes they would be sure to take. These words found in René an eager listener: he soon retired to share his horse's litter, the only couch he could afford; but sleep was that night a stranger to his eyelids. 'Six years,' said he to himself, 'have I been following my uncle's horses on the high road, sometimes exposed to rain and snow, sometimes to the freezing wind or the burning sun; and then when I return home wet or weary, a miserable pallet and a few spoonfuls of soup are all the comforts which await me. And when I grow old, what is to become of me? It is true that my uncle owes me eighty crowns, my mother's legacy; but he is a hard man, and who knows whether he will ever give them to me?—perhaps he will say I have cost him as much in food and clothing. No: it is time I should do something for myself. I see that this

Norman jockey wants my horse: he shall have it; but I will make him pay a fair price for it. My uncle will be very angry when he hears I have turned privateer: perhaps he will say I have robbed him; but I am sure that will not be true, since he owes me eighty crowns, and I shall only get thirty for the horse!' We will not pretend to justify the course of reasoning by which our young Breton satisfied his conscience that his uncle's pony was in all honour and honesty his own lawful property: but suffice it to say, he was sincere in his own conviction that he was doing no wrong to any man.

The young René Madec (for such was his family name) had now formed his resolution. The most prominent trait in his character was, a firmness which no obstacle could shake when once he had come to a decision as to the course to be pursued. This characteristic was the turning-point of his destiny, as it will ever be of all those who are destined to fill any important part in the affairs of life. René, rising with the sun, found the Norman, as he expected, lingering about the tavern. The bargain was soon concluded, and René, after contemplating with an admiring eye his bag of silver crowns, hastened to a tailor who kept all the necessary articles for a sailor's equipment. Nothing was wanting to the perfection of his costume—neither the brass-buckled shoes nor the broad-brimmed hat: a pair of tolerable pistols hung from his woollen belt, and a hunting-knife was suspended to his side by a green cord.

Thus equipped, our young hero presented himself to the captain of the privateer which was about to sail. The hardy seaman was struck with the resolute air of the young Quimperois; and his offer of service, couched in few words, and expressed in the dry, pointed manner peculiar to the true Armoricain, as well as the frank and manly expression of his youthful countenance, pleased the sailor-chief, about to commence a career of danger and difficulty. René was accepted, and enlisted to his great delight as one of the crew of the *Epervier*. An hour after the agreement had been made, the young Madec was standing on the pier, carrying in a handkerchief, that hung suspended from his hunting-knife, all his little store of earthly goods, which consisted in a few changes of linen, a primer, an ink-horn, and copy-book; for although he had been hitherto brought up in a state of total ignorance, he longed to acquire at least the rudiments of learning. He was soon joined by the captain, and they embarked together in a small boat, which brought them quickly to the *Epervier*. It was with joyous emotion that the young René beheld the gallant ship, every sail set, riding triumphantly over the waves. His heart beat high with hope, and he felt tempted to exclaim to her, 'Remember thou carrierst Madec and his fortunes!' René, by his alertness and attention, soon became a favourite with the captain. In the course of a few weeks he had learned to read, and was, moreover, the most skillful hand on board at manœuvring the ship. During eighteen months the *Epervier* pursued a career of unexampled success, and caused several severe losses to the English merchant service. In every engagement in which he bore a part, René distinguished himself by his bravery. Ever to be found by his captain's side when not actually employed in fulfilling his orders, he became, in fact, his master's body-guard, and received more than one sabre thrust which was destined for him. This devotion naturally melted the old seaman's heart towards the orphan boy, whom he treated as a son rather than as an inferior. But at length fortune seemed to weary of favouring the privateer: in a thick fog she encountered an English frigate, and after a severe struggle, was forced to yield; but not until the brave captain and the greater number of his crew had fallen in the combat. Only seven of the young Bretons remained alive, and among these was René, who was found, covered with wounds, lying on the body of his captain, whose life he had vainly sought to defend. The *Epervier*, now re-named as the *Hawk*, was

brought into Plymouth, and the seven prisoners, removed into a pontoon, were committed to the charge of a picket of four marines. Here Madec, favoured by youth and a naturally robust constitution, quickly recovered from his wounds; and it was not long before his active mind began to devise means for procuring his own liberty and that of his companions. He had retained a few pieces of gold—his share of the prize-money obtained in their successful expeditions—and he one day persuaded a marine to purchase with this a few pints of grog for the poor prisoners, and also a treat for himself and his comrades. The latter could not but invite their liberal prisoner to partake with them of the feast he had provided for them at his own expense. The invitation was of course gladly accepted, and René seized an opportunity of drugging the grog which stood upon the table, and of which he himself was careful not to partake. Soon the four marines were wrapped in a profound slumber, and in a quarter of an hour they were shut up beneath the hatches which the prisoners had lately occupied, while these latter, as well as five Spaniards who had shared their captivity, stood free and armed upon the deck.

Madec now addressed the little band, telling them that much yet remained to be done before they could look upon their liberty as secured. He proposed to them to swim to a small boat which lay near at hand, and had been confided to the keeping of a single cabin-boy—to row in her to the Hawk, which lay at anchor in the bay—surprise and overpower the few sailors who had the charge of her, and thus take possession once more of their old ship. This plan met with universal approbation. The life of the little cabin-boy was spared, after he had been terrified into silence by the threat of receiving a pistol-shot through his brain if he uttered a single word.

The sailors in the Hawk, believing themselves attacked by a far superior force, surrendered at discretion, with the loss of only a single life. They were handcuffed, and thrown into the hold; the anchor was raised, the sails set, and by sunrise they were beyond the reach of pursuit. The ship was well provisioned for a long voyage. The little company breakfasted next morning with joyous hearts, and unanimously elected Madec as captain of the good ship Hawk, swearing to obey him implicitly in all things. After making several prizes in the equatorial seas, and having received an accession to his crew in the person of some merchant sailors, whom he had saved from shipwreck during a storm, Captain Madec began to turn his thoughts towards Hindoostan. It was in the year 1770: the whole of Bengal was rapidly yielding before the victorious armies of Great Britain; Negapatam and Delhi had already become tributary; and Hyder Ali, the king of Mysore, trembled on his throne. Madec burned with the desire to distinguish himself in this new field. But he had no sooner turned the Cape of Good Hope than a mutiny broke out among his men, who, enriched by their past successes, wished to return to their native land to enjoy the fruits of their toils and perils. His energy and decision of character, however, quickly put down every outward expression of discontent, and order reigned once more on board the Epervier. At last they reached the Coromandel coast. Madec went in person, followed by fifty of his crew, to offer his services to Hyder Ali. They were gratefully accepted; and in more than one encounter the little band and their gallant chief equally distinguished themselves. During these campaigns Madec formed a friendship with a Mahratta prince, a vassal of Hyder Ali, in whose palace he was often permitted to enjoy a few days of repose in the intervals of peace, while his battalion was quartered in the neighbouring villages. This nabob had an only daughter, beautiful, guileless, and gentle, but an ardent admirer of all that was truly great and noble. Her hand was eagerly sought by numerous native princes, who frequented the court of Hyder Ali; but, to her father's surprise,

she preferred the brave Armorican before them all. He might have said, as Desdemona's lover did of old—

‘She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.’

Madec married the gentle Marit, for this was the name by which she was baptised into the faith of him whom she had chosen as the partner of her life. Twice, before they quitted Hindoostan, she became a mother, and Madec's cup of happiness seemed full even to overflowing.

But he was not destined long to remain in undisturbed enjoyment of the tranquil bliss of domestic life. War broke out afresh between the English and the Mahratta princes. The valour and prudence of the sailor-chief more than once turned the scale in favour of Hyder Ali; and he had a considerable share in raising the siege of Pondicherry, which was carried on by the English in 1781. This deed accomplished, he felt that he had done good service to his country, and that his time of rest was come. He decided at once on returning to his native land. He wrote to his wife to join him, bringing with her their children and their wealth. He discharged his followers, after bestowing upon them large rewards; and gave his ship to Tippoo, who had succeeded his father Hyder Ali the preceding year. Madec awaited the arrival of his wife and children in Pondicherry, and in the meantime the governor of that place forwarded a full account of the important services he had rendered his country to the cabinet of Versailles. After a tempestuous voyage, during which much of his wealth, consisting as it did in bales of merchandise, was thrown into the sea, to lighten the ship during two fearful storms, the man who, thirty years before, had run a ragged, barefooted urchin after his uncle's hacks, and thankfully gathered up the few sous which the liberality of the rider saw fit to bestow upon him, once more entered the town of Brest, bearing a name celebrated throughout the kingdom, with a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and laden with jewels, pearls, and Cashmere shawls of the costliest texture—the value of which latter article was then so little known in France, that they were used as swaddling-clothes for the little nursing who was about to enlarge the domestic circle of René Madec. He had also been accompanied from India by *ayahs* or waiting-women, who were devoted to their gentle mistress; by two faithful Mahratta servants; and by Joseph Sylcock, the English cabin-boy, whose life he had spared at the time of his escape from Plymouth, and who now would have suffered himself to be cut to pieces rather than that a hair of his master's head should be injured. He no longer sought the little wayside tavern, but, accompanied by this large, and, at that period, wonder-stirring train, went to the hotel of the Grand Monarque, which was frequented by the admirals and chief authorities of the place.

He found at Brest a letter awaiting him, dated in the month of December in the preceding year (1782), and sealed with the royal arms of France. It emanated from the minister for foreign affairs, and expressed a wish on the part of Louis XVI. to see M. Madec, as soon after his arrival as possible, at the palace of Versailles, that he might convey information to his majesty with regard to the state of French interests in the East Indies. Madec lost no time in obeying the commands of his sovereign: He threw himself into a postchaise with his faithful English valet, and travelling night and day, in sixty hours reached Versailles. On announcing himself at the palace, he was quickly ushered into the royal presence. Louis received him with gracious cordiality, and motioned to him to be seated; for the unaffected dignity of his manner, and a humility which was free from the slightest shade of servility, prepossessed the monarch immediately in his favour. After a conversation of some length, the king dismissed the gallant captain, saying to him at the same time, as he rose to depart, ‘Sir, I am well aware that to

you I am indebted for the preservation of a place which is of the utmost importance to the commerce of my subjects; I know that you have fought bravely beneath the banners of your country; my minister will hand to you a patent of nobility, which I have this morning had much satisfaction in signing; and here is my cross of St Louis, which I henceforth authorise you to wear upon your breast.' As the monarch thus spoke, he presented to the brave Breton the insignia of valour, adding with royal grace, 'I desired to see you, sir, and my wish has been gratified. Return to the bosom of your family, be happy, and do not forget your king!'

Madec kissed the hand of his sovereign, and retired. All this may seem a mere trifle in the present day; but in the year 1782 a presentation at Versailles was no inconsiderable honour. The report of this interview soon reached the ears of the good people of Brittany, who rejoiced in the favour shown to their countryman. The Armoricain, without even bestowing a thought on the gay city of Paris, which he had never yet seen, once more took his place in his postchaise, and having promised his wife not to be absent from her more than eight days, turned his horses' heads towards Brittany.

On the way he came to a resolution, which, in the case of many, would have been as unwise as it was singular. He determined on fixing his abode at Quimper, the very town in which he had served his uncle as a stable-boy, and where he would of course be surrounded by his poor relations. Yes; he had yearned after old Armoria even in a far-distant land; and now he was not minded to turn a deaf ear to the claims of duty and of the town which gave him birth. He had faith in himself and in his fellow-citizens; he believed that he should be able to win their esteem by his own character and conduct without the adventitious advantages of birth and rank.

The first act of the new noble, therefore, on his return to Brittany, was to purchase the mansion of the Basemaison family, situated in the most airy quarter of the town of Quimper. He had no sooner furnished and fairly taken possession of his new abode, than he invited all his relatives, without exception, to partake of a family festival beneath his hospitable roof. His uncle and former master was not among the number then assembled; he had been dead for some years; but his widow was present, and looked on in silent amazement at the luxury which surrounded the once ragged and neglected stable-boy. When all were assembled, and had examined with mingled curiosity and wonder the scene of comfort and splendour with which they were surrounded, so unlike anything which had hitherto been known in this remote, old-world region, M. Madec rose and thus addressed them:—'My good friends, I pray you to remain seated, for I have but few words to say to you, and we will afterwards feast merrily together. My wife and daughter will join us at the dessert, and drink your healths, for we all unite in wishing you well, and desire with all our hearts to give you some proof of it. Heaven has prospered me in my labours, and in all my undertakings. I think it but fair that you should share in the blessings which have been bestowed so abundantly on me. There are here present nine heads of families; for each I have deposited a sum of ten thousand livres with Monsieur Gazon the banker. The amount should have been yet larger, were it not for the losses I experienced on my homeward voyage. I feel fully persuaded you will all make a good use of this money. You may rest assured, my good friends, that you will never find me indifferent either to your joys or to your sorrows. In the one case you will ever find me ready to share your happiness—in the other, always come to me as to a friend; and if there be a means of alleviating your troubles, you may depend on my doing all that in me lies to help you; for I can never forget that we are branches of the same root, and that I, too, have known what it was to struggle with poverty and distress. I have now one word more to

say to you, which I am sure you will all have the wisdom to take, as it is meant, in good part: Providence having raised me to a rank in life superior to that in which I was born, and my associates being consequently of a class with whom intercourse would in general be burthensome rather than otherwise to you, your own good sense will at once show you that our circles of society must be different. We should otherwise be a cause of mutual embarrassment, and in the end our friendship would be sure to suffer. It is best for us, therefore, at once to come to the understanding that we shall each remain in our own circles, and choose the society which best accords with our habits and our tastes. But at the same time I cannot sit down without assuring you that, in saying this, I by no means intend to imply that this social meeting is to be our last. Far otherwise! With the blessing of God, I expect soon to see another little one added to my family, and then I trust that a christening feast will once more unite us as one family around this table.'

These words, spoken with a kindly frankness not untempered with dignity, were received by the good peasants with a murmur of approbation. 'He is right,' said the elder ones; '*ma foi*, he is quite right; we should only be in each other's way: it would not suit us at all to be invited to meet the Marquises of Tintenia and De Cheffontaines, or the Counts of Bottlivu and Kerstrat, who are now among the list of his visitors. We never could venture to shake these great lords by the hand, or even to offer them a pinch of snuff.'

The dishes were now handed round, the wine circulated freely, and the good Bretons, who had never seen such a feast before, were well pleased with their entertainment. Dessert was placed on the table, and with it appeared Madame Madec and her daughter Lisa, who was a lovely brunette, just entering her thirteenth year. They saluted the assembled circle with cordial friendliness, and in return their health was drunk, perhaps somewhat noisily; then that of M. Madec: nor was that of his little son forgotten, though he was yet too young to be admitted to the family banquet. The party soon afterwards broke up, but every word that had been said was duly retailed next day to the whole neighbourhood, and M. Madec's conduct met with universal approbation. Welcomed by the oldest and most distinguished families of the neighbourhood, and receiving them at his house, he never neglected one of his humble relatives—he never was exposed to the unworthy fear of being reproached with his origin, which rather became to him, in the eyes of all who knew him, an additional title of honour and respect. He shortly afterwards purchased the estate of Prat Arras, about a league from the town, and an elegant equipage bore him daily along the road which he had so often traversed barefoot. And yet, notwithstanding his rapid elevation of fortune, not one was ever known to envy him a position which he had acquired by his merits, and which he graced by his benevolence. The son of his own works, he was never known to utter a boasting word. Born in the most obscure class of society, no unworthy pride or trivial vanity ever caused him to wound another, or to forget himself.

A third and a fourth child were born to him, and each time the same invitations were issued, and the same family circle assembled round the hospitable board.

Five years passed away; and in the midst of all this happiness, beloved by his family, honoured by his fellow-citizens, M. Madec was smitten by the hand of death. An old wound reopened—all that medical skill could do was tried in vain—and he felt his end approaching. The Bishop of Quimper came to see him in his dying hours, and asked him for a confession of his faith.

'My lord,' said he, 'I have wandered through many lands, and seen many diverse faiths; but I know of none save Christianity which can soften the sorrows of the present, and shed a brightness over the future.'

These were almost his last words. He was followed

to the grave by the greater part of the population of Quilmer, and to this day his name is remembered with veneration and affection by the inhabitants of his native town.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PREJUDICE AGAINST CHLOROFORM.

We observe it stated that chloroform has been employed in Edinburgh, in from 80,000 to 100,000 cases, without a single accident or bad effect of any kind traceable to its use. Mr Carnichael, a surgeon of that city, commenting on the fact, says, 'Would 80,000 or 100,000 full doses of opium, or antimony, or Epsom salts, or any other potent medicine, have been followed with as great impunity?' Chloroform is now habitually used in Edinburgh in all kinds of surgical operations, down to tooth-drawing. It saves many lives which otherwise would sink under the nervous shock which is experienced from a severe operation undergone in a state of consciousness. Such is the published opinion of the discoverer of its use as an anæsthetic, the now celebrated Dr James Y. Simpson; and this opinion has not been gainsaid by any of the profession in Edinburgh. At the same time, chloroform has received the sanction and recommendation of the most authoritative bodies in France and the United States. Nevertheless the public of London is almost wholly denied the vast benefits of this agent, purely through the prejudices of the profession. This forms a curious illustration of the condition of medicine and of the medical mind in the metropolis, but it is not a new one. Not only is there a distaste amongst scientific men in England for everything that comes from the north, but there is a general bigotedness in the London medical world. They opposed vaccination while it was embraced in the provinces; and to the indelible disgrace of all concerned, inoculation with small-pox maintained its ground in a London hospital devoted to the purpose a quarter of a century after Jenner's discovery.

The London public should take this matter into their own hands. Let them not be too ready to lay stress upon accounts of fatal effects from chloroform. Of such there have been a few; but it is remarkable that in Edinburgh, where the article is prepared in perfect purity, with the benefit of first-rate apparatus, and where it is administered with judgment and due care, not one accident has happened. Even admitting that the accidents which have happened elsewhere were not avoidable by any degree of care, they should be placed beside the lives which have been saved by the special use of this agent. Taking the matter on still lower ground, the rejection of chloroform, because of a few fatal cases, is no more rational than it would be to refuse to travel by railways because one person in several millions has been killed by a collision.

SPECIMEN OF SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP.

In the village of Broughty Ferry, on the north bank of the Tay, there may be seen, perched on the brow of a hill covered over with the small houses commonly seen in sea-bathing villages, one with a curious turret at its extremity, suggesting the idea of a rustic observatory. In this house lives one of the most successful and popular authors of Great Britain—Dr Thomas Dick. Everybody has seen, or at least heard of, Dr Dick's 'Sideral System,' 'Celestial Scenery,' 'Christian Philosopher,' and other works uniting popular views of nature with religious doctrines and aspirations. Editions after editions of all of these writings have been published both in this country and America. They are excellent books of their kind, and probably will continue to be extensively read until their science becomes obsolete, or some cleverer adapter of the same genus comes into the field. Now what is the condition of this active and successful author? He is an old man—scarcely less than eighty years old—he entertains in his house a middle-aged wife and a family of orphan grandchildren. Being a retired schoolmaster, he enjoys a pension of £20 a year, besides about as much more from realised property. Now and then he writes a new book, or puts an old one through a new edition, and from that derives a few extra pounds. The sum of the whole is—poverty—poverty so great, that the postage of an American letter compelling the author on his books often leaves him and his family with no resource for a dinner but the herbs in his garden. It may seem strange that so many successful volumes should not give their author a better provision. The public does not

know that a book may be highly successful, and yet produce little money to the author. He is usually glad to write the book for a definite sum paid by the publisher. It is soon eaten up. The publisher himself, after paying all expenses, including a monstrous one for advertising, is seldom so well off as is commonly supposed; but undoubtedly the best, because steadiest, benefits of successful writings are his. The legislature a few years ago, by way of a great benefit to authors, extended the period of copyright, whereby it will follow that the sons and grandsons of existing publishers will be making money in the twentieth century out of the works of the authors of the nineteenth. This is a boon of remarkably little present or prospective service to such men as Dr Dick. He, meanwhile, starves in the midst of sixth and seventh editions, and while full of the assurance that his works will be a good dropping-goose to somebody about the year 1900.

We are personally acquainted with Dr Dick, and believe him to be a thoroughly virtuous man, in no degree blameable for the poverty which besets him. His is certainly a case for the public interference. It has been proposed to raise a subscription for him, but this would only add to the oppressive burthens under which the liberal few are groaning. Where we are sure, as in his case, that the man deserves well of the republic, the most equitable mode of rescue and remuneration is by the use of the funds of the state. We therefore join in the generally-expressed wish, that a moderate pension be settled by the minister upon this respectable veteran.

THE POLES OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Mr Craik's 'Romance of the Peerage' is a favourable specimen of the class of light historical works now in fashion, having the benefit of a more laborious, scholarly, and philosophical mind on the part of the author than is observable in most such writings. In a preliminary dissertation he gives a forcible contrast between what may be called the opposite poles in politics—namely, the hereditary and elective principles. He writes with an obvious leaning; the passage is nevertheless highly suggestive, and will probably present the subject in a new light to many of even the more intelligent minds of our day. Mr Craik says—'The thing that is of chief moment with regard to the place of highest dignity in a well-ordered commonwealth is, that it be filled. By whom it is filled is comparatively unimportant.'

'One of the most beautiful among the simplifications of science is that by which, in the Arabic system of arithmetical notation, the figure is made to derive the greater part of its value from the place in which it stands. An analogous contrivance is equally available in a social or political system. Much of the force by which any such system is to be sustained and kept in motion may be advantageously made to reside more in the place than in the person. Matters may be so arranged that it shall be not so much the individual as his position that rules and influences. This force of the position is an incident of social efficiency which discriminates it from many other kinds of efficiency. A man cannot be made a sounder mathematician by being appointed a professor of mathematics. If his mathematical knowledge or genius be but small, his professorship will not make it more. But the sort of power that is required in the members of a social or political system is often only a power of weight or pressure. It is derived from their position much more than from themselves. It makes itself felt not in directing, or even in impelling the machine of government, so much as in keeping its centre of gravity in the right place. It is neither the sail nor the rudder of the vessel, but rather the ballast or the keel. All that you have to do, therefore, to maintain in the machine a force of any desired amount, which shall continue to act in a direction that may be assigned, is to create certain positions or circumstances in which a certain number of individuals shall always stand. The fixed positions will correct any irregularity of action that might otherwise be produced by the more variable or less determinable quantity of the individual minds and characters.'

'The spirit of pure democracy spurns all this. It will have nothing but the action of the individual. Its principle is that of the old Roman arithmetical notation, in which position goes for nothing, and the symbol has always the same value wherever it stands. No doubt that is the way to call up and bring into play the greatest amount of vital and progressive energy in a state. But there may be a superabundance of that elo-

ment. There may be too much of it, as well as there may be too little; too much for the safety of the commonwealth and the permanence of its institutions. Coleridge has admirably defined the first condition required in order to a sound constitution of the body politic, as consisting in "a due proportion of the free and permeative life and energy of the nation to the organised powers brought within containing channels." And then he subjoins—"What the exact proportion, however, of the two kinds of force should be, it is impossible to predetermine. But the existence of a disproportion is sure to be detected, sooner or later, by the effects. Thus the ancient Greek democracies, the *hobbeds* of art, science, genius, and civilisation, fell into dissolution from the excess of the former; the permeative powers deranging the functions, and by explosions shattering the organic structures they should have enlivened. On the contrary, the republic of Venice fell by the contrary extreme. All political power was confined to the determinate vessels, and these becoming more and more rigid, even to an ossification of the arteries, the state, in which the people were nothing, lost all power of resistance *ad extra*."

"As it is the tendency of aristocracy to organise and consolidate, and to do that to excess, so the opposite genius of democracy is jealous of all organisation. In an aristocratically-constructed system of government persons become institutions. With ourselves, for example, the king or queen is an institution—every peer is an institution. It is the institution much more than the person that acts and tells. In America, again, or in France, the mechanism of government is reduced as far as possible to a system of purely personal action. How the institution, for instance, of the presidency shall work, depends almost exclusively upon who shall be the person elected president. The power of every functionary may be carefully limited in many other ways; it may be surrounded in all directions by checks and counter-weights; it may be formally minimised to the utmost; but the most effective of all limitations and restrictions—that imposed by the absorption, as it were, and to a certain extent the extinction, of the officer in the office, of the person in the institution—is what is most sought to be avoided in a democracy."

"With this disposition to regard the individual as everything in himself, the democratic spirit must be abhorrent of every form of the hereditary principle, the effect of which, wherever it is allowed to operate, is to make the individual only the link of a chain, by the other links of which he is at once supported and restrained. Democracy despises such support, and holds such restraint to be universally both unnecessary and injurious. Yet the question is not to be disposed of, as it is often assumed that it may be, by a few commonplaces about natural rights, and the worthlessness of artificial distinctions. For some purposes artificial distinctions may be made as potential as any created by nature. The possibility of establishing such effective artificial distinctions does not admit of being disputed. It is quite true, as the song says, that although the king can make a belted earl, he cannot make an honest man; but it is equally true, that although he cannot make an honest man, yet he can make a belted earl. And that, too, is something. The only question is the expediency of society ever exercising the power of giving to the individual a new value and importance, by assigning to him a particular position. It is a question to be discussed and decided, like all such social questions, upon a consideration and comparison of the whole advantages and disadvantages—the entire benefit on the one hand, and cost on the other, of the proposed arrangement."

WHY WOMEN ARE UNHEALTHY.

Many of the physical evils—the want of vigour, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the mental powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquisition of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness, but become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and

vigour both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that 'it is better to wear out than to rust out'; but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognisance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness: it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.—*The Physical Training of Girls at School*, by Madame de Wühl.

ANGELS IN THE AIR.

[Suggested by the remark of a little girl, who, observing large snow-flakes falling, exclaimed to her sister, 'Oh, don't hurt them, Mary; there's angels in them!']

DARK, darker grew the leaden sky,
The wind was moaning low,
And, shrouding all the herbless ground,
Saw, silently, and slow,
Wending from heaven its weary way
Fell the white flaked snow

A little child looked wondering on,
As larger flakes fell near,
And, clutching at her sister's hand,
Exclaimed with hushing fear,
'Oh do not, Mary, do them harm—
There's angels in them, dear!'

'Twas but, 'say'st thou, 'a child's conceit;
But ah, the lesson prize—
High instinct is best reasoning,
Thou pure are still the wise:
Man's vaunted head what poor exchange
For childhood's heart and eyes!

Things are to us as we to them;
Thought is but feeling's wing;
And did but our cold withered hearts
To earth less closely cling,
We might see angels everywhere,
And God in everything!

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

GIGANTIC TREES IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Last week I went to see two of the largest trees in the world, if not the very largest that have ever been measured. They were both on a tributary rill to the North-West Bay River, at the back of Mount Wellington, and are what are here called Swamp Gums. One was growing, the other prostrate; the latter measured to the first branch 220 feet; from thence to where the top was broken off and decayed, 64 feet, or 284 feet in all; so that with the top it must have been considerably beyond 300 feet. It is 30 feet in diameter at the base, and 12 at 220 or the first branch. We estimated it to weigh, with the branches, 440 tons! The standing giant is still growing vigorously, without the slightest symptom of decay, and looks like a large church tower among the puny *sassafras*-trees. It measures, at 8 feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, and at the ground, 130 feet! We had no means of ascertaining its height (which, however, must be enormous) from the density of the forest. I measured another not forty yards from it, and at 3 feet it was 60 feet round; and at 130 feet, where the first branch began, we judged it to be 40 feet; this was a noble column indeed, and sound as a nut. I am sure that within a mile there are at least 100 growing trees 40 feet in circumference.—*Letter from Rev. T. Ewing of Ilbert Town, in the Botanical Gazette.*

PROGRESS OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

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THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

The air was warm, not sultry, and the sun rather brilliant than severe. Myriads of small fleecy clouds gambolled across the sky, and threw their flitting shadows upon the rich and undulating landscape almost peculiar to England; where huts and hamlets, simple church-towers, and solitary half-hidden châteaux, lend a human charm to inanimate existence. The scene was commanded from an eminence at the side of a green lane where I was walking; and that spot had been chosen by some person of good taste for the site of a cottage residence. The house was half-built, and many materials and implements were lying scattered about; but the workmen were absent, it being the hour of dinner, and thus the place had all the solitariness of a ruin without its melancholy.

I sat down upon the higher end of a plank which leant across an unsawn log of timber, preserving the equilibrium by my weight, and lost myself for a few minutes in an agreeable reverie. Presently, however, my meditations and the axis of the plank were disturbed at the same moment: some person had seated himself upon the opposite end, and I found my feet dangling.

'That will not do,' said my unceremonious companion with a light laugh, 'we have spoiled the balance;' and edging himself a little higher up, he restored the level, and we both sat with our feet resting slightly on the ground. He was an old man, with white rather than gray hair, but a smooth cheek, unwrinkled brow, and lightsome eye. Good-humour was the characteristic of his regularly handsome features; but this was not disclosed in the common form of a habitual smile. The light seemed to come from within, and diffuse itself over his countenance without affecting the features. It was not the kind of good-humour you could take liberties with: you could not say to that good-humour, 'Old boy;' you could not think of bringing its end of the plank to the ground by moving suddenly from your seat. This retaliation, I acknowledge, was my first impulse; but a second look made me ashamed of the impertinence. The plank seemed to act as a conductor between the old man and me; and almost immediately I felt his mental smile stealing into my heart and rising to my eyes.

'Has it ever occurred to you,' said he, after having looked at me observantly two or three times—'has it ever occurred to you that this is what we are doing all our lives?'

'I have read,' replied I, 'the "Theory of Compensations," in which the author supposes that in the seemingly hardest lot there is always something to make up the balance. But his arguments do not carry conviction: it seems to me that they are disproved by the facts of every-day life.'

'I have not seen the book,' said the old man; 'but I suspect, from what you tell me, that it reveals at least a glimpse of the truth. What do you know of the facts you talk of? You see one man living in that hut, and another in yonder château, and you suppose happiness to be unequally distributed. But the denizen of the hut would no more be satisfied to sit down at the lordly table of the château, with the eyes of the guests and servants upon him, than he of the château would be content with the humble fare of the hut. The feeling of repulsion is mutual; for the men have been brought up in different trains of circumstances, and have each evils and compensations of their own. But this is nothing. Look at a man in himself, and in his own history, and you will still find the balance. What is the counterpoise of present sickness, poverty, or destitution? Nothing: they are themselves the counterpoise of comparative health, wealth, and prosperity. This world is not intended as a scene of unmingled enjoyment. The good probably predominates over the evil; but there is a certain level, the disturbances of which, upward or downward, and our unceasing aims at its restoration, form the true action of life. If this doctrine were better understood—and to confirm it, we have only to look into our own hearts and memories—our views would not be so confined as they usually are. The evils of fortune would not appear so overwhelming; pity would not mingle with our admiration of the martyr; the millionaire would escape our envy; a repining spirit would be chased from our bosoms; and the mournful cypress would be uprooted from our churchyards.'

'Do you remember,' said I, interposing—for the old man's words came from him in a continued stream—'a very painful story related by Coleridge of a young woman whose life was a scene of continued misery, ending in unspeakable horror? Does not this show that there are at least exceptions to your rule?'

'It shows nothing more than the bad habits of thought in which both writers and readers are trained. If you have the patience to listen, I can relate to you an anecdote which, although it has no pretensions to the melodramatic effect with which Coleridge amused the public, I know of my own knowledge to be true, and which, if rightly considered, will illustrate the subject before us, and—"vindicate the ways of God to man."

I was very thankful for the proffer; for I felt a stronger attraction towards this old man than can be accounted for by his words as I am able to repeat them; and after a brief pause, he began his story as follows:—

'I was once,' said he, 'a young fellow upon town, with little and sometimes no occupation, and like others similarly situated, made acquaintance, as a matter of

course, with some strange companions. One of these, whose christened name was Alfred, was only strange when intimately known. Although with the advantages of a good person and a handsome face, he made no special impression upon strangers. He was not retiring, but merely insipid. He was not only destitute of the talent of society, but he did not know what it was, or what was its use. He was not wrapped up in his own thoughts in such a way as to acquire a reputation for eccentricity, but he paid no attention to the thoughts of others. He was calm, cold, quiet, distant; taking the rubs of fortune without a grimace, and pursuing, silently and patiently, his allotted path even when that led to destitution and despair.

'He was a philosopher,' cried I: 'that is the secret!'

'He did not know what philosophy meant. If he was anything at all, he was an artist—a creator; but our acquaintance had lasted a considerable time before I discovered that it was the pencil he used to express his ideas. He was the son of a poor curate, and had come to London to try to live, and to see pictures. He knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and of these not a great deal. He was ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, and had no means of study. He could not even write a sufficiently respectable hand to have any chance of advancement in the great emporium of trade and commerce. What chance had he of being able either to paint or to live?'

'As a clergyman's son,' said I—for I too have some knowledge, and dearly bought, of life—'his chance would be but small, for he was doubtless brought up, in some sort, as a gentleman; but if he had been the son of a peasant he might have carried parcels, or ground colours, and risen to be lord mayor of London, or president of the Royal Academy.'

'You are wrong: Alfred had no pride at all. He would have carried a parcel cheaper than any porter in town, but he could not solicit the job. He was at one time employed as a junior teacher in a school; but his superior having committed some fault, laid the blame upon him, and he was turned off. At another time he was a sort of under-clerk for several months; but the concern failed. All his efforts, in short, to establish himself permanently were unavailing; but still he continued to live. I cannot tell you how he managed this: we used to do it somehow. The remarkable thing in Alfred was, that he preserved, in the midst of utter destitution, the appearance of a gentleman. In such circumstances young men on the pavé commonly look like the desperadoes they are; but Alfred was always scrupulously clean, and his well-saved coat was without a speck, even when there was not a vestige of shirt to be seen.'

'You interest me in this Alfred. Where did he live in the midst of such dire distress?'

'I cannot tell you where he lived any more than how he lived. He lived somewhere: we all did so. The first time we talked intimately together he might indeed be said to have been ill off; for he had just sustained a robbery.'

'A robbery? He!'

'Yes: one forenoon he had lain down to rest himself in Hyde Park, and the sun beat upon his head, and stupified him. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, his portfolio was gone. I had never seen him in agitation before, and now this was betrayed only in a faltering of the voice and a catching of the breath. He told me, in answer to my inquiries, that the sketches he had lost were worthless—he had tried in vain to sell them; but then he had lost a piece of card-board with them—his last, poor fellow!—on which he had intended to draw other sketches, from which he *hoped* better things. I was sorry for the lad: we were all sorry for one another; but we laughed and jibed notwithstanding, as if our comrade's mishaps were rare fun. Alfred's coldness was thawed by this misfortune; and I saw that he had shivered under his bare black coat. He pointed to a tree at a little distance—to the effect of the sunlight on its

branches—to the figure of a sleeping destitute man lying under it, while his little destitute child played on the grass by his side. Was it not hard that he should lose all this? It was a pity, I thought; but he could come again when he was able to procure another card-board. There were always plenty of sleeping destitute figures to be seen in Hyde Park—men, women, and children. They came there to enjoy the warm sun and the soft turf, and were quite undisturbed by the line of magnificent carriages that circled at a distance round them on the drive. Yes, Alfred was a painter!—it was only his untaught hands that were bunglers—the divine flame of art burned within him!'

'And this, then, is the poor youth's compensation?' exclaimed I, waxing impatient.

'Only in part. Our acquaintance now ripened to an intimacy, and I at length obtained his confidence. This cold, silent, shy, and most destitute youth had loved and been beloved from his boyhood. The object of his attachment was a young lady whose christened name was Jane, the daughter of a captain in the army, for many years the friend and neighbour of Alfred's father. The love of the two young people ripened with their years; and when, after the captain's death, his widow and daughter removed to London, Alfred was perhaps as much determined by that circumstance in his choice of the scene of his adventures as by his devotion to art. The two youthful friends—for it was years before they talked of love—were born and bred in a condition of equality; but the balance after this migration was woefully overturned. The widow, indeed, was disappointed in the assistance and countenance she had expected from her relations in London; but it is wonderful the small sum that retired and abstemious women can live upon even in the metropolis. Jane and her mother not only lived on their pension, but in their lady-like, however economical dress, and in their neat first-floor, with its balcony adorned with plants and flowers, they presented an appearance of ease and gentility which almost terrified the poor lad as he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. The widow was an ostentatious and somewhat empty person, who denied herself many solid comforts for the sake of retaining various articles of show on which she had prided herself during her husband's life; but her compensation for everything the heroism of her vanity endured, was the dream that her beautiful Jane would make a splendid marriage. Jane, however, hardly made an acquaintance, far less a lover; and the widow, losing patience with the hermit-city, would after a time have returned to the country but for her absolute want of a surplus shilling.

'I do not know that his love was any compensation for Alfred. He never told even Jane of the excess of his misery; but sometimes, at every deeper plunge he made into the abyss, she read the fearful secret in his wan cheek and haggard look. The girl's heart was almost broken—but "brokenly loved on." He was all the world to her. As to his position in life, she remembered only their early equality; and the desperate contrivances of his penniless gentility, though they filled her eyes with secret tears as she walked with him in the street, never gave her one quail of shame. Alfred winced under the searching eye of the mother; he sometimes even kept away from the house for a fortnight at a time; but then some new dream of hope would come, and yielding to the mystical attraction by which he was governed, he would suddenly reappear. On these occasions, when they were alone, and Jane hid her streaming eyes in his bosom, she often felt on her shoulder the burning drops that would have been congealed in his proud eyes had he known that she could be conscious of their fall. And so time passed on, weeks, months, years, till he had reached his twenty-fifth and Jane her twenty-third birthday.'

'So old!' interrupted I. 'Compensation was long of coming!'

'But it came. Alfred's progress in painting was of

course slow; interrupted, as it always had been, by the necessity of taking other employments when he could get them, and often by the want of the necessary implements. He at length, however, acquired as much mechanical knowledge as brought his notions of art into play, and there were moments in which he did fancy that he was at length a painter. But he did not get richer. His expenses increased as he advanced; sometimes he fared worse (if that was possible) than he might dress better; and when the poor, friendless, unknown artist was disappointed in the sale of a laborious work, it came like a sentence of starvation.

'In one of these crises he was suddenly offered by a chance acquaintance—the master of a West Indianman—a passage to Tobago, in return for certain services with his pen to be rendered during the voyage, and on arrival, the office of book-keeper on a plantation in the island. In his desperation he grasped at the proposal, which he looked upon as a God-send; and even Jane, who knew no more than he that a West Indian book-keeper meant something little better than a negro-driver, was reconciled to the temporary separation by the dreadful necessity of his circumstances. As the time approached for their parting, he dreaded the sight of Jane: he did not go near her for a week previous to the fateful day; but at length the last morning—the last hour—came, and he walked to the house like a criminal to execution.

'The street door was open, and he stepped softly up the stair, hoping to find her alone. But her mother was with her, talking in so loud a tone of expostulation and command, that she neither heard the low tap at the door nor its subsequent opening. Alfred gathered in an instant that their secret was discovered; and the words "beggar" and "outcast," coupled with his name, showed the estimation in which she held her daughter's choice. But when Jane, who was staring wildly in her mother's eyes, obviously unconscious of what she was saying, observed him enter, she uttered a scream so wild, and shrill, and long, as to terrify the hearers; and then, dashing aside her mother's hands, she sprang towards him, clasped her arms round his waist, knotted her fingers together, and throwing back her head, burst into convulsions of hysterical laughter. Alfred was shocked and amazed; but the fit continued so long, that the mother's alarm made every other feeling give way, and she shrieked into her daughter's ear that she would no longer oppose her wishes.

"Then tell him!—tell him!"—cried Jane, gasping, and still shaking with the hysterics—"tell him, for I cannot!"

"Be calm, then, and I will tell him all. Sit down, my poor girl, I treat you!"

"Stop! I will tell him myself—he must hear it from no other lips. Alfred—we are rich!—we are rich!—we are rich!"—and Jane fell senseless in his arms.

'She was right. One of those exceptional occurrences had taken place which romancers make use of as the regular staple of fortune: a rich relation had died, and she had been pronounced the heiress of £2000 a year.'

'Now comes the adjustment of the fearfully disordered balance!' cried I. 'Now come the compensations!'

'True,' said the old man; 'there was not a happier pair within the bills of mortality. Jane, it is true, was still nervous at times. She seemed to mistrust so sudden and remarkable a change. In the middle of the night she awoke with a start, and was unable for some moments to persuade herself that her lover had not sailed for the West Indies. Even in the street she sometimes caught convulsively by his arm, and looked up with a wild suspicion in his face. But, upon the whole, they were a happy pair. Alfred was wholly undisturbed by the idea that the fortune was on *her* side; and if it had been suggested to him, he would have treated it with a proud and exulting scorn. She was his, mind and body, and all that pertained to them. He was at this period the good genius of many of his desperate

associates; and I myself am happy to acknowledge that I owe to his generous friendship an assistance which trimmed the balance of life, and eventually led to the competence I now enjoy, and to the construction of the dwelling, on a portion of the materials of which we are sitting. But the time appointed for their union approached rapidly!—

'Ay, come to the wedding!'

'Ay, come to the wedding, since you will have it! The last day of single life arrived, and on the next morning Jane was to be his wife. He bade her farewell that night with tearful joy; he walked home instinctively, he knew not how; he prayed devoutly, reverently—yet with a deep gushing tenderness and filial affection—to that Almighty Being who had thus led him through the valley of the shadow of death; and then he stepped lightly into bed, with the glory of heaven on his face, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, in his heart.

'The next morning I went to call him, for I was to bear a part in the ceremony. It was a morning'—

'Well, well!—

'He was asleep. He is still sleeping. He was dead!' Here the old man, who had been looking upon the ground before him, as if it was the bed present to his mind's eye, turned full upon me; and his peculiar smile broke over his countenance like a flood of light from within, suffusing his chiselled features with a bright and joyous glow, which brought out his face in the midst of the sunshine as if that had been shade.

'The physician,' continued he, 'talked of disease of the heart: I only know he was dead.'

'It was an awful death,' said I, struggling against the old man's smile: 'so young—so warm in hope—with such bliss before him! How does your philosophy reconcile this with—with'—

'With the justice and mercy of Providence? You shall hear. The events of this world are linked with each other by an eternal chain, a portion of which you have still to see. A week after his death, when Jane seemed to be fast sinking into the grave, her claims to the property which had been considered her own were all on a sudden disputed, and by one who turned out to be the true heir-at-law.'

'What,' said I, almost indignantly, 'do you now talk of money? Would not starvation itself have been comparative bliss to that young couple?'

'Be tranquil: there is another link. The blow, unfelt for herself, awoke Jane from her despair, for it seemed to strike upon the image which lived in her mind. She thought of the horrors that Alfred had endured, and she asked herself—though with a bitter pang—whether it was the real love he so well deserved which grieved for his removal? Then came a new excitement. The pictures of the half-famished youth had attracted little attention; but his subsequent story threw around them an adventitious interest, and the fame of the artist seemed to spring from his grave. Many there still be who remember a pale, thin, almost transparent-looking young creature, in widow's weeds, attending the picture sales with pencil in hand. This was Jane; and when a painting of his was put up, she watched the biddings with the breathless interest of a gamester whose all is at stake; and then, counting her winnings, as it were, she turned away and glided from the room with the air of one who goes to deposit them at his banker's. This went on for ten months after Alfred's death; and then Jane died.'

'She would have lived!' cried I, choking—'she would have lived if'—

'Be tranquil: she died of a hereditary complaint received from her father; and autopsy having been performed, the surgeons pronounced that no happiness, no art, no circumstances whatever, could have prolonged her life for an instant. Now, do you see? Fancy Alfred a beggar with his beggar wife; fancy him closing her eyes in hunger and despair; fancy him, perhaps, the father of an infant destined to a life of struggles and an

early grave! Which is wiser, which more merciful, God or you? You interrupted me while I was telling you what I saw in the death chamber; and I shall now conclude with that, for the masons are returning to their work.

'The bed, with its white furniture and spotless sheets, looked as if it was dressed for a wedding.' The window was half-open, and gave entrance to the breath of flowers and the shrill carols of birds. A flowering plant waved its head, half in, half out, on the morning breeze. The sun, warm and bright as it is to-day, glanced into the chamber, its beams silvering the bed-curtains, chasing each other along the wall, and falling on the young man's face, till his placid beautiful smile kindled into joy. Such are the real details of a scene which appeared to me to be melancholy, nay, shocking at the time. I learnt, ten months afterwards, to feel and understand them. To that chamber my fancy has ever since retired for comfort and delight when I have been disconcerted by the events of mortal existence; and that heavenly smile, which then for the first time entered into this solitary heart, has there abided.'

By the time the old man finished his narrative, the chirp of the chisel was heard upon the stones, and the joyous sounds of labour echoed through the skeleton house. I took my leave of him, promising to return when he was settled in his new abode; and I then walked homewards, plunged in a reverie.

With the withdrawal of his peculiar smile, however, I must say my temporary adhesion to his theory relaxed. I began to reflect that it was founded entirely on assumptions, and that the negative evils avoided were not necessarily attendant on the case. In the well-ordered march of events, special sufferings are continually occurring without any appearance of the old man's compensations, though, I think, not without a good result of a different kind. I believe the presence of what we call evil in the general scheme, as well as what we call good, to be necessary; for otherwise the state of action, which is the condition of our mortal existence, would be incomplete. Without evil there would be no trial, no struggle, no sympathy, no active benevolence, but all would rest satisfied in their solitary bliss. The evil of early death is perhaps the most shocking of all; yet it serves to chasten the spirit, evoke the profoundest sympathies, and relax the hold of men from the things of time; while to the individual removed it may, in certain conditions, be in the eye of the severest reason, as it assuredly is in the eye of faith, great gain. Actions and motives, in fact, are all that are our concern; for results, whether good or evil, are in the hands of the Almighty; and this world being only preparatory to a larger dispensation of being, it is to that we must look for the true Balance. L. R.

THE TYRIAN DYE, AND THE DYEING MOLLUSCA.

As the nymph Tyras was playing with the dog of her lover, Hercules, she perceived that the animal's mouth was stained a beautiful violet colour from the fish of a shell which he had broken on the sea-shore. And so beautiful did it appear to her, that she declared to Hercules he should see her no more until he had procured for her a suit dyed of that colour. Then Hercules, moved by love, collected an immense number of those shells, with which he dyed a robe for the nymph.

Such is the legend (from the name of the nymph so evidently metaphorical) connected with the discovery of the celebrated Tyrian dye, which we have reason to believe was known at a time long antecedent to the supposed era of Hercules. Homer speaks of the colour, and affirms that none but princes and heroes were allowed to wear it—a custom common to most ancient nations. Indeed not only does it appear to have been one of the most distinguishing marks of dignity, but it was especially consecrated to the service of the Deity. Thus Moses used purple linen, &c. for the tabernacle and the dress of the high priest.

The Babylonians and other heathen nations gave robes of purple to their idols. Herodotus mentions purple as worn by the Greeks 459 B.C., although the processes of dyeing cotton and linen were not known to that people until after the expedition of Alexander into India, where they dyed the sails of his vessels of various colours. The colour gradually became known at Rome, and was eagerly sought after, notwithstanding its costliness. 'In my youth,' says Cornelius Nepos, 'a violet purple was the fashion, and was sold at a hundred denarii the pound. Some time after the Tarentine red purple was in vogue, which was succeeded by the double-dyed red purple of Tyre, which last was not to be procured under a thousand denarii the pound.'

So great, nevertheless, was the consumption, that it gave name to a trade—the dealers in purple being styled *Purpurarii*. The finding and collecting of the different mollusca yielding the colour also gave employment to a particular class of persons, who were called *Conchytae* (shell-fishers), or *Conchylileguli* (gatherers of shell-fish). Suetonius tells us that Julius Cæsar interdicted the use of sedan-chairs, of garments dyed in purple, and of pearls, except to certain persons and ages, and on certain days; and later we find the emperors reserving to themselves the sole right of wearing purple, and decreeing the punishment of death to all who should dare to assume it, even if covered with a robe of another colour. This despotic mandate necessarily greatly diminished the manufacture, though it continued to flourish in the East until the eleventh century. Finally, the art became lost until a Mr Cole of Bristol, towards the end of the seventeenth century, revived it by making experiments, which he has minutely described, with the *Purpura lapillus* on the Welsh coasts. He says—'The shells being harder than most other kinds, are to be broken with a smart stroke with a hammer on a piece of iron or firm piece of timber (with their mouths downwards), so as not to crush the body of the fish within: the broken pieces being picked off, there will appear a white vein lying transversely in a little furrow or cleft, next to the head of the fish, which must be dugged out with the stiff point of a horse-hair pencil, being made short and tapering. The letters, figures, or what else shall be made on the linen (and perhaps silk too), will presently appear of a pleasant light-green colour, and if placed in the sun, will change into the following colours—that is, if in winter, about noon; if in the summer, an hour or two after sunrise, and so much before setting; for in the heat of the day in summer the colour will come on so fast, that the succession of colours will scarcely be distinguished. That to the first light-green it will appear of a deep green, and in a few minutes change into a sea-green; after which, in a few minutes more, it will alter into a watchet blue; from that, in a little time more, it will be of a purplish red; after which, lying an hour or two (supposing the sun still shining), it will be of a very deep purple red, beyond which the sun can do no more. But then the last and more beautiful colour, after washing in scalding water and soap, will (the matter being again put into the sun or wind to dry) be of a fair, bright crimson, or near to the prince's colour, which afterwards, notwithstanding there is no use of any styptic to bind the colour, will continue the same, if well ordered, as I have found in handkerchiefs that have been washed more than forty times; only it will be somewhat allayed from what it was after the first washing. While the cloth so writ upon lies in the sun, it will yield a very strong and fetid smell, as if garlic and asafetida were mixed together.* Since that time, Gage, Plumier, Réaumur, and Du Hamel, have severally made researches concerning the colouring matter of shells, and have succeeded in making a dye, which, however, the knowledge of cochineal, &c. and of cheaper processes, renders of no avail in an economical point of view.

We turn our attention to the different kinds of shell-fish and marine animals which contain colouring matter; and first in importance we must place the Tyrian *murex*, long suspected to be the *Murex trunculus*,

* Philosophical Transactions.

and now proved to have been so by Wilde, who gives the following interesting account of his discovery of the dye-pots, while examining the remains of ancient floors and foundations along the southern coast of the former island of Tyre:—"I found," says he, "a number of round holes cut in the solid sandstone rock, varying in size from that of an ordinary metal-pot to that of a great boiler. Many of these holes were seven feet six inches in diameter by eight feet deep; others were larger; and some were very small. They were perfectly smooth in the inside, and many of them were shaped exactly like a modern iron pot—broad and flat at the bottom, and narrowing towards the top. Some were found detached, and others in a cluster; when the latter occurred, two or three of the holes were connected by a narrow channel cut in the stone about a foot deep. Many of these reservoirs were filled with a breccia of shells; in other places, where the pots were empty, this breccia lay in heaps in the neighbourhood, as well as along the shore of this part of the peninsula. It instantly struck me, on seeing these apertures, that they were the vats or mortars in which was manufactured the Tyrian dye. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that the species of shell discovered in this breccia corresponds exactly with that described by the old authors, as that from which the colour was extracted, and from which a purple dye can be obtained even at the present day; and it is acknowledged to be such by modern naturalists. Although I broke up large quantities of these masses, in no instance could I find a single unbroken specimen, which I certainly should have found had they been rolled in from the sea, or were they in a fossilised state. It seems to me more than probable that the shells were collected in these mortars, in which they were pounded, for the purpose of extracting from them the juice which the animal contained; and in this opinion I am borne out by Pliny the naturalist, who says that "when the Tyrians light upon any great purples, they take the fish out of the shells to get the blood; but the lesser they *press and grind in certain mills*, and so gather the rich humour which issueth from them." These vats may have been also used for steeping the cloth; for dyeing-pots, cut either in the rock, or formed of baked clay sunk in the earth, are still found in many parts of the East, and may be seen in use in some of the by-streets of Alexandria and Cairo, bearing some resemblance to our tanpits. Such places are still used for indigo-dyeing throughout Africa." Nor is the existence of a dyeing matter in the murex unknown at this day in Tyre; for we are told that at the celebration of the feast of Sheikh Marshook, whose tomb stands on a rocky height, the children collect these shells (which, at that season of the year, are found in great quantities on the beach, scarcely a foot under water), and with the slimy matter extracted from them, they draw regular stripes of a pale violet colour on white cloths, adding a little soda and lemon juice, which bring out the colours most vividly; and during the festival every child carries one of these variegated banners on the end of a stick.

Pliny gives two classes of shells from which the dye was obtained—the first containing the smaller species, under the name *Buccinum*, from their resemblance to a hunting-horn; the second included those called *Purpura*. The genuine name *Murex* is supposed at that time to have comprehended all the species indifferently. Most of these species are enumerated by Pliny, and appear to have given colours of different shades, from which, by the mixture of the pieces in different proportions, other varieties of colour were produced. The best kinds were found near New Tyre. The coasts of Africa were famous for the purple of Getulia. The Laconian or Tænarian dye was also accounted excellent, and was of a fiery red; and we have seen that Darius had 'purple of Hermione,' which is supposed to refer to a bay on the coast of Argolis, near a city of the same name. The quality of the dye was considered to be materially affected by the nature of the locality and the food on which the mollusc fed.

Aristotle observed the habits of the *Murex* with great minuteness. He tells us that it scents its prey from a

great distance, and is taken by flesh-baits in the same manner as the fisherman now takes the common whelk (*Buccinum*) on our coasts. He likewise says that it pierces other shells with its trunk—an opinion held by naturalists till within a few years ago. Recent researches, however, seem to show that it is by means of their long, rasp-like, ribbon-shaped tongue, edged with siliceous teeth, that they drill the holes through which they suck the juices of the animal, never relaxing their hold until the work of destruction is completed; and thus unconsciously performing their part in the great scheme of nature, by keeping down the multitudes of bivalve and herbivorous molluscs. The murexes are found in depths of from five to twenty-five fathoms, on beds of sand, mud, &c. The species are very numerous, and contain some of the most beautiful tropical shells.

The family of *Purpurifera* of Lamarck (*purpura*, purple; *fero*, to bear) has been so named, says Sowerby, 'because the animals it includes, and particularly the genus *Purpura*, contain the colouring matter from which the ancients procured their dye.' It includes fifteen genera, among which are the Cassis (carnio shell), *Buccinum*, *Dolium*, *Purpura*, *Concholepas*, *Terebra*, *Harpa*, &c. The true *Purpuræ* are very numerous and variable in form, and inhabit the seas of the temperate and torrid zones, though the greater part are from the coasts of South America. They are all littoral in their habits—some tenanted sandy beds, others rocks and reefs, ranging from the surface to twenty-five fathoms deep. The *Purpura lapillus* (formerly *Buccinum lapillus*) occurs in great quantities in rocky beds on our coasts, as well as those of France; and we have frequently amused ourselves with endeavouring to cheat the animals into the belief that the tide was returning upon them, by dropping a little sea-water over them, when, if the tide really was near them, they would loosen their hold of the rock; but if otherwise, the experiment only made them cling more closely.

Leaving others of the family of *Purpurifera*, we turn to the delicate *Ianthina*, or violet snail-shell. The colour of all the hitherto-discovered species is of a more or less intense violet-purple; the texture of the shell most fragile; and apart from its great beauty, the peculiar floating apparatus possessed by this mollusc has rendered it an object of much attention to naturalists. Dr Reynell Coates, in an interesting paper in the 'Journal of the Philadelphia Academy,' tells us that, with a view to confirm the correctness of Cuvier's opinion as to the absence of any anatomical union between the mollusc and the vesicles, or air-cells, composing its float, he placed some *Ianthina* in a tumbler of brine; and having removed a portion of the float with a pair of scissors, the animal set to work to repair the mischief in the following manner:—"The foot was advanced upon the remaining vesicles, until about two-thirds of that part rose above the surface of the water; it was then expanded to the uttermost, and thrown back upon the water like a *Lymnea* when it begins to swim; it was then contracted at the edges, and formed into the shape of a hood, enclosing a globule of air, which was slowly applied to the extremity of the float. There was now a vibratory movement throughout the foot; and when it was again thrown back to renew the process, the globule was found enclosed in its newly-made envelop. From this it results that the membrane enclosing the cells is secreted by the foot, and that there is no attachment between the float and the animal other than that arising from the nice adaptation and adjustment of proximate surfaces. The float varies in different species. Along the under surface of the float a little line of pearly fibres was remarked, to which are attached the eggs of the animal. The *Ianthina* is abundant in warm latitudes, where it may be seen in considerable numbers floating on the surface of the sea in calm weather; but when rough, either by throwing off the vesicles, or by absorbing them in some unknown way, it sinks to the bottom. When touched or alarmed, it emits a deep-blue fluid, which tinges the sea around, and enables it to escape from the sight of enemies.

The *Scalaria clathrus* and *S. diadema*, and probably, therefore, the rest of the *Scalaria*, secrete a fluid which produces a fine purple dye, but it is destructible by acids; while the scarlet afforded by the *Planorbis corneus* (a shell found in some abundance in sluggish streams and water-ditches in different parts of England) is still more fugitive.

In addition to the testaceous molluscs affording colours, we may mention the *Aplysia* or sea-hare—marine animals living on the shores or on floating sea-weed, of the order Tectibranchiata, in which order the branchiæ or lungs are situated on the back, or on the side, and are covered in by a fold of the mantle, this fold usually including a shell more or less developed. It probably derived its name of sea-hare from the form of the superior tentacles, which are flattened and hollowed, like the ears of a quadruped. It was long regarded with feelings of superstitious terror by the ignorant, who considered that to touch, or, in certain cases, even to look at it, was attended with injury. These animals feed on sea-weed, and, when disturbed, discharge, from the edge of the mantle, a fine purplish-red fluid, which stains the water for the space of a foot round. Darwin speaks of a large *Aplysia* on the shore at St Jago, Cape de Verde Islands, which, in addition to this means of defence, had an acrid secretion spread over its body, which caused a sharp stinging sensation, similar to that produced by the *Physalia* or Portuguese man-of-war. The same indefatigable naturalist gives a very amusing account of the cuttle-fish (or *Sepia*) on the same coast. He says, 'although common in the pools of water left by the retreating tide, these animals were not easily caught. By means of their long arms and suckers, they could drag their bodies into very narrow crevices; and when thus fixed, it required great force to remove them. At other times they darted, tail first, with the rapidity of an arrow, from one side of the pool to the other, at the same instant discolouring the water with a dark chestnut-brown ink. These animals also escape detection by a very extraordinary chameleon-like power of changing their colour. They appear to vary their tints according to the nature of the ground over which they pass: when in deep water, their general shade was brownish-purple; but when placed on the land or in shallow water, this dark tint turned into one of yellowish-green. The colour, examined more carefully, was of a French gray, with numerous minute spots of bright yellow: the former of these varied in intensity; the latter entirely disappeared and appeared again by turns. These changes were effected in such a manner that clouds, varying in tint between a hyacinth-red and a chestnut-brown, were continually passing over the body. Any part being subjected to a slight shock of galvanism became almost black; a similar effect, but in a less degree, was produced by scratching the skin with a needle. These clouds, or blushes as they may be called, are said to be produced by the alternate expansion and contraction of minute vesicles containing variously-coloured fluids. . . . While looking for marine animals, with my head about two feet above the rocky shore, I was more than once saluted by a jet of water, accompanied by a slight grating noise. . . . I found out that it was this cuttle-fish which, though concealed in a hole, thus often led me to its discovery. That it possesses the power of ejecting water there is no doubt; and it appeared to me that it could certainly take good aim by directing the tube or syphon on the under part of its body.' But it is not pure water alone with which the cuttle-fish favours those who disturb it; and a story is told of an officer collecting shells in a pair of white trousers, who received upon them the whole contents of the ink bag, after the creature had looked fixedly at him, and taken good aim!

It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the cuttle-fish furnishes the sepia of commerce, although all the Cephalopoda, which are unprotected by an external shell, are furnished with a dark fluid, generally stored up in an ink-bag, communicating with the funnel through which, in case of alarm, it is ejected: and even in fossil specimens of extinct species the ink has been found to retain its qualities. Dr Buckland has drawings of them

executed in their own ink, and from the perfection and repletion of the ink-bag, he infers the sudden destruction and rapid petrification of these creatures. Some of the species are said to be phosphorescent; and some, as the *Octopus vulgaris* (or common cuttle-fish), and the *Eledone moschata*, to give out a musky odour.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

STOCKHOLM.

OF all the surprises which a traveller is apt to experience in these northern countries, the greatest will probably take place when he opens his eyes upon Stockholm, and finds it so gay and brilliant a city, with so many objects to gratify not merely the senses, but a cultivated taste. One of the ideas in my mind regarding it was the deploration which the biographer of Descartes pours forth in respect of the folly which the philosopher committed in yielding to the invitation of Queen Christina to go and live in it, when of course he might have easily calculated that it was impossible for a man of any refinement to enjoy a tolerable life in so barbarous and inhospitable a clime. I had, indeed, on the other hand, assured myself that southern ideas about northern places are generally tinged with prejudice. Yet, with every preparation, Stockholm did appear to me a much more beautiful and cheerful town than there was any reason to expect.

It is situated at the outlet of a large lake (*Mæler Lake*), the level of which is only three feet above that of the Baltic. Consequently the stream requires but a short run to join an estuary, along which ships of all sizes can approach the city. The central and original portion of the city is situated on an island (the true Stockholm) in the middle of this stream; on a slope to the north extends the finest and most fashionable district; and to the south there is a more abrupt and picturesque rising ground, bearing a district devoted to the mercantile classes. With this variety of ground—so broken up by and interspersed with water, and with other islands bearing each some fort or other picturesque buildings—Stockholm may be said to unite some of the external advantages of Edinburgh with some of those pertaining to Venice, to both of which cities it has accordingly been compared. The palace, a lofty and imposing structure on the highest part of the central island, forms one of the most striking features of the city. The other buildings of a public nature are less numerous and remarkable than the corresponding edifices in other large cities; neither can it be said that there is any district abounding in superb private houses, as is the case with many capitals. Nevertheless the general effect is fine. It has that felicitous character, participated in by Edinburgh and one or two other cities fortunate in their physical geography, of making a fine picture from almost any point of view. Some of its most charming aspects are caught upon the water towards the Djurgård Park; and one very delightful and comprehensive view of the city is obtained from the leads of the Telegraph-Office, on the ridge in the southern district.

A Stockholm hotel affords only lodging. My first care, therefore, was to learn how I could be supplied with the other necessities of life during my residence in the city. Fortunately Mr Axel Dickson was now in the Hôtel de Commerce, along with the three young gentlemen who had accompanied me from Trondhjem to Gefle. In their company I went forth in the morning, along a narrow dampish street devoid of side pavement—the *Stor Nye Gaten* (Great New Street)—passed through crowds of people, including women with bare heads and picturesque dresses, and many military-looking men, and soon found myself in an elegant café on the *Nya Norr Bro* (New North Bridge), where I was told very good breakfasts might be had. The arrangements of the place, from the smart girl behind the table to the little stands with newspapers, precisely resembled those of such establishments in Paris. The match-

less rolls and coffee of the French capital seemed also to have been transplanted to this northern latitude. So civilised, a meal, after three months of rough life, was most grateful, and I could not but feel surprised on finding that it did not cost quite so much as an English shilling. Meanwhile Quist undertook to live, while in Stockholm, at a moderate daily allowance. Mr Dickson was then so kind as to introduce me at a club-house (*Stor Sällskapet*), which, he assured me, was the best place in the city for dining, as Delcroix's Café was for breakfast. Thus all was settled at once, and I was free to betake myself to sight-seeing and the delivery of letters of introduction.

The only drawback from the enjoyment of this first cheerful, sunny morning, in a scene so entirely new, and in many respects so striking, was the necessity of parting once more, and finally, with my three young friends, for they had resolved to go by the steamer to-day to Lubeck, on their way home. Accompanying them on board the vessel, I was agreeably surprised to find it fully a match in size and accommodations for the first-class steamers of the British seas, excepting only perhaps those which cross the Atlantic. It had fine airy saloons, and neat little bed-cabins, fitted up for two passengers each. The voyage is performed in about sixty hours, and I afterwards learned that, in the case of my young friends, it was as agreeable as a steam voyage ever is. But for the engagement of my carriage at Gottenburg, and some other reasons pressing me to return thither, I should certainly have taken this route—in which case the short land-journey to Hamburg would have brought me within three days of my home.

The *Stor Sällskapet* is a place essential to the plan of life of a certain class in Stockholm. Hundreds of official persons and mercantile men of the better sort dine here every day between the hours of two and four (after which, it is said, there is little chance of being well served). It is a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor of a house in the *Stor Nye Gaten*: the first a vestibule for hats and upper coats; the next a reading-room and library; the next, again, an accounting-room for the establishment. Passing through all these, we come to a room where tables are set out and covered with viands, but without any chairs. Here a gentleman who intends dining stops for a few minutes to eat a bit of bread and cheese, or bread and butter with pickled or dried fish, and to drink a glass of corn brandy—the invariable prelude to dinner in Sweden. He then advances, perhaps with a portion of his lunch still in his hand, into a large saloon full of tables, each of which is laid with covers for six or eight persons. Here he takes a seat, it may be, beside some group of friends already assembled, and proceeds to order dinner from the *carte*. There is an immense variety of articles submitted to his choice, and whatever he wishes is evoked from a back-room, almost with the quickness observed in matters of sleight-of-hand. When I entered with Mr Dickson, I am sure there were not fewer than sixty gentlemen present. Great care being taken to insure the exclusion of undesirable associates, there is much freedom of intercourse among the members; and at many of the tables I observed precisely the same conversational pleasantry and *abandon* as in private society. If I might venture on a censorious remark, I would say that the indulgence in wine is in general rather greater than is desirable. After dinner, the gentlemen adjourn to a billiard-room up stairs, or go back to their counting-houses.

I accompanied a party in a couple of carriages to the *Diur-gård* or Deer-park, a beautiful domain on the borders of the estuary, the favourite resort of pleasure-seekers during the brief summer of the north. It is also accessible by boats from the quays; but we preferred taking carriages for the sake of a drive along the walks. Scarcely any capital in Europe can boast of a similar place of recreation approaching to the *Diur-gård* of Stockholm in natural beauty. It consists of a mixture of rocky hillocks with green lawns, the whole adorned with splendid old wood, chiefly oaks, while the

neighbouring firth and the opposite shores everywhere furnish most delightful prospects. Throughout the greater part of this charming region nature is undisturbed. In other districts there are sea-bathing lodgings, villas, and places of amusement. Near a pleasant little summer palace of King Carl Johan there is a superb porphyry vase, of native manufacture, nine feet high. Having at length dismissed the carriages, we indulged in a saunter among the places of amusement, of which the most conspicuous is a theatre. In this portion of the deer-park a prominent point is occupied by a villa of Italian aspect, which the late eminent Swedish sculptor, Byström, built for himself. Strangers being admitted for a small fee, I took the opportunity of examining the collection of the artist's works which is preserved in his otherwise empty halls. Byström, I may remark, was in marble what our own Elty was on canvas: he delighted in producing nude female figures, wherein the material greatly exceeds the spiritual. His works, deriving from this source a certain attraction, want the feeling which pervades Thorvaldsen's. A colossal recumbent Juno suckling the infant Hercules seemed to me a huge mass of sensualism; nor were the numerous *baigneuses* much better. The execution, however, is entitled to great praise. The artist spent a considerable sum in erecting this villa, which he designed to be a model of elegant domestic accommodation. The rooms are arranged in the manner of an Italian villa, and decorated in the most costly manner. It is melancholy to reflect that he did not live to occupy the house; and that, being thought ill fitted for a northern climate, it seems unlikely to be taken off the hands of his heirs.

Next morning (Sunday, 9th September), Mr Dickson having left Stockholm on the previous evening for Gottenburg, I passed into the hands of an English friend, who proposed taking me to Drottningholm, the palace of the queen of Sweden, situated at the distance of an hour's sail along the Lake Mælar. During this voyage I observed that, while the two shores of the lake were equal in height, and similarly wooded, that on the north side was decidedly the more picturesque. On narrow inspection, this proved to be owing to the glacial action, of which this district, like every other I have seen in Sweden, bears conspicuous traces. As already explained, this action has rendered smooth and sloping the north side of all prominent rocks, while the south side is generally abrupt and rough. The cause evidently is, that the moving ice, coming from the north, has pressed hard on that side of the rocks which it encountered, so as to smooth them thoroughly; while, having passed over, it could exercise little or no force on the south side, which accordingly was left rough. Now this south side, or *Lee Seite*, as the northern geologists call it, is what we see on the north side of the lake; and its roughness gives that shore its picturesque character. On the other hand, the *Stoss Seite*, or side which has been exposed to the glacial action, is that which we see on the south shore, and it accordingly is comparatively tame. It occurred to me that an artist, aware of these scientific observations, would be apt to give a more characteristic delineation of the shores of the Lake Mælar than one who was ignorant of them. He would be watchful of the opposite kinds of effect, and more disposed to enter into the attendant minutiae. It is strange, however, how few landscape painters think of studying physical geography as a science, with a view to preparation for their work. Is it not as essential to them as the study of anatomy is to the sculptor?

The palace of Drottningholm (Queen's Island) is a formal structure of the last century, placed on the border of the lake, with a backing of fine woods, permeated by straight avenues and winding drives. The interior contains a suite of rooms fitted up in modern taste for the use of the present queen, some of them clothed in a green and yellow silk, which was obtained in China by an official who visited that country about the time of the English war, in order to make arrangements for the

advancement of Swedish interests. Another suite of apartments, in the taste of the last century, contains a good collection of pictures, and a library principally composed of French books. There being little that is of striking interest in the palace, the great resort of the people to this place, I apprehend, is chiefly for the enjoyment of the park and the pleasing scenery of the lake. The inhabitants of Stockholm spend the Sunday evening in the same manner as those of Copenhagen. In the morning, I had remarked the theatre bills on the walls, announcing the performances of the evening. There is also a 'Tivoli'—that is, a large garden containing amusements for the multitude, such as a dancing saloon, an orchestra, merry-go-rounds, a place for the display of sleight-of-hand tricks, and cafés—and this is open on the Sunday, as well as other evenings. From what I saw of such places, first and last, I cannot doubt that evils might be shown in connection with them. The question, however, is, would there be less vice if they were suppressed? It is easy to show instances of error taking their rise in the acquaintances which are here formed; but it is not so easy to say how much evil is prevented by there being such places of resort. If, through delicacy as to such dangers, we suppress Tivolis, and only thereby drive people into low public-houses, where a greater demoralisation is produced, though one which does not show so conspicuously, it must be admitted that no advantage is gained, but the reverse.

In our voyage along the Maeler Lake, my attention had been attracted by a peculiar-looking vessel, which lay like a hulk close to the shore. I was told that it had been the subject of a curious experiment, dictated by the singular restrictions on business which exist in Sweden. In this country, it must be remarked, every craft and trade is rendered a monopoly by ancient privileges. A certain mill being established for each district, no other mill can be set up, whatever may be the exorbitancy of the charges. It comes to much the same purpose as a system still lingering in Scotland under the name of *thirlage*. Now, seeing that no competing mill could be set up on land, a busy-brained projector had bethought him of constructing one in a vessel which should fit from place to place along the great extent of inland navigation afforded by the Maeler Lake. Thus, instead of the old arrangement of taking corn to a mill, a mill would be taken to the corn. He believed he should thus compete successfully with the privileged millers, and, while serving himself, benefit the public. I do not remember from what cause this ingenious plan failed, but so it was, that the navigable mill was lying useless beside the shore.

The general condition of industrial life in Sweden forms a curious study to a member of a nation so differently circumstanced as the English. In his own country he has been accustomed all his life to see men striving with each other in fair competition in every channel of exertion. He may have sometimes thought it a painful thing that men should be so merciless in seeking to take the bread out of each other's mouths, and that the weaker must in all cases be content to give way to the stronger. Perhaps he may have even had his dreams as to the cause of the many evils of the humbler classes resting ultimately in a system which dictates that every man shall try to fee the labour he requires as cheaply as possible. In Sweden, on the contrary, there are, to all appearance, no struggles or contentings—men are content with the little duties and gains assigned to them—and the bulk of the people seem gay and happy. But when he looks deeper, he discovers that here, too, there are struggles, for every man is eagerly endeavouring to obtain a license, or a patent, or a place for himself, whatever may come of his neighbor. Young men linger for years in an enervating idleness while waiting for appointments, instead of plunging hardily into the mêlée, and carving out a fortune for themselves. Under the gay exterior of life in Stockholm there lurks a mass of poverty as great as in the English towns, or greater, inasmuch that

cases of starvation are frequently reported as occurring. And vice, he also discovers, is at least as great in amount in Stockholm as in any other capital. Seeing these things, and hearing at the same time of the many troubles experienced from protection—such as smuggling, the tyranny of customhouse rules, the absolute privation of many articles of convenience which are abundant elsewhere, and, above all, the torpifying effect which the system has upon the industry, the enterprise, and the whole mental life of the people—he in a very little time becomes convinced that, if there be evils in the competitive system, they are evils inherent in human nature and human society, and which it is more easy to exaggerate than to diminish by any change of the national economics.

There is at present a great struggle going on in Sweden between the principles of free-trade and monopoly. At the head of the former party is Mr Hierta, editor of the 'Aftonsblad,' the leading newspaper of Stockholm. The king, whose general tendencies are liberal, is understood to be favourable to this party; but of the four legislative chambers, Nobles, Clergy, Merchants, and Peasants, the last alone is cordially on that side. The clergy, although sufficiently independent in position to follow their own inclinations, give hearty aid to the nobles and merchants in preserving the system of monopoly. I was amused to find the people on that side speaking as if there were something diabolic, or, to say the least, morally detestable, at the bottom of the movement for the emancipation of industry. Mr Hierta seems to be regarded as something very little better than a new incarnation of the evil principle, although, on strict inquiry, I could hear of no portion of his character and actions which could be a fair ground of reproach. We have here, in fact, much the same kind of local ethics as that which in Carolina holds up to public execration the wretch who could think of distributing primers among the negroes, or that which in Yorkshire insinuated as a dark charge against a worthy gentleman there, that he was suspected on strong grounds of having once killed a fox. I may remark that the 'Aftonsblad' bears a curious external mark of the dubious freedom of the press in Sweden. By law, any editor once condemned by the government for too great latitude of remark, can no longer be a responsible editor, neither can the same newspaper be any longer published. In his earlier years, Mr Hierta wrote far too liberally for the taste of Carl Johan's government, and the paper was repeatedly suppressed. On every such occasion a new person stood ready to enter upon the nominal editorship, and the paper reappeared duly with a new ordinal number added to its name. It is now strictly entitled 'The Twenty-fifth Aftonsblad.' I am glad, however, to find that it bore the same appellation in 1838, when Mr Laing visited Stockholm; wherefore I conclude that the paper has passed through all its trials, and fallen at length upon happier days. So far, indeed, is King Oscar from viewing Mr Hierta with jealousy, that he is understood to have once remarked, that if Sweden possessed a dozen such men, it would speedily be a much improved country. His majesty referred on this occasion not merely to Mr Hierta's extraordinary exemption from national prejudices, but to the singular skill, energy, and success with which he has prosecuted various branches of manufacture. Not content with the duty of editing an evening paper, not to speak of his public function as a member of the House of Nobles, this gentleman has established a large silk factory, and also a manufactory of stearine candles, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm. I visited these works, and found all the appearances of admirable arrangement, while the residence of the proprietor near by was that of a man of wealth and high social position. It may be worthy of remark that Mr Hierta, though a noble by birth (a rank of very doubtful import in Sweden), has been entirely the architect of his own fortune. I mentally contrasted him, doing such things in a country which presents so narrow a field as

Sweden, with the generality of the English gentlemen of the press, so much more favourably situated, so clamorous for position and importance, but so negligent of the means of attaining it. Mr Hierta, by his well-directed industry and steady application, may be said to have made himself one of that class whom the English democratic novelist or journalist at once publicly rails against for all the alleged corruptions of wealth, and privately courts and flatters for notice to himself. The great infirmity of the literary order, I have always thought, is its childish neglect of common duties and worldly affairs; whence arises the strange anomaly that the great prizes are carried off by men of inferior faculty, while *their* history is seldom anything but a blotted page.

I set apart a morning to visit the two principal old buildings of Stockholm—namely, the Riddarhus and the Riddarholms Church. The former is the Nobles' House of Convocation, as its name imports, and a place of note in the history of Sweden. It is a handsome old structure, with a statue of Gustavus Vasa standing in the small square in front. In the hall within, the first and second Gustavus, the fiery Charles XII., and the graceful Gustavus III., have all harangued their subjects. The walls are almost wholly covered with metal tablets, containing the names and armorial bearings of the noble families of Sweden, which, it is said, amount to about 2500, although only about 700 are able to attend their duty as senators. There is a curious arm-chair for the president, covered with Dutch carving, and bearing plates of inlaid ivory, on which are etched a multitude of scriptural subjects. I also felt some interest in a series of portraits of past presidents, one of whom was a man of Scottish extraction, and of an unhappy history. The name he bore was Count Fersen, which, I understand, was a modification of Macpherson, the Highland clan of which his ancestor was an offshoot in the seventeenth century. On the 28th of June 1810, Count Fersen, in his capacity of Grand Marshal, and in all the trappings of office, was passing through the streets of Stockholm in his carriage, in attendance on the funeral of the young Prince Carl of Augustenburg, a scion of royalty in such favour with the people, that, as usual in such cases, his premature death was attributed to poison. The populace stupidly suspected Count Fersen of having wrought the prince's death, and the faction in possession of the government were not unwilling to see him suffer on that account. It will never be heard without astonishment that, at so recent a period, a dignitary of the kingdom, who had never been formally accused or subjected to trial, was attacked in the streets of Stockholm, torn from his carriage, and killed! I was shown from the windows of the Sallskapet a shop into which a friend dragged the unfortunate count for a temporary refuge—whence, however, he was speedily drawn forth by the mob. In the neighbouring square, in front of the Nobles' House, the guards were ranked up, and he appealed to them for protection. Three men and two officers made an effort to save him, but were ordered to desist by the general in command. The unhappy man was then put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner.

The Riddarholms church—the St George's Chapel or St Denis of Sweden—occupies a piece of prominent ground near the lake. It is an irregular building, containing old and new parts in very various styles; yet the general effect is imposing. It is disused as a church, and now only regarded as a sepulchre of the illustrious dead. Conducted into it by a gentleman-like man, who acts as inspector, and whose fee is three rix-dollars, whether he takes a single person or a party, we find a long empty nave, of somewhat dreary aspect, with figures mounted in full armour planted along the first few recesses on each side. These are designed to represent monarchs of Sweden of the chivalrous times; but the armour attributed to them is, in some instances, monstrosously anachronistic. What, I thought, would

Sir Samuel Meyrick have said if he had heard this dignified-looking inspector proclaiming a king of the thirteenth century in a complete suit of plate-armour! There is, however, one suit of armour deserving of the most careful inspection, being an exquisite specimen of the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and said to have been made by him for King John III., on whose figure it is now placed. Having never seen any of the productions of this singular genius before, I was totally unprepared for the extreme beauty of the workmanship, especially the grouping and cutting of the subject on the shield, which was the story of Mutius Scaevola. In others of the recesses I found a great collection of military articles connected with the more brilliant events of Swedish history. There were many standards, many weapons, and guns, and, what was more strange, a vast number of musical instruments, taken during the Thirty Years' War. One article, though in the last stage of dilapidation, was startling in its associations—the little drum which the brave Dalecarlians had carried in their insurrection for Gustavus Vasa. A student of military antiquities would find abundance of curious material in the Riddarholms Kyrkan.

I was next conducted to the transepts, underneath which are the royal vaults. In that to the right, or south, a conspicuous place upon the floor is assigned to a heavy modern marble sarcophagus, which, you are told, contains all that could die of the illustrious Gustaf Adolph. In front of it is a flat glazed case, containing the clothes which he wore at his death on the field of Lutzen (November 1632); as also the sheet on which he was laid on that sad occasion. The stains produced by his blood, though much faded, are still abundantly visible on both sheet and shirt. The walls around are thickly clad with trophies of his many brilliant victories, but all of them greatly decayed. It will be remembered by the reader that this is not the first instance of my having seen specimens of the clothes of princes of the seventeenth century in the course of these northern perambulations. I may make the general remark, that the cloth used for the chief vestments, in all the instances which came under my attention, is usually no finer than the kind of cloth of which a coachman's greatcoat would now be made. One is surprised at this, till he recollects that superfine cloth is comparatively a modern invention. English gallants of the age of Gustavus wore, many of them, silk; but where they used cloth, it was of a homely character. Milton, who was a gentleman, at the same time that he was a teacher and a poet, wore a dress of serge. When we think romantically of those old times, we are apt to overlook such things, even if we are not ignorant of them.

The vault underneath this transept is pretty fully occupied with royal coffins in velvet and gold, amongst which I noted those of Gustavus III. and his sister, and a recently-deposited one, containing the remains of Bernadotte. The lesson which the sight of such silenced greatness inspires is a trite one, but I know few calculated to sink deeper into the heart.

As the one transept is devoted to Gustavus Adolphus, so the other is devoted to the mad-cap Charles XII. We see his sarcophagus, surrounded by the trophies of his singular wars, exactly corresponding with the like objects in the opposite recess. Here, too, is a flat glazed case, containing the last clothes of the hero—his bloody shirt, his cocked-hat with the hole made by the bullet, his gloves, whereof one is stained with blood, having apparently been applied to the wound in the vain hope of retaining the ebbing spirit. Underneath lie his huge jack-boots, at sight of which we think of his threat to send one of them to his refractory council, to compel their obedience to his commands. The plain blue coat, which is of a coarseness of texture fully bearing out the above remarks, reminds us exactly of the portraits of the king. His sword hangs locked to the wall behind. There is also shown a Polish standard, which was taken by his own hand. Altogether the sight of these objects is felt to be deeply

interesting, so well does it serve to make real to our minds a history which, though modern and authentically related, we might otherwise regard almost as a dream.

The rooms I occupied in the hotel being turned towards a narrow street, I had before me the windows of other houses constantly open to voluntary or involuntary observation at the distance of only a few yards. Without wishing to gain any knowledge of Swedish domestic life by such means, I could not help each afternoon, as I sat at my own windows after dinner, seeing a little domestic scene in the opposite chamber. A pretty young woman, plainly and modestly dressed, sat sewing at one side of the open window, while a handsome dark-complexioned young man, in an undress, sat on the other side, reading to her from a newspaper, and occasionally stopping to indulge in light chat. Other members of the family, old and young, were constantly going about. I therefore concluded that the gentleman was an inmate of the house, but only the lover or *affiancé* of the lady. Their evident happiness in each other's society unavoidably interested me, and I fell into many speculations regarding them, most of which ended in the style of a novel with a happy marriage. I was destined by and by, however, to learn something more of my opposite neighbours.

One evening, having nothing particular to do, I formed a wish to see the arrangements of a Swedish theatre, and resolved to visit the one in the Diur-gard. The readiest way of reaching this spot is by one of the many ferry-boats conducted by the Dalecarlian women. One of these I found at the quay near the palace. I must here take time to mention that this is a kind of labour which can be practised only in summer, for during winter the ice serves as a communication. As soon as the hard season is at an end, hundreds of women leave their homes in the Highlands (the district of Dalecarlia), and come down to Stockholm to make a little money by acting as ferrywomen during the summer. With their peculiar dress, coarse but picturesque, and their heavy shoes, with the heel under the hollow of the foot, they form a remarkable feature of the population seen on the streets. I had now an opportunity of observing these simple children of the mountains more nearly. There were in the boat which I entered four stout, hardy, healthy-looking young creatures, of somewhat hard outline, but ruddy, clean, and cheerful. Of late years, instead of rowing with oars, they have got paddles adapted to their boats, two persons working each paddle, through a contrivance which puts an additional arm upon the handle. The fare for about a quarter of an hour's voyage was two skillings banco, or less than an English penny. Stepping to the theatre, I found it small and neatly arranged, with a company which, as far as I could judge, played their various parts very respectably. The chief female actor was at once pretty and clever, and she played several very diverse parts. Near me, in the pit, sat a family group, which struck me, I cannot tell how, as likely to be interested as relatives of some of the performers. One of the set was a fine-looking woman, apparently a Jewess, a little past the bloom of life, and undoubtedly a wife and the mother of some of the young people around her. I came home, and thought no more of what I had seen until next afternoon, when the young happy-looking couple presented themselves at their open casement, reading and chatting with all their usual gaiety. I now became aware that the lady was the clever prima-donna of the Diur-gard theatre, though I could not but wonder that I had not recognised her on the stage as the heroine of the casement. By and by, it became equally certain that the family-group which I had seen in the pit was the family occupying the house of which the casement formed a part. Here, then, was a little piece of romance unexpectedly hinted to me before I had been four days in Stockholm. It would be curious to follow it out to an end; but I have no wish to do so. Better that this

vision of happy, and, I hope, pure love, should remain with its unique impression on the mind, like the memory of a child which has been snatched in its young beauty and innocence to Heaven, and which consequently remains a beautiful and innocent child for ever.

R. C.

THE FUGITIVE NEGRO BLACKSMITH.

WE have had the satisfaction of forming the acquaintance of a veritable negro doctor of divinity—a man of agreeable manners, and pastor of a congregation, yet a perfect Ethiopian in colour. The history of this person—the Rev. James W. C. Pennington—which has been published in the form of a small volume, is so curious, that we propose drawing attention to its contents.

Dr Pennington was born a slave in the state of Maryland, and for the first twenty-one years of his life he was brought up chiefly on the estate of his master, who also owned his mother and several brothers and sisters. While still young, he was taught the craft of a blacksmith, in which occupation he made himself so useful to his proprietor, that his value, when grown up, was at least a thousand dollars. Brought up in total ignorance of letters or of religion, and performing a dull round of mechanical drudgeries, James was left entirely to the rude promptings of nature. There was in him, nevertheless, as in all God's creatures, a spirit which revolted against coarse oppression, and made him sigh for liberty—the unchallenged possession of his own person. The spectacle of his father 'cow-hided' for no offence produced a commotion of feeling that almost induced him to fly; and matters were brought to a crisis by a fresh insult. 'I was one day,' says he, 'shoeing a horse in the shop yard. I had been stooping for some time under the weight of the horse, which was large, and was very tired; meanwhile my master had taken his position on a little hill just in front of me, and stood leaning back on his cane, with his hat drawn over his eyes. I put down the horse's foot, and straightened myself up to rest a moment, and, without knowing that he was there, my eye caught his. This threw him into a panic of rage; he would have it that I was watching him. "What are you rolling your white eyes at me for, you lazy rascal?" He came down upon me with his cane, and laid on over my shoulders, arms, and legs, about a dozen severe blows, so that my limbs and flesh were sore for several weeks; and then after several other offensive epithets, he left me. This affair my mother saw from her cottage, which was near: I being one of the oldest sons of my parents, our family was now mortified to the lowest degree. I had always aimed to be trustworthy; and feeling a high degree of mechanical pride, I had aimed to do my work with despatch and skill; my blacksmith's pride and taste was one thing that had reconciled me so long to remain a slave. I sought to distinguish myself in the finer branches of the business by invention and finish; I frequently tried my hand at making guns and pistols, putting blades in penknives, making fancy hammers, hatchets, sword-canes, &c. Besides, I used to assist my father at night in making straw-hats and willow-baskets, by which means we supplied our family with little articles of food, clothing, and luxury, which slaves in the mildest form of the system never get from the master; but after this, I found that my mechanic's pleasure and pride were gone. I thought of nothing but the family disgrace under which we were smarting, and how to get out of it.'

Without counsel or assistance, James determined to abscond, and, if possible, to reach the free soil of Pennsylvania. One Sunday in November, when all was quiet, he stole away into the woods, but so ill provided for flight, that his whole stock of provisions was a morsel of Indian corn bread, about half a pound in weight. Pursuing his way, darkness came on, and his only guide was now the north star, though when or where he should strike Pennsylvania, or find a friend, he knew not. Several days at least would require to be consumed on

the journey. At three o'clock in the morning the strength of the fugitive began to fail, and he felt the chilling effects of the dew. 'At this moment gloom and melancholy again spread through my whole soul. The prospect of utter destitution which threatened me was more than I could bear, and my heart began to melt. What substance is there in a piece of dry Indian bread? what nourishment is there in it to warm the nerves of one already chilled to the heart? Will this afford a sufficient sustenance after the toil of the night? But while these thoughts were agitating my mind the day dawned upon me, in the midst of an open extent of country, where the only shelter I could find, without risking travel by daylight, was a corn shock, but a few hundred yards from the road, and here I must pass my first day out. The day was an unhappy one; my hidingplace was extremely precarious. I had to sit in a squatting position the whole day, without the least chance to rest. But besides this, my scanty pittance did not afford me that nourishment which my hard night's travel needed. Night came again to my relief, and I sallied forth to pursue my journey. By this time not a crumb of my crust remained, and I was hungry, and began to feel the desperation of distress. As I travelled, I felt my strength failing, and my spirits wavered; my mind was in a deep and melancholy dream. It was cloudy; I could not see my star, and had serious misgivings about my course. In this way the night passed away, and just at the dawn of day I found a few sour apples, and took my shelter under the arch of a small bridge that crossed the road. Here I passed the second day in ambush.'

Night again came on, and he once more proceeded on his wearisome journey. Frequently he was overcome with hunger and fatigue, and sat down and slept for a few minutes. At dawn of day he saw a toll-bar, and here he ventured to ask the best way to Philadelphia. This information he received, and set off in the right direction. His taking the open road was fatal. Shortly he was observed by a man who was vigilant in detecting runaway negroes, and by him he was ordered to give an account of himself. After a little parley, James took to his heels, but a hue-and-cry being raised, he was speedily captured. Led to a tavern as a prisoner, his fate appeared to be no longer doubtful. To all questionings James persisted in saying he was a freeman; but he could produce no papers, and his case was desperate. Here takes place what the narrator calls a moral dilemma. In imminent risk of being sent back to slavery and punishment, he was justified in trying to escape by telling a falsehood? We may hope that the recording angel will blot out the unfortunate negro's offence against truth on this occasion. James's fabricated story was ingenious. He had belonged to a slave-trader who had been taken ill and died of small-pox while on his way to Georgia with a lot of slaves. Several of the gang also died of this infectious disease, and no one claiming, or wishing to have anything to do with the survivors, they all dispersed. On hearing this account, the assembled bystanders moved off to a respectful distance, and some voted for letting him go. He was, however, detained during the day, and received some food, which was the first meal he had eaten since Sunday. Towards night, being watched only by a boy, he contrived to slip away, and again was lost to pursuit among the woods.

Wandering in darkness, the north star being shrouded with murky clouds, and stumbling through bushes and marshy grounds, the miserable fugitive was totally at a loss as to what course to pursue. 'At a venture,' says he, 'I struck northward in search of the road. After several hours of zig-zag and laborious travel, dragging through briers, thorns, and running vines, I emerged from the wood, and found myself wading marshy ground and over ditches. I can form no correct idea of the distance I travelled, but I came to a road, I should think, about three o'clock in the morning. It so happened that I came out near where there was a fork in

the road of three prongs. Now arose a serious query—which is the right prong for me? I was reminded by the circumstance of a superstitious proverb among the slaves, that "the left-hand turning was unlucky," but as I had never been in the habit of placing faith in this or any similar superstition, I am not aware that it had the least weight upon my mind, as I had the same difficulty with reference to the right-hand turning. After a few moments' parley with myself, I took the central prong of the road, and pushed on with all my speed. It had not cleared off, but a fresh wind had sprung up; it was chilly and searching. This, with my wet clothing, made me very uncomfortable; my nerves began to quiver before the searching wind. The barking of mastiffs, the crowing of fowls, and the distant rattling of market-wagons, warned me that the day was approaching.'

At this juncture he sees a farm establishment with a small, hovel-like barn, and into this he gladly skulked, and buried himself among the straw. Here he lay the whole of Thursday, his only danger being the yelping of a small dog, which had noticed his entrance into the barn. In the course of the afternoon he heard with terror the noise of horsemen, who passed in search of him. They spoke a few words to the farmer, mentioning that the runaway nigger was a blacksmith, and that a reward of two hundred dollars was offered for his recovery. It was now too evident that the country was roused on the subject of his escape. Night came, and he was again on his route; but speed was out of the question. 'All I could do was to keep my legs in motion, and this I continued to do with the utmost difficulty. The latter part of the night I suffered extremely from cold. There came a heavy frost: I expected at every moment to fall on the road and perish. I came to a corn-field covered with heavy shocks of Indian corn that had been cut; I went into this and got an ear, and then crept into one of the shocks—ate as much of it as I could, and thought I would rest a little and start again; but weary nature could not sustain the operation of grinding hard corn for its own nourishment, and I sunk to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining around. I started with alarm, but it was too late to think of seeking any other shelter; I therefore nestled myself down, and concealed myself as best I could from the light of day. After recovering a little from my fright, I commenced again eating my whole corn. Grain by grain I worked away at it: when my jaws grew tired, as they often did, I would rest, and then begin afresh. Thus, although I began an early breakfast, I was nearly the whole of the forenoon before I had done. Nothing of importance occurred during the day, until about the middle of the afternoon, when I was thrown into a panic by the appearance of a party of gunners, who passed near me with their dogs. After shooting one or two birds, however, and passing within a few rods of my frail covering, they went on, and left me once more in hope. Friday night came without any other incident worth naming. As I sallied out, I felt evident benefit from the ear of corn I had nibbled away. My strength was considerably renewed: though I was far from being nourished, I felt that my life was at least safe from death by hunger. Thus encouraged, I set out with better speed than I had made since Sunday and Monday night.'

He now believed himself to be near the boundary line of Pennsylvania, and under this impression skipped and sang for joy. The day dawned, and the fugitive continued his course on the public road. What ensued may be told in his own words:—'A little after the sun rose, I came in sight of a toll-gate. For a moment all the events which followed my passing a toll-gate on Wednesday morning came fresh to my recollection, and produced some hesitation; but at all events, said I, I will try again. On arriving at the gate, I found it attended by an elderly woman, whom I afterwards learned was a widow, and an excellent Christian woman. I asked her if I was in Pennsylvania. On

being informed that I was, I asked her if she knew where I could get employment. She said she did not, but advised me to go to W—— W——, a Quaker, who lived about three miles from her, whom I would find to take an interest in me. She gave me directions which way to take. I thanked her, and bade her good-morning, and was very careful to follow her directions. In about half an hour I stood trembling at the door of W—— W——. After knocking, the door opened upon a comfortably-spread table, the sight of which seemed at once to increase my hunger sevenfold. Not daring to enter, I said I had been sent to him in search of employment. "Well," said he, "come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm, and we will talk about it: thou must be cold without any coat." "Come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm!" These words, spoken by a stranger, but with such an air of simple sincerity and fatherly kindness, made an overwhelming impression upon my mind. They made me feel, spite of all my fear and timidity, that I had, in the providence of God, found a friend and a home. He at once gained my confidence, and I felt that I might confide to him a fact which I had as yet confided to no one. From that day to this, whenever I discover the least disposition in my heart to disregard the wretched condition of any poor or distressed persons with whom I meet, I call to mind these words—"Come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm." They invariably remind me of what I was at that time. My condition was as wretched as that of any human being can possibly be, with the exception of the loss of health or reason. I had but four pieces of clothing about my person, having left all the rest in the hands of my captors. I was a starving fugitive, without home or friends; a reward offered for my person in the public papers; pursued by cruel man-hunters, and no claim upon him to whose door I went. Had he turned me away, I must have perished. Nay, he took me in, and gave me of his food, and shared with me his own garments. Such treatment I had never before received at the hands of any white man. We have copied the whole of this passage. Its simple eloquence is the best tribute that can be paid to that spirit of benevolence which so universally distinguishes the Society of Friends.

By W—— W—— (it might be imprudent to give the whole name of this excellent man) the wretched wanderer was, as he tells us, fed, clothed, and employed: not only so, but was instructed in reading, writing, and much useful knowledge. Here, for the first time also, did he learn one word of the truths of religion. 'As my friend poured light into my mind, I saw the darkness: it amazed and grieved me beyond description. Sometimes I sank down under the load, and became discouraged, and dared not hope that I could ever succeed in acquiring knowledge enough to make me happy, or useful to my fellow-beings. My dear friend, W—— W——, however, had a happy tact to inspire me with confidence; and he, perceiving my state of mind, exerted himself, not without success, to encourage me. He cited to me various instances of coloured persons, of whom I had not heard before, and who had distinguished themselves for learning—such as Bannicker, Wheatley, and Francis Williams.'

James resided with the benevolent Quaker for six months, when it became necessary to depart and pursue his fortunes elsewhere. He found employment in Long-Island. The subsequent career of the refugee is not narrated in the work before us; but we learn from himself that, by the kindness of friends, he was educated for the Christian ministry, for which his aptitude in learning and his tastes inclined him. In due time he became pastor of a coloured congregation in New York, in connection with the Presbyterian body. To this scene of usefulness he remains attached, and is now on a visit, for a few months only, to Europe. At the late Peace Congress at Paris, it will be recollected that he made a respectable appearance; so much so, that the University of Heidelberg, much to its honour, has con-

ferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity—the diploma for which distinction has been submitted to our inspection. It is, we believe, the first time that any such honour has been conferred on a member of the much-abused negro race, and will, it is to be hoped, carry its proper weight beyond the Atlantic. Dr Pennington returns to New York in May, and is meanwhile visiting various parts of Great Britain, where he meets with the attention due to his talents and acquirements, and the worthy direction which he has given them.

THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

OUR voyage was an unusually long one, and most fortunately so for me. Mrs Drax, the lady under whose protection I was placed, seeing how uncultivated and ignorant I was, recommended a course of reading which opened a new life to me; and having herself lived much in the world, her conversation was in a different way equally interesting and improving to such a novice as myself. These new studies prevented our time from passing tediously, and I was actually sorry when the voyage terminated. My parents received me kindly, but hardly with the warmth I had expected. My mother, still a pretty woman, was much taken up with dress and visiting; and the high command my father held obliged them to be continually, as it were, in society. I received a fair share of attention; and as they took it for granted that, sooner or later, I must make a good marriage, I was left pretty much my own mistress. Great was their surprise and anger at my calmly refusing General Sir Herbert Silchester, a fine-looking man with a fine fortune, and giving as a reason that I was attached to Frederick Howard, a lieutenant with little else than his prospects as an officer in the Company's service. My mother first fainted, then scolded, then passed me without speaking: my father neither stormed nor lectured, it is true, but quietly contrived to have the 140th regiment ordered to a distant district, where a fever soon carried my lover off. I shall not dwell upon a grief I can scarcely bear to think of even at this day; but it threw me back upon the past, and my thoughts turned sadly to the kind hearts at Glenbrechan, where I yearned to find myself once more. There seemed but one way—namely, to marry some one about to return home; so, as soon as I could summon resolution, I accepted the proposals of Colonel Somerton, a man twenty-six years my senior, *because* I was assured he was to return to England in the following spring. Little did I then know this most excellent man, or I certainly should have hesitated before giving him a wife whose heart was in the grave of another. I did not deceive him, however, but told him my whole history; and as he still declared that he preferred me to others greatly my superiors in every way, we were married. I had, however, been misinformed as to his intentions of returning home. If he had ever entertained such an idea, he changed his plans, and I remained in India until his death, which took place nineteen years afterwards. I had a son, whom I lost when an infant; and my daughters, sent to England, both died at school there of scarlet fever. My father had married a second time; so, desolate and alone, I determined to go home to Glenbrechan.

There the usual changes had occurred. I knew the laird and ledly were both dead, as were also one son and the two eldest daughters. Ninian, in order to pay off debts and encumbrances, had married for money. Three of the girls were wives and mothers, and Beatrice and Belle lived in a cottage in the immediate neighbourhood. Still, Glenbrechan itself stood where it did—I should know every tree, every stone, every hedge again—Ninian and his two sisters at least were there; and to Glenbrechan I would go to spend the summer, for my

cousin had written kindly, and his wife politely, to press my visit. I was sick with impatience, which grew greater the nearer I approached my dear old home, and at last it became almost like insanity; for although I knew everything that had taken place, I had a sort of fancy that I should find all as I had left it, and would myself become the same Fanny Heatherfield I once was. I could not picture to myself Glenbrechan otherwise than as I last saw it. How my heart beat as we passed the village of Drumbrechan! A few mean houses were added, and that was the only alteration I observed; but all the faces were strange that stood staring at the carriage as it drove past, shading their eyes with their hands; the boys shouting, 'Weep behind!' just as they used to do. From a rise in the ground we used to perceive the house, but now a thriving plantation hid it. I gazed—I trembled—I wept, and spoke aloud to myself—'The postilion is passing the gate surely—here it used to be—and nurse's cottage!' But no gate or cottage was there. 'I must have forgotten,' thought I, as a smart girl issued from a castellated lodge to open a high iron gate. 'No: it is—it is Glenbrechan! there is the old walnut-tree, there the lime-walk and beech-grove! Oh what a pity to put a shrubbery close to the house, and a flower-garden full of green arbours! The offices are gone, and a plantation in their place. It is very neat, and very dull, and very quiet; and oh how unlike Langsyne! No young men lounging about; no children running hither and thither; not a servant, nor a dog, nor a weed, nor a beggar to be seen! Oh how dreary and deathlike!' The carriage stopped, and for a moment I seemed struck with blindness. A footman with a powdered head stood at the door: a pale, thin, grave, gray man with Ninian's features came out. It was Ninian himself, indeed; and, visibly affected, we embraced.

He led me through the unchanged hall into the old drawing-room, which was as altered as himself. A rather pretty, rather affected, rather silly, but good-natured-looking woman came forward, and said civilly, 'I welcome with pleasure my husband's sister;' while he introduced her as 'my wife,' and two prim-looking girls as 'my daughters.' Charles and Johnnie were sent for, who presented themselves with smooth hair, well-brushed jackets, and placid countenances. I was then shown to my room, my own old room, which contained the same furniture as of yore (except that the curtains were new), and looked out on the same view as formerly. The old trees, where our swing had hung, waved their branches in the summer wind as they used to do; yet even in that view there was a deathlike calm which frightened me. I approached the old looking-glass, and looked at myself. How well did I remember standing there some time after my journey to London was decided on, fastening blush-roses into my hair with some white heather; how glowing and plump were my cheeks; how merrily my young eyes glanced; and how white my teeth looked, while I jested about the wide mouth that allowed them to be seen! Faded and yellow, withered and worn, I stood there gazing at myself: no roses, no lilies, no bright eyes, were reflected by that glass now! My hair was on the turn, and had the dim appearance that advancing age usually gives: but what were these changes to those in my heart—in my mind! All my life, from first going to Mrs Vane Trimmer's, passed before me in one little moment; and I sank down on the old cosy chair, and wept long, loud, and bitterly. Where were the kind faces that then stood beside me? Where my hearty old uncle and his hospitable helpmate? Where my own innocent thoughts—my happy, trusting, confiding spirit? Gone—gone! like my husband, my children, my health, and my youth! Gone, never to return! I dismissed my maid; dreamed, read a little, washed my eyes, and then was able to go down stairs. I looked, as I passed, into several well-remembered rooms, all now furnished sumptuously, and differently distributed. The stair had a hollow sound, as my solitary step stumbled from off the thick

carpet on to the stone: there was a fearful echo about it which I never used to observe.

Mrs Heatherfield was elaborately dressed, and talked a great deal, as all vulgar people do, about gentility; and asked a great many questions, as all silly people do, about nabobs and the native nobility. The dinner was well-cooked, but small; the powdered footmen quiet; the young people silent; and I thought of the old feasts and loud laughter that used to fill that old room, and felt as if in a dream. I spoke little, ate less; and as soon as I decently could, escaped from Mrs Heatherfield, under a pretence of fatigue; lay in bed all next day, under pretence of a headache (pretence, did I say, alas, it was too real!); and upon the following got up in some degree composed.

Everything seemed almost as much altered in the country at large as in this particular family. The habits were English; the cookery French: little wine was drank at dinner; less afterwards. I thought at first almost with toleration of the wild customs in this respect of my early time; but on recalling at leisure the animalism I had witnessed, and the anecdotes of still lower animalism I had heard, I was compelled to admit that the change was not all for the worse. Only think of the story (for it has often been told, and I know it to be true) of one of the company at a lairds' drinking club dying during the orgy, and the fact having been observed in silence by another because he thought it would be a pity to disturb the hilarity of the meeting!

Mrs Heatherfield was the daughter of an obscure person, who had somehow made an immense fortune. She was naturally weak, although her capacity was quick enough for common school learning; and as she had all sorts of advantages given her, she profited by them so far as to go through the various accomplishments of her day creditably; but she was quite destitute of solid information; her understanding had never been cultivated, and she was totally unfitted for the position she filled. In her confined circle, the two greatest people were a Lady Dumpkin and a Lady Dillyflower, and she could not comprehend the contempt with which a Scotch lady, with no title, and nothing very extraordinary as to fortune—a Mrs Carrondell of Towerbrae—treated them. Mrs Carrondell was of a very ancient line herself, and Towerbrae had been in her husband's family 769 years. She accordingly looked down not only upon mercantile and monied people, but on half the British nobility, whom she designated mere mushrooms, springing up under the rank profligacy of Charles II. She had no right feeling, no good-breeding: she cared for no one; and would, as well as could, say anything to anybody.

One evening, at a party where Colonel Heatherfield also was present, Miss Simkin happened to be seated near two Scotch ladies, who were engaged in discussing Mrs Carrondell's pretensions and impertinences. 'Oh but she really and rightly is what she affects to be,' answered Mrs MacLachit to Miss Macdragon; 'but Colonel Heatherfield is, as all Scotland knows, of as good, and a much more ancient family, even than the Towerbracs; and I happen to know for a fact, that Lillias Hillrock would most willingly have been Mrs Heatherfield of Glenbrechan if she could.' From that moment Miss Simkin abandoned the idea of captivating Lady Dumpkin's son and heir, and resolved to direct the whole artillery of her charms against Ninian. The state into which the poor old laird's hospitality and carelessness combined had reduced his affairs, rendered money absolutely necessary; and as Miss Simkin was good-humoured, rather pleasing-looking, and perfectly properly brought up, he soon suffered himself to be ensnared. She became—as much, it must be confessed, in order to make head against the dreaded Mrs Carrondell, as for love of the handsome young soldier—Mrs Heatherfield of Glenbrechan; and he, paying off old debts, set himself seriously down as a country gentleman, giving up country sports to plant, drain, and improve his land, and managing all with the utmost prudence and economy.

In all this he was well aided by his wife, who did for him what he never could have done for himself—namely, turned off all the hangers-on, pensioned off the old servants, and sold half the cows, horses, ponies, pigs, and poultry. A lodge was built, and an iron gate put up, with strict orders to keep it locked, and admit no beggars. The house was furnished anew, the garden newly laid out, a shrubbery planted for madam's private and especial use in 'dirty weather; and gradually Glenbrechan became almost as much changed as its master.

But why should I be cross with what is nothing more than the usual progress of civilisation? There have been Mrs Carrondella, Miss Simkinsees, and Cousin Ninians in all ages, and there will be to the end of time. What annoys me, after all, is the mere change of costume. The coarseness of our manners—and worse than coarseness—is rubbed off; and if there is some coldness on the surface of the new refinement, it may well be endured when we think of all it has superseded. But to me, and to such as I, the days of childhood come back like a recollected romance; and we do not think that if thrown anew into its scenes in our mature life and changed habits, we should feel as awkwardly as if whirled suddenly from our snug sofa into the forest adventures of a damsel-errant of the middle ages.

Still, some things are startling in this new and superfluous world. 'The lodge-keeper, ma'am, has applied for your washing,' said my maid a few days after my arrival: 'her prices are what is usual.' Prices of washing at Glenbrechan! In former days all visitors were 'washed for,' and every one's horses taken in; but I had ceased to wonder at anything. Ah, how well I remember the bookin' washing in May, when all the bed and table-linen of the winter were washed at the Lintie's Burn—a hundred pair of sheets at a time! What a heartsome week it was! The fire crackling for boiling some of the things; the lasses, 'wi' their coats kilned far abune the knee,' trampling others in a tub; the snow-white linen bleaching in the sun on the green grass and beech brushwood, smelling so fresh; and the songs, and laughs, and merry jokes of the maids and matrons that assisted, turning their hard work into pleasant play! All is over now. One laundry-maid gets through the weekly linen easily; and there is 'no fuss, or noise, or low hilarity,' said Mrs Heatherfield; 'all is managed in the London style, which of course must be the best.'

The spinning-wheels (which every woman-servant formerly, after her house-work was over, sat down to round the hall-fire, making a cheerful hum) were cut up for firewood, as were porridge-sputles, cake-rollers, and meal-tubs; the box-beds and check-curtains were given to the poor; and many curious old articles of furniture stowed away in one of the lofts, because the colonel would not have them parted with, and his wife would not have them used; but the old clock and the old bell were still in their accustomed places—and sadly to my ear did their old familiar voices sound. It was as if the dead spoke; and when I stood by the linn where we used to bathe, it seemed but days instead of years since I had stood there before. The noise of its water was unchanged, and recognised like the voice of an old friend unaltered by years. I need not quote Wordsworth's well-known lines—they will suggest themselves to every heart, as they did to mine; and my cheeks 'were wet with childish tears' indeed, as they rose to memory. Beatrice and Belle had little patience for their sister-in-law—she termed their rusticity vulgarity; and they, in their turn, and with better reason, thought her affected finery vulgarity. Each said spiteful things of and to the other, and I had enough to do between them. I must confess that even I started a little when we first met; for their strong northern accent, homely attire, healthy, weather-beaten skins, made coarse by mountain air and cold-bathing, were somewhat different from what my memory painted 'when distance lent enchantment to the view.' They were full of prejudice too; knew nothing whatever

of the world; little of books; and, after a time, I was convinced that we had moved in society too wide apart ever to be the companions to each other I once hoped we should prove. Still, old ties and affections are stronger than anything else. When absent from them, I love them as dearly as ever, and always meet with true heartfelt pleasure those who can talk to me of Glenbrechan as it was forty years ago.

LONDON GOSSIP.

January 1850.

Cold weather seems to be as fatal to fluency of rumours as of rivers: it nips up news, and cheats talkers of their topics. Such being the case, you must not be unduly censorious at my being rather dull and prosy. Doubtless you can sympathise with a talker who has nothing to talk about.

Rather an awkward predicament! Shall I tell you, by way of saying something, that the Bank of England no longer admits Christmas-boxes within its walls, and that the Treasury has issued a notification that with 1849 are to cease such gratuities to government officials. So we may hope that ere long this reproach will be removed from the national character; the fact that twenty thousand persons visited the British Museum on 'boxing-day' is an encouraging proof that a good number can employ the holiday wisely. There is a snug little fact to be communicated, which will be anything but unacceptable to lovers of true poetry. Alfred Tennyson is in London, and about to favour the world with a new edition of 'The Princess,' with such amplifications as will rejoice the poet's admirers. It is no unimportant event in these utilitarian days to have ever so small an addition made to the treasures

'That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever.'

The author of 'Festus,' too, promises yet somewhat; and the departed blacksmith poet, the Corn-law Rhymer, is being perpetuated in a new edition. Then we have another volume of 'Essays' from Emerson; more thoughts for thinkers; while novels are supplied with unabated affluence. But from all one hears in divers quarters concerning novels, this class of works is not so successful as formerly. Some say that readers are more fastidious than they used to be; others, that authors are less careful, too much in a hurry. Writers might take a lesson from painters, who trace, and sketch, and erase, and touch and re-touch over and over again before their thought realises itself on the pictured canvas.

I told you I should be prosy. This, you will say, has nothing to do with metropolitan gossip. True; but it has something to do with filling a letter. But if prose may be taken to signify literature, it is at present a staple topic, and a few words thereupon will serve to put you in possession of sundry particulars of its *talkiana*. Among recent works is a small one by Dr Calvert Holland on 'The Use of the Hair in the Animal Economy,' which, except among a few scientific readers, has attracted less attention than it deserves. It is an attempt to show that the hair has a function of a much higher order of utility than that usually assigned to it as a mere ornament, or covering, or defence against weather. If a covering only, why does it differ in the sexes, and why is it not equally distributed all over the body? Its development and decay, as the author shows, are in harmony with the progress of life and years. All healthy organs, when under nervous over-excitement, have a ready means of throwing off any excess of the principle: the stomach, the liver, the intestines, and all mucous surfaces and glands, by increased secretion, and occasionally by the rejection of their contents. . . . These organs, from the offices they exercise, have ample outlets for the often-occurring accumulation and disturbing influence of the vivifying fluid. The nervous organs themselves, whose energies are not wasted in ministering to the demands of organic life, or, in other words, in maintaining mere animal existence,

have equally urgent necessities for a corresponding species of safety-valve, or such means as may enable them to form extensive and vital relations with the great principle pervading the universe. The hair is designed for one or both of these ends.' Such, in brief, is an outline of the doctor's theory: he supports it by several facts in human physiology. The palms of the hand and fingers are hairless, because the nervous energy expends itself in those parts by continual exercise; while in other nervous centres (the axilla, for example), hair is more or less developed, except on the spine, and by its countless points maintains a compensating process, attracting or discharging according to the state of the body and of the atmosphere. Men of intense vital energy, such as Mirabeau, have a profusion of hair, while the soft, the indolent, and phlegmatic, are generally sleek and smooth. The theory is ingenious and interesting, and will doubtless give rise to further researches in the same direction. As yet, most of the facts connected with the phenomena of the hair are in favour of it.

Another physiological work deserving of notice is 'Anatomic Pathologique du Cholera Morbus,' by N. Pirogoff, a Russian surgeon. It is a large thin folio, containing sixteen plates, with descriptive text. The plates for the most part represent the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane, and changes in the substance of the stomach in portions of the natural size, and in accuracy, colouring, and execution, have rarely been excelled by medical drawings. The author considers the digestive tube to be the seat or focus of the disease, and bases his observations on 'conscientious researches' made in all stages of the malady, on patients in the Caucasus, in Moscow, Dorpat, and different hospitals in St Petersburg. The work, indeed, is a highly valuable contribution to medical science, and does much honour to the Imperial Medico-Chirurgical Academy, at whose charge it has been published.

In Paris, M. Cousin, the well-known professor of moral philosophy, has just rendered a service to the cause of ancient learning by bringing out a complete edition of the works of Abelard, comprising all the renowned teacher's philosophy and theology. Such a work is of course valuable only to the learned, but to them it will be of essential assistance in their studies of mediæval literature. Far different is the book 'De la Douleur,' *On Pain*, just published by a M. Saint-Bonnet, in which the writer contends 'that the thing (*chase*) the most useful, the most beautiful, the most desirable, and the most necessary, is pain'—a doctrine which it may safely be averred will be met with opposition and disbelief by the multitude. Besides these, we have again an attempt to prove an 'uninterrupted filiation of art from the Greeks to our own days,' in M. Léon de Laborde's 'Studies on Letters, Arts, and Industry during the Fifteenth Century,' relating more especially to the marvellous development of Flemish art under the Dukes of Burgundy. Such works, it may be said, are not of much practical benefit; but it is curious and interesting to note them as manifestations of human thought. At all events philosophers gossip about them.

The French Academy have just given away their literary prizes: a gold medal, worth 1200 francs, to Max Müller, one of ten competitors for a treatise on 'Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Languages in Relation to the Primitive Civilisation of the Human Race.' The author brings great learning to bear on this subject, and from study of the Vedas, derives new conclusions concerning the degree of civilisation to which the great family of peoples who spoke the languages in question had attained prior to the as yet unknown period when they broke up into distinct nations. Ethnologists will not be unwilling to hear of trustworthy insight into the early history of our species: it is a subject to which more than one diligent worker is devoting himself. On some questions no prizes were obtained; one of these was to examine and specify 'What influence is exerted by progress and the taste for

material wellbeing on the morality of a people.' The unsuccessful aspirants have the opportunity of trying again.

In the section of 'Morale,' a prize of 1500 francs is offered for the best essay, to be sent in by the 30th November 1851, on 'The history of the different systems of moral philosophy taught from ancient times until the establishment of Christianity, and to show the influence of the social circumstances amidst which these systems were formed, on their development, and that which they in their turn exerted on the ancient world.' The inquiry is a promising one, the more so as it is to be treated in a moral, not a metaphysical point of view. Another subject, on precisely similar terms to those above mentioned, is, 'Ought encouragement to be given, either in the way of premiums or any other special advantage, to associations other than societies of mutual assistance which industry may form, whether among workmen, or masters and workmen conjointly.' Competitors are informed in a programme that they 'will have to examine what are the results of associations of this nature already formed, either in manufacturing industry, or in that of public works, with the encouragement or assistance of the state. They will be required to compare protected associations with those freely formed, and which exist independently of all protection. Should the writers consider that these industrial creations have not obtained all the success anticipated for them, they will have to inquire whether this result attaches to the principle itself, to vices of organisation, or to circumstances.' This is one of the great questions of the day, and we can only wish that a philosopher may be found in some part of the world able to solve it. Social economy may worthily occupy the attention of the Academy as well as philology, jurisprudence, and 'the spirit and consequences of the political economy of Colbert,' for which they also offer prizes.

Before quitting this portion of my gossip, I may mention that an instrument has been submitted to the scientific department of the Academy by an inventor, M. Breguet, who calls it 'Automatic comptrolleur of the different rates of speed and times of stoppage of a railway train.' Station clerks, it seems, are not always to be depended on for exact reports, and this instrument is to record the information without their assistance. It consists of wheelwork, regulated by clock machinery, with a helix, bearing a pencil, which traces a line on a movable slip of paper. The mode of action is thus explained:—'The machine being placed either on a tender or on a car, a line is passed from the pulley round a second pulley fixed to the axis of one of the wheels, and when the train moves, the whole is put in motion, and the pencil, moving vertically, makes a mark on the paper, which moves horizontally. The two operations produce a sinuous curve, the abscissa of which represent the space travelled over, and the ordinate the time.' You are perhaps aware that the purpose which this instrument is designed to serve has been already attempted in this country by means of electric apparatus, but with what success is as yet uncertain. Two or three other inventions are talked of, which may as well come in here: they are American. One is for sawing double the quantity of oars hitherto obtained out of a plank; another, by a citizen of Utica, produces from cedar, or plane-tree, or any straight-grained wood, 'a commodity to be used as a substitute for curled hair in stuffing cushions.' One would think that the cheapness of cocoa-nut fibre would have kept other preparations out of the market. Another Yankee has contrived a swivel for carriage-steps, by which they may be turned under the vehicle, and so kept away from the dirt thrown up by the wheels. Another announces a night-lantern, with a reservoir of oil, intended to entrap 'moths and night-flying insects.' And yet another, with 'the universal instrument-sharpener,' of which report says that, 'by a compact and ingenious arrangement of machinery, the foot of the operator communicates at the same time, if required, a rotary

motion to a vertical and to a horizontal grinding-stone, and also a vibratory motion to a hone for finishing the edge. Movable rests and bevel-plates are also fitted, with feeders to supply oil or water, and for the cleansing of the stones—the whole occupying not more than a cubic foot of space. These specimens of ingenuity may serve for a time for English wits to sharpen themselves upon; meanwhile, it is only fair to remind you of the machine recently invented on our side of the water, which will fold three thousand newspapers in an hour.

Social reform, in some shape or other, is attempted and talked about everywhere as well as in London. In Vienna a company has been formed to diminish the enormous cost of funerals. In Berlin four People's Libraries, of about five thousand volumes each, have been opened gratuitously. Some Dutch philanthropists have established a loan bank at Haarlem, to furnish advances to the industrious poor; no individual to receive the benefits of the institution who cannot read or write, or who may be a recipient of public charity. The loans not to exceed a hundred florins, which, after ten weeks, are to be repaid by weekly instalments; and to be applied to the special object for which they are borrowed. The benevolent promoters of the scheme do all the work of the institution gratis. Improved dwellings for artisans are being erected in Brussels and Paris; and on the line of railway from Albany to New York, thirty minutes' ride from the latter city, a working-man's town is to be built; rent to be a dollar a week, with the option of purchasing by the payment of a small additional sum. A public library, too, has just been opened in one of the free parks of Manchester, and there are rumours of similar establishments and workmen's halls for London. A new college for the Independent Dissenters is to be built at St John's Wood. It will not be very far away from an educational institute of another sort—the Marylebone baths and wash-houses built in the New Road, with accommodation for eighty-four women to wash clothes at the same time; and while the elements of cleanliness are reduced to practice in this establishment, Dr Guy is giving a course of eight lectures on public health at King's College.

The programme of lectures issued by the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, comprises subjects and names of the highest order—Faraday on electricity of the air; Murchison on the distribution of gold-ore over the globe; the astronomer-royal on the present state and prospects of magnetism; besides several others which promise a series of most acceptable Friday-evening *réunions*, to say nothing of the instruction and edification.

I have only just room to say that a report has arrived of the discovery of a large fresh-water lake, three days' journey from the remotest South African missionary station, by a son of Mr Moffat and two hunters. This fact would afford matter for comment did space permit; but it is time to close.

ORIGIN OF THE CABINET.

Few things in our history are more curious than the origin and growth of power now possessed by the cabinet. From an early period the kings of England had been assisted by a privy-council, to which the law assigned many important functions and duties. During several centuries this body deliberated on the gravest and most delicate affairs; but by degrees its character changed. It became too large for despatch and secrecy. The rank of privy-councillor was often bestowed as an honorary distinction on persons to whom nothing was confided, and whose opinion was never asked. The sovereign, on the most important occasions, resorted for advice to a small knot of leading ministers. The advantages and disadvantages of this course were early pointed out by Bacon with his usual judgment and sagacity; but it was not till after the Restoration that the inferior council began to attract general notice. During many years old-fashioned politicians continued to regard the cabinet as an unconstitutional and dangerous board. Nevertheless, it constantly became more and more important. It at length drew to itself the chief

executive power, and has now been regarded, during several generations, as an essential part of our polity. Yet, strange to say, it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public; no record is kept of its meetings and resolutions; nor has its existence ever been recognised by any act of parliament. During some years the word *Cabal* was popularly used as synonymous with cabinet. But it happened by a whimsical coincidence that, in 1671, the cabinet consisted of five persons, the initial letters of whose names made up the word *Cabal*—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. These ministers were therefore emphatically called the *Cabal*; and they soon made that appellation so infamous, that it has never, since their time, been used except as a term of reproach.—*Macaulay's History of England*.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Is this the type, as poets paint, of man's immortal doom,
When into life and light he springs victorious from the tomb
Alas, poor fly! a fleeting hour is thine, thy struggles vain,
And sinking soon, the child of dust returns to dust again.

Of human weakness rather than the type dost seem to me,
Of thoughts that from the grovelling earth take wing and upward flee.

But, unsustained by heavenly power, yield to the passing storm,
And from a wing'd and glorious thing descend a sordid worm.

Father! to thee for help I call, to aid my weak and flight—
Invite me heavenward by thy love, sustain me by thy might
But since the taint will still remain that waits on mortal birth,
Hasten, oh Lord, and break the chain that binds me to the earth!

I B

HINT TO BUILDERS.

The lamentable conflagration of Buchan House, the splendid mansion of the Duke of Montrose, on Loch Lomond, is ascribed, we observe, to the circumstance of an oak-window lintel having been too near one of the flues. The number of burnings of dwelling houses from causes of this kind is very remarkable; perhaps it would not be going too far to say that half the number of all the fires that take place are traceable to the proximity of beams of wood to flues. Besides the houses actually destroyed, many make wonderful escapes; indeed no one can say at any time that his house is not in progress of ignition. Within the fabric of our walls fire may be working its way silently and unobserved. Little, in the course of certain repairs on Glenormiston House, Peeblesshire, a beam of timber, charred and half burnt, was discovered in connection with the kitchen chimney; that it had not, when burning, set fire to the whole edifice, is matter for extreme surprise. We have also heard that, in the course of some late alterations at Core House, in Louthshire, the fine modern mansion of Mr Crauford, beams of timber were removed in a state half consumed by fire. It is really too bad that builders should exercise so little care in matters of such very serious concern.

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THE BETTER DAYS.

THERE is a current and familiar prophecy which predicts the advent of a time when the conditions of human life shall be immeasurably more equal and satisfactory than the generality of mankind has hitherto experienced, and when, instead of the present almost universal discontent, there shall be universal and unintermitting happiness. In all market-places, theatres, concert-rooms, and in not a few of the innumerable temples of St. Gin, has been heard the rapturous and cheering cry, 'Wait a little longer; there's a good time coming.' A pleasant, most consolatory melody, striking in at intervals of weariness on the dull ear of pain, privation, or anxiety—who would not willingly believe it? All the weary, all the restless, have taken up and prolonged the strain, nay, the general human heart, in its desire to console itself under the pressure of languor or calamity with any signment of a hope which bears the promise of an improved and more congenial state of things, has eagerly accepted the glad announcement, and, in thrills of longing, responded to it with all the ardour and the earnestness of faith.

The writer of this page would not willingly deprive any man, woman, or child in the English dominions of any particle of pleasure or consolation which may have been derived, or is still derivable, from so pleasing an expectation; nevertheless, he presumes to question the wisdom or propriety of believing in the likelihood of its speedy or near fulfilment. Never yet, in the world's history, has society undergone any substantial reformation, otherwise than through long and gradual stages of individual improvement on the part of the people of whom it was composed. Every social development is as a tree planted in the soil of circumstance, which, ere it can yield fruit or foliage, must take strength into its stem, and shoot out branches of enlargement in gradual perfection, according to the law and limitations of its capacity for growth. No social blessedness, no substantial benefit of any kind, has ever yet been realised, or can be reasonably expected, without an earnest and diligent preparation commensurate with the greatness of the advantages desired. Noble and worthy institutions are invariably the result of an excellent and perfect culture, and of that only; and unless men can be inspired with sublime and beautiful ideas and sentiments, no sublime or beautiful aspect of life can be realised among them.

Not the less, however, do we believe in the progressiveness of man. The aspirations of the soul are in themselves the pledges of their ultimate attainment. The deep longings, the profound aspirings of man; those

'Impulses of deeper mood
That come to us in solitude,'

are undoubtedly suggestions of a diviner spirit, intima-

tions of a voice within us, speaking solemnly from the depths of Original Being. Man is naturally progressive to the full extent of his capabilities, to the measurable but stupendous magnitude of the great idea which is latent in his soul, and out of which all his personal and social manifestations spring and expand. Whatsoever man is capable of becoming, that assuredly will he, in the progress and revolutions of time, become. Nay, we dare affirm, that not any day, not any hour, since the first morning broke out of the primeval darkness, and suffused the earth with light, has ever passed, or shall hereafter pass, without leaving a blessing and a bounty in its course—without in some degree contributing, through the power of man's thought and earnest action, to advance his just enlightenment, and to raise his true humanity to loftier heights of grandeur. Yet it were well to understand that time itself can accomplish nothing. In strict truth, there is a fatal error at the bottom of our customary notions respecting the beneficent revolutions which it is expected to effect. Time is no active agency, that it should perform anything whatever for man's instruction or advancement; it is but the theatre on whose solemn stage, amid whose shifting scenery, men severally act out their various parts of wisdom or of folly. It is altogether a passive element in men's affairs, contributing nothing to the furtherance of their work—the huge common field or continent in which they have been appointed and ordained to labour, towards perfecting the mystery of their lives. 'On this shoal and bank of time,' under the splendours and terrors of eternity—the illimitable unknown stretching everywhere beyond us—we have to work righteously with steadfastness and hope, and find therein our welfare. To sit dreamily looking into the distance, indulging in rapturous reveries of a glowing time when universal happiness shall

'Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of some golden year,'

is literally to live on,

— 'As if the seedman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
His hand into the bag.'

Though this modern yearning after better days may be in some sort justified by the ever-operative doctrine of man's progression, we cannot avoid regarding the belief in its approximate realisation as altogether fanciful, and in many respects calculated to delude the popular mind. Men are led by it to expect improvements in their condition independently of their own exertions, and even independently of any human exertion whatsoever. As the wind bloweth where it listeth, and you cannot tell whence or how it cometh, so the better time is expected to befall us as a thing of accident, as an utterly spontaneous and fortuitous event. Like Jonah's gourd, it is to spring up without our

planting, and become an harbour in a night, and be a stately shadow over our heads, to deliver us from our grief. The 'weight, the burthen, and the mystery of all this unintelligible world,' shall be miraculously dissolved in perpetual and transcendent gladness; and abroad over the universal earth there shall be no longer any 'room for senses of wrong.' And all this, as is apparently supposed, is to be the gift of some beneficent and unprecedented chance—some Nemesis of renovation, which shall mercifully violate the authentic offices of the Fates, and strew, as for a pastime, unlimited satisfactions and flowers of supernal ornament about the paths and around the homes of men. This, or something like it, is the dream of the Better Days—of that good and glorious time which is predicted to be coming. A dream most truly, and one which will never in this world be realised. There are no grounds in human nature, nor in the discoverable secrets of the universe, for believing in the possibility of any such fanciful millennium. A day may doubtless come when many of the unhandsome disparities of life shall be abated; when truth, genius, and intelligence, shall sway more effectually than now the sentiments and affections of mankind; when the dominion of love shall supersede to some extent the reign of selfishness; when society shall be penetrated by nobler principles, and organised more largely upon the wide and everlasting interests of right and beauty. All this may be conceded, inasmuch as it is manifestly included in the idea of human progress and advancement. But how, and under what conditions, shall it be brought to pass? Not otherwise, assuredly, than through the valiant and charitable endeavours of brave men; by the acts and repeated strivings of that irrepressible power which is the gift and accomplishment of noble spirits; by that divine and inextinguishable light which is lodged in earnest souls for the illumination and comfort of the world; by that consuming fire of manly purpose which shall destroy the corruptions of man's selfishness, and shed a generous warmth of pure intents and dispositions within the common and daily households of mankind. As men become wiser and better through a more perfect cultivation, the evils and miseries of their social existence shall be proportionably diminished, and not otherwise while the world stands. There is, in strict reality, no other way or means of diminishing them; no short-cut or patent expedient for rapid transit through the centre of impossibilities: now, as ever, the only road to human welfare is by the old steadfast highway of well-doing, along which all must travel earnestly, adjusting themselves to whatsoever weather may from day to day befall.

No good time ever came by accident. Wheresoever the life or state of man has been prosperous and beautiful, there man had previously wrought and struggled, consciously or unconsciously, towards the consummation realised. All history, all human experience, attests that fact. It is the very law of man's present, as of his ultimate salvation, that he shall work it out with a sacred 'fear and trembling'—with zealous, undaunted effort—with daring and exalted enterprise. That table of the twelve stupendous labours of the giant Hercules is the type of all human doing and success. Before thou canst attain to the immunities of the godlike, thou must exhibit trophies and credentials of godlike and grand performances. Any good time that is likely to be vouchsafed to us will be the result and visible compendium of whatsoever worth, helpfulness, and manly aspiration there is found among us. The only good time we are justified in hoping for, is that which we are capable of making for ourselves. It is beyond the power of any legislation, beyond the compass of the most admirable philanthropy, to raise or regenerate society without the requisite materials; without honesty, energy, and intelligence; without something of all that is comprehended in the name of virtue—the germ and vital potency of manhood and manhood in the nation. As far as this exists actively in individuals, and displays itself in personal deeds of

goodness, in fair and uncompromising justice, in feats of worthiness and magnanimity, so far shall the relations of men become more perfected and beautiful, more in harmony with the tendencies of the universal frame of things; and thus, and thus only, shall their condition be ameliorated, and that glorious time whereof we dream begin in some sort to dawn upon the world.

As all generals are aggregations of particulars, and every social economy is but the outcome of the multi-form tempers and characteristics of which society is comprised, so, doubtless, in the working of every reformation each person may contribute, and indeed is morally commanded to contribute, something towards the improvement of his times. And this he will do best and mainly by an upright performance of his own duties. Let him not go gadding about to reform the nation, to reform this or the other institution, till he has set his own house in order, and cannot in his inner conscience feel reproached by any neglect of his personal responsibilities. The duties of father, husband, son, of tradesman, farmer, landlord, teacher, servant, of whatsoever place or position one may fill in the community—the duties most especially which are incumbent on us as individual moral beings—are of prior obligation to any that are of public or exterior concern. Public duties, whenever they are clear and intelligible to the understanding or the moral sense, are doubtless as imperative in their demands on us as private ones; but in every case a man has duties more exclusively his own, and which, if he cannot first fulfil, he will be in no condition to render popular or patriotic services. By performing your own duties, you will do something to create at least a comparatively good time within the range of your own activity. Nay, if all men knew their duties, and would faithfully and honourably fulfil them, we should never have any bad times; these latter being in reality the consequence of long neglect and disregard of duty. Somebody must have been remiss—many persons must have been so—before the disorders of the times could become so great as to produce any general inconvenience or distress; for, as was long ago declared, it is a literal fact that public calamity is the aftergrowth of public immorality. The country that finds itself perplexed, may very safely be considered as having been somehow untrue to the eternal laws whereon its welfare was constitutionally dependent. Every kind of conduct which is not in conformity with the principles divinely and providentially established for man's guidance, will ultimately result in perplexities and disaster, however prosperous and triumphant it may appear for a season to the perverted perceptions of unprincipled and unenlightened men. Long ages of oppression and misrule, of mere plausible expediences and imbecility, terminate at length in destructive revolutions; in the overturn and demolition of the unrighteous power which sought to sustain its aggrandisement by any violence or unjust pretension. Publicly and privately, vice is always its own inevitable tormentor. Sooner or later justice will be done. It may, indeed, be frequently delayed; yet all falsehood and unfaithfulness to the rules of upright living do, by natural sequence and necessity, induce and precipitate correspondent miseries. It is in this way that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children after many generations. The laws of things proceed in their appointed courses notwithstanding men's ignorance or neglect of them; and after long and continuous disregard, all outraged principles come home to us, like curses, for their revenge.

What, then, is it which we in this age, here in this England, most especially need to render our general existence more tolerable and harmonious? We require, first, a greater spiritual and mental light; a wider and more perfect knowledge; a stronger and more enlarged capacity for discerning the right, the true, the beautiful. As the royal Hebrew philosopher set forth—'When thou shalt understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; when wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant to thy soul; then discretion shall

preserve thee, and understanding shall keep thee, to deliver thee from the way of evil.' We require such an education of the intellect and sentiments as shall qualify us to see and apprehend the laws of life, and to feel the infinite and immutable significance attached to their fulfilment. And *secondly*, we need a more willing and ready disposition to do the thing which we perceive and know to be just, reasonable, or becoming; a manful determination to stand by principle and conviction, and to suppress the clamourings of our temporary interests, whenever they are opposed to any intelligible command of conscience. A life of practical truthfulness is the sole remedy for moral and social evils. When we have banished from us all crooked policies, unjust exactions, unkind dissensions, bigotry, intolerance, foolish conventionalities, cant, selfishness, and folly, and live the healthy, honest, upright life of nature, we shall find that our times will be as good as any times that have ever been, or are ever likely to be, witnessed in the world. We depend too much in this age on the power of association, on combined and incongruous agitations and alliances, for the purpose of effecting mere mechanical changes and arrangements; and not sufficiently on the increase and extension of moral worth, on the power of enlightenment and progressive purity in the people. Society will never in this way be regenerated: it cannot be remodelled from *without*, but must earnestly begin to reform itself from *within*—from the inmost life and soul of thought and feeling; and then it will grow outwardly into manifold and beneficent shapes of order, which the universal sense of men will recognise as true, noble, and enduring.

J. L.

THE MICE AND THE RATS, THE WEASELS AND THE STOATS.

BY RUSTICUS.

SOME years ago I sent a few notes to 'London's Magazine' about the weasel, and since then I have pondered a good deal on the subject, and have found it grow under my hands until all manner of mice and rats became mixed up with the history of weasels and stoats, and gave me another chapter for my labour of love in behalf of the brute creation, which labour of love is to exhibit nature in a truthful light; to show her own colours; to prove that the balance of power among her tribes is generally rightly adjusted, unless man presumes to put his ponderous foot in one of the scales, and then 'all gauged a-gley;' and the foolish fellow often suffers for stupid adherence to the untenable notions of his forefathers. Let us see how this acts with the mice and the rats, the weasels and the stoats.

We have at least four kinds of mice here besides the shrews. *First*, there is the house-mouse, a friendly, sociable, timorous, mischievous, entertaining, greedy little chap, with a sober gray-brown coat and a naked tail. He quarters himself on us in the same way as the sparrows: he eats our meat, drinks our drink, and dwells in our dwellings. He is clean in person, but dirty in his habits, eating all he can, and despoiling what he leaves. Sometimes he is found in the fields, often in ricks, always in barns. The *second* is the long-tailed field-mouse. He is a very pretty fellow, with a reddish-gray back, a white belly, a long tail, and such large and bright black eyes as are to be seen in no other head of all the family of mice: he lives mostly in the fields, burrowing in the ground, feeding on corn, peas, beans, acorns, hips, and haws, and hoarding up vast stores for the winter: he rarely comes into houses; and yet when he does, he settles himself down as comfortably as the house-mouse, bringing up his numerous family under the very nose of his unwitting guardian. I recollect, when at school, a colony of field-mice had established themselves in-doors, and their depredations on the buttermilk were laid to the account of the house-mice, until a fine patriarch of his tribe was persuaded to await a natural-history scrutiny by means of a wire ring pro-

pared by one of the boys. After this event we received head-money for the slain, which, I think, amounted to more than two hundred in a very few weeks; however, they continued taking the usual bait of toasted cheese until the whole colony was destroyed. And here the love of truth compels me to report a fact which I would gladly not have discovered; and that is, that these mice have a horrid and cannibalish taste for the flesh of their fellow-creatures; many of the captives in question being nibbled, and sometimes partly devoured, by their surviving relatives, who also, as residuary legatees to their departed friends, possessed themselves of the toasted cheese, the first nibble at which had proved so fatal. These propensities are unbecoming in an animal of such attractive appearance, and one which shows in captivity much gentleness and sociability. The *third* is the harvest-mouse, the pet and darling of the mouse kind, the prettiest and the least of all, with a reddish back and a white belly, and a hairier tail, which he turns round the stalk of the wheat, to steady his descent from the round, cozy, cricket-ball of a nest that he builds up a-top close by the ripe ears of corn. The *fourth* (the short-tailed field-mouse) is altogether of a different build from the other three—bigger, rougher, uglier, with short ears scarcely projecting beyond the fur, and a short hairy tail. Now three of these mice—the house-mouse, the long-tailed field-mouse, and the harvest-mouse—often winter in wheat-ricks, mining through them in all directions, and, assisted by the rats, often making them a complete honeycomb with their galleries, which extend from the fagots on the ground to the very crown at the summit. I have, however, observed that rats and mice don't fraternise amicably in the same rick: where there are many mice there are few rats, and where there are many rats there are few mice. I suppose the rats, being the strongest, insist on their prerogative, and expel the weaker. The long and short-tailed field-mice devour peas and beans as soon as sown in the fields or gardens, staying underground by day, but coming abroad to open new mines by night. Both of these make great subterranean hoards of provision for the winter. The harvest-mouse climbs the stems of wheat, picking out the grains, and taking them in its fore-paws to eat at leisure, supports itself by its hind-legs and prehensile tail. The short-tailed field-mouse cuts off the wheat-stalks close to the ground, and taking the end in its mouth, pulls away until it has brought the ear to the ground, that it may consume it at leisure.

It must be evident to every one gifted with a modicum of common sense, that the vast supplies of grain and pulse which man's labour produces being so accessible in all stages to all kinds of mice when first committed to the earth, when ripening at harvest-time, when stacked in ricks or housed in barns—it must, I say, be obvious that such abundant supplies of favourite and wholesome food offers the greatest inducement to mousekind to associate themselves with mankind, to attend on their footsteps, and to increase and multiply under their provident but unintentional care. Man's provision is more bountiful than nature's provision: he plants corn where nature planted the scutch and the sedge; and whatever he commits to the earth, becomes a supply to mice as well as men. The countless increase of such prolific beasts as mice is a necessary consequence of the abundance of food thus artificially provided. How are we to remedy this? Are we to provide for mice as well as men? Not so: nature rules it otherwise. The natural enemies of mice are the owls and the weasels; and nature ordains that these shall increase in a ratio proportioned to their prey. The barn-owl homes in our homesteads, as though seeking protection from the man whom he so assiduously serves. Just at the twilight hour, when the mice are on the move, he sallies forth and beats the fields on silent wing, sailing along the furrows as long as a ray of light remains, and when the moon is up, prolonging his useful labour even to the morning. The number of mice, thus destroyed is almost beyond belief: they are bolted whole—six,

eight, ten, of a night. During sunlight the owls sit snoring away in a hollow tree, or on the rafters of an outhouse or barn, digesting their murine prey, and from time to time casting up in pellets the fur and bones.

But the mice have a far subtler enemy in the weasel than the owl, because he can pursue them under ground: he can insinuate himself into all their holes, wind his slender body through all their galleries. While the owl pursues the mice above ground, the weasel pursues them below. His usual habitation is the gallery of a field-mouse, on whom he has served a writ of ejectment; and he generally selects one in a bank in which the roots of bushes are tolerably plentiful and strong, as he well knows that these will effectually prevent his being dug out by evil-disposed persons; he also invariably takes the precaution to select a burrow with two openings, so that if one is besieged, he makes his exit by the other. I very well recollect seeing a weasel go into a little round hole in a bank scarcely bigger than the hole of a wasp's nest. I immediately set my foot on the hole, and despatched a lad who was with me for a spade, determined to take the weasel alive. In due time the spade came; we dug away—cut through roots, pulled down the bank, and did no end of mischief, and after two hours' labour, found that the hole went right through the bank, and came out at the other side.

Running on the level ground, the weasel is a very awkward-looking animal; the length and slenderness of his body and the shortness of his legs are very much against speed; but in climbing up trees, or in threading the galleries of mice, this disproportion is of the greatest use to him. I have watched him coursing along the boughs of a tree with the security of a squirrel. In wheat-ricks he is perfectly at home. I have seen him enter a rick at the bottom, and in less than a minute peep out from under the thatch, following of course the mice already excavated by the mice. Gifted with strength, activity, and courage, the defenceless mice fall an easy prey to him; and as he eats only the brain—revelling like Apicius on that delicate morsel—the number destroyed would be immense but that man comes to their aid, and turns his attention to compassing the destruction of their foe: he wages war with the weasel and also with the owl.

But weasels have courage to attack, and strength to master, a much larger animal than a mouse. While seated with a friend on a stile at Northbrook, a large rat came bustling down the hedge before us, bringing with him a lot of loose earth; my friend was just on the point of jumping down for a stone to whirl at him, when a little weasel followed the rat down the bank, holding his head well up, like a fox-hound running breast high. The rat had crossed the path, and got into a little low bank on the other side, over which he scrambled, and came out among some Swede turnips in the adjoining field, at the very moment the weasel went into the low bank hunting for him. The turnips were so small, and so far apart, that we did not once lose sight of the rat. He ran in and out among them, continually crossing his own track; and then making a little circle, he came to the bank, a good way from where we sat, and climbing over it, got into the footpath about a hundred yards from us; he then ran towards us with all his might, straight along the middle of the path, and under the stile on which we sat motionless and smiling, like the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, and about ten yards behind us he went into the thick bank, and was lost to view. The weasel hunted well in the little low bank, and seemed a good deal puzzled, staying there much longer than the rat. At last he seemed to find out that the game had taken to the turnips; here he hunted with great eagerness, and finding the trick that had been played, he made a cast like a well-trained foxhound, going completely outside all the trails: by this device he hit off the scent. In a few moments he was in the footpath, galloping towards us in fine style, his bushy tail held up, his tail in a straight line behind him. He passed under us, and in his eagerness

overshot the spot where the rat went into the bank: it was but for a moment. He came back, quartered the ground, found the trail, and was up the bank in no time. A black thorn overhanging the path; something moved in it; the rat dropped—the weasel dropped too; we heard a long squeal—then a shorter squeal—then all was still. We went to the spot; the weasel left his prey spitting like a cat: the rat's brain was laid bare, but his heart beat for nearly a minute as I held him in my hand.

Now let us turn to a stronger enemy of the rat, for the slaughter of a rat by a weasel is not an everyday affair. First, however, a word as to the rats themselves. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that we have three kinds of rat in this country—the black rat, the brown rat, and the water-rat. The black and brown rats are near akin; indeed we have often found black and brown in the same litter, and I once took the pains to bring up one of these mixed litters, and had got them to a good size, when the brown killed the black, and ate them all but the skin and a few bones. How these mixed litters originate, or whether there is any difference except in colour and size, I cannot say. I only know they are of common occurrence. The water-rat is altogether different—short ears, short hairy tail, and close fur. All rats take the water with perfect ease and fearlessness.

It is said that civilisation and the honey-bee are constantly moving westward: this seems to hold good with the brown rat. He was known in the East long before he visited the West. We track him through China, Tibet, India, Persia, Arabia, Turkey, Hungary, Germany, France, England, and in English bottoms to America; but we have no proof what was his native country. Now he hovers everywhere: he destroys everything; but especially the produce of the farm. He is the filthiest glutton that ever quartered himself in our abodes: nothing that can be gnawed comes amiss to him, animal or vegetable, fresh or putrid, living or dead. He is the enemy of man; in some instances the very curse of his homesteads. Few people are unacquainted with the devastating power of the rat; none try to hide or extenuate his failings. He is no favourite; he has no friends; he is not game. The hare and pheasant have titled and landed abettors and advocates in abundance. Great is the havoc they make, manifold the crimes, untold the misery to which their preservation leads; but they are game—that agreeable incense offered by the needy cultivator at the shrine of the wealthy owner: the bench and the bar are alike eloquent in their behalf. Not so the rat: he is beset with enemies; he is pursued by rich and poor. No clerical justice, no barrister bewigged, pleads his cause: the mechanic may shoot him, and not be shot in return—may snare him without being immured in a dungeon. Notwithstanding all this, his progeny increase and multiply—hardy, omnivorous, prolific; and, above all, concealed in labyrinthian galleries he has excavated in the ground, he sets man at defiance, evades his engines and his schemes, and daily and hourly becomes more fearful in his numbers, and in his power to do us ill.

Man is unable to compass the destruction of such a depredator. Nature, or rather Providence, has an efficient remedy, and without any assistance of ours, can arrest his progress, diminish his numbers, and hold him at bay. The slim and elegant stoat is the instrument Providence employs to encompass the destruction of the rat. A size bigger than the weasel, he has the same make and proportions; and as the weasel is built on the best possible plan for pursuing the mice through their narrow passages in banks or in ricks, so is the stronger stoat exactly adapted to track the grosser and greedier rat through the infinite windings of those galleries which nature has led him to construct as means of escape from his foes, and to which he trusts himself as citadels of safety.* So well is the rat aware of the

* The ermine, whose spotted coat is the highly-prized covering of kings, is but the stoat in its winter dress. In this country we rarely see him in this spotless garb; with us he is usually of a sober brown, in severe winters becoming a little piebald.

power of the stoat, so instinctively does he dread coming to close quarters with him, that he evacuates his citadel, retreats from his labyrinth of earthworks, and ventures abroad in open day, rather than face so fierce and active a foe, too happy if a neighbouring ditch or stream offer a temporary shelter. But the size, scent, skill, and courage of the stoat are generally too much for the rat. In vain he plunges into the stream: the stoat pursues, and holding his head and neck out of the water, watches for his prey to come, breathless and terrified, to the surface. Fear now amounts to fascination, and the death-struggle is at hand. It is very strange that this struggle should be so short; the rat is the heavier and more powerful of the two, and his teeth are not merely strong, but are often used with good effect when he is the aggressor, and some more timid beast is the prey; but once grappled with the stoat, all power of resistance seems to have failed, and a bite, quick as lightning, penetrates his brain, and renders him an unresisting prey. The stoat, like the weasel, eats nothing but the brain. Whether the rat be killed in his hole, in the water, or on land, by either stoat or weasel, I have carefully examined a great many, and have always found the brain completely cleared, and the rest of the body untouched. Even in this I fancy that I perceive an obvious design: this taste for a part so essentially vital must of course lead to the destruction of multitudes of rats; the great heavy body of a rat would serve for a fortnight's food, but the brain hardly a meal, and it is scarcely consumed when a fresh rat is started, and a fresh pursuit begun, the lifeless body often falling a prey to the surviving members of its own fraternity. Thus there is more than a simple preying of beast upon beast for the purpose of satisfying a craving hunger: there is instinctive taste for that small portion of the body in which life resides—a taste that causes the violent termination of the greatest possible number of lives. It is as though a check on the increase of the rats was purposely provided in the stoat. Man, with all his boasted powers, has invented nothing to be compared to it in efficiency.

How do we repay the stoat for these services? Why, as in all other instances, we persecute the benefactor, we declare war against a friend; we devise snares to entrap him, we hunt him with dogs, we slay him with guns, we nail him on our barn-doors between those other friends the kestrel and the barn-owl! Why is this? Because the stoat, in his love for brains, now and then ventures to taste those of a fowl or a rabbit, or, worse still, those of a pheasant or a hare. But these misdemeanours are far oftener charged against him than proved. Often and often the stoat dies for the doings of the rat, paying the dear penalty of life for the eggs the rat has sucked, for the chicken and ducklings the rat has killed. Thus do we interfere with nature; thus do we trample on the laws Providence has enacted for our good.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

STOCKHOLM—CONCLUDED.

It is a general impression of the people of Stockholm that there are visit-worthy objects within and near it sufficient to occupy a stranger's time for fully three weeks. I stinted myself to nine days, and therefore saw only a selection of the best objects, among which the palace was the chief. This building is a large and imposing one, situated, as I have remarked, on the central island, and forming a noble object from the great bridge which extends to the northward. It is a quadrangle, with prolongations of the sides, and the fineness of the proportions justify the high terms in which the Swedes talk of the architect, Count Tessin, of whose genius there are some other scarcely inferior memorials throughout the country. This building was completed about a hundred years ago.

In these times, when royalty is assuming more rational proportions with regard to the people than it bore in the last century, a portion of this magnificent palace is deemed sufficient to accommodate the king and his family. The remainder, including some of the finest halls, is devoted to collections of books, antiquities, and objects of art, which are open at certain times to the public. In examining the public rooms of the palace, I was accompanied by a countryman deeply skilled in Scandinavian history and antiquities—Mr George Stephens, translator of Tegnér's poem of 'Frithiof's Saga' into English.* Mr Stephens being a person of highly-cultivated mind, who has lived many years in Stockholm, his society was generally of great advantage to me. I found the collection of sculpture occupying two long halls, besides an anteroom for Egyptian antiquities. We acquire a high idea of the taste and spirit of some of the past monarchs of Sweden, particularly Gustavus III., when we find here so large a collection of the finest works of the ancient chisel, purchased mainly by their liberality. It would be tiresome to enumerate busts and bas-reliefs, whole and fragmentary, presented along these galleries. Indeed the eye and mind of the visitor have no time to rest upon this multitude of objects. All I can do is to speak of the few cardinal specimens, on which we pause, and from which we part with regret. Of these the chief among the antiques is the 'Sleeping Endymion,' found in the Hadrian villa at Tivoli in 1783, and purchased by Gustavus III. for 2000 gold ducats, which is believed to be only about a fourth of its present value. The figure is the size of life, recumbent in an easy, careless attitude, and wonderfully expressive and natural, insomuch that the Swedish sculptor Sergell could not refrain from laying his hand upon the breast, and saying, 'Listen, how it breathes!' A series of figures of the Muses is also much admired. The modern works have an extrinsic interest, in the new idea which they bring before the mind, that talent in art is not so confined geographically as is generally supposed. I have spoken of the native sculptor Ryström with modified praise; I would place in a very different rank two somewhat earlier compatriots, of whose names I verily believe not one connoisseur in five hundred in England has ever heard: I allude to Sergell and Fogelberg. The 'Drunken Fawn' of the former artist is an exquisite piece, and the pathos of his 'Cupid deserting Psyche' is something to remain with the beholder for ever. Fogelberg's colossal statues of the three Scandinavian deities, Thor, Odin, and Balder, made less impression upon me; but they are superb works nevertheless. Undoubtedly Sergell, Fogelberg, and Ryström are three artists of whom any nation might be proud.

The collection of pictures is less striking, yet contains many fine works, especially of the Dutch school, along with a few choice productions of modern native art. There are some specimens of Byzantine and early European art which have a high historical value. The whole of these collections is under the care of an old gentleman named Rack, a person of refined manners and great suavity of deportment, who readily affords any information in his power. I had the gratification of giving him some pleasure in requital of that which he conferred upon me, by verifying for him a portrait, long nameless, as James I. of England.

The Royal Library, to which a copy of every book published in Sweden is added, occupies a large hall, and is kept in excellent order. The chief curiosity shown to strangers is a huge Bible written on three hundred sheets of ass-skin, and usually called, from a painting on one of the leaves, the Devil's Bible. It was brought from a convent in Prague during the Thirty Years' War. A

* London: Black and Armstrong. 1839.

curiosity much more important in the eyes of true antiquaries is a copy of the Gospels, called 'Codex Aureus,' being written in Gothic characters of gold upon folio leaves of vellum, alternately white and violet. It is supposed to have been written in the sixth or seventh century, and it contains an Anglo-Saxon inscription, indicating that a great man named Alfred, and Werburg his wife, had redeemed it with money from heathen possession, and bequeathed it to the cathedral at Canterbury.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities, which I visited on a different day (such being the regulation), is only second to that of Copenhagen in richness. I am unwilling to enter particularly into its collections of the early antiquities of the country, as that subject may best be treated comprehensively when I return to Copenhagen. Suffice it to say regarding this department, that it is such as, but for the greater collection at Copenhagen, would appear simple. The mediæval objects are likewise abundant—crossiers, jewelled crosses, figures of saints from ancient churches, cases for relics, &c. There are many miscellaneous articles—as the walking-cane of Gustavus Vasa; his seal before he was king; a small toy gun with which the eccentric Christina amused herself by shooting fleas; the dressing-case of Sophia Ulrica, sister and successor of Charles XII.; miniatures of Gustavus Adolphus; and two fine silver globes mounted on Atlases, a gift to the latter monarch from the city of Nuremberg. The collection of coins belonging to this museum is exceedingly rich, containing for one thing a larger quantity of the Anglo-Saxon coinage than is possessed by England herself. The abundance of Anglo-Saxon coins is attributed to the fact of Sweden having been in the line of commercial intercourse between England and the East during the middle ages.

In Stockholm I was honoured by the friendship of Professor Ritzius, whose rank as an anatomist has, I believe, no superior in Europe. He did me the favour to show me over his extensive anatomical museum, in which I found a collection of crania of extraordinary extent. The professor, with characteristic good-nature, flew from case to case to illustrate the conclusions at which he has arrived regarding national crania, as connected with ethnography. He says that he finds the skulls of the Scandinavian people of all ages of an oval or elongated form, while those of the Laps are short and round; an extended occiput, or hind-head, making the difference. Therefore he disputes the phrenological doctrine, latterly patronised by Dr Prichard, that nations have undergone a variation in the form of the skull in the course of their passage from barbarism to civilisation. Assuredly all the Scandinavian skulls which the learned professor showed me, including many from very ancient tombs, were elongated, while all the Lappish skulls were short; and he assured me that these skulls had been taken as they came, and all that came. I need merely remind the reader that the Laps are considered as belonging to a different variety of mankind from the bulk of European nations—a branch, it is supposed, of the same Northern-Asiatic variety which sent forth the Turks and Magyars. The perseverance of such national features as these throughout an immense extent of past ages is certainly a highly-remarkable fact, and more especially in connection with the theories which assign to all the varieties of mankind a common origin. With such a fact before us, the latter idea only becomes admissible upon the supposition of an antiquity for the human race far beyond any space of time hitherto dreamt of in the case; for otherwise, how could the variations be carried to the very great extent which we see in nature?

Through Professor Ritzius I became acquainted with Mr Bagge, one of the principal booksellers in Stockholm, a man who graces his profession by a learned education, by lively talents, and an amiable character. In his shop the abundance of German, French, and English books gave me an idea of the literature in

vogue in Sweden. In this country, the audience acquainted with the native language being small, a vernacular literature does not receive much encouragement. The educated reading-class has to look to Germany, France, and England, for its proper pabulum both in the department of instructive and entertaining literature. Such persons are therefore obliged to learn one or more of the languages of those countries, as a step absolutely necessary to their obtaining the enjoyments and advantages of reading. For this reason it mainly is that one rarely meets with a Swede above the lower rank who cannot converse in some language besides his own. English is now much studied in Stockholm, and all our popular authors are known there. The literature more especially formed in England during the last few years for the benefit of the multitude has found its way in great quantities to Sweden, its cheapness giving it a peculiar adaptation for a people most of whom have small incomes. From this cause alone it was, I presume, that I found myself known by name in Stockholm, and was received by some of its principal literary and scientific men with a degree of kindness which I was not prepared to expect in any foreign city.

One result of this kindness, too remarkable to be passed over in silence, was an entertainment given to me on the second last evening of my stay in Stockholm. It took place in an elegant hotel connected with the gardens of the Horticultural Society, and was attended by about forty persons, including both the Professors Ritzius, Count Rosen, Professor Lovén, Mr Stephens, Mr Bagge, Mr Hjerta, and some other men of note, of whose names I unfortunately did not obtain a correct list. The party assembled on a beautiful afternoon in the gardens, and thence proceeded in due time into as handsome a dining-hall as I have any recollection of ever seeing. An artist of the party had been so kind as prepare a few decorations for the occasion, in which was inscribed a series of names of eminent natives of Scotland and others, somewhat curiously arranged. Thus Thomas Erskine was associated with Walter Scott, James Watt with David Wilkie, Thomas Campbell with Ephraim Chambers—this name, I have no doubt, being selected in my honour, though I bear no relationship that I am aware of to the worthy cyclopaedist. Another of the conspicuous names was Sir John Pringle, the president of the Royal Society of Dr Johnson's days, and an object of uncommon hatred to the lexicographer, as all readers of Boswell will recollect. There was some appropriateness in the exaltation of this gentleman's name, as it happened that his grand-nephew, Major Pringle, English consul at Stockholm, had given us the honour of his company. I must hasten from the details of a scene which embarrassed me at the moment, and is still the subject of embarrassing reflections, from its attributing to me an undeserved honour; I may only pause to mention, and this I do with sincere pleasure, that every sentiment which I uttered in favour of the closer union of Sweden with England, by commerce, by politics, and by literature, met with a fervid response on the part of the gathering.

Professor Lovén, who takes a department in the teaching of zoology in the Academy of Sciences, is a young man, but one of distinguished attainments. He did me the favour one morning to conduct me through the zoological collection belonging to the Academy. It is extensive, well arranged, and well kept, but, like all other museums which I know, straitened for room. The Scandinavian Fauna surprised me by the abundance of its species in almost all the orders of mammals and birds, considering how few animals had met my eyes in the course of my journey. The truth is, as formerly hinted, the species are numerous, and only the number of individual animals small; wherefore of course Sweden makes a better appearance in a zoological museum than in the fields or woods. The swimming and rapacious birds are in great variety; the gulls numerous; there are several varieties of fox, some large feline (as the

lynx), and a few beavers. The tetraonidæ figure largely in the collection (cock of the wood, black-cock, ptarmigan), and here the varieties of season-plumage help out the multitude of objects, as well as the interest of the collection. An eccentricity worthy of some notice was a cross between the black-cock and ptarmigan.

I had some conversation with Professor Lovén regarding the proofs which exist of recent and continued change in the relative level of sea and land in Scandinavia. Like all northern men of science, he was well aware of the facts bearing upon this subject, and had given his accession to the conclusion now generally arrived at, that the phenomena depend upon a rise of the land, not a depression of the sea. Since Professor Playfair made his famous remark, that a depression of the sea cannot be of a local nature, while an uprise of the land may be so, the superior probability of the latter phenomenon has been generally seen and admitted. The conclusion was clinched by the actually observed uprise of a large tract in Chili in 1820, and by the ascertained rising and falling in recent times of a part of the coast of Naples. I readily admitted to Professor Lovén the value of the facts observed with respect to the level of the Baltic, the force of Playfair's remark, and the importance of the observations in South America and Italy. Still, I said, there was a source of possible fallacy open regarding the level of the Baltic, which I was surprised had not as yet been thought of. The Baltic was an inland sea, and it was ascertained that inland seas do not always maintain the same mean level as the outer ocean. It was remarkable that not one of the observations of the Scandinavian investigators, nor of those instituted by Professor Johnston and Sir Charles Lyell, was made beyond the space within which the inland and tideless character of this sea prevails. As cases showing the inequality in question, reference may be made to the Red Sea, found by M. Lepere to be 26½ feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean itself has been set down by a French surveying party as within two feet of the level of the ocean at Amsterdam—a difference too small to have any stress laid upon it; but it is a startling fact that three different surveys of the most rigid character assigned differences between the levels of the Adriatic and Mediterranean, revolving a very little way from a mean of 8½ metres, or about 26 feet, the Adriatic being, like the Red Sea, at the superior height.* Considering, indeed, the nature of this evidence, we cannot be rigidly certain that these differences are as they appear. They are, however, sufficient to give us reason for supposing that the Baltic—the throat of a vast number of rivers (the fifth part of Europe is drained into it); and furnished with but narrow communications towards the outer ocean—may heretofore have been kept up at a somewhat higher level than the ocean; a condition to which its temperate climate is of course favourable. From changes in the natural drainage of the basin, whether from variations of climate or otherwise, from a clearing of the channels of communication, or some other local causes, the abnormal level may be diminishing, and hence it may be that so many parts are shallowing, and so many rocks formerly submerged are coming above the surface. All this is purely hypothetical;† but I submitted to Mr Lovén that it makes out a case for inquiry, because it is not comfortable to sit down with a conclusion on a scientific subject while any source of fallacy stands yawning behind us. I proposed, with all deference, that the Academy of Sciences should endeavour to induce the government to execute a levelling survey from the medium level of the sea at Trondhjem to the ordinary or medium level of the Gulf of Bothnia, with a view to ascertaining if these were identical; in

which event of course the conclusion would stand good as at present; whereas a contrary result, if at all considerable in degree, would show that the observed facts were liable to be accounted for without necessarily presuming a movement of the land. The learned professor was, at first exceedingly unwilling to entertain my doubts; but he at length admitted their weight, and undertook to make a report on the subject to the Academy, and for this I supplied him with the materials. Of the result I have as yet heard nothing; but at least, I trust, I may take this means of warning all who feel an interest in the subject against a too implicit trust in the theories which have been somewhat over-confidently, if I may not say somewhat arrogantly, maintained with regard to the changes of the apparent level of the Baltic.

Some of the external features of Stockholm are characteristic of the social and economical condition of the country. In Drottning's Gaden, and other principal streets, we see many good houses, elegantly furnished. The shop windows betray sufficiently the prevalence of luxurious habits among the people. But these streets are at the same time destitute of side pavement; there is no gas-light; and the fact of there being no water introduced into houses is occasionally announced through one of the most fastidious of the senses. Unfortunately for Stockholm, an *ös* or gravel ridge runs through it, affording a ready supply of round stones wherewith to pave the streets. I say unfortunately, because the authorities might otherwise have been obliged to obtain squared blocks for that purpose. As it is, you walk along a tablet composed of egg-shaped pebbles, very pretty to look upon, but a penance for the feet not much less harassing than the *unboiled* peas. Carriages roll over this pavé with a deafening rattle, so that conversation with the companion of your walk is impossible. If rain fall at the time, you have to take the very middle of the street, in order to have some chance of escaping a series of cascades descending from the several houses through wooden tubes, the lower extremities of which are turned outwards, to make their contents fall free of the walls. You see, in short, that there is much devotion to elegance and luxury, but little combined movement for utility or convenience. As at Copenhagen, street improvements are impeded by the stupidity of the authorities. It must be admitted, however, that a beginning is now making. At the time of my visit, the workmen were commencing a side pavement in Drottning's Gaden, and I believe I was one of the first persons who passed over the first completed portion.

The gaiety for which Stockholm is remarkable does not depend so much upon the wealth of the people—for this is a rare commodity everywhere in the north—as upon the multitude of half-idle nobles and officials concentrated in the city. During winter, the theatres and opera, the numerous balls and private evening parties, enable the Swedish sybarite to escape from the tedium of his own society every night. A person of good fashion may often be at three parties in one evening if he chooses. The universal self-indulgence must be regarded as the mark of a particular stage in social progress, through which England passed a good many years ago. It is the state of a nation partially enlightened, which has never had any great social calamities or struggles, and which dreads nothing. Even Carolina is serious, under the terrors of the slave question. England is grave, thoughtful, and energetic for improvement, because it is sensible of a constant danger in Chartism and the appalling demoralisation of its lowest class. Sweden thinks of nothing of the kind, is happy and gay, as England was about the year 1785. You scarcely ever hear of any public-spirited movement in this country. Its nobles and gentry are never heard of as interesting themselves in agricultural improvements, bestirring themselves to promote education, and subscribing for all sorts of charitable objects, as those of England are. One great iron master, with perhaps sixty thousand a year, probably does not spend one

* Humboldt's *Asie Centrale*, H. 301.

† It must also be admitted that the shallowing of the Baltic is only announced in some parts of the coast, not in all. The whole of the German shore, for instance, is said to betray no mark of change. I do not, however, feel assured that this partial exhibition of the phenomena as respects locality is well established.

pound of that enormous income in promoting objects for the benefit of the public. These things are not thought of here. How far different the fashion is in Britain, the accounts of expenditure of every man there who is in tolerably easy circumstances, and has the usual feelings of human nature, can well testify.

Sweden being in most respects a prosperous and improving country, under a government practically mild, it follows that reforming politics are not in great vigour amongst the bulk of the people. In the crisis of 1848, a party of this complexion strained to effect some changes in the legislative system, which is by no means a good one; but they could not agree about what should be demanded, until the time of reaction came, and hence Sweden presents no exception to the universal failure of democracy on that occasion throughout Europe. It appeared to me that the character and conduct of the king and his family form at once the most conservative influence at present in Sweden, and the best guarantee for gradual and safe reforms. The king is a kind-hearted and conscientious man, unfeignedly anxious for the good of his people. Without striking talents, he is sufficiently enlightened to have formed just views of policy, and these he carries out as far as is practicable. It will be to many readers saying a great deal if I say that King Oscar is avowedly a great admirer of England. His queen, who is a granddaughter of Josephine, is described as a most amiable and sensible woman. They have a fine young family, headed by a prince of about four-and-twenty. They conduct their court upon a sum little exceeding sixty thousand a year, and study to set an example of quiet, respectable living to their somewhat over-gay subjects. It is most interesting to a stranger in Stockholm to find that a monarch and his family may become, in consequence of their own conduct, the objects of so much esteem and regard among the people. During all the time of my residence there I never heard an unkind or slighting word regarding the king. The only fault ever hinted at is his being possibly too easy and familiar with his subjects—a fault, however, admitted to spring from the very goodness of his nature. He walks every morning for a short time before his palace, ready to receive petitions from the humblest person who may approach him. He often drives through the streets with a single servant. There seems to be a notion that his good-nature and condescension are a little abused by impudent and worthless people, but no other fault is cited. I was told that if the court had been at Stockholm at the time of my visit, it would have been the simplest matter of course that I should be taken to see and converse with the king. When I considered that men of my profession and station in life in England never so much as dream of coming in contact with native royalty, I was deeply impressed with the peculiarity attributed to the Swedish court, and the difference in this respect between it and the courts of greater sovereigns.

Much discussion was excited a few years ago by the account which Mr Laing gave of the vast amount of crime in Sweden. It was, I believe, pretty satisfactorily made out that the country is not so remarkable in this respect as unexplained statistics would seem to show.* But what Mr Laing stated regarding one department of morals in Stockholm was, I am assured, not far from the truth. There is a degree of licentiousness in this city far beyond anything ever known in our country, even in the

reign of Charles II. I was furnished with an authentic document showing the number of illegitimate births, in proportion to the entire number, to be, in the parish of Maria, 42 per cent.; in that of Ulrica Eleonora, 51 per cent.; in Clara, 59; in Jacob's and John's, 62; in Cathoven, 68; in Hedvig Eleonora, 81; and in St Nicolas, 82 per cent. These returns are understood to be affected by the flocking of women from the country to be delivered in the city; but it cannot be in any great degree. As connected with this subject may be mentioned the Barns-huset, or Children's House, one of the greatest institutions of Stockholm, into which a vast portion of the progeny of licentiousness are received. One arrangement, by which an infant is received here for 100 dollars banco (i.e., 6s. 8d. sterling), and never more heard of, seems like holding out a license to transgression. Female indifference to virtue spreads much higher in society than is the case, except in a very limited degree, in England—a fact of which several striking illustrations were related to me. It is hard to imagine of the neat, clean-looking servant-girls (*jugen*) whom one sees tripping along the streets in their black bodices and aprons, and with uncapped heads, that not one of them, or only one here and there as an exception, has the first and chief of female virtues rooted in her heart. Yet such is the fact. I am even assured that it is not uncommon for the peasantry to send their best-looking daughters to Stockholm, with precisely those expectations which Margery in 'Love in a Village' hints at in her contemplated migration to London. The only special reason I heard assigned for the licentiousness of Stockholm is the great number of military and other official persons living there, with incomes sufficient to give them the run of the gaieties of the town (a lieutenant has L.28 a year), but not to enable them to maintain independent house-keeping. The mercantile classes are, however, as deeply dyed in this guilt as the government employes. It is a distressing subject, which I must not dilate upon; but I may remark that the very laxity which is to be complained of somewhat softens the results, as the guilty, not feeling themselves indignantly thrown off by society, as they are in England, do not so entirely lose their own respect as with us, and consequently continue to observe more external decency. We do not find among them that abandonment to drink, that fearfully rapid course of depravation, and that inevitable shortening of existence, which are the dire consequences of the loss of female virtue in England, primarily through the very efficacy of the virtuous principle itself.

Part of my last morning in Stockholm was spent in a visit to the hospital, through which Dr Huss conducted me with much courtesy; but I found nothing to remark besides one somewhat startling circumstance—the mixture of fever patients with others. The physicians believe that by this plan the virulence of fever is diminished, and that it consequently becomes less contagious—an opinion, I need scarcely say, altogether at variance with the more extensive and accurate experience of French and English hospitals. Another portion of the same time was devoted to seeing the royal printing-office, under the care of Mr Norstedt. As this must needs be the principal *bogtrykkerie* in Sweden, I was curious to learn the amount of its power. It has one double-cylinder printing-machine, and one flat pressure machine capable of printing only a single side at a time; besides which there are a few hand printing-presses of various constructions. Mr Norstedt adds another business, having a bathing establishment on the adjoining border of the lake. I found it a little square of wooden construction, containing hot and cold baths, and cots for undressing, while the centre of the quadrangle was a general plunge and swimming bath, supplied by a constant flow of the waters of the lake, as they here pass on to their outlet. The only other public place of any note which I visited in Stockholm was the apartment of the celebrated Berzelius, in the buildings of the Academy of Sciences. It consists of a suite

* According to Forsell, in his 'Statistics of Sweden' (Bogge, Stockholm, 1844), the reason of the alarming accounts which have been given of crime in that country is, that the tables on which those accounts are based include, as crimes, a vast number of offences inferring little or no culpability—as trespasses on forests, smuggling, illicit navigation, neglect of mending of roads, neglect of fencible, of 'skyds,' of snow ploughing, non-appearance at fires in the woods, or at public chaises when summoned, sheltering of vagabonds, turning loose of cattle, and using of unstamped measures. My own impression is, that the Swedes, generally speaking, are an inoffensive and amiable people, and that the morality to life and property in that country is as great as in my own, if not greater.

of modest-looking rooms, where his excellent chemical apparatus is still kept. The recent loss of this eminent man was an irreparable blow to Sweden.

In Stockholm, as in every other part of Sweden visited by me, I remarked how slow the working-people are in their movements, and how ineffectual is much of their labour. A gentleman who visited Stockholm the month before me, makes the same remark respecting working-men. He watched the operations attending the building of a row of houses opposite his lodging, and became convinced that four English would do the work of ten Swedish operatives. They did not appear to have any foreman to keep them at their duty; and after applying to their labour for a few minutes, would stop for three or four more to hold a conversation with some passing loungers or looker-on. Two men, he observed, were required to plane a piece of wood, where one man would suffice in England. He was surprised at the small progress made in eight days. The men earn about one shilling English a day; but English workmen would, he thinks, be preferable at double the wages. Their way of living looked comfortable. At eight in the morning the workman went to the nearest provision-shop and bought a pickled herring, which, with a rye-biscuit and a little buttermilk, costing in all about an English penny, constituted his breakfast. Each ate it sitting on the ground, usually with a newspaper or pamphlet spread before him. The observer looked with special care to the business of ship-building, with which he was conversant, being himself a Hull shipowner. He became convinced that, in fair competition, the English has nothing to fear from the Swedish ship-builder, if the workmen and masters will only 'pull together.' Such observations should tend to reassure those amongst ourselves who apprehend great evils from free trade, not merely in matters where handicrafts are concerned, but in agriculture. We hear much of the low wages of artisans and field-labourers in Sweden and other continental countries, and of their other various advantages for supplying grain and other articles to Britain; but we do not hear at the same time of the small amount of work done for the low wages, or of the backward state of all instrumental means of labour, as well as (most important particular of all) the small mental aptitude of these nations for any kind of industrial enterprise. I could not undertake to prove that this is a sufficient offset against the superior taxation of England; but it is certainly a consideration which ought to be borne in mind, and I believe it is one of no small importance in the case.

While provisions are generally cheap in Sweden, nearly all articles of clothing are dear, but this is solely on account of the restrictions put upon trade. The eager efforts to encourage native manufactures tell upon the comfort of the people to a degree painful to contemplate. They are fond of English clothing, on account of its fine quality; but it is placed under a duty which utterly forbids its being attained through legitimate channels. The upper and middle classes are, nevertheless, constantly seen clothed in the silk and woollen goods of Great Britain. These articles are of course smuggled in vast quantities into the country. It is beyond the power of any preventive service to exclude anything the smuggling of which has so high a bounty placed upon it; and it is impossible for any government to detect or punish that in which so strong a popular interest is concerned. I heard at Gottenburg of an attack by the customhouse authorities on a cloth-shop supposed to contain smuggled goods. The people rose half frantic at the thought, and by mere pressure around the guilty spot, prevented the law from being executed. In a system of this kind, all dealers must be more or less corrupted, for it must be impossible to sell goods at the price inferred by a full payment of duty, where so many are offering them under contraband advantages. The prices are, nevertheless, very much higher than would be necessary if the goods came freely into the country. You will pay 1s. an ell for shirting

which is sold in England at 9d., and 4s. 6d. per yard for lutestring which in England would not be above 2s. 9d. The fact is, that the only effect of this irrational procedure of the government is to fill the pockets of a few speculative traders, at the expense of infinite suffering to the people at large—that people whom the restrictions are professedly designed to serve and benefit.

R. C.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

'DEAR, ingenuous girl!' exclaimed Henry Rivers with rapturous enthusiasm as he kissed for at least the twentieth time a perfumed note which he had received about half an hour previously: 'what a tenderness and grace; what a contempt, or rather forgetfulness, of mere extrinsic advantages breathes through the charming delicacy and reserve of these dear lines! And I, mistrusting infidel that I was, to delay the offer of my hand till the "Gazette" officially announced my colonial appointment, lest, forsooth, Ellen Danvers should, on account of the want, on my part, of a sufficiently handsome income, decline the proposal she has so frankly, so gracefully accepted! I would wager my existence that when she perused my letter, the fact of eight hundred pounds per annum having been added to my previously very modest revenue did not so much as glance across her mind, far less influence in the slightest manner her acceptance of my suit. Beautiful Ellen! what would I give to have been present when the modest gratitude, the amiable confidence which dictated her written reply rose in gentle murmurs to her lips, and flashed with radiant eloquence from the clear depths of her dark-blue eyes!'

Mr Henry Rivers, who was seated at his solitary dessert, here paused in his passionate soliloquy to help himself to a glass of wine and some grapes. I had better improve the interval which elapsed ere he resumed his rhapsodies to jot down a few particulars relative to his parentage, education, and present position in the world.

Henry Rivers, then, was the third son of a highly-respectable country solicitor, who, fancying he discerned in him the material of which chancellors and chief-justices are fashioned, sent him at the proper age to 'eat his terms' in Lincoln's Inn. This stage of the journey towards the woollack Mr Henry Rivers performed in a very efficient manner indeed, and he was in due time called to the bar by the benchers of that distinguished and venerable inn of court. Whether, however, his respectable parent had, with excusable partiality, overrated his forensic aptitude, or whether the attorneys of the Queen's Bench had entered into a conspiracy to ignore the young gentleman's abilities, certain it is that exceedingly few briefs found their way into his hands. About five years after he had assumed the wig and gown, Mr Rivers, senior, departed this life, bequeathing his excellent business to his two eldest sons, and two hundred pounds per annum in ground-rents to his favourite Henry. The still youthful barrister, amidst his grief for the loss of so indulgent a father, felt wonderfully consoled by the reflection that the means of a future decent maintenance did not depend upon the exertions of his own brain, in which organ, his modesty had for some time whispered, too great reliance ought not in prudence to be placed. Not that Henry Rivers was deficient in average ability, or unpossessed of talent of a certain kind, only it did not happen to be of the kind suited to the profession chosen for him. His imagination especially was a very brilliant one, and could at a moment's notice

*Clothe the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn;*

a faculty which, in an argument upon a demurrer, would, it may be easily conceived, prove rather in the way than otherwise. Still further to excite his already overheated fancy, and withdraw his mind from the delightful study of 'Coke upon Littleton,' he had managed

to fall desperately in love with a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, the second daughter of Mr Cuthbert Danvers, and a very amiable, well-principled person, but possessed withal of no dowry save her beauty and her virtues. He had been long mentally debating whether— But I must follow him in his quickly-resumed flights of fancy.

'Love and friendship! friendship and love! divinely-varied essence which, sprinkled upon the common-places of existence, converts the parched and dusty earth into an Elysium, fragrant with bright flowers, and rich in glorious fruits, from which flows nectar for the gods'—

He was interrupted by a slight tap at the door; and in as ordinary a tone as he could at the moment command, he bade his visitor 'Walk in.'

'Dear Aunt Barbara, is it you? I am delighted to see you. It is, I think, but three days since you were here, but an age has been crowded into that brief point of time.'

'Who were you addressing so loudly when I knocked? I was afraid you had company.'

'I was soliloquising, dear aunt: indulging in irrepressible utterance at the happiness, the joy, the bliss with which this charming note has inspired me! Read it, and imagine my transport at its reception.'

'A very lady-like, proper reply,' said Aunt Barbara, after a slow and minute perusal of it. 'Ellen Danvers is a sensible, superior person; her family, too, are worthy people.'

'Sensible!—superior! How wretchedly cold and formal your expressions sound! The mild radiance of maidenly regard which shines through every line you have been reading might, one would think, have kindled a warmer'—

'Nonsense, Henry!' interrupted Mrs Barbara Rivers. 'Do you take me for a school-girl, or has your good fortune utterly crazed your brain? Pour me out a glass of wine: I have walked all the way from Aldermoor to congratulate you on your appointment. There can now be no mistake about that.'

'Certainly not. Perhaps you would like to read Sir Edward Aytoun's letter announcing his success in procuring it for me. Here it is.'

'Very kind indeed; but he might have been less profuse of his foolish compliments. A real service such as he has rendered you requires no such silly tinsel to enhance its value.'

'Foolish compliments!' exclaimed Henry Rivers with some asperity: 'I believe Sir Edward is perfectly sincere in every expression he has used. You need not, Aunt Barbara, elevate your eyebrows in that manner: I do not of course mean that I *deserve* the high compliments he is pleased to pay to what he calls my great ability and superior fitness for the office—in which encomium, by the way, it appears the minister fully concurs—but I am quite sure Sir Edward *thinks* precisely as he writes. He and I, you know, were college friends.'

'You silly boy! Yet it is perhaps better you should believe so: we gain nothing by prying too curiously beneath the surface of the world's conventionalisms:—

"Gilles, mortels; n'appuyez pas,"

is a maxim of sound worldly wisdom: but let us change the subject. I am very glad you took my advice not to make Ellen Danvers an offer till your appointment was gazetted.'

'I doubt,' rejoined Henry Rivers with increasing ill-humour, 'that either Ellen or her father bestowed a thought on the subject, or were in the slightest degree influenced in their decision by my increase of fortune.'

A merry laugh broke from Aunt Barbara's lips, but she made no answer in words.

'Still as ever, I see, a disbeliever in the ethereality of either love or friendship. According to you, aunt, the purest emotions, the highest actions, have all necessarily an alloy of earth about them.'

'Perhaps so; but I am not so foolish as to wish to

cloud the mirror in which the speech and actions of mankind love to glass themselves, by needlessly raking amidst the selfish sediment which, I fear, lies at the bottom of almost all human motive.'

'There, aunt, I differ entirely with you. I would have all polite shams, all make-believes, banished the world, and replaced by a constant and frank sincerity.'

'And so disenchant the world of its romance, its poetry, its innocent and agreeable illusions! Insist that people should be perpetually annoying and insulting each other by irritating, useless sincerities! Society, my dear boy, under such a régime would not be endurable. Much of the present, as well as the future, is wisely hidden from us.'

A long and wearisome discussion ensued upon this knotty point, during which both speakers occasionally manifested very natural symptoms of drowsiness. Henry Rivers persisted in stoutly maintaining that affection, friendship, contaminated with the slightest admixture of worldliness, was not worth acceptance. But he was at length disgusted with his aunt's obstinacy, and his eyes, in spite of himself, began to close. Still he struggled manfully against the unpolite feeling, sipped a little more wine, and even fancied for a moment, from his aunt's silence, that she was giving in. But suddenly the placidity of his respected relation was broken as if by a squall, and she displayed a warmth and vehemence quite foreign to her usual placid manner. Her very features appeared to dilate and charge with passion as she pursued her energetic argumentation.

At length, after concluding a long and fierce invective, in which doubts of the angelic disinterestedness of Ellen Danvers and Sir Edward Aytoun were strangely mixed up and confused, she pointed with a significant gesture to a small oval hand-glass which happened to be lying on a side-table—'You remember on what occasion I presented you with that toilet-glass?'

'Certainly I do.'

'I have never yet informed you of its strange qualities, though I have been frequently on the point of doing so. It is a *magic* mirror, and will confer on you, as it has conferred on me, the wretched privilege of seeing and hearing all things that concern yourself without deception or disguise.'

'Is it possible? But you must be jesting!'

'I was never more serious. The proof is easy. Breathe thrice upon it, and the scene your wish suggests will instantly be pictured there. You will also hear every syllable that passes between the persons summoned before you.'

Henry Rivers seized the glass with a confused feeling of delight and vexation. Was his aunt mocking him, or did he really possess a talisman which would enable him to look beneath the outward shows and shams of the world, and bask in the sunlight of truth, undimmed, undistorted, by the false media through which it reaches unprivileged eyes and ears? Surely the age of magic, of mysticism of all kinds, was past; and yet— There could be at all events no harm in making the trial.

He breathed thrice upon the mirror, and expressed a wish that the interview between his friend Sir Edward Aytoun and the colonial minister should pass before him.

'Magical indeed! The glass in an instant displayed a large, handsome apartment, the business cabinet apparently of a great personage. Subordinate officials, secretaries, glided in and out with deferential manner, and in observant silence, except when addressed, and then only answering with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.'

'Sir Edward Aytoun has been waiting some time, my lord,' said a gentleman who had just entered in a low voice. 'He is becoming impatient.'

An expression of extreme annoyance passed over the great man's features as he muttered, 'That is the most persistent personage that ever besieged and worried a government for favours. He is, however, too important an animal to be slighted. Ask Sir Edward to walk up,' he added in a louder tone.

Sir Edward Aytoun entered, and it was marvellous how rapid a change the noble lord's features underwent. 'My dear Sir Edward, I am so glad to see you! I have been longing to talk over your last night's speech! It was—you know I am not in the habit of flattering—a first-rate thing. Palmerston was delighted with it. He had intended, I know, to speak himself, but felt, when you had concluded, that nothing more was to be said.'

Sir Edward bowed, and looked pleased. He did not, however, reply, but silently kept his seat in an expectant attitude and manner which no secretary of state could possibly misunderstand. Comparatively young as he was in years, the baronet was already far too old in public life to be amused or diverted from his purpose by empty compliments.

'I suppose, Sir Edward,' said the minister after an embarrassed pause, 'you have called respecting the appointment you have solicited for—for'—

'Mr Henry Rivers,' suggested the baronet.

'Yes, Rivers. Are you very desirous of obtaining it for him, because I had partly promised it to'—

'I am desirous,' interrupted Sir Edward tartly, 'that your lordship should oblige me in this matter. It is, I think, a favour to which my unvarying support of the administration fully entitles me.'

'Excellent man! true-hearted friend!' ejaculated Henry Rivers, averting for an instant—as, gazing upon the ceiling, he appeared to contemplate the altitude of Sir Edward's merits—his eyes from the mirror, 'this is indeed friendship in its true essence. Here, too, there is no disguise, no false colouring.' He looked triumphantly at his aunt; but observing, to his great surprise, that that lady's countenance still retained the cold, cynical expression it had lately assumed, turned again to the magic glass.

He must have missed a sentence or two, for the noble lord was saying, 'Quite an undistinguished man, I understand, though called to the bar five or six years ago; has never, I believe, held a brief; did I not so understand you, Mr Quill?'

'Four only in five years, my lord. The last he held was in a pauper-removal case, when his law was corrected by an alderman, before whom the matter was argued.'

'Confound the fellow!' muttered Mr Henry Rivers, colouring at the same time to the very tips of his ears: 'how came he to know that, I wonder?'

'This colonial office,' interposed Sir Edward, 'requires, I believe, no remarkable ability in the person filling it. If it did, believe me I should hesitate greatly in asking it for Henry Rivers. He is a young man of, I have no doubt, good principle; but as to great quickness of intellect, that is quite out of the question.'

The holder of the magic glass turned his face stealthily towards his aunt, but snatched it swiftly back as his eye encountered the mocking, triumphant smile which curled her lip.

'If you press it,' rejoined the minister, 'we must oblige you; but really, since the person to be benefited is so mere a nobody'—

'Your lordship mistakes the matter,' interrupted the baronet: 'I care very little about Henry Rivers, though I believe him to be a worthy fellow enough; but the fact is, his brothers, the attorneys, are busy; influential men in the county: you know how closely parties are divided there; and I really cannot afford to lose their support, as I unquestionably should if this appointment were not conferred upon their somewhat feather-headed brother!'

'Enough—enough! he must have the appointment. Send him a civil message from me, and say I will appoint an interview with him before he leaves the country.'

'I will; accompanied by my very best congratulatory compliments. Cela va sans dire.'

Henry Rivers laid down the magic mirror. This, then, was his friend; the man for whose sincerity of soul he would have pledged his life! Never would he place faith in mortal man again—never! A few mi-

nutes' reflection, and a glance at the 'Gazette,' which was lying on the table, suggested other thoughts. 'Sir Edward has certainly rendered me an essential service; and what he said was perhaps, after all, not entirely incorrect: and yet I can no longer look upon, or feel towards him as I did. Confound the mirror!' he exclaimed with sudden passion, and as if about to dash it on the ground. 'Aunt Barbara was right—with regard at least to male friendships,' he added, restraining himself, and speaking more calmly. 'But the love of a maiden for her betrothed—the gentle guilelessness of a virgin heart palpitating with the pure and sweet emotions of a first affection; these feelings caught from heaven, unstained of earth, cannot be too nearly contemplated—too minutely analysed! Once more his breath thrice dimmed the magic glass: then,

'Like the murmur of a dream,
He breathed her name.'

accompanied by a wish to witness all that passed from the receipt of his marriage-offer till the answer was despatched.

The wizard depths of the mirror instantly disclosed a handsomely-furnished sitting-room, opening with French windows upon a shrubby and flower garden, through which presently entered beautiful Ellen Danvers, attired in an elegant white morning-dress, and with a bouquet of brilliant flowers in her hand. A servant approached, presented a letter—the letter—and retired. Ellen Danvers placed the flowers upon a marble stand, and glancing curiously at the seal, whilst a charming blush mantled her fine features, with some precipitation removed the envelope.

The blush deepened as she read, till its hue mocked that of the freshly-gathered roses by her side; a bright smile parted her sweet lips, and a soft, low sigh, as she seated herself in pensive mood and attitude, escaped her gentle bosom.

'Thrice-blessed mirror!'

She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of her sister Marian, a gay, light-hearted damsel, about two years younger than herself.

'Ellen, papa wishes to see you in the library. He looks as grave as a bishop. Mamma seems equally solemn, and you— Why, Ellen, your eyes are filled with tears! What, for mercy's sake, can it all mean?'

'Read this, Marian,' said Ellen, proffering the letter, and passing at the same time an arm round her sister's waist. 'Papa has doubtless received a companion epistle.'

Marian read, and when she had finished, exclaimed, with a kind of regretful archness—'A proposal of marriage from Mr Rivers, as I'm alive! No wonder everybody seems struck of a heap! But I forbid the banns!'

'Do you, Marian; and for what reason?'

'Reason, Ellen! as if reason had so much to do with these affairs! In the first place, then, you would have to leave us: in the next, he is nothing like so handsome as Frank Mildmay. Ah, that blush, Ellen! Need I further explain why these banns must be forbidden?'

'Mr Mildmay, Marian, is out of the question. Papa has, you know, forbidden his addresses, and I entirely acquiesce in his decision.'

'I wish Caroline and Fanny were at home. It's my impression,' added Marian pettishly, 'that Mr Rivers is humpbacked!'

'Nonsense, you silly madcap! A little round-shouldered, perhaps.'

'The devilish glass!'

A servant entered, iterated Mr Danvers' desire for Ellen's presence in the library, and the sisters left the room.

A moment, and the library was disclosed, with Mr and Mrs Danvers, Ellen and Marian, seated in council.

'Well, Ellen,' said her father, 'what answer shall we make to this ardent, eloquent lover of yours?'

The blushing girl did not raise her head, nor immediately reply. At last she said, 'Do you not think,

papa, I am too young as yet for so very serious an engagement?"

"You are one-and-twenty years of age, and your mother was, I think, a twelvemonth younger than that when we were married. Is that your only objection to the proposal of Mr Rivers?"

"But, papa, I have seen so little of him, that I—Really you must decide for me."

"You do not dislike him, Ellen?" inquired Mrs Danvers.

"No, mamma; certainly not. I esteem him, and as an acquaintance, rather like him: nothing more."

"Accursed mirror!"

"It is, I think, a very eligible match," said Mr Danvers, "for a girl without fortune; and I do not think it at all essential to married happiness that the lady should be at first what is called in love with the gentleman. You will make a good and affectionate wife—of that, Ellen, I am quite sure. By the appointment conferred upon him, and which is, you know, gazetted, Mr Rivers' income is now at least a thousand a year; and that, where you are going"—

"Papa!"

"Well, where at all events he is going, will maintain a very handsome establishment. Then his character is unexceptionable, and his temper one of the easiest in the world. Altogether, Ellen, I think you have drawn a fair prize in the matrimonial lottery."

"The climate is very healthy, I believe?" said Mrs Danvers.

"Entirely so; and society there is of a somewhat high cast for a colony."

"I suppose," said Ellen Danvers, blushing still more deeply than before, "from Mr Rivers' official position, his—his wife will take precedence after the lady of the lieutenant-governor?"

"Certainly, Ellen—no doubt about it," replied Mr Danvers with a quiet smile. "Now, run away and write your answer; mine will be ready in two or three minutes."

The young ladies tripped off to another apartment, followed by their mother; and a change of scene immediately exhibited Ellen seated at a writing-desk, and endeavouring, whilst Marian peeped over her shoulder, to indite a fitting acceptance of Mr Rivers' passionate proposal. But the task seemed an endless one. Sheet after sheet of note-paper was wasted in vain attempts; but ultimately she placed a rough draft for approval in her mother's hands.

"Far too stiff, too cold, too formal, Ellen. This will never do."

"Then pray, mamma, write it yourself, and I will copy it."

Mrs Danvers complied; and the missive which had so charmed Mr Rivers was, after some emendations by Marian, fairly copied and subscribed by Ellen Danvers.

"Heigho!" sighed the affianced bride as the three left the apartment. "No doubt you and papa know best; but I do wish I could reciprocate a little more warmly the poor gentleman's vehement passion for insensible, and, I fear, not over-grateful me."

"You will be a happy wife, Ellen," replied Mrs Danvers, "and Rivers will be a fortunate husband." The door closed, and the glass was a blank.

"Infernal mirror!" exclaimed Henry Rivers, whose fierce emotions during the scenes unrolled before him I have but interjectionally attempted to describe—"Infernal mirror! you have robbed love, life, of all its charm! Frank Mildmay too! I have seen him there! Madman, idiot that I was to avail myself of such devilish agency!" and again seizing the mirror, he dashed it furiously beneath the fire-grate.

The crash of the glass was echoed by the voice of Aunt Barbara, exclaiming at its shrillest pitch, as she shook her nephew roughly by the arm, "Good heavens, Henry, what do you mean by smashing decanters in that frantic way?"

"Decanters, Aunt Barbara!" stammered Henry Rivers,

starting to his feet, and thoroughly bewildered; "wasn't it the mirror?"

"The mirror! Henry, Henry, you have been taking too much wine. I left the room only about half an hour ago, and on my return, behold you are pitching decanters into the fire!"

"It was a dream, then, thank God! Aunt Barbara, you were quite right; and now, if you please, let us have tea."

About eight years after these events Mr Henry Rivers was seated on a pleasant summer evening beneath a veranda of trellis-work, festooned and canopied with gorgeous flowers, watching with calm delight the gambols of his three charming children. Near him sat his still beautiful wife, turning over a file of English newspapers that had just arrived. Presently an exclamation of surprise escaped her.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" inquired Mr Rivers.

"Nothing affecting us, Harry, though it startled me somewhat; Frank Mildmay"—It was now the husband's turn to start. "Why, you did not, I think, know him?"

"No matter; what of Frank Mildmay?"

"He has broken his neck in a steeple-chase. Do you know, Harry," she added after a few moments' pause, and with one of the sweetest, happiest smiles that ever lighted up woman's face, "that I once quite liked Frank Mildmay; and I do believe that, had it not been for dear, good, sensible papa, I should have accepted him rather than you. What a providential escape for both of us! Was it not, Harry?"

"Providential indeed," replied the husband, fondly pressing his wife's proffered hand. Presently afterwards he added in a musing tone, but unheeded by Mrs Rivers, who was again busy with the newspapers, "A remarkably clever woman is Aunt Barbara. I should like to hear her opinion upon 'the philosophy of dreams'—"

"Gilesez, mortels; n'appuyez pas."

Sunder philosophy than that never fell from human lips.

A WORKING-MAN'S REPORT OF MICHIGAN.

[In the spring of last year the writer of the following paragraph, a journeyman printer, possessed of both industry and intelligence, but yet capable of obtaining only casual and uncertain employment in a profession overcrowded with workmen, and at that time suffering from unusual depression, joined (with his son, a lad of fifteen) a small party of emigrants, consisting in all, including children, of but eleven persons. Their intention was to seek out and purchase with their united means a suitable plot of ground, by the cultivation of which they expected to realise a sufficient support, and gradually to improve their condition through the exercise of temperance, industry, and perseverance. After a search of some months, both in Canada and the States, they ultimately settled on a partially-cleared farm of eighty acres in the neighbourhood of Detroit. The reader can himself judge of the prospects before them, and may learn from the following candid sketch, written certainly without the remotest idea of publication, something of the difficulties to be encountered, and the encouragement to be met with, at the present moment in emigrating to the backwoods of America.]

You must know that the American government surveyors divide the land into sections of a square mile each, or 540 acres; a road is generally cut between each section, but this consists simply of felling the trees, which are left to rot and block up the route, and it is years before these roads assume the appearance of civilisation; and until then, any part of the forest is better for travelling than a government road. A section of land stands thus:—

90	90	90	90
90	90	90	90

You may imagine our lot to be the one marked with an asterisk, which fronts a travelled road all but impass-

able in wet weather. There are no stones in this region to make roads with: good roads are laid down with oak planks of four inches in thickness. We have two and a-half miles to go to reach a planked road, and four and a-half miles further takes us to Detroit. There is no clearing behind us for some distance, the land being in the hands of speculators waiting for purchasers. None is to be had under ten dollars an acre. I attended a sale of land last week between here and Detroit; it fetched twenty-five dollars an acre. There were thirty acres, eight only cleared, and no buildings. The only land government has left to sell is in parts where climate is unfavourable, or where the distance from the markets is too great. Population increases but slowly in Michigan. Detroit has been a city of importance for many years—its position has caused it to be so; but though we are only seven miles from it, there are vast tracts of land in our neighbourhood which have never echoed the sound of a woodman's axe. Pontiac is the nearest town to Detroit, and that is twenty-four miles off, and is merely a village. The road thither from Detroit is good, and chiefly planked. There is also a railway, formed for the purpose of carrying the grain products of Oakland county to Detroit market, from whence it can be shipped to Buffalo and other ports. The road is nearly all through forest in the hands of speculators; the land good for little, being mainly swamp and sand. I explored the land northwards on the shore of Lake Huron for about a hundred miles. There are several villages on the margin of the lake, at which steamboats on their way to Wisconsin halt for supplies of wood—the population of all of them but trifling. Land may be bought within three miles of the lake, but it would not be a good speculation, as I am convinced near a century will elapse before the district becomes populous. There are no natural harbours on that coast, and the expense of making artificial ones is too great to be thought of at present. Harbours made there must be of durable materials, as the storms on these lakes are terrific. . . . As to the backwoods, I would not recommend a settlement there even to the stoutest farmer; he would have to learn a business entirely new to him: his main occupation would be chopping and clearing for some years, and even then his land would be cursed with standing stumps, which it takes ten years, on an average, to rot away. An Englishman knows nothing of the use of the axe till he comes to America. I have made the acquaintance of two Americans who live within a mile of us. They have instructed me in 'Yankee fixings;' and though they say I shall never be a Yankee, they compliment me in saying that I 'frame well, and would have made a backwoodsman had I been brought up reasonably.' . . . The chopping makes my limbs very stiff: on awaking in the morning I can hardly use my hands and arms, but do not feel much of it in the course of the day: am in hopes this will wear off. I told you before coming out that I did not intend to be dismayed by difficulties, and I have stuck to that determination. I have wrought much harder than ever I did in England, but am in hopes things will be a little easier in the course of a twelvemonth. . . .

I told you we had forty acres of cleared land and forty of forest. A loghouse, degenerated to a stable, stands at the distance of a rood from the road, and a few yards behind this was a little log-shanty, built ten years ago by a negro employed on the premises: there is likewise a log-barn. We gave fifteen dollars an acre for our farm, and it was thought cheap. We had left the families at Detroit while we were negotiating the purchase, and preparing a place for their reception. The first job was to put the loghouse into shape. The floor had been laid on 'sleepers' sunk into the earth, both of course rotten. The mud paste had fallen out from the logs which formed the walls, through the chinks of which the gray sky grinned miserably. While M—— went to Detroit to make arrangements, Willy and I set to work with the floor: we pulled up the

boards, and dug out the earth beneath about a foot deep, laid fresh sleepers, and placed on them a good covering of planks, and made a capital floor. We had all our tools and nails, and got on very well. M—— joined us in a day or two, and we plastered and whitewashed the walls. * We have a brick hearth and brick chimney, and when the fire is lighted it is comfortable enough. The house is divided into two parts, the inner part being again divided into two bedrooms. A bedstead was fixed in each of these rooms. As you may be curious to know how a backwood bedstead is fixed, I will describe the process, which we were taught by Mr B——, the party of whom we bought the land, and who has proved himself an excellent fellow. We went into the woods and picked out a long piece of oak, a sapling about three inches in diameter: this was cut into four pieces; a hole was bored with an auger about an inch diameter in each, and a corresponding hole for each post was bored in the log-wall of the room; four cross-pieces were then cut, rounded at the ends, and with a mallet driven into the walls; the cross-pieces were then introduced into the holes in the posts or legs, and hammered up in the same style, and then stood 'firm as oak.' Three planks thrown across each of these fixings made two splendid bedsteads. These being destined for the heads of the family, another bed was fixed between the cheek of the fireplace and the wall for three of the children. With other contrivances, all were lodged with the exception of Willy and me, who were left to occupy the middle of the floor in front of the fireplace on three planks raised on boxes. Here we accordingly slept for some days; but neither of us relishing our quarters overmuch, I turned my attention to the black man's shanty, thinking I could repair it, and lodge there much more at ease. I found this shanty, into which I had not looked before, about eleven feet square, with a sloping roof not high enough in the lowest part to stand upright in. Heavy logs form the sides of the building—so heavy, that levers must have been used to bring each log to its position. The roof is formed thus—trees are felled and sawn through their centres lengthways, and then hollowed into shapes semi-cylindrical. One portion of the trunks is placed thus,



and the others thus, and from the method in which they are fixed, you will perceive that what falls on the convex surface will inevitably flow into the sub-lying concavities, and find its way to mother earth, as the whole slants considerably. I found the hut in a wretched state of disrepair, with the exception of the roof; all the mud plaster had disappeared from the walls; there was very little floor, and what there was was rotten; no chimney, but a hole in the back for the escape of smoke. The place having been long deserted, it had become a rendezvous for lizards and snakes, and it really required some courage to set about repairing it. Willy, however, had the same desire as myself to secure a snug sleeping-berth, so to work we went with right goodwill. While I was laying down the new floor, my son dug the clay, and made the paste for the walls, and afterwards we filled up the chinks together. In three days we were able to sleep in it: we had got a sound floor, a door (leathern hinges of course), a good bedstead, and the walls plastered and whitewashed: it was an immense gratification to us both to find it so comfortable. We have made a good fireplace and a chimney: the cheeks of the fireplace are of wood faced with mud, the back of mud entirely; and though there is not a particle of stone or brick in the whole affair, I defy the strongest wind to blow down the chimney, and I can have an immense fire on the hearth without danger: there is at this moment a hundred-weight of wood burning, and we always leave it in that state on retiring to rest without apprehension, and sure of finding a fire burning in the morning. The improved appearance of the shanty has gained me great credit from our neighbours, and I continue to use it, although the farmhouse has since been enlarged, so as to render

the use of the shanty unnecessary. Willy and I sit on a box and a barrel on each side of the fire in our sanctum, having no chairs. I tried my hand at making a chair a fat Yankee made the first trial of its quality, but broke it to shivers with his weight, and then had the modesty to tell me I was no mechanic.

With respect to land most of the cultivation here is very roughly performed, the farmers seeming to agree that that method which takes the least labour is the best. They nearly all declare that a man could not live on less than twenty-five acres. I am persuaded that an industrious family might live on less than ten acres, and save money. I intend to direct my attention principally to gardening, all garden stuffs commanding a ready sale at Detroit. Wheat is not much cultivated here, it is thought to require too much attention. The principal produce is Indian corn, oats and hay for all of which there is a ready sale at Detroit. Horses are plentiful, and in general are fine looking animals, feed being cheap, they are in good condition. Cattle and sheep are not so large as in England. Beef varies in Detroit from three halfpence to two pence halfpenny per pound. When a farmer kills a 'beef critter,' he disposes of a portion to his neighbours, and then sells the remainder for his family, when he sells any of his stock to a butcher, he either is paid all in cash, or has part cash, and the rest in meat, to be drawn as he wants it. Any of his neighbours will bring him a few pounds at any time, as most of them are continually passing to and from Detroit. Indian corn is a wondrous product of nature, it is the most useful grain in the world, it fattens every animal that eats it. Man, bears, horses, oxen, pigs, &c. all enjoy it. When green it forms a fine vegetable for the table, and when ripe is a sweet flavoured grain. There are generally two good crops on a stem. A few days ago, while coming through a field I plucked one of the ears and counted the number of grains. They amounted to 360.

Water is sometimes short in this district, the well which we found on the farm failed in this summer, and we were forced to dig another, which fortunately yields us a copious supply. The summer has been exceedingly hot, but it has been cooler recently with plenty of rain. We have the Indian summer yet to come (it is now the 15th October) which lasts from two to six weeks, after which the winter, though it is and the frosts are not so severe until after Christmas. A farmer usually kills a 'beef critter' when the frost sets in, cuts it up and freezes the joints, when it comes out for cooking it is immersed in cold water until it thaws, when it is found to be as sweet as though fresh killed, and much tenderer. The people generally live on salt pork, they consider it the best food for this climate. I have not met with any bacon, for which pork is the universal substitute, being first half boiled, and then fried, it has much the flavour of mild bacon. People here live well though I cannot say much for their wardrobes, yet every one has a profusely furnished table, but there is no waste, the pigs coming in for a good share of the leftovers.

The climate, in my opinion is far superior to that of England. The summer is hotter, but it lasts much longer. There are frequently thick fogs at night, but the atmosphere is generally clear. Whether it is owing to the great distances from the sea I cannot say, but all animals require to be supplied with salt, and that is the reason the inhabitants are so fond of eating so much salt pork. Our people have all suffered from diarrhoea, which, we were told, we might have escaped by eating salt pork three times a day. Pumpkins are grown in great quantities between the rows of Indian corn, they arrive to great perfection, keep as well as turnips, and are famous food for horses and cattle; unlike turnips, they impart no unpleasant flavour to the butter, but rather improve it. Tomatoes abound. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, are fine and plentiful. Grapes are cultivated, but I have seen none of the ripe fruit, except of the wild grape, which grows in the woods, and

of which I intend to cultivate a few ships next year. The potato disease exists here, but the potatoes we now eat are finer than any I have seen in England for some years. Carrots, onions, parsnips, celery, are very poor in comparison with English, but this arises from want of cultivation. I should like some good English seed of each of these vegetables, they would thrive well with care in this soil. We have every variety of useful timber here, oak is everywhere most abundant, so are birch, sugar-maple, soft-maple, hickory, iron wood &c. The trees attain a much greater altitude than in England. Most of them, oaks included, are seen in the forest varying from 30 to 80 feet in height, without a single lateral branch farther than a dozen feet from the summit. This is probably caused by the struggle to overtop each other in reaching up after the light. Though the tops are so high, the roots have comparatively no hold upon the ground while the forest is unbroken, they stand erect and firm, but once begin clearing, and the wind brings them down by wholesale. All trees intended to stand must be planted, you then have branching trees with deep roots. If you never erected within the reach of forest-trees—a squall of wind might cause one of these to annihilate the building. When the woodman has struck his last stroke it once of the forest monarchs, the sight is sublime. You first see him gently swaying forward, reminding you of the majestic motion of a lurching ship, then you are startled by a mighty and multitudinous crashing as he strikes his descent sheer through the smaller trees beneath him. This is succeeded by a deafening sound as his powerful trunk smites the earth, a sound which reverberates through the woods for miles around.

We have no thorn hedges all railing is done as you see it described in the 'Yorkshire Farmer.' I have occasionally seen a tree of the white thorn growing in the woods but like everything else here it is larger than in England, the spines are much longer in stature and the fruit is as large as a cherry. I wish I had a small sackful of the English kind to plant.

I should think that the place we inhabit, from the general appearance of the subsoil has been elevated from the lake. We have first a coat of vegetable mould about eight inches in thickness, the next is a mixture of sand and clay, the sand is pretty pure, but the clay and clay have evidently been deposited in quiet water. The general flatness of this part of the country favours this idea, and I have observed in Lake St. Clair that large patches of land, varying from one to four miles in width, are rising on a level with the surface of the lake, they are all covered with rank grass and no doubt in course of time a flood will arise, deposit a crust of mould, and render them productive.

MONSIEUR THILORIX

A few days since having left the close and gloomy hall where the members of the Paris Scientific Institute hold their meetings, I walked through the Place Vendôme, and my eyes turned involuntarily towards a small high window in one of its corner houses. Some years ago that window lighted the laboratory of Monsieur Thilorix, a man who united immense practical knowledge to a poet's imagination. It happened one day, that while walking in the street in a state of complete mental abstraction, occupied in the solution of some abstruse problem, he came into rude collision with a carriage. The shock threw him down. I was passing at the moment, and having raised him, offered my arm to support him to his house. On the way, we began to converse on scientific subjects, in which I took a lively interest; and thus commenced a sincere friendship, over which, during ten years, there passed no cloud. Some weeks afterwards, Thilorix, whom accidents encountered in the cause of science had covered with scars like a veteran, tried, before an immense au-

dience, various experiments in condensing carbonic acid. When this hitherto impalpable and invisible gas was seen starting from the apparatus in the form of snow, enthusiastic acclamations burst from the crowd, and tears of joy filled the eyes of Thilorier as I pressed his warm, trembling hand.

It was evident that he had now seized the germ of a new motive power, destined to excel and replace steam, which, in comparison, would be considered a slow and cumbrous agent. From the tribune, M. Arago said emphatically, with all the authority of his scientific name, that in the construction of railways, regard should be had to the probable substitution of a power far surpassing steam: he then alluded to Thilorier's experiments in condensing carbonic acid gas.

Meantime Thilorier entered his laboratory, and with his eyes closed, and his favourite cat on his knee, meditated in profound silence. With delight he surveyed the future results of his discovery—steam supplanted by an agent one thousand times more powerful; transatlantic navigation easy and rapid; the problem of steering balloons almost solved! He contemplated circumnavigating the globe in a vessel impelled by condensed carbonic acid, and in which a spiral screw would replace the clumsy paddles; for the idea of applying the Archimedean screw to navigation had been long since conceived and expressed by Thilorier. Those who knew him may remember the surprise he always testified that 'it had not been thought of long ago.' However, if Thilorier had discovered an unrivalled motive power, it still remained for him to demonstrate how its force could be regulated; and on several occasions his experiments to that effect were sufficiently disastrous. The apparatus burst, and not only covered the martyr of science with fresh wounds, but smote him with almost total deafness. It was then thought proper to try at the Sorbonne a grand and decisive experiment on this intractable gas. Either by some fatal imprudence or sad chance, the apparatus blew up, wounded severely several of the spectators, killed one of the attendants, and deprived Thilorier of a finger. Yet it was not this loss that grieved him: it was the discredit thrown on his darling discovery. Fear possessed the souls of all the *savans*, and they obstinately refused to hearken to Thilorier's *naïf* argument—'This is the twentieth time that my condensing apparatus exploded, and only the first, that any one was killed. Hitherto all the harm it did was to wound me.' The very name of carbonic acid gas was sufficient to put to flight the whole body-corporate of the Institute, not to mention the Sorbonne and the College of France.

Sad at heart, Thilorier returned to his laboratory; and those who knew him remarked a total change in his habits: he passed whole days without noticing his cat; paced backwards and forwards in his room for hours; no longer handled his crucibles and alembics; and when, by chance, he went out, he would walk through the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, and stop short suddenly, regardless of the curiosity he excited. He was a handsome man, with fine hair, already gray, and he wore in his button-hole the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, so that his appearance secured him from insult. It often happened that some woman, moved with compassion, took him gently by the arm, and led him safely to the footpath. On these occasions he never thought of thanking his benefactress. He would pass by his best friends without seeing them, or replying when they spoke. One fixed idea had taken possession of him: a fixed idea—that indescribable line of demarcation which separates genius from madness, Newton from the fool, who thought he could suspend the moon on the point of his forefinger. The mind of Thilorier continued in this state for many years.

One morning, at five o'clock, he entered my room. He was no longer the same man as on the previous evening; his appearance was completely transfigured—no more abstraction, no more profound meditation. He was newly shaved, neatly dressed, and he passed be-

tween two tables covered with porcelain ornaments without upsetting anything. He seated himself at the foot of my bed, and said with a calm, smiling air, 'Well, at length I have solved the problem! You know that some weeks since my apparatus blew up'—

'Some weeks!' interrupted I: 'some years you mean?'

'Ah, really!' said he quietly. 'Have I, then, been so long in solving this difficulty? But weeks or years, what do they signify after all, as I have my solution? Yes, my friend, not only is an explosion rendered impossible, but I feel that I have mastered this terrible force. I can do what I please with it: it is my slave. At my pleasure I can employ it in moving enormous masses, in giving life to gigantic machines, or in playing without injury among the most delicate and fragile springs.'

Surprised, I looked at him without speaking.

'He doubts—he doubts what I tell him!' cried he laughing. 'But look at these plans and drawings: believe your eyes, and hear me!' And then, with a brilliant clearness which allowed no misgiving to linger in the mind even of one not profoundly versed in the arcana of science, he developed the methods which he meant to employ, and their bearing on his favourite theory. 'I shall require three days to prepare my apparatus. I wish to construct it entirely with my own hands. Come, then, to me in three days, and you who, through evil report, have ever continued my steadfast friend, shall be the first to witness and share my triumph.'

He pressed my hand affectionately, and left me, saying, 'In three days: don't forget!'

I was punctual to the appointment. As I entered the gate, the old woman in the porter's lodge addressed me—'Ah, monsieur, what a misfortune! Such a good man! As gentle and innocent as a child, and to die so suddenly!'

'Who?' cried I.

'Monsieur Thilorier! He died in his study not an hour since!'

Alas! it was too true! A sudden fit had carried off my poor friend. What had become of his discovery? No trace could be found in his laboratory of the drawings I had seen; and his notes, if he had any, were likewise lost. Had he really solved the great problem which he sought? No one can tell: his thoughts had been imparted only to one, unfortunately incapable of recalling their recondite import correctly. However it may have been, steam yet remains unrivalled; and the condensation of carbonic acid gas is regarded as a curious but most perilous experiment, which chemical professors rarely venture to try.

If Thilorier had lived but a few days longer, who can tell whether this untameable gas might not have changed the destiny of the entire globe?

A GROUP OF SAVAGES.

During the early part of the present summer season I strolled out of doors one evening to enjoy a little open air exercise, and to inhale the invigorating breezes which contribute to render the climate of Natal, and its capital Pietermaritzburg, peculiarly agreeable and beneficial to persons of delicate constitution, as also to those labouring under the debilitating effects of sedentary employment. Having had my ramble, I was returning homewards, when, casting my eyes towards the town, I espied a cluster of natives a little way off the roadside, some of whom were seated on the grass, and the company apparently engaged in conversation. Concluding them to be a party conveying commodities to market, I moved towards them, in the hope of securing a bargain, either in the way of a good mat for my floor, a pot of honey, a few fowls, some potatoes, or such-like matters which they might have brought, as is their wont, from the kraals to dispose of to the *amasungu*, or white men. On reaching them, I found the group to consist of a man, two lads, and four *tsimmbi*, or young women; and by using a jargon composed of broken English, bad Dutch,

and worse Kaffir, I ascertained that, laden with baskets of *melies*, or Indian corn, for the market, they had that morning at daybreak started from their place of abode, at Mr Allison's Wesleyan mission station, and being now near their journey's end, they had halted for a while to adjust their persons, previous to making their appearance at the mission schoolhouse in town, where they had agreed to pass the night; and also to refresh themselves with some *izinkwa*, or bread, made from a coarse kind of meal procured from *melies*, by the very primitive process of crushing or mangling the grain between a small roundish stone and a large flat one. The bread, I noticed, was not, as is usual with the Kaffirs, passed round for each one rudely to detach his portion, but was divided with a knife, and lay decently spread upon the lap of the eldest of the females. Although I saw that there were no purchases to be made, yet this group exhibited such an unexpected degree of cleanliness of person and neatness of apparel (being all very decently clad), added to a spirit of confiding cheerfulness which seemed to prevail among them, that I felt a strong inclination to remain and witness them at their frugal repast. Seeing that I showed no signs of departure, she who held the bread spoke a few words to the man, who presently removed his broad-brimmed hat from his head, the lads following his example, and the girls bending meekly forward, and gave utterance, in a mild and strikingly reverential tone, to a short prayer for a blessing upon the food! When they had finished eating, I put a few questions to them as to the nature of their daily employments: the man, who seemed like the 'Great-heart' of the company, replied that he worked the ground—one of the lads helped him; and the girls said they were usually employed in the house, and the bread of which they had just partaken was the result of their labours. Those 'wild Kaffirs' formed a beautiful group; their words suggested a beautiful picture of cheerful industry; and I slowly resumed my walk, tormented with a host of impertinent comparisons that rose unbidden into my mind.—*From a correspondent, W. P.*

CHINESE IVORY CARVING.

The cases of concentric balls, each within each, so exquisitely carved by the Chinese, and styled by the Edinburgh Review 'the ne plus ultra of idle industry,' have given rise to many disputations. In a former number, we copied from a popular journal a distinct assertion that the ivory ball was divided before the carving, and that the subsequent joining would become manifest by the application of sufficient heat. A correspondent of our own, however, stands up for the honour of Chinese art, and declares not only that the balls, *with the exception of the outer one*, are cut from a single solid globe of ivory, but that he himself has discovered, and practised as an amateur, the method of doing so. As an illustration of his reasons for supposing that the inner balls are actually cut out of one piece, he mentions the Chinese fans that are familiar to most people. 'Let any one,' says he, 'look attentively at the sticks when folded, and he will find the perforations all alike, and so exact, that he must be convinced that they were made in the solid, and the sticks afterwards sawn apart.' Following out this idea, he inquired what there was to prevent the perforations in a solid ball with taper tools from being made in the same manner? and he then proceeded to establish by experiment the possibility of separating the solid into various balls after the perforations were made. 'After many unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded, and have done many of them in hard wood, and also in ivory—the latter being tried only when I had succeeded in the former. Ivory is too expensive to experiment upon; and the value of the substance even in China would not, I should think, admit of so many solid pieces being cut up merely to produce cases of balls.' Our correspondent adds that there are professional turners in London who have met with the same success; and that these curious balls, which have excited so much surprise and argument, are now manufactured in this country, as in China, out of a single solid piece. This, however, must always be understood to be with the exception of the outer ball, which, being of an entirely different and more elaborate pattern, must necessarily be carved from two hemispheres afterwards closely joined.

WATER-DRINKING.

I am decidedly opposed to the indiscriminate drinking of large quantities of cold water. One cannot understand in what manner these large imbibitions are to operate so as to

be useful in the animal economy. We know precisely what becomes of the water soon after entering the stomach; we can trace exactly what course all this water must take—what channels it must traverse—between its entrance and its exit. We are perfectly well acquainted with certain physiological effects produced by it after it has been received into the system. * It dilutes the blood, it lowers the temperature, and therefore diminishes the vital power of the stomach; it puts certain systems of capillary blood-vessels on the stretch, to the great danger of bursting, and it over-taxes the kidneys. I have seen two very bad cases which were fairly attributable to the excessive drinking of water. . . . Thus, then, it seems there are certain well-understood and very obvious injuries which the large imbibition of water cannot fail to inflict, while the supposed benefits to accrue from it are altogether mystical, problematical, unintelligible. The quantity of water which each person should drink during the day must always depend on his own feelings. He may always drink when the doing so is agreeable to his sensations: when it is repulsive, never.—*Dr F. Johnson's Domestic Hydropathy.* [Quite our own opinion: there may be intemperance in drinking water as in drinking alcoholic liquors. The fanaticism of water-drinking, however, seems to be on the decline.]

ODE TO BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of Beauty! thou
That permeatest the grand old universe,
I fly to thee, I kiss thy radiant brow—
Glory-flit by gleams from paradise—
And pray thee to disperse,
Beautifullest essence!
By thy rainbow presence,
The sorrow-cloud that haunts these aching eyes,
And dawn upon me with that tenderest light
Which streams from off thy pinions, seraph-seener, bright
Thou, in blue-swooning space,
Where outmost comet flares across the void
His gleamy torch, findest a dwelling-place;
And this round world is circled with thy smiles;
Our souls are never with thy sweetness cloyed,
As sunset limes still murmurous with bees,
Whether o'er argent seas
Thou sprinklest many little gleaming isles
Girdled with chiming foam and foliage crowned,
Or shadowing the deep with rough rocks moss-embrowned.
Thy power to bless is felt
When lifts the fair sweet moon above the pines
Her silver crest, and loveliness is spelt
In the deepening azure by star-galaxies;
But far more when Orion's jewelled belt
Dims at the ruby burst of dawn, when shines
The misted mien with dewy brilliancies,
And the dusk forest thrills
With throbbings strong of wind-waked symphonies,
Whilst thou, purple-enrobed, queen'st it from laughing hills.
Fair flowers that braided shine
Upon the kirtle of the moist-lipped spring,
Or in the lap of summer, all are thine;
Drooped hyacinths, the sapphire sentinels
About a runlet's crystal issuing,
Dew-lustred violets, spired asphodels,
And gleam of poppies among golden corn;
Twin roses cheek to cheek where garden glows
Are incensed by the spicy plumes
Of Julyflower refreshing as the breath of morn.
The dim wood greenly folds
Thy shadowy form within his braided boughs,
Droops his plump fruitage which the autumn moulds
For thy young lip; or when keen frost endows
His wintered arms with silvery foliage,
Thou lo'ast to watch our valley-slopes of snow
Take, like flushed beauty's brow, a vermeil glow
From the red west—foam-footed Thetis too,
Bids thee glad welcome to her breezy blue,
For thou art loved all o'er thy bourneless heritage.

H. H. O.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE GOTHA CANAL—REMARKS ON GOTHLAND—
FALLS OF TROLLHÄTTE.

A GLANCE at the map of Sweden shows a singular complexity of inland waters crossing the southern part of the peninsula between Stockholm and Gottenburg. A common map is usually sufficient to exhibit the extraordinary radiating forms of many of these lakes, but it requires a large and elaborate one to display in perfection this remarkable interspersion of land and water. The country is generally low; about 390 feet is the utmost elevation which a railway would have to pass over, if, as has been projected, one should be formed between those two cities. There is in the whole of the southern portion of the Scandinavian peninsula no hill of one thousand feet in height. The surface of the country is generally composed of tame undulations, the highest points presenting exposed rock, while flats and lakes lie between. Of this tameness the ice has been the main cause, in reducing every asperity and angularity to one rounded form, excepting partially on the south sides of the more prominent masses.

The chain of lakes—amongst which is that of Wenern, the largest in Europe—was taken advantage of at the close of the last century for the formation of a canal, whereby at once the navigation between Stockholm and Gottenburg should be shortened, and the Sound dues of the king of Denmark avoided. It was completed by Telford; and its success as a speculation may be inferred from the fact, that it pays 12 per cent. It rises from the sea at Gottenburg, partly by the river, and partly by a cut channel with locks, to the Wenern, 14190 feet; from this to the Wiken Lake, 16220: total, 30710. Thence it descends through a series of smaller lakes to the sea at Soderkoping, 30526 feet, or nearly two feet less;* a fact, by the way, which gives some countenance to my apprehension that the Gulf of Bothnia may be upon a higher level than the ocean. The course of navigation is completed to Stockholm by a passage from a branch of the sea at Sodertelje through a short canal into the Maeler Lake.

Land-travelling between Stockholm and Gottenburg having little attraction, I resolved to proceed by one of the steamers which pass three times a week along the Gotha Canal. Late on Saturday evening I was conveyed to the vessel by a few of the gentlemen who had given me the honour of their friendship in this northern city, including the warm-hearted Professor Ritzius, the man in this respect most like my own countrymen that I have ever met abroad. I parted from them with regret, reflecting how little probability there was that

I should ever see any of them again. How often now-a-days, when travelling has become so frequent an indulgence, have we occasion to remember this drawback from its advantages—that it only the oftener tries us with the experience of brief warm friendships! We are continually meeting the worthiest, kindest people for a week, or a day, or half a day, and bidding them a final adieu when just beginning to wish that we had them always about us. It has been said that the mind of each living man is a churchyard of dead companions and friends; now, in addition to this, we have each of us an ideal necropolis, composed of the scarcely less dreary monuments of those who yet live, but, being eternally parted, are the same as dead.

I found rather a small vessel; no saloon besides the *spiese-kammer* (eating-room), and only a double series of small cabins, each with two beds, running transversely to the length of the vessel, with a narrow space between. Starting at an early hour on Sunday morning, we in a few hours passed through the Sodertelje Canal into the open sea. The passage was the scene of a very remarkable antiquarian discovery, to which Sir Charles Lyell alludes in his paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions' on the movements of the Baltic shores. It seems that this canal required a cutting of more than sixty feet through soft matter between two lines of rocky ground. In the course of that cutting the workmen found, at the depth of sixty feet, and at the level of the sea, the remains of an ancient hut. There were a floor and a hearth—distinct traces of its having been a human habitation. Sir Charles tells us that the superincumbent matter was composed of a marine formation. He says, 'the stratification of the mass over the house was very decided, but for the most part of that wavy and irregular kind which would result from a meeting of currents.' His theory is thus expressed:—'It appears that this building must have been submerged beneath the waters of the Baltic to the depth of sixty-four feet; and before it was raised again to its present position, it had become covered with strata more than sixty feet thick.'

To imagine that the land at this place can have been sunk sixty-four feet since it was first inhabited by man, is a supposition so violent, that only the most incontestable evidence could justify its being advanced. There should not only be strong positive evidence for the assumed fact, but there should be no other way of accounting for it. Now, are we quite sure that there is no other way of accounting for the existence of a human habitation below sixty feet of soft matter in that situation? I find in Mr Laing's work on Sweden a remarkable passage. Speaking of the branch of the Maeler Lake, out of which this short canal proceeds, he says—'It was in this branch of the Maeler, if I am not mistaken, that St Olaf, when a vik-

* These measurements are copied directly from the *Life of Mr Telford*.

ing, was penned up on one of his piratical expeditions, in the eleventh century, by the united fleets of the Swedish and Danish monarchs; they expected to starve him out, or force him to engage with his few ships to a disadvantage. *He made a ditch or canal from the lake to the Baltic, through which he carried his vessels to sea, leaving his enemies blockading the entrance of the branch of the lake.* The line of this ditch would necessarily be the same as that of the modern canal. In such a trench a house may have been built. The trench may have been subsequently filled up with wind-driven materials; against which supposition there is nothing positive on record in the case; for though Sir Charles states that the superincumbent matter was stratified, and of marine origin, he only alludes to the banks or sides of the present canal at the spot, and not to the matter actually above the house, which indeed he never saw. On the contrary, there is something in the record positively in favour of our surmise, for Sir Charles ascertained that the sand immediately in contact with the remains of the house was of the fine kind which is accumulated by the wind. Behold, then, a possible modern origin for this hut, without any necessity of supposing a comparatively modern submersion of the land sixty-four feet under the sea!

It is of course to be feared that there has been some rashness in assuming the dip and subsequent re-emergence of the land since the hut was formed and inhabited. Such rashness is not to be wondered at, for a geologist in the condition of a determined partiality for a particular theory, is much as Mrs Slipslop, in her conversation with Joseph Andrews, described her sex to be in analogous circumstances: 'If we like a man, the lightest hint sophisticates.' When a man of science likes a theory, the lightest hint (accordant with it) sophisticates. The modern geologist is so determined that the land shall move up and down, to account for every trace of marine formations above the present level of the sea, that whatever falls in with that view is accepted without challenge or investigation, while the most elaborate display of facts that even *seems or tends* to hint at a different way of explaining such phenomena is made but light of. The error is part of a larger one, resting on an oracular dictum of modern times, that we can only explain ancient phenomena by causes which we see in operation at the present time; whereas the causes which actually operated may not be now under observation, and, if we confine ourselves solely to those now visibly working, we may pitch upon wrong ones. The paucity of theoretical wisdom in modern science is illustrated by such things. With regard to the change in the relative level of seas and lands, as it appears to be a universal phenomenon (for from every continent it is now reported), why may not the idea of a fall of the sea apply to it as well as the local one of a rise of the land, which Playfair only preferred because he thought the phenomenon local? These gentlemen do not see that their own assertion of a so-great mobility in the crust of

the earth actually involves a possible fall of the sea also, since a sinking of some great ocean-bed would undoubtedly produce a decadence of the surface of the ocean, and leave every shore on earth to some extent exposed. For my own part, trusting to reason and observation, I shall continue to disclaim an exclusive hypothesis; prepared to find it ultimately ruled that both the sea falls and the land rises, and that a fall of the sea to the extent of some thousands of feet, by whatever means brought about, was actually one of the last of the great geological events.

The voyage supplied little occasion for remark. There was a considerable number of passengers of both classes. The first-class passengers met three times a day to discuss the substantial viands set before them. The rest of the time they spent in conversing or reading upon deck. The scenery was not remarkable; but I everywhere observed the south sides of any rocky prominences to be comparatively rough. One circumstance which I observed near Nordkoping struck me with some surprise. It was exactly five o'clock on a Sunday evening; consequently the secular part of the day had not commenced; yet here I saw a man ploughing with two oxen, and another man taking in corn with a rope by way of a back-burthen. My companion in the sleeping-cabin was a gentleman in the prime of life, whom I discovered to be a merchant of Hamburg. He was a teetotaler and a hydropathist, having been once cured by Priessnitz at Graffenburg. Great was his faith in cold water. He told me that, having been seized with cholera last year, he yielded to the thirst which possessed him, until the system seemed to be brought up to *par* in that respect. To this he attributed his cure. His father, a short time before, in the midst of healthy life, had been seized with the disease, in consequence of hearing of a friend having died of it. My companion did not entertain the slightest doubt that his father might have been saved if the doctors had allowed him a supply of water to drink.

Next morning, after breakfast, the vessel being detained a couple of hours by locks between the Røxen and Boren Lakes, we walked ashore to see the interesting old church of Vretakloster. This structure is wholly modernised in the exterior, but the interior still presents a few ancient features of interest, particularly tombs of ancient kings, abbesses, and other distinguished persons. One side aisle was sufficient to compensate me for the walk, being devoted to the sarcophagi of a family of Douglasses who have flourished in this neighbourhood since the Thirty Years' War. The sight of the bloody heart and three mullets in chief on their monuments was a refreshing circumstance in the midst of this dull period, recalling as it did some of the most interesting passages in Scottish history.

One of my regrets on leaving Stockholm was inability to pay a visit to the island of Gothland, which is only about sixteen hours' sail distant. This island is in several respects a remarkable and visit-worthy place. Having been the great entrepôt of northern commerce before the rise of the Hanseatic League, it is a sort of Carthage of the middle ages, full of traces of ancient grandeur, though for many generations left to comparative desolation. Its little capital (Wisby), now a small

* Professor Playfair's remarks were as follows: 'The imagination naturally feels less difficulty in conceiving that an unstable fluid like the sea, which changes its level twice every day, has undergone a permanent depression in its surface, than that the land, the *terra firma* itself, has admitted of an equal elevation. In all this, however, we are guided much more by fancy than by reason; for, in order to depress or elevate the absolute level of the sea, by a given quantity in any one place, we must depress or elevate it by the same quantity over the whole surface of the earth; whereas no such necessity exists with respect to the elevation or depression of the land. To make the sea subside thirty feet all round the coast of Great Britain, it is necessary to displace a body of water thirty feet deep over the whole surface of the ocean. It is evident that the simplest hypothesis for explaining those changes of level is, that they proceed from the motion, upwards or downwards, of the land itself, and not from that of the sea. As no elevation or depression of the sea can take place but over the whole, its level cannot

be affected by local causes, and is probably as little subject to variation as anything to be met with on the surface of the globe.'

It is evident here that the learned professor only makes a choice between hypotheses with a regard to their comparative simplicity, as accounting for phenomena assumedly local. He shows no reason why the sea may not fall and rise, though he thinks it less probable than local rises and depressions of the earth's crust. It is on such a basis that the English geologists have established their conclusion, on which they can endure no breath of scepticism, that there can be no change in the level of the sea. A late president of the Society thus spoke in his annual address in 1847:—'Notwithstanding that this unanswerable doctrine was thus clearly laid down so far back as 1802, we still find geologists of authority speaking of the sea having risen or fallen, in their endeavours to explain certain phenomena, &c. A very grave delinquency indeed! I must, nevertheless, profess my total inability to trace the logic which makes Mr Playfair's remarks an 'unanswerable doctrine.'

port, was, once a rich and populous city, with eighteen fine churches, and halls of assembly for foreign residents from almost every nation in Europe. The remains of the churches are described as a rich study for the ecclesiologist. The island has a more immediate interest as a place holding out great attractions to British settlers, on account of its adaptation for an improved agriculture. Situated in the midst of the Baltic, extending between the 57th and 58th parallels (the latitude of Aberdeenshire), and being one mass of limestone, nowhere rising more than 180 feet above the sea, it presents a fine soil and climate, as is expressively enough shown by the fact that the grape, walnut, and mulberry ripen in favourable seasons, and that horses and sheep remain abroad all winter. The gifts of nature are here, however, in a great measure thrown away, in consequence of the want of intelligence, activity, and enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. A large portion of the island has been allowed, in the course of ages, to fall into a swampy state, merely for the sake of a supply of water to a set of wretched little corn-mills, for which the people have a great favour. They are in so primitive a state, as not to have the slightest idea of the agricultural use of the limestone on which their soil reposes. Virgin soil of the richest kind, six and eight feet deep, exists for them in vain.

It gives at the same time a curious idea of the imperfect hold which mankind have as yet obtained of the means of subsistence, or of the rude state of the industrial economy of the world in our era, that there should be such a struggle carried on in England to make a moderate soil productive to an extreme extent, for the support of its multitude of inhabitants, when a large island exists, at the distance of seven or eight days' sail, where an immense capability of production is lying almost wholly neglected. Gothland appears, from the description, to be as expressly calculated by nature to furnish wheat for a great surrounding population, as a baker's oven is to prepare bread and roast-meat to a town neighbourhood. A company at Stockholm, of which the enterprising Mr Hierta is a leading member, has lately been organised for purchasing and partially draining lands in the island, with a view to a British settlement being formed. They have secured 10,000 acres, which they offer to sell in lots, such as may suit purchasers, at from L.4 to L.5 per acre, taking drained and undrained together. From all that I could learn, this is really a most inviting opening for our 'distressed agriculturists.' Major Pringle, who has sported over the island, and whose knowledge of agricultural matters in his native Berwickshire gives weight to his opinion, assured me that the capabilities of the soil and climate have been in no degree overpraised. Mr George Stephens, of the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture' (published by Messrs Blackwood in Edinburgh), surveyed certain extensive tracts in the island some years ago, and reported to the king that he had nowhere seen such abundance of excellent soil, susceptible of an easy cultivation; adding that the expense of draining would be repaid in some places by one year's crop, and in others by two. It is hard for one man to judge for another, but I feel that, were I a Scotch farmer under an expiring lease, and the prevalent apprehensions of my class as to the effect of the abolition of the corn-laws, I should deem it my duty to take a look of this island, and see if a new and comfortable home could not be carved out of it. Stay-at-home people are apt to be under great prejudices regarding such countries as Sweden, and regarding a decided change of the field of existence. When they see the countries in question, find a kindly and worthy Christian people there as well as at home, and take into consideration the wonderful facilities for communication which mark our time, the spell of prejudice breaks, and they wonder at their former delusions. In reality, there is almost unlimited field in Sweden generally, but in Gothland particularly, for British enterprise. It must be remembered that a very considerable number of clever Scotsmen have al-

ready enriched themselves and taken leading positions in the dominions of King Oscar. The present is obviously a crisis when the success of a British settler would be much more certain and decided. Being so near to England, advanced in the physical and moral conditions of civilisation, and placed under a mild constitutional government, Sweden has, in my opinion, a decided preference over any part of America as a scene of settlement. Labour, moreover, though inferior to what is to be had in Britain, is everywhere abundant and cheap; and under Scotch grieves or foremen, it might be expected in time to improve. In Gothland all these advantages are concentrated in connection with an admirable soil and climate. I cannot entertain a shadow of doubt, that to become a successful farmer in Scotland is a matter ten times more problematical than with the same means to become a flourishing proprietor in Gothland.*

I am afraid that a Londoner would have considered our canal voyage, metaphorically as well as literally, slow. The scenery along the banks, and also bordering the lakes, is tame, and there is little besides to see. Even in the article of stoppages, and the taking up and setting down of passengers, there is not much of an enlivening nature. Our stoppage at Motala in the afternoon of Monday would have been a pleasant occurrence if it had been long enough to allow us to look over the town, and see the various iron foundries and manufactories which make it the Birmingham of Sweden. We crossed the Wenern Lake on Tuesday, and stopped for the night at a sterile promontory called Ekinaes, where there was a peasant's hut situated in as desolate a scene as could well be imagined. The surface was everywhere polished, with stris pointing to the south-west by compass.

Breakfast-time on Wednesday saw us all agreeably stirred up by the intelligence that, having reached the extremity of the lake, where the steamer has to descend a series of locks, we unfortunate passengers should have a couple of hours to visit the celebrated Falls of Trollhätte. These remarkable cascades are formed by the outpouring of the waters of the Wenern Lake through a rocky gorge, being the commencement of the Gotha elv or river, which, after a brief run, joins the sea at Gotenburg. The falls occur in a series of three, the two upper being divided by islands. We pass by a bridge to the second island, and there see the upper falls by looking backward, as well as a fall on each hand. It is a tremendous scene. I thought I never had seen so great a mass of water thrown into such a state of violent agitation, or made to exercise so great a force. Small logs thrown into the torrent are seen no more. Parts of the rock in the island are giving way under the violence of the stream. The surfaces of the rock about the falls in many places retain their smoothing, the direction of which is the same as that of the valley, towards the south-west. Indeed there are pieces of dressed surface in the bed of the torrent which has of course swept over them for ages without obliterating the earlier glacial marking, or substituting any other—a tolerably clear proof of the incompetency of the theories of floods to account for the abraded superficies of Sweden. A little way farther down, just over the third fall, and about the same level as the upper one, there is a circular pit or pot in the rocky side of the valley, inscribed all round with the names of royal and other distinguished visitors. It is commonly considered as an ex-

* Lest these remarks should bring upon me a torrent of correspondence, I may mention that full information regarding the plans and proposals of the company is to be obtained from Mr O. F. Liljevalch, merchant in Stockholm. A visitor to Gothland ought to apply to the English consul, Mr Enequist, who is a director of the company. For an agricultural publication, willing to give publicity to the prospectus of the company, I should be happy to supply a copy of that document.

Mr Laing, in his 'Tour in Sweden' (1838), gives a good description of Gothland and of its agriculture, stating for one thing that L.375 was the price asked for an estate of 324 acres, 44 of which produced wheat, 50 natural grass for hay, 120 pasturage, while 150 were under wood or waste.

cavation made by the river at some former time, ere the present channel had been worn so deep; but in reality it is a *reissentoppe* (giant's tub), a product of some cascade connected with the glacial operations, and totally unconnected with the later condition of the valley as the bed of a river. I felt surprise that this, its obvious character, had not been previously pointed out.

I was now to take leave of this class of observations, and I did it with a strongly-awakened sense of the exceedingly great natural wonder which we have presented to us in the ancient operations of ice over Norway and Sweden. Savans at home are apt to hear the most faithful and even subdued descriptions of such things with incredulity. The fashion is to meet any amount of facts of this kind with the derogatory epithet—*theory*; thus making it dangerous for any one to be an observer in extraordinary phenomena. Let these very astute people wander, as I have done, over the Scandinavian peninsula, and employ their own infallible eyes in seeing the whole of the rocky surface, except the highest mountains, dressed and scratched. Nor are the phenomena confined to that country. In Finland and Russia to the east, in Scotland to the west, and even throughout the northern part of the North American continent, there are the same appearances. The general facts observed by me in Scandinavia are—that the direction of the dressings and scratchings is southerly, usually with an inclination to the west, and that the direction is unaffected by minor heights or hollows. The deduction which I make from the facts is, that the agent has been applied on a vast scale as to both massiveness and extent. M. Sefström's idea, that floods could produce the phenomenon, is utterly untenable. The effects being absolutely undistinguishable from those of existing glaciers, I believe that ice alone could be the agent. Notwithstanding, however, some observations of the late Mr Bothlingk in Finland, showing strise of easterly and northerly directions on the shores of the White and Icy seas, and the deduction thence drawn of a radiation as from a centre within Scandinavia, I do not believe that the agent had been in the form of modern glaciers, which are ice-streams moving from high grounds along valleys. Its width of application, its general uniformity of direction, and its indifference to all but great troughs in the country, show that it was in the form of a vast sheet of ice, coming apparently from the polar regions, though as to the source of its movement I must profess myself to be unprepared for hazarding even an opinion. It may be allowed, nevertheless, that some of the glacial phenomena of the north have been in the customary form of glaciers. Professor Forbes's discovery of ancient ice-markings in the Cuhullin Hills in the Isle of Skye gives us simply an example of a mountain glacier like that of Mont Blanc, now extinct in consequence of a change of temperature. There may also be instances of isolated smoothings in elevated situations, produced by icebergs borne by the sea when at a different relative level. But after making these admissions, there still remains the great fact, of an almost universal abrasion of the northern hemisphere as far south as Denmark and Florida, by ice, applied in a way to which neither glaciers nor icebergs furnish any effective analogy.

The steamer reached Gottenburg early in the afternoon, and thus was concluded the long round commenced about eleven weeks before, being the termination of my visit to Norway and Sweden. My carriage was now restored to its owner; and my faithful Quist was discharged, not without an exhibition of feeling on his part which I must ever remember with gratitude and affection. I left him with a strong recommendation to the care of my friend Mr Engström, the consul; and most sincerely do I hope that the poor fellow will be taken up every summer for years to come by—to use his own phrase—some of 'the gentlemen who go upon the road.' After a few days of most agreeable intercourse with various friends of old and new date at Gottenburg, I left that city (September 22) in the

Nordstjerna, a magnificent steamer, which makes in summer weekly trips to Copenhagen and back. We quickly dropped down the river and estuary, and having most serene weather, we next noon found ourselves abreast of the Danish capital.

R. C.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE 'days of chivalry,' in the steel-armour and horse-prancing sense of the phrase, have doubtless passed away into the limbo reserved for all social extravagances; but the spirit which, in the eyes of thoughtful men, redeemed its else vain shows and tinsel accessories from unmitigated contempt, interfused with the prosaic drama of conventional modern life, survives in more than all its ancient vigour, and from time to time gleams forth and illumines the sober hues of our neutral-tinted civilisation with the brilliant prismatic colours of the dawn. In other words, there are deeds constantly enacted in this matter-of-fact world of ours which, for real heroism, have no parallel in the glittering annals of plumed and painted chivalry. A romantic episode in the life of a gallant and well-known sea officer—for the exact verity of which I, and indeed many others still living, can vouch—affords, I think, a vivid illustration of this brief text.

Francis Travers, as I shall call him, was the only son of a worthy and somewhat eccentric gentleman of Devonshire, who had passed the greater part of an active and successful life in the naval service of the East India Company. He retired from active pursuits at the—for this bustling go-a-head country—early age of fifty-five; and having securely invested the savings of his life—amounting to about twenty thousand pounds—in the funds, retired to an old-fashioned rustic residence called Marlands, to enjoy in leisured solitary dignity—he had been long a widower—the remainder of his allotted days. His house, in common with those of most retired seamen, was speedily decorated with a wind-vane and a flag-staff, on which was frequently exhibited bunting of every hue and device known and recognised beneath the sun; but even with the help of these interesting time-killers, the hours passed slowly and heavily with the old mariner, and it was soon abundantly evident that to be thus everlastingly anchored, stranded in one spot, was ruinous to his health as well as temper. He grew daily more and more restless, fidgety, and irritable, and drank a great deal more than he had been accustomed to. Finally, on the very morning after the news arrived that his son had creditably passed for a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, Mr Travers was found dead and cold in his bed. The coroner's inquest recorded that he died by 'the visitation of God.'

Lieutenant Travers, the sole heir of his father's wealth, was at this time a fine specimen of a well-educated, intelligent naval officer; and rich, well-looking, and of robust health, might be fairly looked upon as an extremely fortunate person, whom in all probability a brilliant, cloudless future awaited. In the young officer's own opinion, however, all these aids and appliances were nothing if they failed to obtain for him the one sole object, after professional fame, of his ambition—the hand of the beautiful girl by whom, since his first visit to his father at Marlands, his whole being—heart, soul, sense—had been engrossed. His admiration of Mary Wharton was perhaps all the more enthusiastic and intense from having remained as yet strictly confined to his own breast. His heart alone knew and brooded over its own secret, and was likely, it seemed, to do so for an indefinite time to come, inasmuch as the daring sailor, who had already been twice wounded in desperate boat expeditions upon which he had volunteered, doubted much whether he should ever muster sufficient audacity to disclose his passion even to the fair lady herself.

It is the faith or imagination of the worshipper which invests the idol or the shrine with its transcendent

attributes; and often as Francis Travers had counted up his own advantages—*videlicet*, a person which even his modesty could not but admit was not one to frighten the gentler sex; a professional reputation for skill and daring; and now, since the death of his father, a handsome fortune—he pronounced them all mere dross and rags when weighed against the divine perfections of the lady. It is very doubtful whether any other human being would have arrived at the same conclusion. Mary Wharton was indeed an amiable, graceful girl; and her beauty, if not of the brilliant kind which at first view dazzles the beholder, was scarcely less ultimately dangerous in its pensive thoughtfulness, and in the beseeching gentleness which, gleaming from out the transparent depths of her sweet blue eyes, tinted the pale, finely-turned cheek with varying charm. But excepting this beauty of expression more than of form, and an unquestionably amiable temper and disposition, she had really nothing to boast. Of worldly fortune she would not possess one shilling, and was neither fashionably nor wealthily connected. Her father, Sir Richard Wharton—a spendthrift, gambling baronet, of old creation, it is true, but bankrupt alike in health and fortune, known, in fact, to be overwhelmed with debt—was scarcely very desirable as a father-in-law; and yet Francis Travers, as he took leave of Lady Wharton and her daughter, after attending his father's funeral, could not help wondering, as he gazed upon the fair, gentle girl, and felt her calm reservedness of tone and manner sweep coldly across his beating heart, at his presumptuous folly in having loved

— 'A bright, particular star,
And thought to wed it.'

So strange are the tricks which the blind god sometimes plays with the eyes and understandings of his more enthusiastic votaries.

The frigate to which Lieutenant Travers was first appointed, after knocking about the Channel through the winter, picking up a few trifling prizes, was ordered to Portsmouth, to be overhauled, and have her defects made good; but being found thoroughly infected with dry-rot, was put out of commission, and ultimately broken up. The brush off Trafalgar had crippled Napoleon's marine; and as the breeze with Brother Jonathan had not yet sprung up, lieutenants were in somewhat less request than usual, and Travers took up his abode at Marlards, undisturbed for a considerable time by intimation or command from the Admiralty. Mary Wharton, more beautiful, more interesting than ever, received him, he imagined, with a much more cordial frankness than formerly; Lady Wharton seemed pleased with his return; whilst Sir Richard, who, he instinctively felt, had long since penetrated his secret, and with whom, by the way, he had always been a great favourite, expressed unqualified pleasure at seeing him. What wonder, then, that the illusions dispelled by former coldness should reappear beneath the genial warmth of such a reception? There was no rival in the case: of that he felt assured. Indeed, with the exception of the Rev. Edmund Harford, curate of the parish church, and Mary's cousin, Lady Wharton and her daughter lived at Archer's Lodge in almost entire seclusion. Sir Richard for three-fourths of the year resided in London, and when visiting Devonshire, surrounded himself with associates whose manners and pursuits were anything but congenial with those of his wife and daughter. As to the curate, accomplished scholar and eloquent divine as he was, and much as Miss Wharton seemed to take pleasure in his varied and brilliant conversation—not more, however, than did her mother and Travers himself—any notion of marriage with him was, the lieutenant felt, quite out of the question. Edmund Harford's salary as curate was only about ninety pounds a year—he had no influential connections to push him on in the church—and Travers thought he had ill read the human character if Lady Wharton, did any chance exist of Mary allying herself with poverty

and wretchedness, would permit an intercourse likely to have so fatal a result. Thus reasoning, believing, hoping, Travers surrendered himself unresistingly to the influence by which he was enthralled. He walked, fished, played at billiards with the baronet, participated freely in all the various modes he adopted for killing time, except gaming, and awaited with torturing anxiety a favourable moment for terminating the feverish doubts which, reason as he might, still haunted him incessantly. A circumstance, sudden, unexpected, and terrible, cut short his hesitation, and pushed him to a decision he might have else delayed for months—perhaps years.

A dispute arose late one night between Sir Richard Wharton and one of his companions respecting alleged unfair play at cards. Injurious epithets were freely interchanged; and after a fruitless attempt by the persons present to adjust the quarrel amicably, an appeal to the arbitrement of the pistol was arranged for an early hour the next morning. The meeting took place, and both combatants were wounded at the first fire—Sir Richard, as it proved, mortally.

The baronet was hastily conveyed to the nearest public-house, and such medical aid as the locality afforded was instantly procured. On examining the wound, which was in the chest, and bled internally, the surgeon at once informed the sufferer that nothing could be done to prolong, much less to *save*, his life.

'I thought so—felt so!' murmured the unfortunate gentleman with white lips. 'Accursed chance!' A few moments afterwards he added, 'How long, think you, my life—this agony, may last?'

'Not long: an hour perhaps—not more.'

'So soon! I must be quick then. Let the room be cleared at once of all except my servant. James,' he added, as soon as his orders were obeyed, 'hasten to Marlards to Mr Travers: tell him I must see him instantly. Be swift, for more than life depends upon your speed!'

For the next half hour the groans wrenched from the dying man, in his fast-closing struggle with the terrible foe that held him in his iron grasp, were alone heard in the apartment; and then hurrying feet sounded along the passage, and Lieutenant Travers, greatly excited, rushed in.

'Can this terrible intelligence be true?' he breathlessly exclaimed, 'that you are'—

'Dying? Yes; a few more pulsations, my young friend, and that which men call life will be past, and I shall be nothing!'

'May not something be still attempted? Where is the surgeon?'

'Gone, by my orders! You, Francis Travers, can alone aid me in this extremity.'

'I! What can you mean?'

'Not, indeed, to save my life—that is past hoping for; but to rescue an ancient name, which I have already tarnished, from indelible disgrace and infamy. You love Mary Wharton?'

'As my own soul!' replied Travers, flushing scarlet. 'I have long known it. You are aware that the estates go to my nephew, and that she is portionless?'

'Perfectly; but that is a circumstance'—

'How much per annum of clear, available income do you possess?' interrupted Sir Richard quickly.

'So strange a question at such a moment startled Travers; but after a moment's pause, he replied, 'Including my professional income, about a thousand a year.'

'Enough! Hand me a glass of water. Now, come nearer, Travers, for my eyes grow dim, and my speech, beneath the choking grasp of this fell death, is faint and difficult. You know that Lady Wharton and myself, though occasionally residing under one roof, have been for many years thoroughly estranged from each other. For this I know the world blames me, and, I admit, quite justly. Well, the world, wise and prying as it is, as yet neither knows nor guesses a thousandth part of the wrong I have done my wife and child.'

'Sir Richard!'

'When I married Ellen Harford, her fortune, secured to her by settlement, was invested in the funds in her maiden name: the annual interest amounted to about eight hundred pounds'—

'Indeed! I never heard'—

'Perhaps not. This revenue Lady Wharton has constantly drawn, half-yearly, through Child's banking-house. It was devoted by her to the maintenance of our establishment. A few months since, I—bend lower, that I may hiss the accursed confession in your ear!—I, pressed by enormous gaming debts, and infatuated by a belief that I might, had I the means of playing for large stakes, retrieve my losses, forged—do you hear?—*forged* my wife's name to a warrant of attorney, drew out the entire capital, played with, and lost all! And now—now,' cried the miserable man with spasmodic violence, 'you know all—know that by my act my wife, my child, are paupers—beggars—homeless—friendless; and, but for you, without resource or hope!'

'Merciful powers! can this be true?'

'As death!' rejoined the baronet, his husky accents again sinking to a feeble whisper. 'And you, on whom I counted, hesitate, I see, to save my name from infamy, even though the reward be Mary Wharton'—

'Say not so!' passionately exclaimed Travers. 'But how—by what means can I conceal—can I'—

'Easily. Continue to pay the dividend as usual through Child's till you are—where are you?—till you are married. Lady Wharton will live with you and Mary, till—till— You understand?'

'I think I do,' stammered Travers. 'But'—

'That's well!' A silence of several minutes succeeded, followed by incoherent murmurs, indicating that the senses of the dying man were wandering. 'Cold, cold—and dark! Looed! and upon three trumps! Light the candles; we cannot see the cards! Ah! what shapes are these? Ellen, Mary! so stern too, now that Travers has promised—has promised'— The death-rattle choked his utterance, and in a few minutes Sir Richard Wharton had ceased to live.

About three weeks after the funeral of the deceased baronet, Lieutenant Travers received a letter, on service, from the Admiralty, announcing his appointment to a crack frigate fitting for sea at Portsmouth, and directing him to report himself on board immediately. This summons rendered further delay or hesitation impossible. He could not leave Marlands without coming to a frank explanation with Lady and Miss Wharton, and he resolved it should take place that very morning. Not a syllable had yet passed his lips relative to the extraordinary disclosure made by Sir Richard Wharton in his last moments, or to the wishes he had expressed regarding his daughter. In the event, Travers mentally argued, of the acceptance of his suit by Miss Wharton and her mother, there could be no reason for any concealment from them; *they* would not betray the late baronet's disgraceful secret. At all events he would not, by first revealing to Mary Wharton that she was penniless, and afterwards proffering her his hand and fortune, seem to wish to *purchase* her consent to a union with him. Full of these cogitations and resolves, he arrived at Archer's Lodge, where, to his extreme astonishment, he found the servants packing up the furniture, as for immediate removal. He hurried to the breakfast-room, where he found Lady Wharton and her daughter both busily engaged arranging books, music, and papers.

'What is the meaning of this?' he demanded with intense agitation. 'Surely you are not leaving Archer's Lodge?'

'Indeed we are, Mr Travers,' replied Lady Wharton. 'We received a letter yesterday, accepting an offer we had made for the lease of a house in Wales, close to Edmund's new curacy, which he says will suit us admirably.'

'Us?—Edmund?' gasped Travers.

'Mary, love, place these papers,' said Lady Wharton,

'in the writing-desk in my dressing-room. Mr Travers,' she added, as the door closed, 'you are ill. (The walk has perhaps fatigued you. Let me give you a glass of wine.'

'No—no—no! What is it you say? Mary—Edmund! Speak, and quickly; my brain turns!'

'I feared this,' said Lady Wharton soothingly, as she approached, and gently took his hand; 'and perhaps I have been to blame in delaying the explanation which must now be made.'

'What explanation—relative to whom?'

'To Mary and her cousin, Edmund Harford.'

'Ha!'

'They are betrothed lovers, and have been so, with my consent, for many months. Listen to me calmly, Mr Travers,' continued Lady Wharton, terrified by the wild expression of the young man's eyes. 'Mary some time since wished me to give you my confidence. I hesitated; for, alas! bitter experience has taught me to place but little reliance on the faith of men. I was wrong, I see; but pray strive to calm yourself.'

'Go on—go on. Let me at least now know all—the worst, the worst!'

'I will be frank with you. The failing health of Sir Richard Wharton has for some time warned me that but a brief space remained to him on earth. The frightful catastrophe of the other day but hastened his end, in all probability, by only a few months. Mary's sole dependence was, in that event, I knew, the marriage-portion secured to me, the interest of which amounts to something over eight hundred pounds per annum.'

'I know—I have heard'—

'Indeed!'

'Yes; but no matter. Proceed, I beg of you.'

'The possession of an income in my own right, amply sufficient for the needs of an unambitious household, warranted me, I conceived, in consenting to Mary's engagement with her cousin, whom she has known from girlhood, and of whose worth no one can speak too highly. My silence and reserve have, I perceive, Mr Travers, misled you; but forgive me: I did not know—I could not conceive'—

'Let me pass, madam,' exclaimed Travers, disengaging his hand, and staggering towards the door. 'I will return presently.'

A whirlwind of emotion was sweeping through his brain as he hurried from the house into the adjoining shrubbery. Wounded affection, despair, compassion, tugged at his heart, and ruled it by turns. The open air helped to cool and revive him; and after about an hour's bitter conflict with himself, he returned to the apartment where he had left Lady Wharton. She was still there.

'May I have your ladyship's permission to see Miss Wharton alone for a few minutes?' he asked.

Lady Wharton appeared surprised at the request, but at once acceded to it. 'I will send her to you immediately,' she replied, and left the room.

A considerable interval elapsed before Miss Wharton, trembling, blushing, painfully agitated, almost, indeed, in tears, entered the apartment.

'Pardon my freedom—my importunity, Miss Wharton,' said Travers in as calm a tone as he could command, as he led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. 'I have a question to ask you, of the last importance to you as to myself, and I intreat you to answer it frankly as to a brother.'

The lady bowed, and the lieutenant proceeded with somewhat more firmness.

'You are, I am informed, dependent as to fortune upon Lady Wharton. Is it, then, I would ask, of your own free choice and will that you are contracted to your cousin—to the Reverend Mr Harford? Nay, lady, be not offended at my boldness. It is in virtual compliance with the injunctions of Sir Richard Wharton, expressed in his last moments, that I ask this question.'

The momentary glance of indignant surprise passed from Mary Wharton's face at the mention of her father's

name. Her suffused eyes were again bent on the ground, whilst the rich colour came and went on her cheek, as she replied in a low, agitated voice—'Edmund and I have known, have been attached, almost betrothed to each other from his boyhood'—

'Enough, Miss Wharton,' said Travers, hastily rising; 'I will not trespass further on your indulgence. May all good angels guard and bless you!' he added, seizing her hand, and passionately kissing it; 'and, for your sake, him— Farewell!' He hurried from the house, and the same evening took coach for London; made the necessary arrangements for continuing the payment of Lady Wharton's dividend through Childs, as before; then proceeded to Portsmouth, and joined his ship, which a few days afterwards sailed for the South American station.

Lady Wharton and her daughter removed, as they had intimated, to Wales, where Edmund Harford had obtained a curacy, scarcely of so much money-value as that which he had left in Devonshire. After the lapse of a twelvemonth he was married to Mary Wharton; still, however, retaining his curacy as a means of usefulness. The union was a happy one. In the enjoyment of an amply sufficient income, and soon begirt with joyous infancy, their days fled past in tranquil happiness; and each succeeding year, as it rolled over them in their beautiful retreat, augmenting with some new blessing their sum of worldly felicity. If a thought of the noble-hearted man to whom they were unconsciously so deeply indebted crossed their minds, it was chiefly when a present for one of the children of some rich or curious produce of distant climes arrived; or a gazette of that stirring period announced one of the bold deeds which rapidly advanced Lieutenant Travers to post-captain's rank. Peace, for which the harassed, trampled world had so long sighed, was at last proclaimed, and Edmund Harford, who corresponded with Captain Travers, thought it possible he might now pay them a visit—perhaps take up his abode in the neighbourhood, for Marlanda, they knew, had long since been disposed of. He, however, came not; and the next letter received announced that he had joined the expedition against Algiers under Lord Exmouth. Tidings of the triumph of the British fleet over that celebrated nest of pirates reached them in due season, accompanied by victory's ever-present crimson shadow—the list of killed and wounded. Harford glanced anxiously at the sad column, and an exclamation of dismay and sorrow broke from him—Captain Travers was returned 'mortally wounded!' Greatly pained and shocked as they all were by this intelligence, they were some days before they knew how deep cause they had for grief. About a fortnight, it might have been, afterwards, Mr Harford, by Lady Wharton's directions, wrote to Messrs Child to inquire the reason the last half-year's dividend had not been forwarded as usual. The answer—revealing as it did the crime of Sir Richard Wharton, the heroic sacrifice of Travers, and their own utter worldly ruin—stunned, overwhelmed them! 'The reported death of Captain Travers,' the bankers wrote, after fully explaining the source from which, since the death of Sir Richard Wharton, the remittances had been derived, 'and a consequent claim to his property by a distant relative, as heir-at-law, necessarily precluded them from continuing the half-yearly payments.'

All emotions of admiration, wonder, gratitude, excited by this discovery were soon absorbed by a consternation at the terrible prospect before them—suddenly deprived as they were, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, of their imaginary wealth. 'Our children!' exclaimed Mrs Harford with tearful vehemence, 'what will become of them, nursed as they have been in ease and luxury?'

'God will provide both for them and us, Mary,' replied her husband. 'If we exercise but faith and patience, I have no fear; but my heart swells to think that that noble-minded man should have passed away unassured, unconscious, of our deep gratitude and esteem.'

'Do not deem me selfish, Edmund,' rejoined Mrs Harford. 'I feel his generous kindness as deeply as yourself. It is for our children I am anxious—not for myself, not even for you.'

'Be assured,' said Lady Wharton, recovering from her panic, 'that Captain Travers has not neglected to provide for such a probable contingency in his profession as sudden death. His unselfish devotedness to you, Mary, will shield you and yours from beyond the grave: of that be satisfied.'

Lady Wharton was not mistaken in her judgment of the character of Captain Travers. By the very next post a letter arrived under cover of Messrs Child, from a solicitor, informing them that, by a will executed by Captain Travers on the same day that he had directed the bankers to remit the usual amount to Lady Wharton, the whole of the property of which he might die possessed was bequeathed to Mary Wharton, now—he, the solicitor, was informed—Mary Harford, for her sole use and benefit, and not passing by marriage to the husband. 'The instant official news of the death of Captain Travers arrived,' it was added, 'probate would be at once obtained on the will, and the proper steps taken to put Mrs Harford in possession of the legacy.'

All doubts were speedily set at rest. A carriage drove slowly up the avenue one evening, just as it was growing dusk, and Mr Harford was informed that, a gentleman wished to speak with him. He hastened out, and a pale, mutilated figure extended its hand to him, exclaiming in a feeble voice, 'Edmund! Do you not know me?'

'Captain Travers!' almost shouted Harford. 'Can it indeed be you?'

'A piece of me, Edmund,' replied the wounded officer with an effort at a smile. 'I am come to ask permission,' he added in a graver tone, 'to die here. I shall not, I think, be refused.'

He survived for several months, ministered to with tenderest solicitude by Mrs Harford and her husband. The last tones that sounded in his ear were those of Edmund Harford, reading with choking voice the prayers of the church for the dying; the last object his darkening eyes distinguished was the tearful countenance of the beloved of his youth and manhood; the last word his lips uttered was her name—Mary!

SENSATION.

Few points in science have experienced a greater revolution in consequence of modern research than the theory of sensation. Till quite recently, it was always thought that the nerves of sensation were so many passive conductors of the qualities of objects to the seat of consciousness—that the optic nerve, for instance, was so organised as to convey to it light; the auditory nerve sound, &c. The discovery, however, that one and the same stimulus can act on *all* the senses, producing in each that sensation otherwise peculiar to it, overturns at once this time-honoured doctrine. It is found, namely, that the same electric stimulus produces in the eye the sensation of light; in the ear, that of sound; in the nerves of feeling, that of a shock; in the sense of smell, a phosphoric odour; while, galvanically—by the application of different metals on and under the tongue—a sour or alkaline taste is excited. So also with chemical stimulants. Applied to the nerves of the skin, they produce a sensation of burning; to the tongue, a peculiar taste; to the olfactory nerve, under a gaseous form, odour. On the eye and ear they cannot be brought to act *directly*, but mediately, as when conveyed into the blood; for instance, narcotic substances produce in the one peculiar luminous sensations, and in the other phenomena of sound.

To this objective or external class of phenomena succeeds the subjective class, or those arising from internal causes, and which, as manifesting themselves mostly under an abnormal state of the organism, were regarded only as fallacies of sense. Thus inflammation of the optic nerve gives rise to luminous phenomena;

congestion of blood in the head to a ringing sound in the ears, and luminous sensations in the eyes; derangement of the nervous system to unpleasant sensation of taste and smell; while the nerves of feeling exhibit, from purely internal causes, the same sensations of pain, heat, cold, &c. as are produced by external stimuli. It must therefore be considered as a physiological law of sensation, that any stimulus capable of exciting a nerve of sense into action—whether this stimulation proceed from an external object, or from any part of the organism itself—is capable of causing sensation. With all this the position holds good, that sensation may be modified by the organs of sense in a *fivefold* manner, and that the impression peculiar to one sense cannot be transmitted to another. We cannot see with the ear, nor hear with the eye; and when we say that such a thing tastes just as something else smells, it is not any immediate sensation, but the result of judgment. No doubt the excitement of one nerve of sense may, by the mediation of the brain, become also an exciting cause for another: a dazzling light, for instance, produces a sensation of pressure in the nerves of feeling in the eye; a sharp piercing tone, as the scratching on glass, an unpleasant sensation in the nerves of the skin, &c.; but these are only associated sensations, called forth by the same stimulus acting simultaneously on two different organs. A second physiological law of sensation, therefore, is, that every nerve of sense possesses a peculiar energy which renders it susceptible only for one determinate species of sensation, so that a substitution of one sense for another is impossible.

The organs of sense, then, do not serve as conductors of the physical qualities of objects to consciousness; nor can they consequently afford us any direct knowledge of external things. It is not the objective light, for instance, that is propagated through the optic nerve to the brain; this is only a single stimulus among various others, which, as being capable of calling forth the peculiar energy of the nerve, produces the sensation of light. What we perceive as light, sound, &c. is merely the excited state of the nerve of sense; and only in so far as this state is dependent on the changes of an external world, are we mediately in connection with this world, and able to judge concerning it. But this judgment is not the work of sensation: the senses of themselves do not indicate the seat of any stimulating cause, whether it be in the course of the nerve itself, or without the organism in the external world. Just as little do we know immediately from sensation which sense is concerned in this operation. We do not perceive that we see with the eye, or hear with the ear, &c. We may have simultaneously in any determinate moment a sensation of sound, of light, &c.; but whence these sensations come, or in what part of the living organism they take place, sense alone does not inform us. It is only thinking consciousness that is capable of determining the place of the stimulus, or the object which occasions it; and as every judgment is liable to error, so it happens here; while sensation, as such, cannot err. Thinking consciousness may, for instance, refer the excitement of a nerve which originates in the brain to an amputated limb, and fancy the pain felt to be as much seated there as if the limb were still existing; or it may pronounce a distant tower to be round, while in reality it is square. The appropriate office of sensation is—to perceive whatever is present in any determinate moment, and capable of acting as a stimulus on the nerves of sense: that of thinking consciousness, to fashion the external world, but always in conformity with the differences which things have among themselves, by transmitting the present and sensible into an idealised form. The first tells us *that* something is; the latter, *what* it is. The contradistinction, then, which is usually made between sensation and thought is obviously unfounded; since the thinking principle is alike essential to sensation. We shall now advert to the physical phenomena concerned in sensible perception.

All the senses except hearing, which was consequently considered as anomalous, were thought to be called forth

by the infinitely minute particles of bodies impinging on their respective organs. Hearing did not admit of such an explanation. Sound—unlike rapid and odorous substances, light and heat, all of which appeared as the subtle emanations of matter—presented itself rather as a property than an activity of bodies, capable of being called forth by bringing them into vibratory motion. This power of producing sounds naturally led to the means of modifying them; and it was found that the same string, for instance, will sound the tonic or its octave, according as it is made to vibrate either wholly or only half. The differences of sound, therefore, were clearly seen to result from the slower or quicker vibrations of the sounding body; whereas the differences perceived in the objects of the other senses—as yellow light and blue light, sour and bitter, &c.—could only arise, it was thought, from really differing substances.

But precisely that which had always been looked upon as an exception, modern physics have shown to be in fact the rule. Light, for instance, no less than sound, was found to arise from the infinitely rapid vibrations of bodies in their molecular structure, propagated through an extremely elastic medium; the limits of audible sound lying within from 16,000 to 48,000 vibrations in a second—constituting the scale of sounds from the deepest audible tone to the highest; while colours are visible only at 450 billions, and do not exceed 700 billions of vibrations in a second—constituting the scale of colours from the faintest red, through every gradation of colour, up to the brightest white.

With the disappearance of the matter of light from science, the matter of heat also vanished; both phenomena being produced almost in the same way, and found almost invariably together. The positive identity of heat and light may be said, indeed, to be fully established in the fact, that a heated body gradually attains a heat at which it first becomes visible in red light, and then runs through the ascending scale of orange, yellow, &c. up to the brightest white; the less rapid vibrations of the body being first felt as heat, and its more rapid ones seen also as light. The genesis of all three phenomena—sound, heat, and light—may be witnessed by bringing a small bar of iron in a dark room into continually quicker vibration. If it vibrate about 32 times in a second, a deep bass tone is heard, which gradually rises, through every intermediate degree, up to the highest and shrillest tones, when all becomes suddenly silent. From the place where the sound ceased a gentle warmth is felt, and next a faint red light seen, which gradually grows stronger, and then runs through every gradation of colour up to a glowing white. The blacksmith, in like manner, who hammers a piece of cold iron on his anvil, goes through the same series of phenomena: he feels the vibrations of the iron in his hand, hears them in the ringing sound, and sees them in the red heat.

Electricity, magnetism, and galvanism too—all of which, in like manner, were viewed as the effects of particular substances—are nothing but similar excitations of bodies in their infinitely minute parts. Each is called forth by pressure, friction, and shock; and each manifests itself also under the form of the latter. Each generates heat and light; and each is likewise produced by these. If electricity is not perceived immediately by any of the senses, it is only because the rapidity of the molecular vibration exceeds the limits of all others: in its modifications, however, it is accessible to most of the senses. Thus, while transmitted by the conductor, its existence is unperceived; but if interrupted in its propagation, it manifests itself in a crackling sound or loud report, heat and light.

But not merely these physical properties of bodies fall under the idea of the molecular motion of bodies, but every chemical effect likewise is referrible to the same idea, since all chemical action is nothing but a combination or decomposition of substances, or, in other words, a continued attraction or repulsion of their molecules. Hence it is that chemical action calls forth electricity, magnetism, galvanism, heat, light, and sound; while chemical phenomena are called forth by these in turn. Now since

taste and smell—the two senses as yet unnoticed—depend on the chemical relation of substances to the respective organs of those senses, the analogy of the other phenomena must lead us to infer in this case also a power of producing peculiar motions in the nerves of sense, on whose differing rapidly the different modifications of taste and smell will depend. The result, then, of the physical consideration of the qualities of things, acting as stimuli on the organs of sense, and thereby calling forth in turn corresponding sensations, is—that all such qualities are most probably nothing but the infinite modifications of motion in the molecules of bodies, on whose varying rapidity it depends whether we feel this motion as pressure, heat, &c.; see it as light; hear it as sound; taste it as flavour; or smell it as odour.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

Mrs Wright. I KNEW I should find you at home to-day, Lady Magan; so, as I wanted particularly to see you, I called in passing, though indeed my business is with Sir Hercules, to whom I have a message from Mr Wright.

Lady Magan. I'll send for him this moment. Pray sit down, my dear Mrs Wright, in this easy-chair, out of the air of the door. You see I am busy with my poor people: on Saturday they all come for their pennies; but I'm almost done with 'em.

Mrs Wright. Do you give every one that comes a penny a-piece every Saturday?

Lady Magan. Oh dear no, that would be a ruinous business indeed; only a certain number; just some old pensioners. There's about thirty of them on my list at this present time.

Mrs Wright. Half-a-crown a week! Do you think it does them much good divided thus among them?

Lady Magan. Not a bit in the world: it all goes in snuff, or tobacco, or the 'grain of tea;' and they are by no means content with it either.

Mrs Wright. I don't in the least wonder. They might each of them earn nearly a sixpence while they are loitering here for a penny.

Lady Magan. Yes indeed! and they are such unreasonable creatures—they all want me to give them the sixpence without their taking the trouble to earn it; and they try every means to move my compassion, and get me to increase their allowance, when the penny itself is entirely a piece of charity that they have no right to but through my own good-nature.

Mrs Wright. And what a troublesome thing standing here attending to them, to say nothing of the time it occupies.

Lady Magan. Just so: 'most disagreeable, I assure you. But Sir Hercules will not allow them to go to the back-door: you see there's turf to be had there, and potatoes and corn lying about, and it's best not to suffer such questionable characters near any property that could be removed.

Mrs Wright. Then these are not deserving objects?

Lady Magan. By no means: they are most of them idle, good-for-nothing creatures, or they would not be standing out there half a morning, wet or dry, for a penny. I would never have begun such a system myself: it was the custom of our good old aunt to keep this crowd of hangers-on about her, and as she left Sir Hercules the estate, we don't like to alter any of her ways with the people.

Mrs Wright. Well, I think you might do so in some degree, and without at all reflecting upon her memory: she would in all probability have altered her ways herself had she lived—changed them to suit the changing times.

Lady Magan. I doubt it: she was very much attached to her ancient habits. Still, it is a most unreasonable thing to expect me to be wasting my good money this way on such a discontented set; for I get no thanks, you see.

Mrs Wright. What would you say to giving the whole half-crown to one pensioner each week, and taking them all thus in their turn? You might go through the list regularly as long as all those who have been accustomed to receive the charity live; while it would be unnecessary to replace them as they died off. That sum might be really of use in a poor family: the penny is merely squandered.

Lady Magan. I declare I don't know: they have no sense in spending money. The one would be pleased enough, but the rest would raise such a clamour: I fear it would never do.

Mrs Wright. A little firmness would make it do. They are all very 'cute'; they would soon see the advantage of the change.

Lady Magan. They would not let me see they did, and there would be a regular fight about the precedence.

Mrs Wright. Make them draw lots.

Lady Magan. Indeed I have quite trouble enough with them as it is without oppressing myself with additional burthens. But here's Sir Hercules. Oh, Sir Hercules, here's Mrs Wright come to call on you upon particular business: I'm glad you were not gone out.

Sir Hercules. Delighted to see her. How do you do, Mrs Wright? How is Wright? Beautiful day! My lady with her love's as usual: no curing her of her bad habits, you see.

Mrs Wright. Mr Wright gave me a message for you, Sir Hercules: he was called in another direction himself on a matter of some moment, or he would have done himself the pleasure of bringing his own errand.

Sir Hercules. I am perfectly satisfied with his messenger, I assure you! It's a great chance, indeed, that he would have found me in. This is a very busy day with me, very busy indeed. We are getting in our crop, and while the steward watches the haggard, I am in the field. The times, you know, make us diligent: every penny is of consequence, and every minute too.

Mrs Wright. I am sorry I have had to bring you into the house.

Sir Hercules. Why, I have not yet been out; I was only just going. I have been occupied till this moment in the house. The post was late, and there was a splendid speech of O'Ruffe's at a great—an immense meeting at —. But, by the by, what is Wright's message?

Mrs Wright. It is about your presentment. The next sessions day, Tuesday, is the last for getting it passed before the assizes. He has written out a clear statement for you, and spoken to two of the magistrates, who both agree in the fitness of the proposal, and will support you. But Mr French was not there, and as his is the most influential voice, and as he is the person least likely to understand the propriety of any measure that will not exactly benefit himself, he must be communicated with before Tuesday.

Sir Hercules. I see, I see; just so. Very kind of Wright indeed.

Mrs Wright. Mr French will be in Ballyclack this afternoon on some business which will detain him there a couple of hours, and if you will ride over there between three and five o'clock you will find him, and can then explain the whole to him.

Sir Hercules. It is the most inconvenient day for me to leave home that could have been fixed on. There is so much to attend to this harvest-time, and such uncertain weather, and only a chance of finding the fellow after all.

Mrs Wright. Oh no; a certainty. He must be there; it is but five miles; and you can take the statement with you. You often ride farther to court.

Sir Hercules. Very good, my dear Mrs Wright; very good. But there's a deal of difference between a dry matter of business and a fox-hunt. However, as I really am extremely anxious both about the road and the bridge, they being so essential to the comfort of my tenants, who have, in fact, now no way to the bog, I'll send for Simson, my steward, leave with him all home directions, and go to Ballyclack as you propose. [Enter

Mr Simson hurriedly. The very man! I was just going to send for you, Bob.

Mr Simson. Bedad, Sir Hercules, an' I've bin lookin' for you all over the place. There's the finest races ever you seen going to come off this very afternoon not seven miles away.

Sir Hercules. The deuce there is! Where?

Mr Simson. Tifere below at Peterstown, just beyant Kilreganmoyle. A fellow o' the name o' Kelly overtook me not five minutes ago, an' I jist comin' up past the shrubbery-gate, an' told me all the world was drivin' off to thim like mad.

Lady Magan. (At the door.) Folly and nonsense, Peggy Walsh! What are you more than another? A penny I give, and a penny you get, or leave it alone, just as you like.

Peggy Walsh. (Outside.) An' what signifies a penny to a poor starvin' cratur like me? Sure, my lady, jewel, what in life's the sines of a penny to me an' my six fatherless—

Mr Simson. There's twenty horses entered, as I'm told, at the laest; an' a match betwixt—

Lady Magan. (Shutting the door.) A match!—Betwixt whom? Races!—Where?—What match?

Mr Simson. Betwixt young Mr Fortescue, my lady, an' the Long Captain. A match for a hunder pound.

Sir Hercules. Bessie, my love, would you kindly give an eye to what is going forward here at home? I must be off to these races. I'm under promise to Fortescue, an old promise, an' I can't get out of it, Mrs Wright.

Lady Magan. I, Sir Hercules! I am going to the races myself, you may depend upon it. I delight in races. Everybody in the world will be at these races; and there's Mr Simson at home.

Mr Simson. Why, my lady, if your ladyship would think it no harm, an' Sir Hercules, I'd laid out for to go to thim races myself. Ye see the match is betwixt Mr Fortescue's *Whirlwind*, an' the Long Captain's *Miss Rattler*; an' a cousin o' mine bred *Whirlwind*, an' I partly own'd him, an' sold him myself at three-year old, dog-cheap too! If I'd had a notion how he'd a turned out, young Mr Fortescue wouldn't a got 'im for double the money. He's bin a fortune to 'im.

(A crowd of children burst in.) Mamma, mamma, there's races at Peterstown! Johnny Riley says so. He told us to tell you. He's getting the carriage ready. May I go?—may I go?—may I go?

Nurse. (Behind.) Whisht, darlins; will ye whisht? It's a fact, my lady. Paddy Doyle seed all the neighbours flyin' to thim. Will Johnny bring the carriage round?

Sir Hercules. Harry, my boy, take this paper and put it away carefully for me in the drawer of my writing-table—the drawer with the key in it. I declare it's one o'clock.

Master Harry. Cecy, there's a good girl, run off with that paper. Mamma, mayn't I go? I've a bet on Whirlwind.

Miss Cecilia. I've a bet on Whirlpool too! Mayn't I go, mamma?

Lady Magan. Whirlwind, you little foolish thing! I can't possibly take you all. Where's Miss Faria? Oh, Miss Faria, I'll take the three best of your children, and pray make haste and get them ready.

Miss Faria. Surely. The three eldest, then, my lady, and Master Harry, I suppose?

Lady Magan. Master Harry of course.

Master Harry. I say, Bob, who's to ride Whirlwind? *Mr Simson.* Tommy Magrath, Master Harry; and little Tyrrell rides *Miss Rattler*.

Master Harry. They'll have to weight little Tyrrell pretty heavy then. We'll have to look to that, I'm thinking.

Mr Simson. Well, the 'outeness of that young boy! It bates all I ever—

(Enter a maid.) The carriage is jist a comin' round, my lady. All your things is out ready. It's past one o'clock.

Lady Magan. Tell them to cut some sandwiches for the children, Marianne! they'll lose their dinner.

Maid. Cook's a cutting on 'em, my lady; an' I've bin an' took down the silver cup an' the basket bottle—

Lady Magan. By the by, Miss Faria, if Mrs Fitzgerald calls, pray tell her how exceedingly concerned I am to be obliged to break my engagement with her. You can say I was under the necessity of going out; but indeed I daresay she will be at the races herself.

Sir Hercules. Now, Lady Magan, I must beg of you to hurry yourself a little. This is no time for speechifying. Mrs Wright will, I am sure, excuse us under the circumstances, and explain to Wright how much I feel obliged for the trouble he has taken. And if he could manage to see French himself, or would write to him for me, it would settle the matter at once.

Lady Magan. Mrs Wright, wont you go with us, though your nieces are not with you? I'd take it very kind. I have plenty of room in the carriage. Harry always goes on the box, and Sir Hercules rides. It's a delightful day; and really, in that pretty plain at Peterstown, such a very pretty sight.

Mrs Wright. My dear Lady Magan, I would go miles round to avoid a race. Many thanks to you; but these sorts of things are not at all in my way. So I will wish you good-morning.

Sir Hercules. Allow me to see you to your car.

Mr Simson. We made a slight mistake, my lady. Don't you recollect that fine young man was killed last sason steeple-chasing? Killed outright; fell, an' never spoke after. He was first cousin to Mr Wright.

Lady Magan. Goodness! I had quite forgot. Most shocking! I am so vexed we mentioned the races. Steeple-chasing is really horridly dangerous. Poor Mrs Wright! Well, children, are you ready? Come.

Children. Quite ready, mamma.

Master Harry. All ready. Where's my hat? Off we go!

CHATEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

A TOUR OF THE GROUNDS—DEATH IN THE CHATEAU—
CONCLUSION.

THE honeymoon was over, and the bells of Marston welcomed the bride and bridegroom to the manor on their return from the wedding tour. They were to remain with us for a few weeks, before all the family went to town for the season; and the pleasure of the visit was to be enhanced to Portia by the presence of a great-uncle, who had joined the circle that he might have the enjoyment of his young kinswoman's society before she was engrossed by the whirl of London life. I love to recall the day of her arrival: it was just the debatable time between spring and winter; to use the quaint conceit of an old writer, 'the tears of the dying season were sparkling in the smiles of its young successor.' There had been a shower; the firs were glittering with rain-drops, that fell with a pleasant, pattering sound on the earth; the flower-beds near the old sun-dial were gay with silver and golden crocuses; the snowdrops hung their graceful heads lower, heavy with the moisture; the violets of Drumsnab had already taken

* The winds of March with beauty;

and from a sky of blue, chequered with fleecy clouds, the sun looked down brightly on Marston.

The old village dames stood at their doors as the carriage passed, to drop their welcoming curtsy; and many audibly pronounced a blessing on their young lady, whose loss had, they affirmed in the *patois* of their county, made them 'feel very *unkeed*.' She had a smile and bow for each, and, with her usual frank courtesy, shook hands with the upper servants, who were assembled to greet her in the hall. Her kinsman, Sir John Digby, who had not seen her since she was a child, was charmed with her vivacity and grace, and with the noble bearing of her husband. Shortly after her arrival, a splendid gift arrived

from Sir Henry Montrose—a bracelet of diamonds for the bride, magnificently set, and an intimation that on the Monday following her first appearance as a bride at church, he would be one of the expected throng of visitors. The next day was the solemn fast of the Church of England—Good-Friday. We went to church; had the orthodox cross-buns and salt-fish; and of course saw no one. Easter-Eve was marked by a custom peculiar to some country families: the children of the school Mr Marston had built and supported in the village were all assembled in the servants' hall, for the lord of the manor to hear them repeat their catechism. The sides of the large room were lined with children, from the boy of fourteen, who pulled his lank lock of hair, and scraped his heavy shoo upon the floor in rude obeisance, to the blue-eyed baby of four, who folded her chubby hands on her waist, and bobbed a curtsy. The master of the mansion stood by the hearthstone, facing his young dependents, and from a large richly-bound prayer-book asked them the prescribed questions; and in the lines of Keble—

—‘Each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn
Now taught by cottage dames.’

When the children had finished repeating their task, they each received from the housekeeper a bun and a cup of warm milk, and dispersed joyously. What a contrast to the lord of the manor in other ages, whether he were the mailed baron, whose greatest glory was to wage war on the children of the East; or the fox-hunting, ale-drinking ‘squire,’ who was *de facto*, as well as nominally, *lower* than the good knight of yore! Sir John Digby was much pleased with the scene, and declared his resolution to adopt the same plan ‘next year.’ Alas, the uncertain future!

We were tempted, as we left the offices, to walk; for the air was sweet and fresh, and the sky bright. Portia offered to guide her great-uncle round the shrubbery, which makes a circuit of four miles about the grounds, and to show him the hothouses, greenhouses, &c. I accompanied them. Just at that season of the year nothing could exceed the beauty of the Marston shrubbery. The trees were almost wholly evergreen; the soil a red sand, marking with a rich warm line the undulating ground, and affording a charming contrast to the dark-green of the firs, and the delicate white of the snowdrops clustering at their roots: occasionally a squirrel bounded across the path, and climbed nimbly up the trees, amusing us by timidly peering at us with its bright eyes from among the boughs. The ground is hilly: one moment we stood upon a height commanding an extensive prospect; the next we descended into a hollow thickly roofed with nearly-closing trees, and looking even in the bright sunshine dim and mysterious. Here we found two large white cottages or lodges—one inhabited by the head laundress; the other the laundry, which is not allowed to be in the house. Passing these lodges, we were soon aware of our near proximity to the rookery, that never-failing appendage to an old country seat; for your aristocratic rook despises *parvenus* trees, and seeks his home only in the lofty tops of the tall elms or mighty oaks that are time-honoured and proof against the tempest in its wrath. They are birds of taste, moreover, and ever seek lovely haunts, undisturbed by vulgar traffic, or the neighbourhood of noise and smoke. ‘The Black Barons of Marston,’ as they are called, were just now somewhat relaxing from their usual state, being busy nest-building. They were dotted over the grassy knoll beneath their trees, and in the meadow on the opposite side of the shrubbery. One bird had perched on an innocent sheep’s back, and was purloining the wool, while his comrade, seated on an overhanging bough, looking gravely down on him, his head cunningly bent on one side, uttered an approving ‘caw!’ We lingered here a few minutes to listen to their melodious chorus. Chateaubriand says ‘monotony is the soul of music;’ and we think that the peculiar beauty of certain old Scotch airs in which there is great repetition—as

in ‘Logic o’ Buchan,’ and ‘Banks and Braes’—rather bears out the assertion. Certainly there is something very musical in the monotonous cawing of rooks—the same incessant note, varied only by the difference of voices (which is very perceptible to a practised ear), having a strangely-soothing effect, independent of the association with the past which is attached to it.

From the rookery the shrubbery brought us to the ice-house, which is so built as to give a very picturesque effect to the recess it occupies. It had been well filled, though probably it will soon be quite superseded by the refrigeratory for making ice artificially. We have seen a very solid and elegant crown of ice, fit for the brow of the Storm-King himself, made in the middle of July in a few minutes by the chemical means of the refrigeratory. There is something glorious in this subjection of the elements to the sovereign sway of human intellect! From the ice-house we proceeded to the fruit and kitchen garden, where Forest and his son Thomas were in attendance to show the greenhouses and pineries. Several acres are walled in here, and are well stocked and cultivated; amongst other plans, we observed that the wall behind the peach and apricot-trees was painted black, that colour absorbing the rays of the sun; and we were told that if the wall were painted for one-half of the spreading tree, and not for the other, the black side would ripen first, and the fruit be much finer—a secret worth knowing. Whilst on the subject of wall-fruit, I may as well add that at another ‘château,’ belonging to a gentleman I know, I have seen wall-fruit and pear-trees growing with their roots upwards! The possessor of the place has excavated a garden in the side of a hill, walled it round, and encircled it with a broad path. The sides of the excavation are supported by a wall; and, not to waste it, the trees are planted on the soil above, and trained downwards. They appear to have no objection to their inverse position, and bear abundantly. The greenhouses at Marston are glass palaces for flowers, and very lovely the delicate strangers they cover look. Only to us, who had seen the cactus and prickly pear forming hedges to repress the incursions of the jackal and the leopard, the single, and, in comparison, diminutive specimens, looked sad, and not at all ‘at home.’ The oleanders also, though high and flourishing, are not like those that grow beside ‘the water-courses’ of the East. We acknowledge, however, that the cultivated pine of Forest’s hothouses excels the East Indian pine; and that Egypt’s melons do not exceed in flavour the delicious green Greek melon he grows. Portia encouraged a love of flowers among the village poor, as a means of improving and refining their taste; and the old women of Marston are skilful in the medicinal use of herbs, cultivated or wild—as furze blossoms for a cough, &c.

Portia made her bridal appearance at church the next day, after which visits are expected and received. So on Monday we sat in the drawing-room, rather more dressed than usual, with cake and wine upon the table, and carriage after carriage brought ‘the neighbourhood’ to congratulate, perhaps criticise, and most certainly in some instances to gossip. The next day, before luncheon, came the village people who were occasionally received at the manor: an old maiden lady, who lived in her own cottage alone; the apothecary’s wife, a nice sensible, comfortable body; and sundry others. Thus passed the first few days of the bride’s return. It was a wet morning; April had come in showery, and now the skies sent down a deluge which kept even the most enterprising within doors. The gentlemen had recourse to billiards, and the ladies to work and music. Sir John Digby, after a game or two, joined us in the music-room. He had complained of feeling poorly the previous evening, but we thought of it only as a slight indisposition—he looked so full of health, so strong and fresh-coloured. He asked Portia for a favourite song—an old favourite of his youth. She sang it, and we bystanders fancied afterwards that there was an expression of pain on his features as he listened, or appeared to listen. When it was ended, Portia turned to hear his thanks or his opinion of her performance; but to her horror perceived him

stagger, and the next moment fall. The strong man was suddenly smitten with apoplexy. The cries of the ladies brought Mr Marston and Captain Montgomery to the spot. A man was instantly despatched for the village doctor, as being the nearest; another to the railway, to bring medical advice from London. Mr Rosebrok was speedily at the manor, and by the time he arrived, Sir John's valet had undressed and placed him on the bed. He was immediately bled, put into a warm bath, and his temples covered with leeches. The distress and anxiety of the family and household may be imagined. The hush that succeeded former gaiety, the retreat of the guests to their own rooms, and their announcement of intended departure on the morrow, changed completely the aspect of affairs at Marston. Portia sent for me to her chamber. I found her in great grief, for her kinsman was much beloved by her; and giving up my intention of departing with the others, I remained with her, at her urgent intreaty, in her sorrow. The maid was repeatedly despatched for intelligence of the patient's state. He continued insensible; and it was with feelings of relief and delight which can be fully understood only by those who have been placed in similar circumstances, that just as dinner was announced, we heard the carriage drive up, bringing the celebrated Dr D— to the patient's aid. There was a pause of course, and the doctor was ushered in. He looked as calm, and his manner was as graceful and composed, as if he came a guest, instead of being in a degree the harbinger of life or death. He was at once conducted to the patient's chamber; and at our host's desire we proceeded to the dining-room, rather to wait with anxiety his reappearance with the physician than to eat. After what appeared a lengthened visit, he entered the room with Dr D—, informing us that the case was not quite hopeless, though Sir John was in great danger; that our clever little village surgeon had done everything necessary; and that Dr D— promised to return on the morrow. The good physician would only consent to drink a glass of wine, as he was in haste to catch the next train to London, and had very little time to spare; he therefore made his bow, and retired.

On the morrow, the guests not connected with the family departed. Sir John had given signs of consciousness by extending his hand to feel for that of his relative, but continued speechless, and with closed eyes. The London physician came again earlier in the day, but gave very little hope. It was a sad ending to a honeymoon; but thus is the path of human life, ever haunted by the shadow of death. A nurse was brought down by Dr D—, to relieve the female watchers—a bustling body, who set everything to rights, but had so many wants, and so much care for herself, that one doubted her care for any other person. We have been glad to see lately that an institution for training nurses has been projected under the patronage of the bishop of London, from which we may expect to see a better class of attendants on the sick than those who appear, strangely enough, to have lost womanly sensibility in the exercise of one of woman's chief duties. Sir John's nurse was, however, superior to the most of her class; and we did not hear that she more than nodded during the night, or that she stole Sir John's pillow, *à la Sairey Gamp*. Poor sufferer! he had no wife or daughter to watch beside him. Every care was, however, taken of him. The physician came daily; the surgeon remained in the house. No bell sounded; every movement of the inmates of the manor was hushed. Thus passed four dreary days. The stricken man never spoke again—never again opened his eyes on the light. Did reason act during that physical prostration? It is impossible to say. On the fourth evening, about sunset, after the physician had paid his visit, the soul fled in one long sigh, and Sir John Digby was a corpse!

The grief of the family was deep and sincere, and nothing could exceed the feeling of solemn and awful stillness that reigned in the house that evening. The pealing bell tolled heavily from the old church tower; the windows of the manor were instantly closed, only from that of the chamber of death gleamed the light of

the large wax tapers placed near the corpse, which the nurse and a female servant watched from the adjoining dressing-room. I thought this custom—tender and touching as it is—must be a relic of the superstition of past ages, but on making the remark, was assured that the death-watch was necessary, as mice and rats would otherwise attack the corpse, drawn immediately to the spot by their strange instinct. I felt shocked as the nurse told me this; the idea of being the prey of foul vermin the moment the great gift of life was resumed by the Giver, being more revolting to human nature than the fancy that the watch, like the solemn voice of the bell, was intended to scare away the fiends so much dreaded by our ancestors.

The windows next morning continued closed, though air was freely admitted by means of open doors. The undertaker arrived from London, measured the body, and departed; that evening it was placed in the shell, or inner coffin, which was lined with white satin, quilted, and stuffed; a mattress, covered also with white satin, and a pillow richly fringed, received the unconscious form of the noble Digby, wrapped in a rich dressing-gown, the shroud being no longer used. This shell was finally placed in a leaden coffin; and that, again, in one covered with black velvet, ornamented with the arms in gold, and gold handles. On a gilt plate nailed on it was engraved an inscription in Latin—the language so long consecrated to holy uses—setting forth the name, age, and rank of the deceased, and the period of his death. The body was not to be carried to Sir John's usual place of residence for interment, as he had always expressed a wish to be buried in the Marston vault, with his favourite sister, Portia's grandmother: preparations were therefore made for the funeral at the manor. Meanwhile the ladies' maids were busy about mourning. A man arrived from the great mourning shop in Regent Street; a milliner from Elise's; and orders had to be given, and dresses tried on, in the ladies' apartments; while below, the servants' mourning had to be provided, the undertaker's men seen to by the butler, &c. These busy distractions for the mind are perhaps beneficial to the mourners, by keeping their attention from dwelling too fixedly on the grief that time alone can console.

The day of the funeral came at last. The coffin was carried into the great entrance-hall, and placed on the marble table; a magnificent pall of black velvet, bearing the Digby arms in gold, with solemn plumes of black, covered it; and there it lay in state, the mutes standing near it. At four o'clock the knell began from Marston belfry; several of the neighbouring families had expressed a wish to send their carriages to the funeral—a mark of respect customary in London—but as the church was so close to the house, the attendance had been declined. The mutes lined the doorway, and the under-bearers lifted the coffin into the splendid hearse provided. It moved slowly forward a little way. The mourning carriages drove up, and the male friends and relatives of Sir John Digby entered them. It is a merciful fashion which now spares the pain of such a scene to ladies. The London physician and the village surgeon followed in a carriage alone. The under-bearers walked beside the hearse, and the procession moved slowly onwards. How sad it looked winding beneath the old beeches! the waving plumes of the hearse; the long fluttering silk hat-bands; the plumed heads of the coal-black steeds, that appeared to have an instinctive sense of their office, and moved quietly and solemnly; and the cloaked figures of the mutes and under-bearers! The day was in unison with the scene, and did not mock it by ill-timed brightness. A thick drizzling rain fell; the wind, uncertain and wavering, souched up every now and then with a low wailing sound, blending occasionally with the tone of the deep bell; and the favourite dog of Sir John Digby, still missing his master, and as if aware that he was now about to pass for ever, bodily as well as spiritually, from the earth, howled mournfully. The procession stopped at the gate leading into the churchyard. The coffin was taken from the hearse, and carried up the little path to the side door of the church, where Sir Henry Montrose

in his surplice met it. In the chancel (into which the door opened) began the solemn service of the church. The vault of the Marstons is immediately beneath their pew; it was now of course open, and at the proper part of the ceremony the coffin was carried into it, and placed amongst the many others which in different states of preservation lined its walls. The church was hung with black, in compliment to the Marstons, as the living belongs to the manor; and during the day the shutters of the village cottages were closed. When the service of consigning 'ashes to ashes, and dust to dust' was over, the mourners returned to the house. I may as well observe here that the hall door is *never* closed till their return; a singular custom, peculiar even to the cottages of England, for which I could never learn cause or reason. On their return, the gentlemen assembled in the dining-room, in which refreshments had been placed; the funeral attendants had ale, meat, &c. in the servants' hall. The dead baronet's will was opened and read, all his relatives and connexions being present, as well as the legal adviser of the executors, and his own former lawyer. Some portion of his wealth was left to public charities; the remainder, with the exception of a few legacies, to Portia.

As the death and funeral had cast a heavy gloom over Marston, and it was of course impossible to join the earlier festivities of 'the season' in London, the family resolved to proceed to the sea-coast for a few months. Arrangements were made to carry this purpose into execution; and about the middle of April we left Marston. As we gazed back on the old manor, bearing now over the porch the hatchment of the Digbys' and Marstons' heraldic honours, and looked upon the budding vegetation waking at the breath of spring to renewed life and beauty, many sad thoughts flitted across our minds. The old church we passed had so recently been the scene of a bridal and a funeral, that we could scarcely forbear uttering the many-times repeated exclamations on the vanity and uncertainty of our existence, or saying with Shakspeare—

'Ah, how our spring of life resembleth
'The uncertain glory of an April day!'

Since the period of which I have written, other and heavier afflictions have visited the Marstons. The old manor has a new lord; and I wear on my finger *two* mourning-rings in remembrance of my kind and generous host and hostess of other days, who, within a short period of each other, exchanged mortality for immortality. With something of the chivalrous affection of a past age, the brother of the lady has reared to her memory, not a useless monument, but a beautiful chapel, tracing, with the colours of the rainbow, on one of the antique-shaped windows, the graceful record of his sorrow and his hope. Marston is no longer the Marston I have sketched; but I have still a mournful pleasure in thinking of it, and am pleased to think that this brief chronicle of 'sayings and doings' occurring there is at least a faithful transcript of Château Life among the 'tuftless' gentry of England.

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THAT pious feeling amongst sailors which is so frequently awakened by the vicissitudes of their lives, has caused the name of 'Providence' to be given to more than one coral reef and desolate island in the Indian Seas. Rarely, perhaps, has it been more appropriately bestowed than on a small rocky islet which lies to the northward of the Mozambique Channel, a few days' sail from the Isle of Bourbon. This was shown in a notable instance which occurred there about thirty years ago. The story is scarcely known even to the mariners of the nation to which the hero of it belonged; and therefore to make it familiar to our readers may not be thought undesirable.

In the year 1820 M. Cremasy, the captain of a Bourbon trading vessel, resolved to visit the little island of Providence, in order to obtain a cargo of cocoa-nut germs for

planting in the colony to which he belonged. The appliances for navigating the eastern coast of Africa were at that time very rude. Chain-cables were unknown; and the only kind in use were made from the fibres of the palm, similar to those which are called *goumoutou* in the Cèbres, and *coir* on the Spanish main. These cables were very liable to be cut by the sharp reefs and coral bottoms which abound so plentifully in the Indian Ocean; and in order to spare the anchors, a wooden frame filled with stones, called a *pégase*, was the frequent substitute.

Immediately on his anchoring in this manner off Providence, M. Cremasy went on shore, and sent back his boat with her crew to the ship, while he explored the island. He had been thus occupied for some time, when the cable of the *pégase* broke, and the vessel was carried out to sea by one of the violent currents which set off these shores. The mate made sail as speedily as he could to regain the anchorage; but he was unable to head the current, and night fell while he was endeavouring to do so. The captain, left ashore by this accident, had on at the time nothing but a jacket and a pair of white trousers, and for his sole weapon a *manchette*, a kind of short sabre used in boarding. When he found himself condemned to pass the night on this desert island, his first care was to construct a place of shelter; and with the broad leaves of the cocoa-tree he built up an *ajoupa*, or hut, and made his supper of cocoa-nuts, eating the fruit and drinking the milk. He did not sleep over soundly, for he was tormented by a vague apprehension concerning his vessel; the sense of loneliness oppressed him, and he was somewhat in fear of rats and other noxious animals. At daybreak he was on the shore, anxiously looking out to discover a sail on the horizon; but nothing was visible through the misty morning air. The sun rose and dispelled the mist, but his rays fell only on a wide expanse of azure sea, unbroken by any vessel.

He sat down on a rock, and began to meditate profoundly on his future destiny. There was but one course open to him—to bestir himself for the supply of his daily wants. With his *manchette* in his hand, he set out once more to explore the territory of which he was the unwilling sovereign. He got nothing but a cocoa-nut for breakfast, and dined also upon the same fruit—a luxury to a schoolboy, but not held in equal estimation by a hungry sailor, though he thought himself lucky that the island produced anything eatable. By dint of prosecuting his researches, M. Cremasy succeeded in discovering an addition to his vegetable diet in the shape of some wild cucumbers; but he was unwilling to eat them raw, and had no means of cooking them with fire. A native, if the island had been peopled, would have lit one for him by the friction of two bits of wood. He remembered the method of the savages; and procuring a light sort of wood, made a hole in it with another piece of a harder kind, which he fashioned to a point, and by twirling it rapidly, endeavoured to kindle a flame; but whether from accident or want of skill, he was not successful in his first attempt; and when the sun went down, he was once more left in darkness. On the following day he again looked out for the ship, but again without success. He therefore redoubled his efforts to procure fire, and by dint of perseverance, at length produced a light smoke from the wood. He then hastily collected some fibres of the cocoa-nut, placed them in contact with the ignited substance, and at last was rewarded by a brilliant spark, which presently broke into a blaze. He now got together a sufficient quantity of wood to keep the fire in all night, heaped it with branches and dried leaves, and watched it with interest until the third morning broke. Tired out with his exertions, he at length fell asleep, but had not slept long, before he was awakened by a singular noise, as if some one was slowly creeping towards him. He opened his eyes, and looked wistfully into the obscu-

city of the dawn, and presently saw a large object stealing across the sand. He grasped his manchette, and waited nervously for its nearer approach. At length he discovered that it was an enormous turtle, come, according to the habits of that animal, to lay its eggs in the sand above high-water mark. The turtles always select a situation that catches all the rays of the sun: they make a hole in the sand; cover up the eggs, and fifty days afterwards, without fail, their instinct brings them back to disinter them. At the moment when the layer of sand which covers them is removed, the young turtles break their shells, and follow their dam to the water's edge; and when they reach the waves, they make themselves fast to her belly, and are towed out to sea, to qualify them in time for the feasts of aldermen.

As soon as M. Cremasy ascertained who his early visitor really was, he walked stealthily towards her, and turning her on her back, kept guard over her till broad daylight came, when he despatched her. It was a task of some difficulty to cut her up; but when he had succeeded, he found himself repaid for his trouble. The turtle was in capital condition. He boiled the meat, which he thought excellent, and preserved the fat, which he disposed of in the shells of the smaller turtle left on the shore; and out of the fibres of the cocoa-nut he made wicks; in this manner constructing a very notable sort of lamp, antique in fashion, and, moreover, highly useful. To season his turtle, he then procured salt from the evaporation of sea-water, and converted the shell of his visitor into a caldron. With these civilised means of cooking, he ceased to enjoy his cocoa-nut milk, and laid in a stock of fresh water, obtaining it by sinking a well in the sand.

It soon became necessary to wash his linen, but he could not bring himself to the resolution of remaining a single instant entirely naked; he therefore would only arrange one garment at a time, wearing his trousers until his shirt was dried, and *vice versa*. He next burnt a clear space round his hut to keep off the rats, and fortified himself within a ditch, well fenced against intrusion by sharp palmetto branches and the stiff leaves of prickly pears.

In the course of his walks he had seen a number of pigeons, who allowed him to get tolerably close to them; he therefore set to work to hunt them down on foot with a long pole, and thus added a very agreeable dish to his repasts, for when roasted, they proved extremely tender and succulent. With flesh and fowl to supply his table, it was not long before he got the third requisite of a good dinner. On the south side of the island was a coral reef, upwards of ten leagues in length, which the tide, when it went out, left high and dry. At low water the fish hid themselves in immense quantities in the hollows where the water remained, and our solitary islander discovered in this fact a new source of profitable employment. Every day at low water he went out to the reef, sought for the reservoirs which contained the greatest number of fish, and then harpooned them with his boarding sabre; some of these he salted and dried, the rest were immediately cooked.

But however earnestly M. Cremasy laboured to improve his position, one thought dominated all others—the hope of finding the means of escaping from his solitude. When not employed in procuring and preparing his food, he passed his whole time on the look-out for any vessel that might shape her course within sight of Providence. His eyes were ever turned towards that point of the compass where his own ship had disappeared, and a thousand painful apprehensions disquieted him—the dread of its having been wrecked on some of the sunken rocks of that dangerous archipelago being the most paramount. But he was not one to give himself up for any length of time to inactivity. He knew the value of the proverb which tells men to assist themselves if they look for the aid of others; and accordingly he resolved upon constructing a beacon which should be visible at the distance of several leagues. It was not without difficulty that he succeeded in collecting a sufficient quantity of heavy wood to make a pile; he heaped it above a mass of leaves, and placed dry branches in alternate layers with the trunks of the

cocoa-nut and palmetto. This accomplished, his eyes once more wandered towards the ocean to seize the favourable moment for lighting up the beacon; but day followed day, and his solitude grew more and more dreary. His only pleasure consisted in watching the frigate-birds as they chased the gulls, and robbed them of the prey which they brought home from the great waters. It was, after all, but a melancholy sort of pleasure, for the screams of the famished sea-birds did not tend much to enliven the solitary shore.

M. Cremasy at length began to get uneasy about the condition of his wardrobe. How should he manage to cover himself, he asked, when his shirt and trousers were worn to tatters? The necessity of the case suggested an expedient. He manufactured a kind of cloth out of the thread-like substance of the interior of the palm, which he wove together as well as he was able. It was not a first-rate production, but it served at all events to prevent the sun from scorching, and the night air from chilling him, and then he had the ineffable satisfaction of admiring his own handiwork. He managed also to fabricate a pair of sandals out of the rosy bark of the cocoa-nut tree.

In this primitive costume he determined upon examining the island thoroughly. The task was not difficult, for Providence is little more than two leagues in circumference, and the surface is nearly level. About one-third of it, the part which lies to windward, is covered with a forest of cocoa-nut. The currents and the prevailing winds have cast innumerable seeds on the eastern shore, where they have germinated, taken root, and in the lapse of ages created the forest we speak of. The remainder of the island is merely a sandy plain, with stunted shrubs scattered here and there; but little grass, and what there is, coarse in touch, and salt to the taste. A more desolate spot altogether can hardly be imagined; but here it seemed probable that M. Cremasy was destined to end his days. Deliverance came, however, when he least expected it.

He was one evening returning to his ajoupa in a very pensive mood, absorbed in thoughts of the home he feared he should never revisit, when, as he stooped to gather some shell-fish for his supper, he fancied that something like the sails of a ship glittered on the horizon in the rays of the setting sun. He had been so often deceived by clouds which assumed the same form, that he was afraid to trust to his first impression. He watched the object steadily, and noted that, while the aspect of everything else changed, this alone preserved its first appearance, and, moreover, that it was nearing the island. He could no longer doubt that it was a ship. His heart beat high between fear and hope. Was it his own vessel or a stranger? Should he at once light the beacon, at the risk of rapidly, and perhaps uselessly, consuming what it had given him so much trouble to collect? But the sail drew closer. He resolved to take his chance, and the moment it became dark enough for his purpose, he set fire to the pile. A pyramid of flame shot up into the sky, and a minute afterwards the report of a gun assured him that the signal had been seen. He now listened intently, and the next sound that reached his ears was the noise of the oars in the row-locks, as with measured beat they urged a boat to the shore. The keel grated on the rocky bottom; but he had already hailed the crew, and in the joyous answer that floated over the waves he heard his own language, and recognised the voices of his shipmates. The vessel in the offing was his own, and the mate had come back to look for him. Carried away by the violent currents, and water and provisions failing, the former had been obliged to make for Anjouan, near Magotte, to victual the ship; he then returned in search of his captain.

The exile wrote the history of his thirty-two days' imprisonment, and placed it in a bottle, which he hung on one of the most prominent trees on the coast. An English vessel passing by a few months since happened to send a boat on shore for a supply of cocoa-nuts, and thus discovered the narrative. The sailors also found that the island was overrun with wild poultry; for when

M. Cremasy took leave of Providence he left behind him a small stock, which multiplied as he had desired. It was an offering of grateful remembrance for the mercy which had spared him.

THE MELON IN INDIA.

TILL recently, it fell to the lot of comparatively few of us in this country to know much more of the melon than the name; but, thanks to steam navigation, the poorest of us have now the advantage of at least seeing the fruit in great abundance in the shop windows. So is it likewise with the pine-apple; and as for pomegranates and oranges from Portugal and Malta, they are as familiar as apples and pears. The melon belongs to the order of cucurbits (*cucurbitaceæ*), comprehending productions that are mostly of tropical origin, although the annuals are common in European gardens. Some are natives of the Cape, others are found in Peru and Brazil, and some in Australia; but India is their favourite station. The cucurbits include, as the common species, the melon, cucumber, vegetable marrow, and other similar plants; but many others, more especially of the species of cucumis, to which the melon and cucumber belong, have violently-cathartic properties. One of them furnishes the well-known drug colocynth. The spicing cucumber is poisonous till it reaches a certain stage of ripeness, when the poisonous pulp is suddenly expelled from the interior of the fruit with great force.

The melon may be seen in all its varieties in the hottest months of the year—June and July—in whole cartloads in the Indian markets; and there the native is able to purchase three or four tolerably-sized melons for a halfpenny; while one large fruit, for which two shillings and upwards would be demanded in England, might grace his board for the outlay of the same copper coin. The Hindoo frequently makes his meal of this fruit, of which he eats several with impunity, a fact ascribed to his living chiefly upon milk and vegetable food; whereas the carnivorous and wine-bibbing habits of the European prohibit him from such indulgence. With him this delicious fruit, as well as the water-melon, are frequently the occasion of dysentery and other bowel complaints.

There are many varieties of melons in India, and all are distinguished by different names; but the surdah or green melon, and the thurbōjah, which is striped, are the most prized. This fruit grows best where there is a loose sandy soil, mixed with rich alluvial deposit; and the melon is therefore usually cultivated on the banks of rivers.

A correspondent, an 'Old Indian,' to whom we have frequently been indebted for excellent materials of this kind, mentions that melon-seed should be kept for a long time before it is committed to the ground. In Bengal it is sometimes laid up for five or six years in a dry and airy place, and this improves greatly the flavour and quality of the fruit. But the Hindoo, it seems, has recourse to the same thing in his cultivation of the radish, and with much more remarkable effect. Some of these may be seen on a market day trailed on a man's back, and of such enormous size, that they might rival an elephant's tusk both in length and girth. A radish of this magnitude, however, is always spongy and insipid, and quite destitute of the agreeable pungency we prize so much in this country. The effect of keeping the seeds of plants is not unknown to our own florists. The single stock, for instance, is by this means made to produce those splendid double blossoms which are the pride of our gardens.

The wild melon may occasionally be met with in some remote provinces of Hindoostan, by such as are observers of nature, and fond of strolling about on foot. It is about the size of a small duck egg, and of a lovely, bright, golden hue, with a smooth polished skin. In flavour, the child of the wilderness is not inferior to the offspring of art, but the edible part is rather thinner in proportion to its size, and the word seedy may without injustice be applied to it, for the core is disproportionably large.

The gourd, which belongs to the same species, affords a wholesome food to the poor and abstemious Hindoo. The red gourd resembles in taste, when boiled, a tender carrot; and the white gourd is presented at every native marriage-feast, being supposed to insure prosperity to the wedded pair. These plants may frequently be seen climbing over the roofs of booths and cottages, and during the easterly winds they doubtless add much to the comfort and coolness of these thinly-covered sheds.

The bitter gourd is found in a wild state in Hindoostan, and its gall-like properties are held in detestation by the natives, who look upon it as 'death in the pot.' Even this gourd, however, is made subject to the ornamental, and receives various fantastic shapes from the cultivators while it is growing. This is accomplished by tying it round with a string in such a way as to give it the shape of a bottle, an hour-glass, &c. when it has attained its full development. The useful, then, comes into play; and the pith and seeds being carefully scraped out, and the shell smoke-dried, and polished with oil, the gourd is converted, like the cocoa-nut, into a dish, in which the beggars collect the donations of the charitable in the shape of rice and cowries.

Dried gourds are used for guitars and sarindhās—favourite instruments in the East. Being light and sonorous, like our fir, they are well adapted for the sable musician's purpose, requiring no labour to shape them. The pipe of the snake-charmer is nothing but a small hollow gourd, with a couple of reeds stuck through it for the fingers, on the principle of the double flageolet. This simple instrument emits a shrill, tremulous sound, not unlike the Scotch bagpipe, though it has perhaps not quite so much of the drone.

A coarse yellow flower distinguishes both the gourd and cucumber; but one variety, the kuddhoo, has a pure, snow-white blossom. There are two sets of flowers, male and female, on each plant, the former appearing somewhat earlier than the other; but the Bengalee, ignorant of the beautiful economy of nature, merely remarks of them that the first set is good for nothing, and never comes to anything. Our 'Old Indian,' in conclusion, tells us that the enemy of Jonah still exists under the tropics in the shape of an orange-coloured beetle, which nips out the heart of the young plant, devours the rough leaves of the older one, destroys the fruit, and blasts the hopes of the Hindoo as speedily as it did those of the prophet.

MARION DE L'ORME.

[In No. 313 of this Journal, in an article entitled the 'Prisons of Paris and their Tenants,' some injustice, we hope, has been done to Marion de L'Orme by connecting her with the unhappy fate of Salomon de Caus, the mad inventor. The following is a copy of Mademoiselle de L'Orme's letter to M. de Cinq Mars, describing her visit to the Bicêtre with the Marquis of Worcester:—]

PARIS, February 1641.

While you were forgetting me at Narbonne, and giving yourself up to the pleasures of the court and the enjoyment of plaguing M. le Cardinal, I, in accordance with the desire you expressed, have been doing the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis of Worcester. I lead him, or rather he leads me, from curiosity to curiosity, selecting always the most sad and the most serious, speaking little, listening with the greatest attention, and fixing on those whom he questions two great blue eyes, which seem to penetrate to the bottom of their thoughts. Besides, he is never content with the explanations which are given him; he never takes things on the side on which they are shown him; take, for instance, the visit which we have just made together to Bicêtre, and where, in a madman, he thinks he has discovered a man of genius. If the maniac had not been furious, I verily believe that your marquis would have demanded his liberation, to take him to London, and listen to his ravings from morning till night. As we were traversing the madmen's court, and whilst I, more dead than alive—so frightened was I—clung to my companion, a hideous face showed itself behind the large bars, and began to cry in a broken voice, 'I am not mad; I have made a discovery which must enrich the country which would put it in execution!' 'And what is his discovery?' said I to

him who showed us the house. 'Ah,' said he, shrugging his shoulders, 'something very simple, which you would never guess: it is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man's name,' continued the keeper, 'is Salomon de Caus; he came from Normandy four years ago, to present to the king a treatise on the marvellous effects which might be obtained from his invention. To listen to him, with steam you might turn mills, make carriages go, and I know not what—you might perform a thousand miracles. The cardinal dismissed the fool without listening to him. Salomon de Caus, without being discouraged, set about following the cardinal everywhere, who, weary of finding him always at his heels, and importuned with his follies, ordered him to be confined at Bicêtre, where he has been for three years and a-half, and where, as you have heard, he calls out to each visitor that he is not mad, and that he has made a wonderful discovery. He has even composed a work on the subject, which I have here.' My Lord Worcester, who had become quite thoughtful, asked for the book; and after reading some pages, he said, 'This man is not mad; and in my country, instead of shutting him up, we should have loaded him with riches. Lead me to him; I wish to question him.' He was conducted to him, but he returned and and thoughtful. 'Now indeed,' said he, 'he is mad; misfortune and captivity have driven away his reason for ever. You have made him mad; but when you cast him into this dungeon, you cast there the greatest genius of your age.' Thereupon we departed, and from that time he talks of nothing but Salomon de Caus. Adieu, my dear friend, and faithful Henri. Return very quickly, and be not so happy down there as to have no love remaining for me.

MARION DE L'ORME.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A victimised navigator came into the town the other day from Kelso, where he had been employed on some of the railways. Pence and credit all gone—his jacket sold—footsores and friendless—he could not raise the price of a bed, and, as a desperate resource, he applied to the inspector of poor. His stalwart frame, although it bore evident traces of dissipation and blackguardism, did not justify the inspector in acceding to the request, and he accordingly refused it. The petitioner thereupon resolved to earn his board and lodging in a legal way, until his exhausted energies should be thoroughly recruited, and he at once knocked his fist through one of the inspector's windows. Apprehension and trial quickly followed, and, nothing loth, the culprit was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment. He got out on Christmas-Day, and appreciating the good porridge, warm soup, and comfortable clothing, with the accessories of a library to prevent him wearying, and the visits of a humane surgeon and a benevolent chaplain, he walked ten yards from the prison door and smashed one of the globes of the public lamps. His end was gained, and he was again placed in durance, not vile, but agreeable. What a commentary is this upon our extreme philanthropy in prison discipline! Men are taught to shun improvidence, folly, and crime, by perceiving that, as the natural consequences to such courses come destitution, misery, and death. Now-a-days this must be prevented. The idle and profligate, who are reduced by vicious excesses to premature old age, must be maintained at the public expense; and young women who have forgot the ties of religion and moral purity, must receive their weekly aliment, and the fruit of their misconduct brought up comfortably out of the pockets of the honest and industrious. A jail is now so regulated that it becomes a desirable residence for a broken-down vagabond. Criminals actually gain in weight in these asylums! It is high time that a reaction should take place in this mistaken philanthropy. The worthless, the abandoned, and the hardened offender, must be made to feel sternly the just consequences of their career. To come in betwixt them and these consequences is in a measure to subvert the laws of nature, and it is surely vanity in man to dream that he can ameliorate society by modifying or relieving the retribution which an all-wise Creator has decreed against all who transgress his laws.—*Peebles Monthly Advertiser*.

[The foregoing is a specimen of a class of paragraphs now becoming painfully common. A few days ago the *Times* mentioned several cases of abandoned women breaking splendid plate-glass windows in Ludgate Hill, apparently with a view to comfortable board and lodging in London; and in a subsequent paper, a tradesman who had

suffered from such practices suggested whipping and dismissal as somewhat more likely to stop window and lamp-breaking than giving good quarters in jail. Facts like these leave no room to doubt that the humane policy of the last few years has proceeded on too favourable an idea of individual character and social circumstances, as well as of the power of mere privation of liberty in curing a proneness to crime. In short, experience has most conclusively shown that there are large multitudes who care literally nothing for any species of imprisonment, provided they get food and shelter. The cunning of the dangerous classes has completely outwitted the humanitarians; and society, after a world of trouble and expense in attempting to carry out a theory, must needs return to a discipline which will at least bear some salutary terrors in its train. Of course juvenile education on a broad and compulsory scale would probably remove the necessity for any such measures; but that, amidst the contentions of sects and parties, can scarcely, we fear, be immediately hoped for.]

THE WREN BOYS.

On St Stephen's day, in the Roman Catholic counties of Ireland, the boys (and in Ireland all unmarried men are boys) assemble in great numbers, and having cut down a large furze bush, dress it up with bits of coloured ribbons, and hang on it numbers of wrens which have been hunted with dogs and sticks during the preceding week. They then march in procession, two at the head carrying the 'bush,' and visit every gentleman's residence in the neighbourhood, singing doggerel verses, and soliciting money, which they receive with loud huzzas. The origin of this odd custom is as follows:—During one of the rebellions which have so frequently distracted Ireland, many skirmishes had taken place, in which success had been about equally balanced, but the hostile armies had not yet met face to face on the battle-field. One Christmas night, when the royalists were encamped on the open plain, the entire army was sunk in the profoundest repose—even the sentries were sleeping at their posts. The night was wearing away, and the first faint streaks of dawn were seen in the east, when a little drummer, who lay fast asleep beside his drum, which had served as his supper-table the previous evening, was awakened by a wren pecking the crumbs on the drum-head. He started up, and looking round, thought he saw shadows moving through the mountain pass; he listened, and heard sure enough the tramp of armed men! To spring to his feet, beat his drum, and rouse the army, were the work of a moment. A few minutes more, and it would have been too late; for the rebels in all their strength were marching rapidly on them, and even now were not many hundreds of yards distant; but, thanks to the little wren, they had time to form themselves in battle array, and in the fight that ensued were completely victorious. The defeat of the rebels is still avenged on the descendants of the little bird which occasioned it, great numbers of which are annually slaughtered on St Stephen's day.—*From a Correspondent*. [This custom also exists in the Isle of Man. We suspect a much earlier origin for it than that here assigned.]

STANZAS BY SHAKESPEARE, AND SOMEBODY ELSE.

On how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose is fair, but fairer we it deem
For the sweet odour which doth in it live.
And thou, my rose, wilt ever be a rose,
Though time may steal the ruby from thy lips;
Thine eyes thy soul's bright thoughts will still disclose,
Though time their early lustre may eclipse.
Thy present mansion, lady, well I wot
Is very beautiful, but 'tis not thee;
For it may fade or change, but thou wilt not;
Though e'en when faded, 'twill be fair to me.
For thy fair soul so fair a shrine is meet,
But in thy being does most beauty lie;
As summer flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die.

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LOVEABLENESS OF FAULTS.

As man is lord of the earth, so the greatest of earth's imperfections are man's faults. They destroy the happy calm of life, they break up friendships, they bring grief and suffering alike to the injured and the injurer; and in the face of the sky, and beneath the gaze of angels, they mar a nature godlike but for them. But for everything there is alleviation, and it is no slight blessing, in this world of imperfection, that faults are not as unloveable as they are injurious, and that sometimes they prove an unexpected means of increasing the happiness which they seemed to have destroyed. Were they as repulsive in their sources as they are injurious in their consequences, it would be like taking the sunshine from us. It would break the golden chain of sympathy that binds us to our neighbours; it would destroy that kindness for them which is the parent of so many virtues; and would dry up the fountains of love, that keep life young, and make earth beautiful.

Faults are often virtues run to seed, and, amid their unsightliness, remind us of the beauty they have overpassed. Brave to a fault! generous to a fault! prudent to a fault!—we could run through the list of moral graces, and add the same sad tailpiece to them all. The amaranth, emblem of unchanging beauty, is no denizen of earth: flowers overstep the limits of their beauty, and fade; virtues overflow their golden basins, and run to waste, or derange the garden of the world. There is a weakness too, a fragileness of spirit, hanging about faults, which seems to cry for that sympathy which every generous heart is ready to offer, and for that leniency which a self-consciousness of many imperfections forces every candid nature to extend. The very reparation of a fault—for we speak not of such as do not repent them of unkindness—is often a new source of attachment. The lively expressions of regret, the mournful self-reproach, the renewed assurances of affection, the ardour to undo what has been done amiss, nay, more, and to present a favour while repairing a fault, in no more beautiful aspect than this does an amiable character appear. He stands before us, perhaps in the strength of manhood, yet in the frailness of humanity, surprised into error, because born to imperfection, but with energy and might to repair it fifty-fold, and with a heart that throbs indignantly at the thought of one of its unguarded impulses having wounded the spirit of his friend. He emerges from his fault like the sun from the flitting rain-cloud, roused into new beauty by its struggle with darkness, invested with new interest from its momentary eclipse, emerging at length in the glory of triumph, and painting its gratitude in the radiant rainbow.

As heat and cold, light and darkness—each and all excellent in their proper place and season—jar sadly when brought into company, so there are virtues which we

never see combined in the same character, and which seem to triumph in their neighbours' discomfiture. What virtue does not at times sin against its fellows? When incarnated in humanity, the family of the virtues is no more exempt from occasional bickerings than is the society of friends. Courage and self-respect quarrel with meekness for taking an impudent cuff too mildly; justice differs with benevolence as to the punishment of some unlucky offender; charity reproves caution for refusing to relieve a beggar; honesty denounces a brother-virtue for being generous before being just; and prudence, at one time or another, is at loggerheads with them all. Truly perfection, says the poet—

—'is not the growth of earth,
The search is useless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And only blossoms in celestial air.'

Looking abroad, then, upon the world as it is, what character do we find approaching nearest to this unearthly standard? It is the one, we think, not which displays the most varied virtues, but which presents the fewest failings. It is not the one most remarkable for numerous and brilliant graces, many of which necessarily clash together; for, as faults are more observed than graces, the inconsistencies inherent in such a character go far to neutralise our esteem for its excellences. As, says Schiller in his philosophical 'Punch Song,' the excellence of that generous beverage depends on the perfect blending of the four elements which compose it, so excellence of character consists in rather a harmonious union of a limited number of good qualities. It is this harmony that keeps the temper sweet and the judgment unclouded; it is this harmony that makes virtue most loveable; while it is the want of this that too frequently renders even the good man useless as an example, unsought as a friend.

We know no more disagreeable thing on earth than a 'perfect' character: those people who never do anything amiss—those moral automata who in all situations are the same, and to whom the etiquette of morality comes as handily as if they had had Chinese ancestors for a thousand generations—who smile and censure, speak or keep silence, just at the fitting time and no other: we never knew one of them long loved. One never sees the heart beat in them. An impulse, an emotion—cuffs or kisses—never shake them out of their bland composure: they seem constantly squaring their bad qualities by some secret rule of expediency. One night lately we heard a friend say, in reply to an assurance from his *fiancée*, that after marriage he would find she had faults—'if you had not, I should be afraid I had married an angel.' He need not have been alarmed—no angel would have had a gift of him; but he might with more reason have been apprehensive that he had married a hypocrite. 'The moment a perfect character enters a room,' says Professor Wilson, 'I leave it.' Nobody likes them; and no wonder.

For 'hypocrites they are,' says the moral philosopher, *'entus et in corde, by the necessity of their nature.'* Without faults, we should be unlovable. Not that there is anything lovable in faults of themselves; heaven forbid the thought! but they are sad necessities of our existence, and bind mankind together by the tender bond of common frailty; and they interest others in us, just as our fevers, our agues, the diseases of childhood, the accidents of maturer life, draw to us the affections of those who tend our sick-bed. Not merely because we are ill, bodily or mentally, but because they see us suffering under the disease, and struggling with it. It is the struggle and the suffering that engage affection, even as sympathy is repelled when the offence or the malady is wilfully incurred.

Alas that we should have to say it!—one fault sometimes mars a whole character. Such a fault is seldom of an impulsive nature, regretted as soon as done. It is a habitual failing, and one of which its possessor is unconscious. 'One Fault'—we have some recollection of a novel with this ominous title,* the hero of which was cursed with an over-sensitiveness, which made him find fault with everything—with the very moles in the sun-beam we daresay; and thus, though loving his wife devotedly, he managed to make her, himself, and everybody about him quite miserable. If we mistake not, he had the rather unusual custom of transmitting his domestic reproofs in letters, paper and wax of the most *recherché* kinds, and duly handed to his lady on a silver salver. 'A piece of humbug!' says some matter-of-fact person: 'gilding the pill—that's all.' In similar cases, however, it is a practice which *one* of the parties at least would be glad to adopt—for the tempers of over-sensitive people are so vexatiously irritable, that it is well to avoid any *vivado* explanations. And here we may remark, that over-sensitiveness is less seldom cured, and is even more disliked, than that other fault-finder, a hasty temper. The reason is obvious. A hot temper is bad—every one owns that, even its possessor—but a sensitive mind, one full of lively and fervid emotions, justly ranks high in the scale of intellect; and hence over-sensitive persons are too apt to regard their disease as the perfection of health; and not only offend others by their discontent and constant fault-finding, but wound their self-love by an assumption of superiority.

Little-nesses of mind, meannesses of heart, are the least lovable of all faults.† They are apt to beget contempt—a modification of dislike—of all others most to be shunned; and a defect of this kind will make a person be lightly talked of though his whole character be much above the average. It may be an egotism which leads one to speak overmuch or sillily of himself—or herself; for the failing is at least as common (though more excusable) in women as in men; or it may be a mean selfishness, trivial in degree, but never long in abeyance. In such cases the littleness of mind lowers our esteem, and the narrowness of heart repels our sympathy. They may hurt nobody; yet they are more disliked than many a fault that hurts many. Of this latter kind are the failings of those unfortunates who are commonly, but very erroneously, said to be nobody's enemy but their own. Their faults are often very grievous ones; and both from the mischief done by their example, and from the injury and vexation they inflict, reason and society unite in pronouncing upon them a heavy censure. Yet see how many love these unfortunates despite all their failings! Would you know why? It is because the heart is sound at the core, though woefully blinded by the mists of passion. Hitherto, perhaps, they have been unable to break the meshes which one fatal hour has coiled around them; but there they are, with warm hearts beating under all the unsightly weeds in which they have got entangled—and love cherishes the belief that some morn they will rise from their long sleep with the buoyant freshness of

awakening spring, and shake off tyrant faults 'like dew-drops from the lion's mane.' In the beautiful figure of Dante, they are rays got loose from the sunshine, and, in happier circumstances, we may yet hope to see them reunited to the brotherhood of light.

Yes, goodness of heart is the great redeemer. When united to genius, what a multitude of faults will it not cover! and it shines, though with the dimness of the lost Ekeid, even through the obscurities of vice. Few had ever a more numerous or a more devoted band of friends than the warm and noble-hearted *roué*, Fox; and who has not loved Sheridan despite all his failings?—above all, Goldsmith! for his life was one long chain of failings, often made ridiculous by a vanity and foppery that nothing but the gentlest and kindest of hearts could have redeemed. Think of a man moving (as Goldsmith scarcely did) in the middle rank of society with clumsy figure and plain face, and with an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast, yet decking out his person in all the glories of 'Tyrian bloom,' queen's-blue breeches, and peach-coloured coats! constantly in debt to his tailors and everybody else, and leaving them at last two thousand pounds out of pocket. Well might Johnson exclaim, 'Was ever poet before so much trusted?' Yet with all his foibles and embarrassments, he was fully as much beloved as he was admired. Burke, on hearing of his death, burst into tears; Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than in times of much family distress; the great soul of Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily; and on the stairs of poor dead Goldsmith's apartment there were the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women—poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear even when struggling himself with poverty.

Thus there is an instinct in our nature that prompts us to love even where we censure; and it is good to strengthen this instinct by gratifying it, for on the benevolent feelings which we entertain for others, depends not merely much of their happiness, but nearly all of our own. Let us ever cherish the noble sentiment of the great poet of Florence, who (stern and austere as misfortune had made him), when regarding the world as God's garden, and men as the many-coloured foliage that gives it beauty, breathes his philanthropy in language the highest that man or angel can use:—

'As for the leaves that in the garden bloom,
My love for them is great, as is the good
Dealt by the Eternal Hand that tends them all.'

THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY.

LITHOGRAPHY, or the art of printing on stone, owes its origin to Germany—the country which gave birth to the great art of printing with types, and to which we are also indebted for many other discoveries of value to mankind. The inventor of the lithographic art, Aloys Senefelder, was the son of a poor actor at Prague, where he was born in 1771. The family having removed to Munich, the young Senefelder there received some education, and when it became time to think of a means of living, he, like many wayward youths, resorted to literature as a profession; of course with want of success—for no man can begin to live all at once by authorcraft.

To add to the mortification of Aloys, his father died, leaving a number of children; and the only means of providing for the wants of his brothers and sisters, as well as his own, was to go on the stage. With an aching heart, and an empty stomach, Aloys personated courtiers revelling in luxury and gaiety. When at the conclusion of entertainments he laid down, his fine trappings at the theatre, he retired to a miserable home to starve on a crust and a pitcher of water. Two years were passed in this life of privation and anxiety. But although misery, that hideous phantom, or rather frightful reality, presented itself continually to the eyes of Aloys, poetry came like a consoling angel to soothe his grief, and reanimate him with courage and hope. For him, as an actor, the theatre had lost

* A very clever and deeply-interesting one by Mrs Trollope; see an account of it in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, old series, No. 663—4th.

† We need scarcely mention that throughout this paper we have made an arbitrary, but, we trust, sufficiently understood distinction, between faults and vices, confining our remarks to the former.

all its illusions; but he still dreamt of rendering his name famous in literature, and acquiring reputation, which some seek even in the cannon's mouth.

But how to emerge from obscurity, unless his writings are printed? Senefelder cogitated on this, to him, important question with conflicting emotions, and at last resolved to be his own publisher, and print with his own hand. He was in possession of a few types, but not sufficient for a page, and was too poor to purchase a press. No matter; he could invent, without being aware of it, stereotype; and his observant mind, impelled by necessity, conquered the rest.

The first proceeding to which Aloys had recourse consisted in pouring sealing-wax into a soft mould, in which his phrases were impressed by means of movable printing types. But the want of strength in the tablets thus obtained, and the impossibility of taking proofs even by the slightest pressure, determined him on engraving his cherished verses on copper. He had never handled the burin, and was unacquainted with the method of writing in reverse, unskilled in modelling writing, and unacquainted with nearly every process made use of by engravers. Still, he persevered, confiding for success in his firm resolution.

He set himself to the work; and having coated a copper-plate with a composition intended to impede the action of acid elsewhere than on the characters to be written, he traced the first few words which would either confirm his hopes or destroy them for ever. When the plate was finished, he carried it to a printer, and begged him to 'pull' a proof. What was his joy on seeing the impression—imperfect, yet full of promise; and, on the other hand, with what pain did he efface it to commence a new attempt, viewing with alarm the diminishing thickness of the plate, which he was unable to replace!

To produce a new surface, Senefelder rubbed the plate with a block of stone, which, however, was too coarse to give the requisite polish. Brought to a stand by this defect, he remembered having seen in his boyhood on the banks of the Isar certain stones which he hoped would better effect his purpose, and at once he hastened to the spot.

One idea nearly always leads to another: at the sight of the stones, which previously had served only as flooring materials, Senefelder conceived the project of making use of them for his writing exercises; and with him the thought of an attempt and its execution were the same thing. He immediately busied himself with squaring and polishing these *Kelheim-stones*—so called from the name of the place where they were found; and at length engraved them by the aid of acid, and prepared a suitable ink from wax, soap, and lamp-black, which enabled him to judge of the result of his labour.

In all this there is nothing particularly remarkable. Senefelder scarcely went out of the beaten track, and his progress was slower than it might have been had his glyphic and chemical knowledge been a little more extensive. Long before his day men had engraved on copper and carved stone, but he was the first in Europe to conceive and execute the idea of engraving a stone in relief—an ingenious and fertile idea, the foundation of lithography, and source of the improvements and perfection which it has since experienced. The following is Senefelder's account of his discovery:—'I had just smoothed a slab of stone so as to coat it with gum, and continue my attempts at writing in reverse, when my mother entered, and asked me to write out for her a list of the linen she had prepared for the wash; the washerwoman was waiting impatient while we looked everywhere for a piece of white paper. It so happened that my whole stock was exhausted, having been used for proofs, and my ordinary ink was dried up. As there was no one then in the house who could be sent to buy what was wanted, I took the notion to write the list on the stone which I had just levelled, making use of my ink composed of wax, soap, and lamp-black, intend-

ing to copy it as soon as some paper was brought. When at length I wished to wipe off what was written, the idea struck me all at once to see what would become of the characters traced with my wax-ink, on pouring acid over the stone; and also to try whether they could not be blackened as types or woodcuts are blackened, and afterwards printed. The attempts that I had already made had acquainted me with the action of acid relatively to the depth and thickness of the incisions, and led me to believe I should not be able to produce the letters well in relief. However, as the writing was coarse enough to resist the acid for a time, I went immediately to work; and surrounding the stone with wax, after the manner of copperplate-engravers, I poured dilute acid over it to a depth of two inches, and left it to stand for five minutes. On examining the stone at the end of that time, I found the letters in relief about the fourth of a line, or the thickness of a card. Some strokes, which probably had been written too fine, or not received sufficient ink, were slightly injured. The others had lost little or nothing of their breadth, which gave me the hope that writing, well traced, could be produced in greater relief.' Senefelder then goes on to describe the various modes he took to ink the *form*, none of which succeeded until he prepared 'the lid of a box, very level, by covering it with thicknesses of cloth.'

The enterprising artist now fondly imagined that the obstacles in the way of publishing his poetic thoughts were removed: he was impatient to give them to the world; but he was poor. He had no possessions which could be converted into money: the household goods belonged to his mother. By and by he remembered that to enter the army as substitute for another will assure him a bounty of 200 florins, and with this sum he can purchase sufficient material to start a small printing-office. Here, again, he was disappointed: his Bohemian birth disqualified him for the Bavarian service.

Deprived even of this bitter resource, Senefelder addressed himself to M. Gleissner, the court musician, and proposed to print his musical works. The proposition was accepted, and M. Gleissner, in addition, consented to advance a moderate sum, with which the struggling Aloys commenced lithographic printing in Munich. Soon after, the works of the friendly musician were issued from presses also invented by Senefelder. A copy of the first book was presented to the Elector of Bavaria, who, in return, sent a hundred florins to the new printer.

The news of his success soon made itself heard, and the artist's reputation increased as his labours continued, when a rival started up to claim priority of invention. Senefelder's right was, however, satisfactorily established, and he was commissioned by M. Steiner, director of public instruction, to print a collection of songs and chants for the use of schools. The results surpassed the expectation of the new patron. One object especially excited his attention—a small vignette, placed at the head of one of the chants, and which, although ill executed, convincingly proved that chemical printing would equally reproduce both music and design. Full of the idea thus suggested, M. Steiner recommended Senefelder to engage the services of skilful draughtsmen, so as to substitute correct drawings and good taste for the rude illustrations generally found in popular literature. And from this beginning we may date the lithographic designs and sketches now so widely diffused.

Shortly afterwards, having to print a book of prayers in *italic* characters, and but little experienced in that style of writing, Senefelder succeeded, after numerous trials, in making autographic ink and paper. Once possessed of this double secret, instead of writing himself upon the stone, he employed a more skilful hand to form the characters upon the new paper with the new ink; and then, by a simple and ingenious process, he transferred the writing from the paper to the stone,

and was thus enabled to obtain an almost unlimited number of impressions from the original; and in this way what has been called 'autography' was invented.

Senefelder was now more than ever on the road of discovery; and, as the sequel showed, he did not stop until he had carried his art to such a pitch of perfection, that artists coming after him have scarcely added a new process to his instructions. 'I remarked,' he observes in his narrative, 'that paper written upon with lithographic ink, and well dried, when dipped in water with which were a few drops of oil, took up this oil on all the written portion, while the rest of the paper, especially when it had been dipped in gum-water or starch-water much diluted, remained free of oil. This made me think of trying the effect of paper printed with ordinary printing ink. I tore a leaf from an old book, and passed it through a weak solution of gum, and laying it on the stone, I took a sponge charged with a thin oil colour, and rubbed it all over the paper.

'The printed characters took the colour at once, while the paper remained white. I then placed another white sheet above, put both under the press, and obtained an excellent copy of the printed sheet—although reversed. It would be possible by this method to reprint old books without great cost, or even editions of new ones.'

Here we have evidence that the invention of anastatic printing, which was trumpeted as a new and extraordinary discovery a few years since, was in fact due to Senefelder. It is, however, remarkable that, being thus acquainted with the process of transferring old impressions, he did not think of applying them to the stone. This is one of those curious oversights to which all men are liable, and for which it is not easy to give an explanation. Still, the persevering artist went on from trial to trial, from deduction to deduction, and at last discovered the method of drawing on stone with crayons, to engrave without the use of acid, and even to execute the earliest essays in chromo-lithography.

Arrived at this point, Senefelder could regard his labours with legitimate pride. Chance effected nothing for his fame—for chance is a word void of signification, invented to conceal our inability to discover the secret connection of effects and causes: the artist was inspired only by his genius and his poverty.

Being of a generous and communicative disposition, Senefelder revealed his processes to learners, who afterwards employed their knowledge to their master's detriment. In 1799, to secure to himself and those dependent on him a share of the profit to be derived from his long-continued exertions, he associated two of his brothers with himself in partnership, and petitioned the king, Maximilian Joseph, to confer on him the exclusive privilege of lithographic printing. A patent for fifteen years had just been made out, when one of the chief editors of music in Bavaria offered to Aloys a sum of 2000 florins if he would teach him his art, and remove to Offenbach to establish a lithographic press. The proposals were joyfully accepted, and three months later the new business was in full activity.

This success led to wider views, and Senefelder was invited to join in a scheme for the simultaneous introduction of lithography into four of the principal capitals of Europe. In furtherance of this scheme he visited London, but left England, after a short stay, without having accomplished his object.

From this period Senefelder appears to have been engaged in a series of speculations more or less unfortunate. We find him again at Offenbach, then at Vienna, afterwards at Potsdam, where he successfully applied his invention to the printing of cottons, and began to dream of fortune, when Napoleon's continental system came to prevent its realisation. He returned to Munich, and found that his brothers had sold their business for an annual pension of 700 florins. The government refused to confirm the privileges of his patent; but eventually, considering his merits, and the

benefits that had accrued from his inventions, they (in 1810) appointed him inspector of lithography, with an annual salary of 1500 florins. Senefelder had not forgotten his first friend Gleissner; and impelled by a feeling of gratitude, solicited and obtained for him a comfortable post in one of the government offices.

Thus tranquil as to the future, Senefelder married; but his wife died a few months after their union. He waited three years, and chose another—one every way qualified to become the companion of a man of genius. In 1819 he went to Paris with another invention: a sort of pasteboard, intended to supersede the heavy stones required in lithographic printing. Not finding it answer, he adopted plates of zinc, with which so much has subsequently been effected. After a time, he returned to Bavaria, living tranquilly on the salary attached to his office, and occupying himself in painting, in which he attained considerable skill. He was thus engaged when disease overtook him; he became blind, and died in 1834, leaving a widow and a son to inherit his fame.

Senefelder affords an interesting example of what may be accomplished by persevering thought and industry. He possessed great kindness of heart, and his integrity was unimpeachable. His artist-feeling was vivid and powerful, and to this cause may be traced the failure of his commercial speculations: he thought more of excellence of work than of reward. A bust to his memory stands among the other sculptured worthies of the magnificent Walhalla of Munich.

SATURDAY EVENING IN MANCHESTER.

WITH the working-classes generally the evening of Saturday is usually the busiest in the week. They have then to spend the wages for which during the previous days they have been labouring, and many among them find it more difficult to lay their money out in the most profitable and economical way than it was to earn it. The allurements to spend are more numerous and bewitching on Saturday than on any other evening. All kinds of provisions, clothing, and ornaments are exposed at temptingly low prices, their defects being in many instances undiscernible in the gas-light, by which the working-man and his wife have to make their purchases. Again, all descriptions of cheap literature appear on the Saturday evening. The windows and counters of the vendors are covered with sheets, many of them decorated with woodcuts which promise the most exciting tales, and appear to the factory boy or girl well calculated to relieve the tedium of the approaching day, whose hours hang heavy on too many hands. Cheap amusement of all kinds is provided in great plenty: the poor worker, whose ears have throughout the week been filled with the incessant noise of machinery, flies with eagerness to listen to vocal or instrumental music, rendered all the more attractive by the freedom with which it can be enjoyed, and the indulgence in drinking and smoking by which it is accompanied.

In Manchester, Saturday evening is almost as important a time to the working-classes as Tuesday, the great cotton-market day, is to their employers. On this day the warehouses and offices generally close at one o'clock, and the clerks, warehousemen, and others of that class, who of themselves would people a moderately-sized town, are at liberty till Monday morning. The factories and other public works close about four or five, and a population of not much under 100,000 is immediately released from a whole week's labour. Few streets have a more gloomy appearance than a street of warehouses or of mills in Manchester on a Saturday evening. The steam-engine is then a mere heap of cast-iron, the machinery is inert and lifeless, the furnace is cold, the doors are locked, and the lights are out. But the soul of industry is absent: the last day of the week has come, and the thousands of busy workers have each gone to satisfy his or her individual wants.

Walk a few paces into the next street, and the scene

changes, as if by magic. Here you are surrounded by all kinds of human noises, and jostled most uncereemoniously by all kinds of passengers. Every house is a shop, and every shop is streaming with light. Here almost every want that man feels can be satisfied. There are bakers' shops in profusion, with great coloured tickets stating the prices of bread; cheering intimations that the staff of life is 'down again,' and that the best 'muffin flour' is exceedingly cheap. The factory, now so quiet, has given the people good wages, and food is at a low price, so that the customers of the bakers are very numerous. There are butchers' shops open in front, with the gas flaring and smoking with every current of air; the pieces of meat ticketed with the price per pound; and a stout rubicund butcher in apron and steel, with his hands in his pockets, promenading outside, and shouting at the utmost pitch of his voice, 'Now, ladies, make your markets—make your markets!' And the ladies are making their markets. You see the husband and wife, both of them very young, and neither looking very healthy, engaged in making purchases. The husband carries a baby, carefully wrapped up, and sound asleep, while the wife has a basket and the key of the house-door. They perhaps rent a little house in some of the cheaper streets; they do not keep a servant; the wife cannot go to market till she receives her husband's wages; and then, as the baby cannot be left at home, all three go out together. Such groups as these you will meet by hundreds in Manchester on Saturday, even so late as eleven o'clock at night. But injurious as such a life cannot fail to be to the health of the child, it is trifling in comparison with what those children suffer whose mothers work in factories, and who have to leave their offspring at home during the day in very inefficient charge. The freedom to wander about the streets and lose themselves which the children of Manchester possess is something quite unparalleled. In the year 1848, for example, 4715 children were reported to the police as having been lost. They were all found again, the police being instrumental in restoring 1681. In Liverpool, on the other hand, out of a population nearly as large, but not engaged in factory labour, the number of children found wandering in the streets by the police, and restored to their parents, was only 360.

But this crowded street is not occupied exclusively by people buying and selling. There are numbers of young men and women, in good strong working clothes, and often wearing wooden clogs, on whom the cares of Saturday night seem to sit very easily. They linger about the shop-windows, gazing at caps and bonnets, and fashionable top-coats, and rich variegated vests, and gaudy dresses. All these articles are usually ticketed with the price 'in plain figures.' But of such prices it is 'distance that lends enchantment to the view'; for it is no unusual thing for the eye to be attracted with a nice showy article, ticketed two shillings in dashing figures, while, on a close inspection, clovenpence is noticed marked in pencil, forming a considerable addition to the price; or a ticket will be seen at a distance that looks like tenpence, but on a closer view a thin stroke is seen, that raises the price to a shilling. The appearance of these young people, so indifferent and gay, contrasts strikingly with that of others not many years their seniors, but who have already started on their own account in life, and have a house of their own, from whose door the wolf must be kept.

But while within the shops all the buying and selling go on without much noise, there is a ceaseless clamour arising from the vendors of various things in the streets. The cry is not as it used to be in the great streets of London, 'What d'ye lack?' but each itinerant dealer lustily shouts out the price and quality of his particular commodity. The most extensive out-of-door trade is that carried on in oranges. In a leading thoroughfare in Manchester, one Saturday evening, I counted twenty-two sellers of oranges on one side of the street alone.

Sometimes they have little stands stuck up in a corner, lighted by a paper lantern, the proprietrix busy in knitting stockings or some similar employment; but in general the oranges are kept in a portable basket, and the dealers move up and down alongside the parapet, vociferously shouting 'Four a penny, oranges—four a penny!' The consumption of this fruit in Manchester must be enormous. Go where you please, you are assailed with invitations to buy; and whether you attend the theatre or the circus, travel in the omnibus or the railway carriage, you will find the public eating oranges. Again, you find dealers in old umbrellas perambulating the street, offering their goods at very cheap rates. If the night is rainy, their stock is usually soon sold off; but if the weather is fine, their occupation is gone. Then there are poor women offering night-caps and dress-caps for sale. Perhaps they have been engaged all the week in making them, and now come out on Saturday night to look for customers among the moving crowd of the streets. There are flying stationers offering letter-paper, envelopes, and wax at excessively low prices; others selling almanacs or illustrated pamphlets. Here and there is a wheel-of-fortune, with boys twirling it for nuts. But amid all this noise of honest, and sometimes dishonest traffic, there is a class of people in the streets whose great claim on your pockets springs out of their silence. On an ordinary evening you see exceedingly few street beggars in Manchester; but on Saturday they appear in full force. Nothing is more puzzling than to know the real character of these claimants on your charity. For example, I noticed on two or three successive evenings an exhibition of distress which might have arrested the greatest opponent of street alms-giving. In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of Manchester, a woman, poorly but neatly clad in widow's weeds, was seated in a chair placed near the parapet. She had two young children, evidently twins, in her arms, and four others were ranged beside her. Not one of the family spoke a word, but looked patiently with a quiet, forcible appeal, to the passers-by. Two or three gin-palaces were near, and of course a crowd of half-intoxicated people was collected round, whose noisy manners and coarse language contrasted very strikingly with the 'respectable poverty' of this poor woman. It was a puzzling case. You could scarcely find it in your heart to pass without giving something; and yet there was a lurking air of deception about the whole group that was very unsatisfactory. Similar cases are exceedingly common in Manchester; but it is only on Saturday night that they are seen.

There are a number of public market-places in Manchester, the largest of which is Smithfield. This is an open space, where booths and stands have been placed so as to make regular lanes. The appearance of this market is very like that of a country fair. All kinds of exhibitions are here open: wild beasts, wax-work, jugglers, &c. &c. Each has its band of music, and before each a large crowd of idle people is collected. There are long lanes where old clothes are sold; others where crockery in any quantity may be purchased; others where fresh and salt meat, and various kinds of nondescript animal food, can be bought. The crowd here is not so great as might be expected. Indeed it will be found that the greater part of the buying and selling in Manchester goes on in the shops—the markets not being either on the same scale as regards size, or having the same conveniences as in Liverpool. Passing out of Smithfield, you come into Shude-Hill, another busy thoroughfare. Part of the street is lined with stalls, principally occupied by vendors of old books. Here also are machines by which your height and weight can be accurately ascertained, and marked for you on a card, 'for the small charge of one penny.' Here is an artist who draws likenesses in an amazingly short time for a few pence; and, most attractive exhibition of all to young ignorant people, here is 'the magic looking-glass, in which a young man can see his future wife, and a young woman her future husband.' All those

weighers and measurers, likeness-painters and prophets, have plenty of customers.

You pass from this district into the old churchyard, so lonely, quiet, and still; the great square tower, blackened by the smoke of every factory chimney that has ever been reared in Manchester, looking down like a speechless giant on the noise and bustle that abound in this great city. Cross the churchyard, descend a flight of steps, pass another market, and you are in Deans-Gate, one of the oldest streets in Manchester. Deans-Gate closely resembles the High Street of Edinburgh or the Tron-gate of Glasgow. It is not so wide, nor are the houses so high, but it is proportionably as densely populated, and as full of life. Here, on one Saturday night, I counted a hundred and fifty-five persons who passed me in three minutes, and the stream flows on every Saturday night as densely. Here you do not see so much of the factory population as in other districts, but here you see the greatest amount of drunkenness and profligacy. It is most melancholy to witness the crowds of young and old of both sexes hovering about spirit vaults, gin palaces, &c.; and when the door is opened, a glimpse is obtained of still greater crowds in the interior. Teetotalism has made much progress, town missionaries have laboured hard, many new schools have been built, but it would appear as if all these influences are utterly incapable of reaching a large class of the population—a class which very often have no honest means of obtaining a livelihood—which overflows into such great thoroughfares as Deans-Gate in Manchester on Saturday nights—which is kept not only in restraint, but to a great extent out of sight, by the police—and which, if any lawless outbreak took place, would suddenly appear, to the terror and astonishment of respectable people, who have no idea that they are living in the same town with such human beings.

Let me now show the reader some of the Saturday evening amusements of the people of Manchester. These are in a great measure of a musical kind. Here is a large placard on a dead wall headed 'Saturday Evening Concerts,' and announcing that a 'ballad entertainment of serious and humorous songs' will be given at the Mechanics' Institution, to which members will be admitted for threepence, and others for sixpence. The bill of fare is very attractive, and altogether the entertainment seems of a high order, and the charge sufficiently low to admit the working-classes. The Institution is in a central part of the town, the lecture-room is commodious and comfortable, and it contains a fine organ. But the audience is very small; the room, which can accommodate upwards of a thousand, is scarcely half-filled, and you look in vain for traces of 'mechanics' among the well-dressed people there assembled. The experiment of Saturday evening concerts has unfortunately not been attended with the same success in Manchester as in Liverpool; for it appears by the report of the directors of the Manchester Institution that in one year a loss of nearly two hundred pounds was sustained by these concerts alone. It is very evident that the working-classes are seeking their Saturday's amusement elsewhere.

Leaving the Mechanics' Institution, therefore, you walk a short distance, and reach a building called 'The Casino,' which, according to the public announcement, is 'a temple of poetry and song, and to which the admission is free.' The building is in a highly-respectable neighbourhood. Within a stone's-throw almost there are four churches and chapels; the Museum of the Natural History Society, one of the best in the provinces; the world-famous Free-Trade Hall; the Theatre-Royal; and the Circus; and on the same side of the same street, at the distance of a few paces, is the Concert Hall, in which musical entertainments are given, attended by the *élite* of Manchester; so that in the same street the highest and the lowest classes have their tastes for music amply gratified. At the entrance to the Casino a number of young people are hovering about,

looking wistfully from time to time into the interior as the door occasionally opens; a policeman is there to keep order, and a printed notice gives all people to understand that they 'cannot be admitted without checks.' These checks are sold at twopence and threepence each, according as the visitor wishes to take his place in the body or gallery of the room. This payment naturally leads to the remark that the admission is *not* free, which again brings out the explanation that the money is returned in 'refreshments of a superior quality,' the said refreshments consisting, as the visitor afterwards finds, of 'apples, oranges, cakes, and ginger-beer; ale, porter, and cigars!' The room is a long rectangle, with a tolerably numerous instrumental band; a stage and scenery at one end, a narrow gallery running round three sides of the building, and two 'private boxes' near the stage. The walls of the gallery and the beams of the roof are decorated in theatrical style; there is a bar above and below, where refreshments are given in exchange for checks or money: the benches are supplied with ledges for holding bottles, glasses, &c.; in the gallery, space is left for promenading between the front rails and a number of boxes, similar to those in coffee-houses, ranged along the wall. The whole is brilliantly lighted with gas, and attached to the gas lustres are pendent pipes similar to those used in chemists' shops for the convenience of sealing packets and phials, but which in the Casino are used for lighting pipes and cigars. Altogether, the room may accommodate about fifteen hundred or two thousand people, and on the Saturday evening I visited it there could not be fewer than one thousand present. The greater number of them were young people, many mere boys and girls. A considerable proportion were females, some of whom, with a glass of porter before them, were nursing infants at the breast. They did not all apparently belong to the working-class; for there were many young men in the gallery dressed as clerks or shopmen, from whose cheeks Manchester air and Casinos had not yet extracted the fresh bloom of the country. Very few among the audience had their hats off; they were all engaged in eating, drinking, smoking, or talking. Ginger-beer seemed to be a favourite beverage, and occasionally the noise of the audience, or the music of the band, would be varied by the reports caused by uncorking unusually brisk bottles of this liquor, while the shouts of the waiters, as they passed to and fro with baskets full of 'refreshments,' added to the general confusion. The tobacco-smoke rising from the body of the room, the air vitiated by so much breathing and by the numerous gas-lights, the want of, or rather the impossibility of having, a thorough system of ventilation, rendered the atmosphere of the gallery excessively disagreeable and unwholesome; but the audience seemed to enjoy it—they were all very merry. Occasionally some person would give annoyance, and require the interference of a waiter or policeman; but there appeared to be little disorderly conduct, nor did any one appear to be drunk. No spirits or wines were sold, and the ale and porter consumed appeared to put the people in good-humour, rather than otherwise. All this time the band has been playing some insipid tunes, which, amid the general noise, you cannot recognise. But a bell rings, and the noise is somewhat hushed: all eyes are turned to the stage; a singer appears, in proper costume, and sings some popular ballad of the day; she retires, but immediately reappears, and sings another; after which the noise and instrumental music are renewed, and then a male singer appears and goes through the same course. Occasionally there are dialogues, a little acting, tumbling, juggling, and dancing. But altogether there is little in the songs or music that can be objected to, occasionally there is a *double entendre*, which provokes smiles as well as laughter.

This Casino is one of the largest establishments of the kind in Manchester, and a description of it will serve as a description of all. Some of course are on a much

smaller scale, and have perhaps only a piano or an organ. Some aim at giving short theatrical entertainments; occasionally the exhibition of what are called *poses plastiques* may be seen at some. In many the walls are decorated with really good oil paintings; the greater part are open all the six evenings of the week, and more than one-third are open on Sunday, when it is professed that only 'sacred music' is allowed to be played—the chamber-organs with which many are supplied being then brought into requisition. Some idea of the number of these establishments may be obtained from the fact, that in Manchester alone (exclusive of Salford) there are 475 public, and 1143 beer-houses; 49 of the former, and 41 of the latter having musical entertainments; and 26 of the former, and 10 of the latter, having music on Sundays. The money spent in these places is very great, and perhaps it cannot be estimated at much under, if it does not exceed, £1,000 per week, and about one-third of this sum is spent on Saturday evening.

This picture of Saturday evening amusement in Manchester is very saddening. The music at the Mechanics' Institution is unquestionably of a higher kind, and better calculated to elevate and refine the taste, than the music at the Casinos; but the latter have what in the former is quite inadmissible—freedom from the usual restraint of a public assembly, and indulgence in smoking and drinking; and the audiences at each leave no doubt of the nature of the tastes of a vast mass of the population. And yet there is some comfort in the reflection that such amusements are much better than those which were sought after a quarter of a century ago. For about a year past, concerts of a high order have been given at a cheap rate in the Free-Trade Hall on Monday evenings, and have proved very successful. The attendance on many occasions has been about 5000. The audiences are composed almost entirely of people who, if they were not there, would not be at the Casino. The people whom you meet on a Saturday night making their purchases have neither time nor inclination then to listen to music; but on Monday evening they have, and on Monday evening they attend. Thus the classes of people attending the two places are quite distinct, and, as a 'counter attraction,' the effects are scarcely perceptible.

About eleven o'clock all the music-saloons are closed; the audiences are moving homewards, some of them lingering to buy cheap periodicals; people begin to think of shutting their shops and counting their money; here and there a drunk person is seen reeling home; the itinerant hawkers have left the streets; the cabmen drive their jaded horses homeward; light after light is put out; and when Sunday morning comes, all Manchester, with its gigantic machinery, its treasures of manufactured and unmanufactured goods, and its hundreds of thousands of human beings, is wrapped in profound silence, broken occasionally by the wild shriek of a locomotive, and the thundering noise of the luggage-train by which it is followed, or the sharp ringing of iron on the pavement, as a policeman signals to his neighbour.

LADY ANN'S INVITATION.

We were already so numerous and happy a family, of all ages and sizes, in our old house, which seemed as if it would have tottered but for the substantial support of numerous ivy-covered buttresses, that when we had an addition to our circle in the person of Cousin Beatrice, certain misgivings were experienced by some of us lest the new-comer might not amalgamate in her habits or disposition with the inmates. Beatrice was an orphan, and had become our father's ward; she inherited a good fortune, and was a young, beautiful, and high-spirited girl—so high-spirited, that our unworlily and meek-tempered father was not fitted to curb or restrain the somewhat too exuberant outbursts of a thoughtless but

not ungenerous nature. In short, the only individual who had any authority over our volatile cousin, which, however, he never appeared to exercise, except by gentle persuasiveness, though retaining an influential sway over most of her actions—this individual was our eldest half-brother, Colonel Lindores—who, after several years' sojourn in the East, had returned to end his days in his native land, and was now paying a lengthened visit to his family—consisting of our father, and brothers, and sisters in plenty, not omitting to mention Miss Sowerby, an ancient cousin, thrice removed, who had taken up her rest with us. Miss Sowerby had been a governess all her life; and now, in her old age, she would have been thrown on the world, destitute and helpless, had not our benevolent parent extended the hand of welcome and protection. She was a quaint specimen of the *prim gouvernante* of a former age—full of obsolete mannerisms and harmless pedantries—and exacting from all young people the most unbounded deference and respect. What she had taught her pupils we never could discover, with the exception of embroidery in all its stages, from the sampler to the gorgeously-finished tapestry. From the tenor of her conversation, it seemed as if Miss Sowerby had lived on the most intimate terms with aristocratic personages of note, so full was she of anecdotes concerning great folks and their secret histories.

We, who knew her weak point, humoured her in this particular, for she was the kindest and most simple creature in the world, and painfully sensitive to slights or ridicule. She had numbered amongst her former pupils the younger daughters of the Earl of —, one of whom had married a Mr Tyrconnel, and afterwards became celebrated for talents and charms of no common order. This was the pet theme of Miss Sowerby's life: everything turned on what Lady Ann Tyrconnel had said or done when she was a child; and although twenty years had elapsed since this child became a woman and a wife, still, poor Miss Sowerby felt persuaded that her memory must be gratefully treasured by the high-born lady, notwithstanding the fact, that during that long interval of time Lady Ann had never recognised the existence of her governess. Now, however, it was rumoured that the Tyrconnels were coming to the Priory, which they had not visited since their marriage. This seat was not more than twelve miles distant from our home—and in the country that is nothing; so, as Miss Sowerby said, while her whole frame shook and fluttered with excitement, 'Now that dear Lady Ann would be a next-door neighbour, she had no doubt of an early summons to the Priory.'

It was 'Lady Ann' henceforth from morning to night, and, truth to tell, we were all weary of her name; but we had learned to bear with Miss Sowerby's foibles—partly from affection, partly from pity—so we only smiled, and said nothing. Not so our Cousin Beatrice; she delighted to tease and banter the prim old dame, who in return disliked her as much as a truly kind nature could dislike any one—prophesying that Miss Beatrice Delville would come to no good if she did not amend her evil ways: in her (Miss Sowerby's) day, young ladies did not ride about the country on wild horses, had not always a bloodhound at their heels, and did not talk and laugh so unrestrainedly as Miss Beatrice did!

'What! no invitation come yet from Lady Ann?' the torment would exclaim in return for all this tirade. 'Well, I declare, Miss Sowerby, if I were you, when it does come I would not condescend to accept it!'

Lindores looked annoyed and serious when these taunts and bickerings were repeatedly occurring; but the game was too pleasant and ready to her hand for the thoughtless Beatrice to be easily daunted, even by Lindores's grave reproofs. She and Miss Sowerby waged open war against each other—Beatrice not considering the unequal odds of age, poverty, and weakness, against youth, prosperity, and light-heartedness.

Accounts reached us from time to time of the 'gay doings' going forward at the Priory, coupled with re-

ports of Lady Ann's exclusive hauteur, the loveliness of her children, and the titles of her guests. Miss Sowerby devoured all this, appropriated it to herself, and still lived on hope—hope thin as air certainly—that the invitation yet must arrive, which set her heart throbbing when she contemplated it even at a distance. But, alas! no invitation came for the poor cidevant governess; and at length her slumbering pride was aroused, and the painful conviction forced on her mind, that she was indeed utterly forgotten. Lady Ann had been informed of her whereabouts; but Lady Ann had evidently ceased to remember her childhood's friend! So that when the saucy Beatrice came home one day from a long ride with Lindores, and expatiated rapturously on the 'little divinities' they had encountered—meaning the young Tyrconnells on their Shetland ponies—exclaiming immediately, 'It is too bad, Miss Sowerby, really it is, to treat you so: when the invitation to the Priory *does* come, if I were you I'd send a cold decline!'

And to our amazement Miss Sowerby answered mildly, but firmly, 'It is my intention, Miss Beatrice Delville, to decline it, should I be favoured with a summons to visit Lady Ann in the form of a note of invitation.'

'Well, I'm truly glad to hear you say so, Miss Sowerby,' cried Beatrice laughing; 'for I think Lady Ann has used you shamefully, and you ought to retort, and show your spirit.'

More than once a conversation similar to this took place between the pair of opposites—our two cousins; Miss Sowerby vehemently adhering to her avowal of refusing were she asked, and Beatrice frequently taunting her with insinuations that the grapes were sour, and that if they hung within reach even now they would be eagerly snapped at. In dignified silence at last poor Miss Sowerby bore her tormentor's unmerciful bantering; then Lindores took up the cudgels in defence of the weak, and declared that he heartily wished a summons might come from Lady Ann, even at the eleventh hour, were it only to enable Miss Sowerby thereby to prove that Miss Delville was in error, for holding expressed determination so lightly.

'And do you really believe her, Lindores, when she says she *wouldn't* go if she *could*?' exclaimed the merry young lady; 'that is too good a joke really! and I'll wager my darling Nep against your peerless Arabian, that if a letter comes from Lady Ann asking Miss Sowerby to visit her, *she'll* go.'

'I accept your wager, Beatrice, though I usually disapprove of ladies taking bets,' answered Lindores smiling, and desirous of ending the discussion, when our eldest cousin said, her eyes filling with tears, 'You may safely accept Miss Delville's challenge, Lindores, my dear, for Lady Ann has quite forgot her governess, that is clear: I have become resigned to the belief, though it is mortifying, considering past attachment.'

And while the amiable Lindores tried to soothe the worthy old creature's wounded vanity, he held out no false hopes, but attributed the apparent neglect to Lady Ann's numerous engagements and preoccupations; so she listened, and was comforted.

Great was our astonishment, in about a week subsequent to this little episode of 'the bet,' when a letter, bearing the mark of the nearest post-town, and addressed to Miss Sowerby, threw her into a state of absolute bewilderment, and finally into an ecstasy of joy. It was a formally and coldly-worded invitation from Lady Ann to stay at the Priory for two days, the time specified being a fortnight distant, and no answer required. The note commenced with 'Lady Ann Tyrconneil's remembrances to Miss Sowerby,' and the handwriting was so careless as to be almost illegible; but our poor cousin pronounced it perfect in all respects! The formality was high-breeding, the coolness high respect for her! and so she laid the flattering unction to her soul; past neglect vanished away from her forgiving elated mind, and she shed tears abundantly over the scroll, kissing it repeatedly, and hiding it in her bosom.

'Alas for my peerless Arab steed!' said Lindores to Miss Beatrice Delville, with a half-puzzled, half-sorrowful look.

'What do you mean, Lindores?' exclaimed Beatrice, her colour heightened, her voice betraying agitation and surprise.

'Only,' he replied, 'that Cousin Sowerby has commenced preparations on a great scale for her momentous visit to the Priory, and carries her head an inch higher, poor soul!'

'You must be joking now, Lindores,' exclaimed Beatrice: 'you do not actually mean to say that she has accepted the invitation?'

'Indeed I do, Beatrice,' he answered. 'But what a strange girl you are; how astonished you look! Why, you bet me that she *would* if she *could*; and now, wherefore all this extreme amazement?'

'Because I only did it to tease her, Lindores; and I didn't believe she would go; and I don't want your Arabian. And oh, Lindores, Lindores, stop her: she must *not* go to Lady Ann Tyrconneil's—indeed she must not! What shall I do?'

'Be kind to Selim, and don't over-ride him, Beatrice: you have fairly won him,' said Colonel Lindores, looking nevertheless a good deal surprised at his cousin's extraordinary manner.

'No, no, I have not *fairly* won him,' she exclaimed in a still more agitated tone. Then she abruptly stopped on encountering Lindores's earnest and serious gaze. A sudden thought appeared to strike her: she started, putting her hand to her brow, was lost in reverie for a few moments, and then looking up with a bright smile, she cried, 'When Selim is mine, I promise you faithfully, Lindores, to love him dearly, and care for him as you do.' So saying, she darted out of the room, leaving Colonel Lindores much perplexed at such vagaries even from her, privileged person as she was.

It was indeed as Lindores had said, and Miss Sowerby's preparations were on a great scale for her small means. A new dress and a cap were ordered from T—, and furnishing old things and remodelling was going forward from morning till night in Miss Sowerby's own room. Her heart was so completely in this great event of her passive life, that I became convinced any disappointment would go hard with her.

One week had elapsed since the summons arrived, and a continuous heavy fall of snow almost threatened to block up the roads, which were very wild and rough between our house and the Priory. Miss Sowerby kept watch anxiously; and my father having promised her the use of our seldom-used, lumbering family-coach for the coming event, she became consoled, more particularly as Lindores offered to be her escort, and to deposit her safely at the gates. All that night the snow continued to descend; and alarming accounts reached us of: wayfarers missing, to say nothing of the perishing cattle on the hills; therefore our consternation may be imagined when, at a late hour, as the shadows of evening were gathering over the gloomy landscape, we were informed, on seeking Beatrice in her apartment, whither she often retired for hours, that she had been seen to quit our valley at an early hour of the day mounted on her mettlesome pony, and attended only by Neptune; nor had she yet returned. She had been seen by some labourers speeding past Donniwell Church, a lonely edifice on the edge of a moor, and in the direct route to the Priory. This was hours ago. And now the house was in confusion, for every one loved Beatrice, despite her naughty, teasing ways; for hers was the open heart and liberal hand, and the tongue was the unruly member which led Beatrice into all her scrapes. As to the grave, stately, and somewhat indolent Lindores, he exhibited symptoms of so contrary a nature to his usual wont, that Miss Sowerby, who shared to the full in our alarm and anxiety, innocently exclaimed, 'Well-a-day! Lindores, my dear, it's very good of you to be so brisk

'about the safety of one you don't overmuch love.' But Lindores heard her not: he was off in search of the truant, alone over the dreary hills and moors, desiring proper persons to follow on his track with lanterns and requisite assistance. Lindores knew the danger far better than we did of being lost on the trackless wastes, and his countenance betrayed horror when he heard of his young cousin's escapade. The only words he uttered were, 'Towards the Priory, you say? Ah, I see—I understand it all!'

Lindores had not proceeded far when he met Neptune returning home in haste. With caresses of unbounded joy he recognised the colonel; and turning back, as he looked up in his face with a piteous whine, the faithful animal kept the unerring direction towards Donniwell Church; and there, in the deserted porch, nearly stiffened with cold, pain, and terror, was Beatrice Delville. Her pony had slipped, rolled down a bank with her, and broken both its own legs. She fortunately escaped without broken bones, but so sorely bruised, that after in vain trying to make her way amid the snow-drifts, she gave it up, and 'came back here to die, Lindores,' she faintly murmured, as he wrapped her in his vestments, and tenderly supported her frail and trembling form.

'Thank Heaven I have done what I had to do!' she continued in a scarcely audible whisper; 'and I am deeply thankful this accident befell me on my return'—

'From whence, Beatrice?'

'Don't ask me now, Lindores. All I grieve for is the misery I have caused you all. I deserve my punishment were it ten times worse.'

'It is bad enough,' said Lindores softly, as he gazed upon her pale cheek, and a deep cut on her fair forehead, from which the blood was oozing frightfully. 'No need for explanation, Beatrice; I guess your secret.'

There was no response. The head fell listlessly on his shoulder; and the domestics coming up, Miss Delville was speedily conveyed home, where it was many weeks ere she came forth from a sick-chamber. Long she hovered between life and death, owing to internal injuries received in her fall. But a fine constitution triumphed, and she joined the family circle when the tender buds and green foliage made glad the face of nature, heralding the approach of spring.

During her slow and tedious convalescence, Beatrice found more pleasure in listening to Miss Sowerby's oft-repeated accounts of her visit to the Priory than any other theme of conversation afforded. The two days had been extended to a fortnight. Nor had Lady Ann's kindness ceased here; for ever since Miss Delville's accident and consequent illness, Miss Sowerby had received sumptuous presents of fruit and flowers from the great lady, which she with pride and pleasure immediately set forth in the chamber of the invalid. And when Beatrice attempted remonstrances, not wishing to be the only one benefited by such lavish generosity, Miss Sowerby would hint, with a mysterious nod of her head, that Lady Ann knew the destination of her gifts, and wished it to be so. 'For,' said the good creature, 'my dear lady knows that she can afford me no pleasure in life like that of ministering to the sick.' Nor did she ever suspect that Lady Ann Tyrcnneel felt a deeper interest in the sufferer than that which arose from Beatrice being a member of the family with whom she (Miss Sowerby) sojourned. Unweariedly did the latter expatiate on the affability and goodness of her beloved Lady Ann, and on the talents and beauty of the wonderful sons and daughters of the Tyrcnneels. There never were such children as those children in the world; they rivalled their mamma, to whom she ones had imparted infant knowledge. Unweariedly did Beatrice listen to the old lady's raptures. They were the best friends possible now. And how had all this been brought about? Beatrice was ill—altered both in character and person; for the long dark hours in a sick-room had given her

leisure to 'commune with her own heart;' and the nearly fatal accident, when she crept into Donniwell porch for shelter, had left a scar for life.

This scar detracted from her beauty considerably in the eyes of strangers; but Lindores seemed to look upon it with peculiar affection, as, gentle, subdued, and thoughtful, he lifted Cousin Beatrice, for the first time since her recovery, on the docile Arab steed, whispering as he did so—'Fairly won, dear Beatrice, and your own for ever!' There was more in those words than met the ear, to judge from the blushes and confusion exhibited by her to whom they were addressed.

'Ah, Lindores,' exclaimed Beatrice when their marriage-day was fixed, 'you guessed my secret marvelously.'

'Which secret, dear Beatrice?' responded her lover, archly smiling.

Turning away with prettily-assumed displeasure, she replied, 'You know what I mean, sir, vastly well—my secret expedition to the Priory in that horrible snow-storm, when I cast myself on Lady Ann's mercy, and confessed the cruel trick I had played off on Miss Sowerby, by sending her a false invitation in a forged name. Yes, Lindores, I call it *forgery*; and I was indeed humbled to the dust before the proud, stately lady of Tyrconnel. But she was pitying and gracious when she heard my confession, and gladly promised to receive her poor ci-devant governess, whose oddities and simplicity she remembered. Thus the result has been beneficial to Miss Sowerby, and I only hope, Lindores, that she may never know the means by which she was brought to Lady Ann's remembrance in reality; and *this* because I would save her from mortification, and not screen my own guilt.'

'I am sure of that, my Beatrice,' replied Lindores: 'your sufferings have more than expiated your offence.' 'Ah, I wish I could think so,' said the weeping girl; 'but at anyrate I have learned an invaluable lesson, never to play off such dangerous jokes again, and to warn others from doing so. Had Lady Ann been unfeeling or obdurate, what would have become of poor Miss Sowerby? I don't think she would have survived the cruel disappointment after all her grand preparations and harmless boasting.'

'I think, Beatrice,' said Colonel Lindores gravely, 'yours would have been the most painful part of the business in undeceiving our poor old cousin, whose dependence on us is her best protection. We have indeed much cause to be grateful to Lady Ann Tyrcnneel, whose ready sympathy relieved you from a load of care.'

'It has made Miss Sowerby so happy too,' hesitatingly murmured Beatrice; 'and you must suffer this ugly scar to remind you of *that*, while it pleads for me, Lindores.'

'Ah, Beatrice,' he replied, 'say no more: you have fairly won both the Arab steed and his master.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SECOND VISIT TO COPENHAGEN—THE MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES.

HAVING re-established myself in the Hôtel Royale, I now spent three additional days in Copenhagen, with even greater pleasure than what I had experienced on my former visit—a circumstance mainly to be attributed to my good fortune in meeting two or three of the most eminent men of science and letters belonging to the Danish capital.

I had expected an opportunity of conversing with Professor Forchhammer on some of those superficial features of Scandinavia which he has illustrated, and which I had partly reviewed in the course of my tour; but this learned geologist had gone to attend the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham. With Professor Eschricht I was more fortunate. He is one of the most eminent naturalists of his age. I found him a

man of alight but active figure, with a broad form of head—in phrenological terms, large in the regions of Constructiveness and Secretiveness. Well acquainted with Edinburgh, which he has twice visited, he received me with the greatest frankness, and soon introduced me to the subject which is at present chiefly occupying his mind—namely, the *Cetacea*, or whale family of animals, on which he is now printing a large and laborious work, to be illustrated by numerous plates. This is well known to be an obscure and ill-arranged department of animated nature, very much in consequence of the difficulty of studying it. Mr Eschricht gave me an account of some of his plans for overcoming this difficulty. He had during several years been indefatigable in applying at the whale-fishing stations of Norway and Greenland for specimens of the principal parts of this tribe of animals, as the brain, the viscera, and the skeleton. The fleshy parts were usually sent to him enclosed in barrels of spirits. To help out his own unaided resources in defraying the large expense thus incurred, he had been obliged to make a sort of traffic in supplying extra specimens to museums for a small remuneration. Meanwhile all the substantial return he is to obtain for his own labour upon the subject consists of twenty copies of the book in which it is to be treated. Such is authorship apt to be where anything beyond the amusement of the public for the passing hour is concerned.

Professor Eschricht not only showed me the drawings designed for his work, but took me to the anatomical museum in the university, where he has assembled a vast number of the actual objects. Whale skeletons being somewhat bulky, I found it no easy matter to make my way through the place; but I saw and heard enough to give me a lively expectation of the benefit which the subject must derive from the learned professor's labours. Much error arising from superficial observation will be corrected by Mr Eschricht, particularly that class of errors which arises from taking up the same animal at different times of life, and thus making a plurality of species out of one. He has examined some species of whales in all stages of their existence, even those prior to birth. A portrait of a foetal *misticetus*, drawn of the natural size, is small enough to go into a page of the book, which is a dwarf folio. He is to give accurate drawings of the brain of this species. The brain of the whale tribes is remarkable for its numerous convolutions or puckerings, a feature in which it resembles the human brain; and its small size, in comparison with the entire bulk of the full-grown animal, is not less striking. Professor Eschricht remarked to me that the human brain is so ingenious, that in some physiological questions it can bring forward powerful proofs on either side; in short, prove, or at least establish anything. For instance, one wishing to show how low the whales are in the scale of being, will soon make it clear that this viscous, which is small enough to go into a glass cylinder of no great capacity, is only the *ten-thousandth* part of the weight of the whole animal. Another, who loves the opposite view of the case, has only to take the brain of an unborn whale, and show how it is about *one-thirtieth* part of the young animal, being about the same proportion as in man.

Professor Eschricht remarked how various were the kinds of animals included under the name of *Cetacea*. The orca, he observed, is as rapacious as a tiger, while other cetes are comparatively gentle. Such great differences are not to be found in other groups of animals ranked co-ordinately with the *Cetacea*; a hint, may it not be suspected, that we err in grouping so many families of the mammalia, merely on account of those common external characters which fit them for living in the sea. Mr Eschricht spoke of the hitherto very obscure genus called by Cuvier the *Hyperoodon*, from having an imperfect kind of teeth, sometimes in one jaw, and sometimes in the other. It is now found that they live exclusively upon cuttle-fishes and other animals of the same kind, digesting every part of their prey excepting only

the hard parts; namely, the horny beak and the lens of the eye. Enormous quantities of these beaks are found in the stomach of the *hyperoodon*, and, what is very strange, and not easily accounted for, as many as six or eight will be found inserted into each other, like the conical paper bags used by a grocer to wrap up small parcels of tea and sugar. The learned professor showed me many such groups of beaks, taken by himself from the stomach of the *hyperoodon*.

On my former visit to Copenhagen I had been more than once in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, but without having time to satisfy my curiosity regarding it. I now looked over it again, and, as on the former occasion, with the benefit of explanations from my kind friend Councillor Thomsen, to whom, I believe, Denmark is mainly indebted for the historical distinction conferred upon it by this extraordinary collection. The public is partly aware of the great and most interesting addition to the history of the earth which geology has of late years effected, extending from an apparently primitive, if not chaotic state of the planet, down to the time when all the tribes excepting man had been created. In our country, however, it is as yet scarcely known to even the learned that during the same time—namely, the last forty years—the antiquaries of Denmark and Sweden have, by analogous means, been piecing on to the geological record a chronicle of the first dark ages of the human race. Written history, as is well known, carries us back but a little way, for men lived long before they learned to write history even in the form of hieroglyphical inscriptions. Tradition comes forward with a supplement to the imperfect tale; but philosophy detects in her an unlucky tendency to convert *what might be* into *what was*, and sends back the nine-tenths of her heroes as mere *myths*. In this state of things, the hitherto despised antiquary has entered upon the field, and, like the geologist, dug a history out of the bowels of the earth. This history is written in the museum which I am now to describe.

In the huge palace called Christiansborg, one long suite of rooms—extending, I think, in all to thirteen—is devoted to the collection in question. You enter one of no great size, and find it surrounded by glazed cases, containing as many arrow and spear-heads of flint, stone axes and hatchets, as might furnish a savage army, all arranged in the most exact order according to their special peculiarities. You are here in the midst of the remains of the earliest inhabitants of Scandinavia. It is one of the rooms representing the period when man, as yet unacquainted with metal, was forced to make such weapons and utensils as he needed out of the readiest hard material which nature supplied. Such objects, especially the flint arrow-heads, are so often seen in our own museums, that a description of them is unnecessary. I may only remind the reader of the wonderful neatness to which they are usually found to have attained by a mere process of chipping, this chipping having necessarily been effected by the use of other implements of the same material. We see in the flint-headed arrows of the South Sea Islanders of the present day an exact reflex of these weapons, as used by the Scandinavians of the Stone Age. The hatchets and axes are usually ponderous wedge-formed stones, or masses of flint, which have in like manner been fastened upon wooden shafts, probably by means of strips of skin or the fibres of plants, or else inserted or set in wooden clubs. Examples of such weapons still used in New Zealand are hung up in this chamber, the most intelligible of all possible illustrations. There are also flints fashioned like chisels and gouges, and thought to have been used in the rude carpentry of that early age; the latter, for example, being obviously applicable to the hollowing out of the trunks of trees into those rude boats and cobbles of which examples are occasionally found. Besides these, we have flint knives of a peculiar form, flint hooks for fishing, and stones which had been used as plummetts in sinking nets.

These objects have all been raised from the earth,

many of them from the graves of those who used them. They are dumb and partial memorials of the age to which they refer. Yet, as far as they go, they give even more distinct and correct ideas than we can derive from most written histories. We see in them the fact, that the first people of the north of Europe had only their natural ingenuity, the stones of the ground, and abundance of time and patience, to depend upon in furnishing themselves with things convenient to them. We infer, with equal confidence, that the people who used such articles must have had no extended knowledge, and no great social combinations. They had indulged their passions in war; they had hunted wild animals, and sought a finny prey in the sea. One physical peculiarity is abundantly clear—they were a people smaller than the present European races, for the space in the flint knives intended for grasping is too short to accommodate an ordinary-sized hand of our day. These are the great facts made known to us by the stone antiquities; but there are some minor tellings almost equally interesting. The stone axes, it must be observed, are in most instances polished: some, however, are only half-polished. We catch the work, as it were, in its process. We can see, moreover, how it has been polished, for a hollow stone has been found with the hatchet lying half done in the hollow. There are also instances where it is evident that the first sharpened face has been broken, and a new one afterwards commenced, there being a complete new chipping and a partial polishing upon a new angle departing from the general curve of the weapon. Here is economy in the use of means. We see, too, in this museum examples of war-hammers with a hole for the handle only partially drilled; but this partial drilling is seen to proceed from both sides, a process like that usually followed in the railway tunnelling of modern times. It was most interesting to attend Councillor Thomsen while he eloquently pointed out these traces of the very acts, nay, the very thoughts, of the unknown and long-buried people who once occupied his country.

While relics of the Stone Age, as it has been appropriately called, abound in Denmark, they are rare in Norway and Sweden, particularly in the northern parts, the only district where they are plentiful being Scania, the low-lying province in the south of Sweden, and nearest to Denmark. It is hence evident that the northern parts of Norway and Sweden were not inhabited, or all but uninhabited, in that early age. Denmark, it may be observed, being covered with chalk gravel, and scattered over with northern boulders, possesses in itself all the materials required for the weapons and utensils of the period; but Sweden and Norway having no such chalk formation, we must presume that the flint articles used there were either imported ready made, or made of materials which had been imported.

Passing into other rooms, we find cases containing weapons and utensils of a different material, and representing a period following upon that of stone. These articles are formed of bronze, a metal well known to be composed of copper, with only as much tin infused as serves for giving hardness. Iron, though the most useful of all metals, is not that which mankind could have been expected first to use, for it is found in a state requiring somewhat complicated processes to bring it into a serviceable shape. Copper, on the contrary, presents itself in a state almost ready for use—in one, we may further remark, which suggests its use. Accordingly, it appears that this was the first metal used by mankind to make weapons and utensils. Such is the report of the oldest writers of Greece and Rome as to the southern countries of Europe, and the researches of the Scandinavian antiquaries come to the same effect. In Asia, moreover, whence the greater portion, probably all the European races have emigrated, numerous implements and weapons of copper have been discovered in a particular class of graves; nay, in some of the old and long-abandoned mines in that country workmen's tools have been dis-

covered made of copper, and of very remote antiquity.*

In the rooms of the Bronze Age we find a vast number of those broad-fronted spear-heads, with a little eye at the side for fastening, which have in this country got the name of *Celts*, as being supposed to have been used by that people. There is even a greater quantity and variety of an implement usually called in Denmark a *pualstab*, resembling a wedge with a broad curved edge, and evidently fashioned at the other extremity for insertion in a handle, being probably used for cutting wood or stone. To this period belong the whole tribe of those short dusky swords, with small guardless handles and sharp points, which, when found in this country, are commonly called Roman swords—a gross mistake, it now appears, for here are they abundant in Scandinavia, where the Romans never were. The fact is, that our antiquaries, knowing something of the Romans as an early people, but nothing of any other, set down these weapons, without inquiry, as Roman, when in reality they belonged to the aborigines. The handles of these swords are usually wanting; but from some fragments, they seem to have been made of wood, slightly ornamented. The space for the hand is much too small for modern men, bearing out the inference derived from the flint knives, that these aborigines, instead of being giants, as tradition represents, were a slender, small people, probably such as the Hindoos of the present day. There are shields of bronze, with circular and wavy ornaments, and also long curved trumpets, having similarly ornamented plates at the further extremity, being probably designed to appear above the shoulder of the performer. Personal ornaments too, as bracelets, cinctures for the neck and brow, and buckles or fibulae, appear in this age, all of them bearing the traces of artistic skill.

It is evident that in the Bronze Age the arts of metal-lurgy were known, for some of the moulds in which the Celts had been made have been found.† It does not, however, appear that the people of Scandinavia gradually advanced from the use of stone to the use of metal. The Danish antiquaries state that there is all at once an introduction of weapons, implements, and ornaments of bronze, and that thereafter the stone articles gradually go out. Now, as copper and tin are not found in Scandinavia, it is evident that the materials at least of the bronze articles had been imported. It is the belief of the Danish antiquaries that the Bronze Age commenced in their country with the irruption of a superior people possessing a knowledge of that composite metal, and bringing with them implements, &c. formed of it. It is nevertheless tolerably certain that the manufacture of bronze articles was conducted afterwards within the country. This fact appears from the discovery of moulds. I saw, moreover, in the museum a considerable heap of little bits of bronze which had been found in one place, as if the store or stock of some fabricator who had received or collected the raw materials of his trade in that form. There are similar articles to be found in Italy and other European countries, but those of Scandinavia have forms of ornament peculiar to themselves.

Up till the close of the Bronze Age, no trace of letters is discovered.

This age was succeeded by another in which iron is at length introduced, and a great further development of the arts takes place. We have now come abreast of the flourishing period of Roman history, and are approaching the termination of paganism in the north. Swords are made of iron, are larger, and have longer handles and guards. But the new metal seems to have been for some time comparatively scarce; for bronze hatchets are occasionally found *fused with iron*. The

* *Primæval Antiquities of Denmark*. By J. J. A. Worsaae. Translated by William J. Thoms. London: Parker, 1845.

† A mould for making these spear-heads has been found in Hampshire: a fac-simile of it is placed in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries in Edinburgh.

style of the iron weapons and implements indicates a great advance in civilisation, and the abundance of the contemporary gold ornaments supports the same conclusion. These had begun in the bronze period, but only now became plentiful. The most remarkable are substantial *armlets*, sometimes composed of a spiral rod of many twists, sometimes of a single rod terminating in two knobs. Another remarkable class are *bracelets*, or objects resembling coins, which had been hung from certain parts of the dress. We have all heard of Malachi with the collar of gold, an Irish king or chief. Such ornaments are frequently found in Scandinavia, as well as in Ireland. I saw one in the museum which had been recently dug up. It was composed of two pieces, clasping behind the neck, and doubling over each other in front. It had been ascertained that the inner or under part was of alloyed gold, as if for economy—a peculiarity understood to be more applicable to the later than to the earlier ages. Chains of silver are common in this period, and it is supposed that the links were used, or liable to be occasionally used, as pieces of money. I also saw in the museum a great heap of bits of silver in an unfashioned state, which had been found in one place, and was considered as the stock of money of some rich man of this early age. No coin was struck in Denmark till the tenth century; but it appears, from Roman coins of the first and second, and from Arabian and Persian coins, all of which are found in Denmark, that a traffic with the north, probably for furs and amber, had commenced from an early period, though not till after the close of the two first ages. Beads of amber, of glass, and of mosaic, are abundant throughout the later portion of these ages; those of the first material from the beginning.

The division of pre-historical antiquity into the three ages of STONE, BRONZE, and IRON, has been effected by the northern antiquaries only through a careful and ingenious observation of facts. They have drawn much light from the ancient sepulchres of Denmark. One set of these objects are the *Cromlechs* (familiar in Scotland and Ireland, but there hitherto regarded as Druidical altars), composed of one flat stone laid over two, three, four, or more upright ones, so as to form a little enclosure. Remains of unburnt bodies, sometimes buried in a sitting or bunched-up fashion, are found under these enclosures, accompanied by stone weapons and beads of amber, but never by articles of bronze or iron. They are usually placed on a slight eminence, with a circle of stones round them, this circle being sometimes of an oblong form; and it may be remarked that the name *Cromlech*, used in Scotland and Ireland, signifies in the Gaelic language a circle of stones.* Another class of ancient sepulchres, commonly called in Denmark *Jættestuer*, or Giants' Chambers, are more formal enclosures of upright stones covered over with flat ones, and usually having passages of approach, the whole being covered over by a tumulus of earth. In these the same objects are found. Some remarkable examples of this kind of sepulchre have been found in Ireland, and a few were lately discovered in Orkney. The *Cromlechs*, or, as they are called in Denmark, *Dyser*, and Giants' Chambers, were the burial-places probably of the distinguished men of the earliest people of whom we have any trace in Europe—a people unacquainted with the use of metal, and in the rudest social state. An entirely different kind of sepulchre is found in Denmark, as well as in Britain and Ireland, composed simply of a mound or tumulus, under which is usually found a small heap of stones covering a vessel of clay, in which are the remains of human bodies which have been burnt, and generally accompanied by some articles of bronze. Here we have the sepulchres of the Bronze Age. Those containing iron implements, with the accompaniment of golden ornaments, are also of the barrow or mound form, but not nearly so numerous. In them, as concerns Denmark, there is a return to a mode of burial without burning; while in Norway and Sweden the practice of cremation lasted far into the Iron Period. Thus it ap-

pears that in the north of Europe men at first buried the entire body; then, probably from some religious principle, burnt it, and covered up the ashes; finally, on this religious principle wearing out, they came back to the natural and primitive practice. Mr Thomsen remarked to me that the people of the middle ages had come to distinguish these various kinds of tombs from each other, for the barrows of the Iron Period have in a great number of instances been violated, for the purpose of extracting the valuables they contained; while it very rarely happens that a *cromlech* or giants' chamber, with its simple contents of bones and stone weapons, has been disturbed.

Perhaps the most interesting consideration connected with this train of discovery, this new revelation of history, as it may be called, is that arising from the character of the evidence. The plan of research, and the grounds of inference, have been the same as those upon which the geologists have proceeded, and the results are of a similar kind. The Danish antiquary begins by searching the bogs for the history of vegetation before man's appearance on the soil. He finds first an age of aspen, then an age of fir, then one of oak, during which the reindeer, elk, and aurochs [wild ox], roamed through the forests—afterwards came the light and beautiful beech. Each of these ages must have extended over a considerable space of time. Human remains are not found in any of the strata of moss prior to the beech, and no historical record speaks of an earlier vegetation in Denmark. The first people were spread along the coasts only. According to the comprehensive description of Mr Worsaae—'They occupied a low rank in civilisation. The use of metals was unknown to them, and hence all their implements were made of stone, of bone, or of wood. With such tools, the inhabitants could make no great progress in agriculture; on the contrary, hunting and fishing formed their chief sources of subsistence. For catching fish in rivers and in the sea they used hooks, harpoons, and lances of flint, and they possessed boats formed of stems of trees, which had been hollowed out for the purpose. When hunting, they were armed not only with bows and arrows, but also with lances and hunting-knives, the more easily to slay the large animals whose skins served them for garments. Their dwellings were formed most probably of stone, wood, or earth; for they even buried their dead with much care in *cromlechs*, which were formed of large stones smoothed in the inside. By the side of the dead were laid their hunting and fishing implements of bone and stone.'

Now all this is not applicable to Denmark only. *Cromlechs*, with similar contents, are found on the south coast of the Baltic, on the north-west and west coasts of Europe, in Britain,† and Ireland. Weapons and implements of stone are found not only in these countries (together with Norway and Sweden, where *cromlechs* are wanting), but in the south of Europe, and also in the celebrated mounds of the valley of the Mississippi. Their fashion in these countries is generally similar, and often identical. It may hence be concluded that all the countries along the coasts of Europe, including Britain and Ireland, were first occupied by a people in the same early stage of civilisation with the present rude inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. This people did not penetrate into Germany or any other part of Central Europe; probably by reason of these countries being then covered with dense forests, which there was no means of cutting down. North America also was possessed at a remote period by a people in the same stage of civilisation, but who had been able to rear earthen enclosures and mounds for de-

* Worsaae's *Primeval Antiquities of Denmark*, p. 121.

† A fine example of the *cromlech* is situated on a moor at Craig-middle, in the parish of Baldernock, about eight miles from Glasgow. It is called the *Auld Wives' Lift*, from a vulgar idea, as to its origin. A figure of it occurs in Ure's *History of Inverclyde*. For Irish examples of the *cromlech*, see Mr Wakeman's excellent Guide to the Antiquities of Ireland.

fence and for religious purposes. It is not necessarily to be supposed that it was one and the same people who spread along the European coasts, and dwelt in the Mississippi valley; for the faculties of man, with certain materials to work upon, and certain necessities and motives everywhere the same, must obviously come to nearly the same results in their first attempts at manufacture. It is at the same time very striking to observe, as we may now do through the medium of a superb book lately published in America,* how exactly similar are some of the flint knives of the Mississippi to those gathered in Denmark and Sweden.

To resume the outline of the new history furnished by Mr Worsaae:—In the next period, or during the Age of Bronze, a greater degree of cultivation was introduced into the country, and by this means all previous relations were completely changed. The natives were now in possession of two metals, bronze (a composition of copper and tin) and gold. They possessed woven cloth and handsomely-wrought trinkets, weapons, shields, helmets, and wind-instruments, which are adorned by peculiar embellishments. Bronze tools gradually supplanted the implements of stone, which, however, continued for a long time to be used by the poorer classes; and hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which was then commencing. The forests in the interior of the country were cleared by degrees, in proportion as agriculture was extended and population increased. Intercourse with other countries was opened, partly by means of warlike expeditions, partly by commerce. . . . At this period it was customary to burn the bodies of the dead, and to deposit the bones which remained in cinerary urns, in small stone cists, or under heaps of stones in large mounds of earth. Sometimes the bodies were also interred unburnt in stone cists, which are, however, always different, both in size and form, from the cromlechs of the Stone Period. As such barrows are found over nearly the whole of Europe, we are entitled to believe that, by the Bronze Period, population had overspread the central countries.

The Iron Period brings us to the time when the north was coming into contact with the south, when civilisation had taken more rapid strides, and when Christianity was about to be introduced. As even this Iron Period is remote compared with authentic written history, it follows that the Bronze, and still more the Stone Period, falls back very far indeed into antiquity. If the question is asked, 'How far?' only a vague answer can be given. Mr Worsaae treats this subject with much acuteness, and shows reasons against believing that either the Fins or the Celts were the people who lived in Denmark in the Stone and Bronze Periods. We must go farther back still, particularly for the stone-using people, and for them he cannot assign an antiquity less than 3000 years. There are some geological reasons for believing that bronze was in use in that country five or six centuries before Christ, and there is tolerable evidence that it extended till the sixth or seventh century of our era. The Bronze Period seems, therefore, to have itself extended over at least a space of twelve hundred years.

The antiquities here referred to occupy the first three or four rooms of the museum; I must postpone for another paper a description of the groups of objects belonging to later ages. I may meanwhile mention that, forty years ago, there was as much ignorance respecting primitive European antiquities in Denmark as there now is in England. A young man, the son of a merchant in Copenhagen, bestirred himself to classify a few relics which lay in a lumber room of some more general museum. He collected more; he obtained the notice of the government to the subject. The collection grew. A royal commission, to which the young merchant acted as secretary, took charge of it. What favoured its increase very much was a royal decree, offering the full value for all metal antiquities which

might be found. Thus there was no longer any temptation for the peasantry to embezzle or melt them down. In the course of years, the peculiar facts attending the findings and the character of the objects themselves conducted the minds of the Danish antiquaries to a set of generalisations, such as no former antiquaries had attained. They built up the early history of their country out of what had heretofore been disregarded trifles; and not only this, but they furnished a key to the early history of Europe generally. It is pleasant to have to record that the young man who, in 1807, gave the first impulse to this most interesting line of investigation survives in my amiable friend Mr C. J. Thomsen, councillor of state of the kingdom of Denmark, the devoted chief of this magnificent collection. He has since been powerfully supported by fresh men of brilliant powers and accomplishments, as Professor Raft, Mr Finn Magnussen, Mr Petersen, and Mr Worsaae; but though his last words to me were a deprecation of all notice on account of his exertions, I feel it to be only justice to say that his name must ever be the one most specially identified with this development of archaeological science.

R. C.

THE DIPLOMATIC ARTIST.

THERE is an English court-record, dated March 6, 1630, and bearing that Lord Carlisle gave two magnificent entertainments in the course of the week to the Spanish ambassador, and M. Rubens, the agent who opened the way for this embassy!

We have long been accustomed to associate the name of Rubens with religious painting, in which fine imagination and brilliant colouring combine to give effect to scenes of the deepest interest. It is not so generally known that this artist was a skilful, perhaps it might even be said, a crafty politician, and that his profession as a painter frequently afforded a cover under which he could exercise his powers as a diplomatist.

War was raging in Europe, especially between England and Spain, as the two leading powers, and between the Stadtholder of Holland, in alliance with England, and Isabella of Austria, governing the Low Countries under Philip III. of Spain. Rubens was in the immediate service of Isabella; and, under colour of visiting the works of art in Holland to divert his thoughts from recent domestic affliction, he determined to make an effort for peace between his royal mistress and Prince Frederick Henry. He applied for a passport to Gerbier, an Antwerp painter, who had long been in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, and had been employed in secret diplomacies for Charles I. The passport was sent immediately; and it appears from Gerbier's report to the court of England that the object was understood and gradually developed in correspondence between the two artists. The overtures made in the name of Spain had the desired effect in the English quarter. Rubens made the best of the difficulty in which Buckingham had placed his country by embroiling it with France, while it had still to maintain a war with Spain, and there was great hope that Charles would feel obliged to listen to overtures of reconciliation.

He was not so fortunate in his transactions with Holland; for Frederick prosecuted the war with the greatest energy, and took several towns, while his navy everywhere captured the Spanish vessels. In vain did Isabella send message after message to the court of Spain to warn the sluggish monarch of the probability of his losing altogether his dominions in the Low Countries through the incredible activity of Frederick Henry. Neither he nor his minister D'Oliveres gave the least attention to it; and Isabella determined, as a *dernier ressort*, to send Rubens to disclose more fully the distressing state of affairs.

The diplomatic painter set out about the beginning of the year 1628. He explained the political position of his country in a manner that gained the respect and

* Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley. By E. G. Squier, and E. B. Davis. New York, 1848. 4to.

confidence of both Philip and his minister. He urged the importance of concluding a peace with England, especially after the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in the August of that year had removed one of the greatest hindrances to such a consummation. But though the danger was daily becoming more imminent, this important business began to drag; and when Rubens had passed many months at the court of Madrid, painting and pleading the cause of peace, he at length implored and obtained a diplomatic commission to visit London, and endeavour to open the way for more direct negotiation.

Few men have ever possessed in a higher degree than Rubens the qualifications, both personal and mental, which are most suitable for a royal embassy. His general appearance was noble and dignified, his figure handsome, and his features remarkably regular, though bold and masculine; his voice was agreeable, and his manners elegant and courteous, but at the same time frank and unaffected: to crown all, he had a thorough knowledge of seven languages, and was as complete a master of rhetoric as of painting.

Shortly before his departure, an incident occurred which formed an interesting episode in the diplomatic career of the artist. John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards king of Portugal, having heard of the splendid talents of Rubens, and the estimation in which he was held at the Spanish court, desired to see this extraordinary man before he should leave the Peninsula, and invited him to meet him at his hunting-seat at Villa Vicosa, about twenty miles from Madrid. Rubens obtained the king's permission to avail himself of this invitation, and set out with numerous attendants, in company with several Flemish and Spanish noblemen, who were anxious to see the Portuguese court. While the *cortège* was still at some distance from Villa Vicosa, the duke learned that it was composed of a considerable number of cavaliers from the court of Philip; and not having expected so large a party, or prepared to entertain on so extensive a scale, he sent one of the gentlemen of his court to meet them on the road, and inform them that some very urgent affairs of state had obliged the duke to repair suddenly to Lisbon. The disappointed guest did not at first see through this strange artifice; but the messenger added, that he was charged by his master to hand him a purse containing fifty pistoles, to defray the expense he had incurred. The companions of Rubens could scarcely repress their indignation; but he maintained the most perfect calmness and dignity, declining the beggarly gift. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'present my humble respects to your master, and tell him that, having come thus far at his desire, I am sorry to be disappointed of the pleasure of paying my respects in person. Be kind enough, besides, to remark to his Grace that the object of my journey was not a gift of fifty pistoles, for I had set apart a thousand against the expenses which I expected to incur at Villa Vicosa.'

The party, thus courteously ordered to the right-about, had no alternative; but it was now too late for them to reach Madrid before night: they were obliged, therefore, to halt at a village, where they had to separate, there being no lodging large enough to accommodate them all. Rubens and his friends were hospitably received at a monastery in the neighbourhood, while their attendants found lodgings in the village. The chapel of the monastery was to be the place of rendezvous in the morning; and Rubens, having attended the early mass, amused himself by examining the paintings and sculpture which adorned the edifice. A picture placed over the altar of a side chapel attracted his attention, and his admiration was in the highest degree excited by the perfection of the outline, the depth of expression, the strength of colouring, and the simplicity of the conception: it was a dying monk lying on a rush mat, in a cloister lighted by a torch; several of his brethren were around him, performing the usual religious offices to the departing. The visitor was curious

to learn the artist's name—it had been erased from the canvas: he asked a monk; the monk could not tell, but called the prior: the question was repeated to him.

'Sir, he who painted that picture belongs no more to this world,' replied the prior.

'But it is strange,' said the other; 'I know all the masters of the Spanish school, and cannot tell to whom this should be ascribed. It has evidently not been painted more than ten years. Pray, father, if you know the name of this artist, impart it to me; for it is worthy to be considered one of the first of the age. This work is a masterpiece—you can surely believe Rubens!'

The prior started, his colour rose, and a joyful smile lighted his countenance.

'What! your lordship is!—'

'The painter, Pierre-Paul Rubens.'

The recluse became agitated; but Rubens was so absorbed with the picture as not to observe it. Recovering himself, however, he said, 'I have told your excellency that the author of this painting is no longer in this world; at least he is dead to the things of earth—he is a monk.'

'A monk!' exclaimed Rubens—'a monk, say you? Father, I beseech you tell me his name and the place of his retreat. He must leave it. Heaven does not give the light of genius to be hidden in a cloister. Do, father, speak!—'

'Sir, I repeat he is no more of this world,' replied the inexorable prior.

In vain Rubens prayed, besought, even offered him one of his own works to adorn the church: the prior would not pronounce the name of the unknown artist. But at length, exhausted by the struggle of conflicting feelings, he trembled, tottered, and fell to the ground, striking his face on the stones of the chapel. The secret was too truly betrayed. Two monks hastily raised him, and carried him to his cell, and Rubens saw him no more. The prior died about a year afterwards, and the name inscribed on his tomb was Francis Collantes. The history of art in Spain mentions a painter of this name as the author of a 'St Jerome' and a 'Resurrection.'

Shortly after this adventure, Rubens left Spain, and arrived in London about the end of October 1629, and endeavoured to make his acquaintance with the Lord Chancellor Cottingham, without, however, betraying to him the object of his journey. After the first interview, the chancellor informed Charles I. that the celebrated Antwerp painter was on a visit to his metropolis. Charles was fond of the fine arts, and immediately desired that Rubens should be presented. After some conversation with him about Spain, the Netherlands, and the object of his visit to England, which the painter did not yet see it proper to disclose, the king engaged him to take his portrait. While occupied on this work, Rubens took an opportunity of mentioning the pacific desires of his Catholic majesty.

'I am surprised,' said the monarch, 'if such be the views of the court of Spain, that no candid explanation of them has been sent to me.'

'Sire,' replied the artist, 'if I might hope for the honour of being agreeable to your majesty in this respect, I could fully explain the views of the king, my master, having credentials for this purpose, with which his Catholic majesty was pleased to furnish me.'

The king read the letters, and returning them, 'Sir,' said he, 'I am much pleased with the choice of the king of Spain; for I am sure your talents must command success. Go to my chancellor, Lord Cottingham, give him your credentials, and make your proposals.'

That the terms proposed by Rubens, and finally acceded to by the English government, were neither very honourable to our nation, nor at all agreeable to Charles as an individual, is generally ascribed to the exigencies of the monarch, which left him no option; but that the scarcely less critical position of Philip, which induced him to seek the reconciliation, should have been so far lost sight of, must, we presume, be attributable to the skilful diplomacy of the artist.

Whatever was the course pursued in the negotiation, it is certain that Rubens remained in England so long, that he executed a large number of pictures: probably he was in no hurry to quit so desirable a field for the exercise of his profession. Among other things, he painted, by royal order, the ceiling of the Ambassadors' Hall, now the Chapel of Whitehall. The prescribed subject was the praise of James I., which he treated allegorically in a work of nine compartments. The sketches only were made in London, and the work was completed at Antwerp: according to Walpole, he received £3000 for it. Another fine allegorical piece done in London was 'Peace and War,' which he presented to the English king. After various changes of ownership, it was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford for £3000, and presented to our National Gallery in 1827. Besides these, there was the very fine picture of 'St George treading on the Dragon,' in which the figure of the saint is the portrait of Charles I., and that of Cleodolinde is the Queen Henrietta Maria.

While Rubens thus might seem to make his professional art go hand in hand with his political negotiations, he always gave the most honourable place to the former. On one occasion, two noblemen, high in office at Whitehall, found him before a tressel with his brush in his hand. One of them, by way of excuse for an occupation which he considered derogatory, said to his companion, 'The diplomatist of his Catholic majesty sometimes amuses himself with painting.'

'Your lordship is mistaken,' said the artist; 'the painter, Pierre-Paul Rubens, sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy.'

Rubens left England towards the end of 1630 loaded with honours. Charles created him knight of the Golden Spur, and bestowed on him the sword with which the honour was conferred. And as though this were insufficient, the king gave him at parting a diamond-ring; the band of his hat, valued at 10,000 crowns; and a gold-chain, to which a miniature of himself was attached.

It is thus that a key to important historical facts is often furnished by the biography of individuals whom history does not condescend to name. The men to whom prominence is given are often only the ostensible agents, while the work has truly been done secretly but effectually by less responsible parties before the former ventured to connect themselves with it. Of course, if we entertained a higher opinion of the monarchs who thus distinguished the accomplished artist, we should attach more honour both to the diplomacy with which he was intrusted, and to the favours which rewarded his success. But Rubens, himself a zealous monarchist and bigoted Roman Catholic, probably considered the service in which he was engaged as worthy of his highest ambition.

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

We observe by a New South Wales newspaper—the 'Maitland Mercury'—that it is proposed to institute a university at Sydney on a magnificent scale. The proposition is conveyed in a Report by a select committee of the Legislative Council, which had been appointed to inquire into the subject. We have read no document of a bolder tone for many a day. In these days of sectarian wranglings, small hesitations, and timid adhesions to great principles, the paper before us is matter for gratulation and surprise. We may run over a few of the points in this startling manifesto.

First, it is announced that it is not creditable to the character of the colony, now sixty-one years old, and rising daily in wealth, prosperity, and population, that it should any longer be without the means within itself of affording education of the best kind—that the youth of New South Wales should require to be sent

thousands of miles to England to be taught. A university, therefore, the colony must and will have, on a liberal footing. The plan of operation is to consist in the incorporation of a senate, which shall hold and dispense endowments, and be the governing educational body. This body to receive from the local legislature an endowment, in the first instance, of £5000 per annum. Out of this fund from the public revenues, professors to be paid, and a library formed. Further, a university building to be reared at an outlay of £30,000, the sum to be raised by debentures secured on the revenues of the colony. The affair being thus supported by the whole public, it is declared as a primary principle that the university shall be purely secular—depend on no religious persuasion, and require no religious test—shall be thoroughly catholic in its operations and aims; for 'by no other means can it be made a truly national institution—one to which all classes and denominations can resort for secular education, which, it must be obvious, is the only education it can impart or suffer to be imparted within its walls.' To carry out which 'necessary conditions its visitor must be a layman, its governing body laymen, its professors laymen.'

The proposed *mécanique* of the university may next be adverted to. The senate is to appoint the professors; and it is suggested that they ought at once to engage—1st, A professor of classics and mathematics, who shall be considered the principal of the university, and have a salary of £800 a year; 2d, A professor of chemistry, at £400 a year; 3d, A professor of natural history, including the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, at £400 a year; 4th, A professor of experimental philosophy and civil engineering, at £400 a year; 5th, A professor of anatomy, physiology, and medicine, at £300 a year. These professors, it is added, 'will be sufficient to begin with; but as education progresses, and a more minute subdivision of knowledge becomes expedient, a different distribution of the departments of literature and science assigned to each professor will be required, as well as the appointment of other professors, to open out new fields. Among these latter probably a professor of modern history and political economy, and a professor of modern languages, will soon be found indispensable.'

In addition to the salaries or stipends which it is thus proposed to assign to the several professors, and out of which it is intended that they shall provide all necessary apparatus for the elucidation of their lectures, your committee consider it just to allow to each of them £100 to defray the cost of their passage to the colony, and £100 a year also for house-rent, until apartments can be provided for them in the university. It is further proposed to give them the whole of their class fees, with an understanding, however, that a subdivision of the subjects allotted to each may be made from time to time, as the senate may deem expedient. This arrangement, it is obvious, will give the professors a direct interest in making their lectures as instructive and agreeable as possible; and it is hoped that by means of this twofold stimulus men of first-rate attainments in literature, science, and arts, will be found to compete eagerly for those offices.

Your committee hope that, by the adoption of these recommendations, the means of attaining a liberal education at a very moderate cost will be extended to all sections of the community.

The Report embodying the views of which we have here presented an outline was, according to the last accounts, under consideration, we are unable to say with what chance of adoption. In a leading article, the 'Maitland Mercury' speaks disparagingly of the project; and doubtless some parts of the plan might admit of modification—*as, for example, the dogmatic exclusion of clergymen from professorships.* As the subject is of more than colonial interest, we shall return to it should any fresh intelligence reach us.

THE IPSWICH MUSEUM—CULTIVATION OF SCIENCE AMONG THE WORKING-PEOPLE.

At the annual festival of the Ipswich Museum in December last, some of the most eminent naturalists of the age attended, as Professors Owen, Sedgwick, and Henslow, Captain Ibbetson, Messrs Bowerbank, Waterhouse, and Gould. It was stated that the Museum is one of natural history, intended chiefly for the working-classes, and that it received last year 55,000 visits. It seems to be the result of a happy harmony of feeling between the upper and working-classes at Ipswich, much special gratitude being due, we believe, to the public-spirited family of the Ransomes of that town, as well as to the late sincerely-lamented Bishop of Norwich. Mr Bowerbank stated the following curious particulars as an encouragement to those who connect themselves with such institutions:—'It had been,' he said, 'his good fortune since the age of eighteen to be connected, until within a very short period, with a society of a similar description: he alluded to the old Mathematical Society of Spitalfields. In 1717, a few poor handloom weavers associated together, for the purpose of studying mathematics and natural history. These men used, after their daily labour in the summer-time, to pass into the fields and pursue the objects of their peculiar researches. Others, during the meeting of the society, were assiduously studying mathematics under the assistance of those better skilled in the science than themselves. The result of it was, not only the establishment of a high degree of good order among them, but it led to the benefiting of the community at large, by the scientific results which could never have been contemplated from the first association of such a body of men. He would mention one or two instances in connection with that little society. We were all familiar with the admirable Euclid, published by Simson. "Simson's Euclid" was to this day one of the best introductory works in mathematics. Now, Simson was a poor labouring weaver of Spitalfields. He acquired the whole of his mathematical knowledge after the labours of the day had passed, in the bosom of the little society to which allusion had been made; and after the publication of his work he still pursued his craft as a handloom weaver; but he was subsequently appointed Professor of Mathematics at the Military College at Woolwich. The use of achromatic glasses in telescopes was suggested by a Spitalfields weaver, John Hall, a member of the Mathematical Society. The elder Dollond was a member of that society, and the suggestion was immediately adopted by him, and subsequently carried out to the extent which had produced for us the unrivalled combinations which we now possessed in our microscopes and telescopes.'

GREEN PEAS.

It would not be either unamusing or uninteresting to trace the rise and progress of the taste for green peas. They were a luxury unknown to our early Saxon ancestors, for they had no varieties but the common gray pea; and though we have frequent mention of beans being eaten by them, we have never met with any such particular concerning the pea. Soon after the Norman Conquest, however, at monasteries and other establishments where gardening was cherished, we find that this vegetable was among those most desired. Thus, at Barking Nunnery, among other things, there were provided green peas against midsummer ('Fosbrooke's Brit. Monasticon,' ii. 127). In the seventeenth century there seems to have been a mania in France for the Skinless pea (Pois sans parchemine). 'Bonnesfonds, in his 'Jardinier Français,' published in 1651, describes them as the Dutch pea, or pea without skin, and adds—'Usages lately they were exceedingly rare.' Roquesfort says they were first introduced by M. de Buhl, the French ambassador in Holland, about 1600. The author of a 'Life of Colbert,' 1695, says, 'It is frightful to see persons sensual enough to purchase green peas at the price of fifty crowns per hiron' (little more than an English pint). Madame de Maintenon, in a letter written on the 10th of May 1696, says—'The subject of peas continues to absorb all others: the anxiety to eat them, the pleasure of having eaten them, and the desire to eat them again, are the three great matters which have been discussed by our princes for four days past. Some ladies, even after having supped at the royal table, and well supped too, returning to their own homes, at the risk of suffering from indigestion, will again eat peas before going to bed. It is both a fashion and a madness.' (Gard. Chron.)—*Collage Gardener.*

A CHANT FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY JAMES BALLANTINE, AND SET TO MUSIC BY T. L. HATELY.

Come, gentle folks, come, semple folks,
Of high and low degree,
And listen to our joyous song,
And view our merry glee:
For vice and want have fled away,
While virtue marches on,
And joyous are our grateful hearts
That vice and want are gone.

By you our infant minds are taught,
Our infant hands are trained
To practise useful arts, by which
An honest living's gained.
And oh, how sweet the coarsest fare
By honest labour won!
And oh, how dear the humblest home
That we can call our own!

Your generous efforts God will speed
To help us on our way;
From us our mothers learn to read,
Our fathers learn to pray.
And 'mid the dark and gloomy dens
Of poverty's abode,
Each ragged child inspired becomes
A minister of God.

Then give us all your sympathies,
And lend us all your aid;
Be sure a present sacrifice
Shall amply be repaid.
By you the breach is closed between
The humble and the high,
And, warmed by love, the earth becomes
A transcript of the sky.

LAWS OF NATURE.

When we use the term *law*, we do not really explain anything, we simply proclaim a fact, although it may be a very general fact. Some persons greatly impose upon themselves in reference to this subject. They speak of the laws of nature in such a manner as if they considered them endowed with power or efficiency capable of producing the effects: but laws are nothing, and can do nothing in themselves; they are merely modes of operation, and necessarily imply and involve too the existence of an intelligent agent. Even of that most general of physical laws—the law of gravitation—Bishop Berkeley has remarked, with admirable sagacity—'Attraction cannot produce, and in that sense account for the phenomena, being itself one of the phenomena to be accounted for.' We are therefore conducted to the inference so well expressed by Dr Samuel Clarke—'The course of nature, truly and properly speaking, is nothing but the will of God producing certain effects in a continued, regular, constant, and uniform manner.' And here, you will perceive, inquiries of this description, which are sometimes denounced as speculative and metaphysical, nevertheless, when fully and fairly carried out, lead to results which most exactly harmonise with the first principles of natural and the authoritative declarations of revealed religion. They teach us that all the objects, and all the changes existing and transpiring around us, and within us, are not produced by any mere general laws, capable, when once set in motion, of acting independent of the law-maker; but, from the entire absence of any intrinsic power in the laws themselves, that each individual effect must be resolved into an immediate volition of the Supreme Being as its efficient cause; who, having been pleased to prescribe to Himself one uniform mode of proceeding, does in reality, and in that manner, constitute and continue what we designate the course or laws of nature. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is, that it is not figurative language, but a literal truth, that 'In Him we live, and move, and have our being.'—*Mr Spender's Lecture on Digestion, reported in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES—ETHNOGRAPHIC MUSEUM—LUBECK—RETURN HOME.

THE early sections of the museum of Copenhagen—though the most valuable historically, and even possessed of some popular attractions, as, for instance, the extraordinary bronze trumpets, and certain cases resplendent with the quantity of gold relics contained in them—are little regarded by the multitudes continually streaming through the rooms, in comparison with those devoted to middle-age antiquities. These, as one can readily understand, come much nearer to the sympathies, besides being much more level to the intelligence, of the mass of the people.

The early Christian period, from about the year 1000 to the thirteenth century, presents a great number of specimens of priestly accoutrements, church ornaments, and knightly weapons. The former are strikingly homely, marking the simple ideas of the early religious; for example, a bishop's crozier is composed of bone, or of the tooth of the narwhal. In the next period—extending down to the Reformation—there is a great advance in elegance and costliness: the sacerdotal robes become splendid, and the croziers glitter with precious stones. There is a copy of the Gospels, probably about 1300, a superb volume of illuminated writing, intended to lie on its side upon an altar. The upper side, accordingly, is magnificently ornamented with ivory images and precious stones, laid upon a case of gold-work. Some of the altar-pieces of that age are not less splendid. Mr Thomsen, remembering that I was a Scotsman, directed my attention particularly to a rich shrine of St Ninian, from a church at Elsinore, containing pictures representing the principal events in the life of that distinguished person—such as his coming a poor boy to the king's palace, his leaving the palace in good credit to obtain learning, the pope crowning him a bishop, &c. I was at a loss to understand how this holy man, though eminent above most of his class in Scotland, where many chapels were dedicated to him, should have got into repute on the shores of the Sound; but it was explained that his shrine at Elsinore was supposed to have been erected by some pious Scotsman of an early age.

One of the most recent acquisitions was a specimen of the early ivory-carving of Norway. This substance we can readily suppose to have been a favourite material for the imitative arts in the north, when we remember what stores of it have been left by the extinct *elephantida* of Siberia. The specimen in question is in the form of two leaves of a book, opening upon a hinge, each of the inner sides being a frame in which the carvings are inserted. One of the sides represents in compartments the leading events of the life of St

Olaf, including as a final scene his slaughter. The history of this relic is curious. It was taken to Rome by King Christian I. about 1438, and by him presented to the pope. When Frederick V., king of Denmark and Norway, was in Rome, two centuries and a-half later, the then pope, having heard of the Norwegian carving as a thing lying about somewhere in the Vatican, caused it to be sought out and presented to his royal visitor. Thus has it found its way back to Denmark.

Another highly-curious object was a similar double board, but containing only tables of wax, with writings traced upon them. This is an example of early wax-writing: it presents an inventory of the property of a monastery. Among the articles found in an ancient comb-maker's establishment was a stylus of bone, with a prick at one end for making such inscriptions, and a flat edge at the other for obliterating any error that might occur in the writing. Here we have brought before us, in the most lively manner, the whole plan of a peculiar kind of writing practised in the middle ages. It is now continually happening in the museum that one hitherto mysterious relic of antiquity explains another. An instance occurred on the turning up of the ancient comb-maker's establishment. A little bone article was there found, of most anomalous shape, and of no conceivable use. It was brought to Mr Thomsen, who quickly detected that it was the knob on which the string of an ancient species of cross-bow had been confined.

Amongst the mediæval utensils the drinking-horns take a conspicuous place. They have them of all metals and styles of ornament, and the remark of the museum-keepers—but I hope it is overstrained—is, that those which belonged to the clergy are the largest. There is an exceedingly superb drinking-cup of the famous Queen Margaret, under whom Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were united in one monarchy at the close of the fourteenth century. It is obviously more capacious than the drinking-cup of a single person requires to be; and it is therefore likely that the queen did not use the cup for herself only—a refinement, it may be remarked, of no old date in the best society, and which is yet scarcely introduced amongst the middle-classes of rural Scotland. The queen's cup is formed in eight or ten vertical bulges, on each of which is an initial or coat of arms, applicable to some particular person, including the royal owner herself. It is supposed that the cup had been used at the queen's table, by herself and her immediate attendants and officers, each drinking from a special part of the rim, as guided by the initial or coat armorial. Thus there was a refinement to a certain extent, though the nicety of the present day was not reached.

With reference to Catholic times, I have but one re-

maining curiosity to advert to, and that is an *affiche* for church-doors regarding the sale of indulgences. It is said to be the oldest surviving specimen of printing with a date, and, it is unique. Of another such announcement there are two copies extant, one of which is in the possession of Earl Spencer.

The objects of post-Reformation dates are as yet but partially arranged, and I merely obtained a glimpse of them in the private rooms where they are for the present deposited. Amongst them are some grand old cabinets, and many fine specimens of old tapestry. What struck me, however, as the most curious, were the ornaments of a Romanist character, which are still, or were lately, worn by brides in Norway and Iceland. There is a gaudy vestment, a crown, and an elegant girdle. It is curious to think of the fashions of an obsolete religion being kept up with regard to matrimony, when everything else has undergone a change. In this private department of the museum I obtained some idea of the arrangements for conducting the affairs of the establishment, and of the society of antiquaries connected with it. They are on a scale of liberality which puts our starved, self-supporting museums to shame. One thing impressed me deeply—that there is not in any part of the dominions of the king of Denmark an ancient tumulus, or church, or Runic stone, or indeed any unremovable relic of antiquity whatever, of which a *minutely-faithful drawing and an elaborate written account* are not deposited here. In opulent England we have no such care taken of this class of the national possessions, and they accordingly are continually becoming more and more obscure. If we reflect for a moment on the value which we should now attach to any such labours with regard to English antiquities in the time of Elizabeth, had she thought of spending a little money in that way, and on the bitterness with which posterity must look back on our continued negligence, we can scarcely fail to applaud the liberality of the Danish government as something wise as well as generous, and deplore the opposite conduct of our own as most unworthy, most fatal, and most foolish. I thought with special acerbity of the fruitless applications of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries to the Treasury, during a long course of years, for a small sum to keep up their museum, in which, purely by individual exertions and sacrifices, they have assembled what constitutes something like a shadow of the magnificent Copenhagen collection. Were I first lord of the Treasury for but as long as Abon Haasan was sultan!—or, as an old lady used to say, were I *an act of parliament*! In one thing particularly it is desirable that we should imitate the Danish antiquaries—we must hold out to the finders of ancient metal ornaments and treasure the full bullion value, without which their preservation is all but absolutely impossible.

THE ETHNOGRAPHIC MUSEUM, in an old palace contiguous to Christiansborg, is an institution complimentary to the antiquarian, and almost a necessary part of it. The object here in view is to assemble and classify the dresses, arms, implements, and all other convenient memorials of the barbarous nations now living. We have articles belonging, first, to nations without knowledge of metals or literature; next, to nations acquainted with metals only; third, nations acquainted with metals and literature, but still in a state otherwise backward. We have the rude bone and wooden weapons of the Australian nations—the furniture and weapons of the barbarous tribes spread along the Polar Ocean. A summer tent of skins belonging to

the Esquimaux, with its furniture, beds, and cooking utensils, is a great curiosity. The quantity of Chinese, Japanese, and Brazilian objects is remarkable, considering that the Danes have no particular connection with those countries. On the whole, this is a highly-credible exhibition, although a scientific visitor will probably lament the want of those objects above all others illustrative of the character of nations—their skulls. I am not sure if the collection be absolutely greater than the corresponding section of the British Museum, which, I have understood, is generally regarded as meagre. I am very sure that, in proportion to the means which Denmark commands, both in wealth and in the necessary foreign connections, this museum is such as to put England to shame. It is on becoming aware of such things, that the Englishman is impelled to put the question to himself—How comes it that our country, with all her enormous expenditure, has so little to spare for what enlightens and elevates a people? Does it never occur to any one to question the absolute necessity of supporting that old system by which massive sums will be spent uselessly in mere experiments in the building of war-ships, or some similar extravagance, sanctioned by old but senseless usage and referring to almost obsolete policy, while for objects the most directly and positively useful only mere trifles can be spared?

It will have been remarked by many that the general result of the archaeological inquiries of the North is conformable to the theories propounded by the speculative philosophers of the last century as to the progress of mankind from savage simplicity to civilisation by successive stages. Their leading idea was, that the human race was originally in a rude and ignorant state, and that they gradually acquired knowledge by observation, and became refined by the influences of society. This idea they ventured to break down into particulars: they spoke of nations having first been in what they called a *hunting stage*—that is, a stage in which their sole dependence for food, besides the natural fruits of the earth, was upon animals trapped and killed; next, a *pastoral stage*, when families found a more regular subsistence in flocks; finally, an agricultural and commercial stage, such as we now see in its highest developments. This theory, though conformable to the progress of things in nature as now daily observed—for example, the advance of a single human being through the ignorance of infancy and the reckless impulses of youth to the rational steady life and complicated relations of manhood—was rejected by a small but active party, who deemed it more likely that mankind had declined from a primitive state of civilisation. Within the last few years the ingenious Dr W. C. Taylor wrote a work to prove that such had been the history of human society. His leading argument was, that we never see a people originate civilisation among themselves. It always, he says, comes to them from some external source. Therefore, he holds, it never could have sprung up spontaneously among men. Assuredly the discoveries of the archaeologists are in favour of what may be called the natural theory. They show to us, over large sections of the earth, the inhabitants commencing in ignorance, and with the rudest and simplest contrivances for the supply of their necessities—then devising superior contrivances, and advancing to more regular and abundant means of subsistence. In Denmark, the Bronze civilisation comes in abruptly, and apparently by the intrusion of a partially-enlightened people; but as migration and invasion appear to be the rule of early communi-

ties, we can easily understand how this intruding people may have been one which in its own original grounds had passed from stone to metal by gradations. It was, indeed, almost unavoidable that such should have been the case, for nothing can be more plain than that some nations had advanced to the use of metals long before others. We are accustomed to consider Egypt as one of the earliest scenes of civilisation: it possessed metals in all probability before even a stone-using people had come into Northern Europe. But even Egypt, it appears, commenced with a Stone Period, and had subsequently its Age of Bronze. To quote the words of Mr Wilkinson, in his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians':—'In early ages, before men had acquired the art of smelting ore, and of making arms and implements of metal, stones of various kinds were used, and the chasseur was contented with the pointed flint with which nature had provided him. The only effort of his ingenuity was to fix it in some kind of handle, or at the extremity of a reed, in order to make the knife or the arrow; and we still witness the skill which some savage people of the present day display in constructing those rude weapons.'

'The Egyptians, at a remote period, before civilisation dawned upon them, probably adopted the same, since we find that stone-tipped arrows continued to be occasionally used for hunting even after they had improved every species of weapon, and after the arts had arrived at the state of perfection in which they appear subsequently to the accession of the eighteenth dynasty. Long habit had reconciled them to the original reed-shaft, with its head of flint, and even to arrows made with a point of hard wood inserted into them, which were also the remnant of a primeval custom.'

'Those, however, who preferred them of a stronger kind, adopted arrows of wood tipped with bronze-heads; and these were considered more serviceable, and were almost invariably used in war. But when this improvement took place in the construction of their arms it is impossible to conjecture, being coeval with the early stages of a civilisation which is concealed by the veil of ages, and dates long before the period of which any monuments remain.'

I left Copenhagen on the 26th September in a steamer for Lubeck, where I arrived next morning after a pleasant sail of eighteen hours. This is a town of greater attractions than is, I think, generally admitted or understood. Though the country in which it is situated partakes of the tame character of Northern Germany, its pleasant drives, formed out of the ancient ramparts, give it a cheerful and recreative effect. Then, as a specimen of the affluent city of the middle ages, little changed in either its public or private structures since that time, it is a perfect study to the antiquary. I found unflagging pleasure in wandering along its stately old streets, poking into its old religious institutions, many of which are degraded to secular purposes, and rusing over the remains of commercial grandeur and liberality in its Dom-kirk and Raathuus. At the same time, with an aspect of decay, there is much neatness and cleanliness in this ancient city.

I do not think it necessary to enter into a general description of a place so much in the common track of travel, but yet I cannot resist saying a few words about the objects in the Dom-kirk. Plain itself, this cathedral contains many beautiful and interesting things. The choir, a well-informed old man, not vulgar, as such persons usually are, but gentlemanlike and intelligent, makes his recital in French with great precision and distinctness. The baptismal font, a rich piece of Gothic work, of date 1458, reminds me, in its style of decoration, of the contemporary mace of St Salvador's chapel at St Andrews, helping to show how a uniformity of design and taste prevailed even then, as it still does throughout Europe. The expression on the faces of some of the figures is surprisingly well given for so early a piece of modern sculpture. Another of the precious possessions of the church is a picture by

the celebrated Hans Memmeling, whose altar-piece in the church of St John at Bruges is likely to be more familiar to the reader. He was one of the fathers of modern European art. The picture in Lubeck cathedral, painted in 1471, represents in a multitude of compartments the events of the Passion. If one can overlook the weak grouping and rigidity of the outline of the figures, he will be lost in wonder at the exquisite finish which the old artist has given to this work. The faces are all laboriously painted, and fully charged with expression; the dresses carefully done, and of some importance historically. It is remarked that there are several faces repeated in different parts of the work, showing that the artist had employed real persons to sit to him. The tears on the cheeks of Mary and Magdalen are curiously distinct. In the bearing of the cross, Jesus's face seems to me less expressive of suffering and grief than was to be expected; but perhaps this was meant, and certainly it is not unsuspicious of defence. One must wonder that at the time when our Edward IV. was dictating barbarous executions of his Lancastrian opponents, and Louis XI. stringing up his traitorous subjects without remorse, such works as the font and Memmeling's picture were produced in the adjoining countries.

The church contains some good family monuments, but none which ascend to historical interest. The whole floor is formed of sculptured memorials of the merchants, bishops, and other eminent persons who sleep below. The fine carving of the screen over the entrance to the choir is said to have been furnished by a priest who, having become Lutheran, and having subsequently repented of the change, as well as of his having taken to himself a wife, sought this means of expiating his offence.

On one of the side walls there is a rude fresco referring to a legend regarding the building of the church. An inscription in debased Latin informs us that Charlemagne, while hunting, encountered a stag which had a cross growing between its horns, and a collar of jewels round its neck. With the produce of the collar the first church on this spot was built. The story seems nearly the same as one related respecting the origin of Holyrood Abbey at Edinburgh. David I., while hunting, was thrown down by a stag, and in danger of being gored by it to death, when a cross miraculously slipped into his hands, and at sight of that sacred object the animal fled away. The crest borne as an armorial ensign by the church which the king founded in gratitude was a stag's head, with a cross inserted between the horns, exactly as in this case. It seems likely that the two legends have had some common foundation.

A passage by a steamer from Hamburg to Leith restored me to my home, on the 3d of October, after an absence of between three and four months. It was matter of grateful reflection that during all this time I had never had a day of bad health, or encountered any great suffering, though I had once or twice been in a small degree of danger. It was now agreeable also to recall the many proofs I had had of the kindly manners, and amiable and upright character, of the people of the North. Throughout my whole journey I had met with no rudeness, much less any disposition to violence or outrages. I had never seen any person drunk, or in any degree of excitement from liquor, excepting (so far as I remember) in one solitary instance. There had been some tediousness from the great length of some of the routes in proportion to the objects of interest which they presented; but, saving this, there was nothing in the physical character of the countries passed over to give uneasiness to a person of average hardiness. The general results were certainly not unworthy of the trouble and time required for the journey. I had seen the singular and striking memorials of some extraordinary, and as yet mysterious, operations of nature; I had seen society not yet advanced into that complicated state of industrial relations from which our national wealth has sprung, and yet far from being abject, or

unhappy, or low in either taste or intelligence. If there be any persons able to undertake such a tour, and likely to be content with such observations, I can safely recommend them to go over the same ground; keeping in view, however, that there are some districts, in Norway particularly, as, for instance, the firds in the Bergen district, which are fully as interesting as any I had visited, if not more so, though, unluckily, it was out of my power to comprehend them in my excursion.

R. C.

CURIOSITIES OF ROGUERY.

THE FREE FORESTER—THE HORSE-MAKER.

ALTHOUGH in the conduct of business there cannot be said to exist any debateable ground between honesty and dishonesty, inasmuch as the golden precept which commands us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is ever at hand, and ever suggestive of the right rule of action, yet there is a wide field of operation for those who, rejecting the authority of this precept, and preferring the care and culture of Number One to all other considerations whatever, choose to live rather by their wits than their work. In London, and in all great towns, there are a thousand means of turning a penny, and a pound too, by practices and pursuits which, though opposed to the spirit of the law, are found in fact to be rarely punishable by it. It is hardly to be wondered at, when we take into consideration the infinite varieties of human character, that wherever men are congregated in great numbers, a certain portion of them should be found whose pleasure and delight it is to be heard, to violate, and to elude the penal statutes. Rogues of this sort abound in the metropolis, and no inconsiderable amount of skill and cunning are displayed in the pursuit of their vocation. It is a question whether with some of them profit alone, unconnected with peculation, would have any charms; their industry demands the spice and flavour of rascality to stimulate it into action: they have no wholesome appetite for an honest penny, and would starve and die out but for the excitement of roguery. The following outlines, cursorily sketched from the life, may serve to introduce to the notice of the reader a few of the worthies who manage to enjoy the patronage of the public for services more than doubtful, and who, keeping for the most part out of the grasp of the law, do yet gain a living by its infraction.

The Free Forester.—This is a designation probably unknown to the majority of readers as applicable to the denizen of a crowded city: it is assumed, however, with no small degree of pride, by the members of a certain class well known to each other, and who are to be found sparsely scattered through the streets of London at all seasons of the year, with the exception of the fading autumn and during the rigour of winter. The free forester owes his title and his occupation to that inextinguishable love of nature which prevails more or less in all great towns and cities—united with his own independence of the claims of *meum* and *tuum*, and with the right which he has established, to his own satisfaction at least, to certain waifs and strays of the vegetable kingdom, or rather to certain vegetable property which he chooses to consider his lawful prey. He is a trader without capital; a seller who neither produces nor purchases; a gardener and arboriculturist without an inch of ground; a dealer in game and poultry too at times, having no license either to shoot or to sell the savoury wares, for the possession of which he would be puzzled to account.

With the very earliest breath of spring, the free forester, quitting his winter avocation, whatever it may be, appears in the streets of London, on the edge of some wide pavement, or between the shafts of a hand-cart, in charge of a goodly stock of the first budding promises of the opening year. Imitating the perambulating gardeners, he sets up the cry of 'All a-growing and a-blowing!'—and among a population notoriously fond of flowers,

who, if they can have a garden nowhere else, will establish one upon their window-sills, he soon succeeds in disposing of his roots. These consist of snowdrops, primroses, polyanthus, violets, oxlips, slips of geranium, hen-and-chicken daisies, and other early-blooming flowers or sweet-smelling herbs. As the spring advances, and warms into summer, you see him still pursuing his rounds, or standing at his accustomed corner well supplied with the blossoming flora of the season: tulips, hyacinths, roses—red, white, or mossy—fuchsias, rhododendrons, young variegated laurel, fir and box-trees in pots, bushes of rue and London-pride, balsams, geraniums, ranunculuses—everything, in short, that will grow out of the hothouse, and which garden-loving citizens are fond of cultivating in front or rear of their suburban dwellings. As summer wanes, and autumn steps quietly on the scene, the activity of the free forester would seem somewhat to abate: his cry is not so frequently heard; his stand at the corner of the street has altogether disappeared; and though he is here and there seen pushing through the crowd his hand-cart, still gay with the rich hues of autumnal blossoms, he yet drives but a laggard trade, and that only by dint of the lowest possible prices, which, however, he can well afford to take for wares which have cost him nothing, or next to nothing. Long before the crysanthemum has bared her starchy face to welcome the waning year, the free forester has vanished, like the last rose of summer, to return no more till the dawn of a new spring recalls him to the scene of his labours.

But, the reader naturally inquires, How does the fellow come by his merchandise? We are not in a condition to give a perfectly satisfactory reply to this question. Thus much, however, we know: he is seen to start from the neighbourhood of St Giles's, not far from what yet remains of the old Rookery, late in the afternoon, or in the early twilight of a spring or summer's evening, sometimes driving before him an empty hand-cart, at others carrying over his shoulders a large canvas sack of four or five bushel capacity. Directing his course towards the suburbs, doubtless in pursuance of a plan previously designed, he is beyond the limits of London ere night closes in; and, marvellous to say, long before the drowsy citizen has begun to dream of breakfast, he is back again to his expectant partner at the point from whence he started. Consigning the produce of his night's industry to his chum, he turns into bed for an hour or two, while the other prepares the goods consigned to him for the inspection of the public. In this business no time is lost. We once witnessed, with perfect amazement, this apparently miraculous process, the operator dreaming of nothing so little as that his actions were under review. In the case referred to the wares were contained in a large bag, about two feet in diameter, and four or five in length, and must have weighed considerably above a hundredweight. The dresser—for so he may be appropriately called—turned them all out carefully upon the ground in the square back yard of a twopenny lodging-house: this he did not by emptying the bag at its mouth, but by unbuttoning it at the sides, and laying open its contents. These consisted of flower-roots in full bloom for the most part, but crushed, heaped, and tumbled together in such a squashed condition, as to appear fit for nothing but the manure heap. But he very soon changed the aspect of the stock into a goodly show, of which a Covent-Garden cultivator would not have been ashamed. Selecting the finest flowers from the mass, with a pair of short shears he cut away the bruised or broken leaves, and rinsing the plant in a small stream from a stopcock, set it firmly in a pot already prepared with mould, in far less time than it takes to describe the deed. Producing the mould-filled pots from an outhouse as fast as they were required, he soon had some dozens of fine blooming flowers in a condition for sale. Around the roots of each, as he set it aside as finished, he poured carefully, using a small ladle for the purpose, a few drops of a dirty-looking liquid from an earthenware pan which stood in a corner: this no doubt was some powerful vegetable stimulant, under the influence of which the excited plants would, for one day at least (long enough for his purpose), assume the ap-

pearance of extraordinary healthiness and vigour. In fact, when, in less than two hours afterwards, the whole stock, ranged on a couple of broad hand-carts, sallied out of the lane on its way to the fashionable thoroughfares of the West End, the show of tender balsams with their delicate blossoms, and gorgeous geraniums glittering in fiery redness, looked so beautiful and so healthy, such a credit to the skill of the florist, that we felt it would be madness to attempt to convince any one not an eye-witness like ourselves of what had been their actual condition three hours back. That portion of the stock not intended for potting was more summarily dealt with. It consisted of roots adapted for front gardens, chiefly of common flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, which, having suffered little from the rough usage and confinement to which they had been subjected, were merely sprinkled with a little water, and then ranged round the edges of the carts, forming a kind of enclosure for those in pots.

If the reader is not yet enlightened as to the manner in which the free forester comes by his merchandise, let him live in the suburbs of London, and try the experiment, as we have for the last seven years, of cultivating a garden in front of his parlour window. Let him note, moreover, what becomes of the contents of a garden, front or back, of a suburban house during the interval between the departure of one tenant and the arrival of another. We are loth to cast a slur upon the character of any class, more especially of one that is so eminently industrious, that lives not only laborious days, but laborious nights as well, one, too, that loves flowers and green fields—both a passion with ourselves; but the truth must out for all that, and the plain unvarnished truth is, as Dr Johnson would have phrased it, 'The fellow's a thief, and there's an end on't.'

But, as we have already hinted, this worthy does not confine his attention exclusively to botanical experiments; there is a department of natural history in which he has considerable interest, and by the cultivation of which he adds not a little to his annual income. Those Michaelmas martyrs, the geese, find their way somehow or other into his bag or his basket, and during the last week of September he drives a brisk trade with liberal-minded customers, whom he knows well where to meet with, and who, 'asking no questions for conscience' sake,' are content to buy a fat goose at a lean price, without troubling themselves to inquire under what circumstances the plump victim left the farmer's yard. His customers for poultry and game, it may be remarked by the way, are chiefly the well-employed workmen and operatives of the metropolis. In large establishments, where scores or hundreds of men are congregated for industrial purposes, he makes his appearance after regular intervals during the whole game season, generally coming an hour or two before pay-time, well laden with dainties doomed to smoke on the Sunday dinner-table of the artisan. The men banter him upon the cheapness of his wares; but his brazen self-possession is never put to the blush. He offers a couple of fowls or a hare at 50 per cent. below the selling-price in the cheapest market in London, observing, by way of recommending the bargain, 'I suppose you thinks I stole 'em, but I'm blow'd if you arn't wrong this here once. Them fowls was sent to me by my old gran'mother in the country, to keep my birthday with; but you see the old lady didn't send no sarce nor sassangers; and as I can't afford to buy trimmings, and it goes agin my conscience to eat 'em without, I hoffers 'em to you at two-and-two-pence.' 'Why, how often does your birthday come round?' asks the workman. 'That hare I bought of you a fortnight ago was given to you by a friend as a birthday present!' 'As often as I want it of course,' replies the chapman—'that's a privilege I've got, if I harn't got ne'er another. Come, take 'em at two bob: I can't be bothering all day with them birds.' As may be readily imagined, at such prices his merchandise does not remain long on hand: geese, chicken, hare, or turkey soon find new proprietors, and the free forester, shouldering his basket, disappears without loss of time.

Occasionally he will make his appearance in the work-

shop in the middle of the week, bringing a couple of fresh hares or rabbits, or a basket of live fowls; 'because,' says he, 'if you don't want to eat your Sunday's dinner on a Wednesday or Thursday, them pussies 'll keep for a week, and the birds is fresh enough, I 'spose, if you kills 'em when you wants 'em. A shillin' a piece—ax no more, and take no less. Didn't smug 'em nether; if I had, they'd a been eighteenpence. Got a man to steal 'em for me, a friend o' mine, as wants to be off to Botany after his wife, as was sent over by mistake. I gived him the job cos it went to my heart, it did, to see him a grievin' an' a takin' on so. Come, who's for the live birds, and who's for the cats? Don't all speak at once, cos I hates confusion and bother. There, if that arn't enough for the money, I'll give you the next for nothin'!' One would think, by the light-hearted hilarity of the fellow, that his conscience was pretty clear of offence; but the expression of his eye belies his rattling tongue, and tells of a lurking dread of some not improbable mischance, which he is not altogether unprepared to meet. We must remark that it is not always that the viands he offers for sale are fit for eating. He is in the habit occasionally of intercepting a cargo of fish or a 'lot' of game on its way to the river, where, in the dawn of morning or the dead of night, certain dealers in those commodities are wont to consign their stale and unsaleable stock to the bosom of Father Thames. His impudence enables him to pass off such wares with unblushing effrontery; he knows that, however offensive they may have been to the olfactories for this week past, the keenest nose will detect nothing wrong after he has 'taken the stink out of them,' a process which he effectually performs, and the means of doing which he guards as a profound secret. If he encounter complaint on the subject of such bargains on again making his appearance at his accustomed haunt, he flies into a violent rage with the fictitious personage who, he swears, 'sold him the lot of goods,' by which he declares he not only lost money, but disobliged his best customers. His career is not generally of very long duration; his constitution would seem to be colonial, with an antipodal tendency: he is apt to become the subject of compulsory emigration, and is often required to complete his botanical studies, and to consummate his natural history experience, under official surveillance in a far-distant region. Some of them, however, being their own 'fences,' and having the caution to keep their depredations within bounds, escape such untoward accidents; and after accumulating a sufficient fund, cease their perambulations, and settle down in some safer calling. It is rare to meet with a man of mature years leading the life of a free forester in London.

The Horse-Maker.—We might fill a volume with the performances of this worthy, but must perforce despatch him summarily, as others are waiting to be limned as soon as we have moved him out of the way. This notable personage locates principally in the neighbourhood of White-chapel, though many of his kith and kin are to be met with in or near the neighbourhood of Smithfield, and in the lowest parts of Westminster. In appearance, the horse-maker has nothing Cockneyish or London-like about him; even his dialect, though he be a Cockney born and bred, is in some degree provincial both in idiom and accent. His costume is that of the respectable agricultural yeoman or small farmer; and is always in neat and tidy trim. He affects a rustic gentility and simplicity of behaviour, and disarms suspicion by his cheerful, open, loquacious, and unsophisticated manner: he makes no great parade of himself in the markets, never attending, in fact, when his presence can be dispensed with. By this means his simulated character lasts him the longer, and he is saved from the disagreeable necessity of shifting the scene of his labours. His business is to purchase horses which, from accident, vice, disease, or even old age, are rendered unfit for the service of man, and then, by means best known to himself, to metamorphose the poor beasts into quiet, plausible, serviceable-looking steeds, and to sell them, while yet under the influence of his all-potent incantations, to unwary customers. There is hardly a disorder horse-flesh is heir to the

symptoms of which he cannot temporarily banish, by means of drug, knife, cautery, or some secret nostrum; while there is no animal so vicious but that he can subdue him for a time to quiet, good behaviour. By dint of shears, singeing, currycomb, and brush, under his direction the roughest hide assumes the radiant polish of the turf: by the cunning application of ginger or cayenne to the jaws, the nostrils, the ears, or elsewhere, the dullest worn-out hack is stimulated into sprightliness and demonstrations of blood and breeding; and the poor honest brutes are compelled by his arts to play the hypocrite, and to assume virtues and qualities to which they have perhaps been strangers all their lives.

The horse-maker has an intimate connection with the knacker's-yards, to the proprietors of which he is well known as a customer. Not a few of his bargains in horse-flesh have been previously doomed to the dogs (or rather, in London, to the cats), and have been temporarily rescued by him from the knacker's knife. So well is this known, that respectable dealers in the metropolis, on sending a horse to be slaughtered, invariably charge their servants to see the animal slain before quitting the premises of the knacker. If this precautionary measure be omitted, it is more than possible that the owner of the beast may find himself, a few days after, mounted on the very brute which he had condemned to the knife, having bought him, re-manufactured, to supply the place of the supposed dead one. An instance actually occurred no great while ago of a farmer selling an old roadster for dog's-meat price at Barnet Fair, and buying him again two days after at Smithfield, riding home well pleased with his purchase, and only discovering the fraud through the unaccountable familiarity of what he supposed to be the stranger horse with his old quarters.

A favourite speculation of these worthies, and one that generally pays a swinging per-centage, is by clubbing together to purchase at a country fair a lot of wild colts fresh from the hills, and by dint of doctoring and dressing, to prepare them for exhibition and sale at the West-End auction-marts. We have more than once witnessed the sale of these job-lots, which very rarely result to the satisfaction of the purchasers. We have seen each separate nag, just two minutes before he was led out to exhibit his paces in view of the company, subjected to certain indescribable manipulations and applications of stimulating nostrums, intended and calculated to make him counterfeit the gait and action of thorough-breeding, or something like it; and many a hack, whose actual value must have been something between seven and ten pounds, have we seen knocked down for from twenty to thirty guineas, or even more, to heedless amateurs in horse-flesh, who, before a week was over, would have been too glad to part with their bargains at a loss of fifty per cent. Still, it is possible at times to get a bargain even from a horse-maker. From the intimate practical knowledge these fellows acquire of all the various diseases and vicious propensities of the race *equine*, it does occasionally happen, especially when the defect is a vice, and not a disease, that they will effect a thorough cure. We were once too well acquainted with a brute who possessed every quality that a horse should have, with the exception of docility, the want of which nullified all the rest. Though valued at between fifty and sixty guineas, from his fine proportions and strength of limb, he was sold, after a score of grooms had tried their skill upon him in vain, for three sovereigns to a member of this fraternity, who, a fortnight afterwards, exhibited him in harness drawing near two tons with perfect ease and willingness, though he had not heretofore in any other hands submitted to become of any use whatever. His vanquisher declared that he had taken the devil out of him by driving him from Vauxhall to Bristol in one day, allowing him one day's rest, and then back again on the third day. Be this as it may, the horse was purchased at a high price for her Majesty's service, and we saw him frequently afterwards performing the hardest work with perfect quietness and docility.

This class of deceivers seldom succeed in their attempts to get on; they are for the most part men who, seduced

by the love of the saddle and the whip, have deserted the occupations to which they were brought up, and have sought, without capital, to participate in the profits of the regular dealer in horses. Not a few of them are the proprietors of rickety cabs or hackney-coaches, which, like the beasts that draw them, have been long ago fairly worn out in the service of the public. It is not unusual to encounter an equipage which, including horse, harness, and vehicle, would be a sorry purchase at five pounds. The hungry proprietor, seated on the box, crawls about the streets in the dusk of the evening in hopes of picking up another, and still another, last fare: he is afraid to halt at the regular 'stand,' lest his poor staggering brute should be too stiff to move off in case of a sudden call. The scoundrel has platted an iron wire into the thin end of his whip-lash, well knowing that nothing short of actual torture will goad the wretched jade he drives into anything faster than a walking-pace! One is often tempted at such a spectacle to pray for a collision with some racing van or omnibus, which shall shake the little remaining life out of the poor brute, and thus release him from the tyranny of his master, punishing the biped at the same moment for his dastardly inhumanity. But here we must draw bridle for the present.

THE DYNAMICS OF EARTHQUAKES.

CONVULSIONS and disturbances of the earth's crust have, until recently, formed exceptions to some other natural phenomena which inductive philosophy accounts for by the action of certain known and fixed laws. An assemblage of facts, often at variance with each other, has constituted for the most part the whole of what is known on the subject of earthquakes, yet any one of these facts, when properly explained, becomes of essential importance in considering the question in all its physical and geological bearings. An attempt has now been made to systematise the accumulated results. Mr R. Mallet, a gentleman well known for his scientific researches, has published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy' a treatise 'On the Dynamics of Earthquakes; being an attempt to reduce their observed Phenomena to the known Laws of Wave Motion in Solids and Fluids.' We shall follow the author through his valuable paper, and endeavour, as clearly as the subject may permit, to give an abstract of the general theory.

Mr Mallet's inquiry commences with a demonstration of the cause of the rotary or vorticos motion supposed to be peculiar to earthquakes; one of the most remarkable instances of this movement is that mentioned by Sir C. Lyell in his 'Principles of Geology,' where the upper stones of a square pedestal are described as having been turned round several inches from their place without falling, while the lower blocks retained their original position. An analogous case is cited by Darwin: the buttresses of the cathedral at Conception were twisted, so to speak, clean off from the walls, while the walls themselves remained standing, and comparatively uninjured. Assuming the vorticos theory to be the true one, the rotary force sufficient at its centre to displace such vast masses of masonry would be inconceivably great at a few hundred feet distant; so great, indeed, that nothing could resist it, and the tremendous phenomena of earthquakes would be a thousand times more terrible than they already are. Mr Mallet in brief terms shows that the effects here particularised can be satisfactorily accounted for on other grounds. 'I assume,' he observes, 'nothing more than what is universally admitted—that during earthquakes a motion of some sort takes place, by which the ground itself, and all objects resting upon it, are shaken, or moved back and forwards by an alternate horizontal motion, within certain limits, which, for all present evidence to the contrary, may be a straight-line

motion, though possibly variable in direction at different and sometimes closely-successive times, and the velocity of which is sufficient to throw down or disturb the position of bodies supported by the earth, through their own inertia.'

There has been much difference of terms in respect of the phenomena of earthquakes: the ancients described the motion as similar to the shaking of a sieve, while with modern writers it is 'a trembling'—'vibration'—'concussion'—'movement'—'undulation'—the last being nearest to the truth. Whether a building shall be twisted round or completely overturned by the progressive motion in a straight line depends on the centre of gravity of the edifice. 'The effect of the rectilinear motion in the plane of the base,' we read, 'will be to twist the body round upon its bed, or to move it laterally, and twist it at the same time, thus converting the rectilinear into a curvilinear motion in space.' Next we have the question as to whether the motion is alternate backward and forward, by which, as some have assumed, displaced objects should be restored to their former position. But as the back stroke cannot be so powerful as the forward one, it necessarily fails to move the disturbed bodies from the situation in which the forward stroke left them. This general view is not affected by the fact of bodies being occasionally thrown down in opposite directions—as the east and west walls of a building; such anomalies are to be explained by differences of resistance, weight, or connection, or simply by the *return* of the secondary or reflected wave.

Mr Mallet lays down the proposition that the only conceivable alternate motion which answers to all the circumstances observed in earthquakes, is that of an *elastic compression*, passing along through the crust of the earth, in parallel or intersecting lines; 'a wave of elastic compression,' he calls it. Such a theory was proposed a hundred years ago, but lost sight of. Earthquake shocks originate either on the land—as is the almost daily case in the volcanic region of the Andes—or under the ocean, the latter being the most disastrous in their consequences. Here the explanation is especially interesting—'When the original impulse comes from the land, an elastic wave is propagated through the solid crust of the earth, and through the air, and transmitted from the former to the ocean water, where the wave is finally spent and lost.

'When, on the other hand, the original impulse comes from the bed of the deep ocean, three sorts of waves are formed and propagated simultaneously—namely, one, or several successively through the land, which constitutes the true earthquake shock or shocks; and coincident with, and answering to every one of these, one or more waves are formed and propagated through the air, which produce the sound like the bellowing of oxen, the rolling of wagons, or of distant thunder, accompanying the shock; and a third wave is formed and propagated upon the surface of the ocean, which rolls in to land, and reaches it long after the shock or wave through the solid earth has arrived and spent itself.'

The effects here specified are familiar to most of us by having read of them as generally attendant on earthquakes; in what follows we have the apparent recession of the sea from the shore during the shock accounted for:—

'While passing under the deep water of the ocean, it gives no trace of its progress at the surface in all probability; but as it arrives in soundings, and gets into water more and more shallow, the undulation of the bottom, the crest of the long, flat-shaped, earth-wave, brings along with it—carries upon its back, as it were—a corresponding aqueous undulation, slight, long, and flat, upon the surface of the water. This, which, adopting Airy's nomenclature, might be called the *forced sea-wave* of earthquakes, has no proper motion of its own: it is simply a long, low ridge of water, pushed up at the surface by the

partial elevation of the bottom immediately below it, this latter elevation travelling with such immense velocity, that the hillock of water pushed up above it has not time to flow away laterally, and reassume its own level.

'Thus, then, the earth-wave below, when in shallow water, is attended by a small *forced sea-wave*, vertically over it, upon the surface of the sea, and these two reach the inclined beach or shore at the same moment; but as the beach is so inclined, and the forced sea-wave, as well as the earth-wave, are long and flat, and the velocity of the latter very great, the earth-wave, as it were, slips from under the forced sea-wave at the moment of reaching the beach, which it for the moment elevates, by a vertical height equal to its own, and as instantly lets drop again to its former level.'

Besides the surface ocean-wave, a wave of sound will also be propagated through the water, and reach the land long before the surface-wave arrives. The sound of the earth-wave, on the contrary, travels with it, and is heard on shore at the same moment that the shock is felt. A close analogy exists between the transmitted fluid wave and solid wave: the onward movement of the latter takes place in a series of elliptic curves similar to though smaller than in the former, but 'with inconceivably greater velocity.' It seems hard to believe in this literal wave-like motion of rigid earth and rock, yet science teaches that the immobility of particles is not only possible, but actually takes place. 'The vibrations of the air of a drawing-room shake the solid walls of the house, when a tune is played upon a pianoforte, or otherwise the tune could not be heard in an adjoining house. Captain Kater found that he could not perform his experiments upon the length of the seconds pendulum anywhere in London, for that the solid ground everywhere vibrated by the rolling of carriages,' &c.

In marshy ground resting on sandstone, the vibrations caused by the passage of a railway train have been perceived at a distance of 1100 feet laterally, but vertically they cannot be detected through sandstone beyond 100 feet. Houses, towers, and tall chimneys rock with the wind, 'Salisbury spire moves to and fro in a gale more than three inches from a plumb line.' On removing the props of exhausted coal-seams, the superincumbent mass sinks with tremendous noise and violence, often taken for an earthquake shock. 'At the latter end of last century, one or more of the great vertical and impost stones of Stonehenge suddenly fell down; the concussion produced a wave, which was transmitted around in every direction, like that upon a pool of water into which a pebble has been dropped, and the shock felt in all the neighbouring hamlets was so great, that for some time, until the cause was discovered, it was thought to have been an earthquake, as in fact it was, though not produced by the usual causes. So, also, when the great Spanish powder magazine—said to have contained 1500 barrels—was blown up near Corunna, at the conclusion of Sir John Moore's retreat, officers who were present state that the ground rocked sensibly for miles away, and the wave was felt at a distance before the sound of the explosion was heard.'

Concerning the sea-wave: it is pretty generally known that an earthquake is frequently accompanied by a disturbance of the ocean, which at times does great mischief at places far from the centre of the shock; more so where the land slopes gradually to the water than where it is precipitous. 'It is remarkable,' says Darwin, 'that while Talcahuano and Callao (near Lima), both situated at the head of large shallow bays, have suffered severely during every earthquake from great waves, Valparaiso, seated close to the edge of profoundly deep water, has never been overwhelmed, though so often shaken by the severest shocks.' Many readers will remember that the great earthquake at Lisbon was followed by a huge wave, which came rushing in from the sea some time afterwards, and fearfully aggravated the previous alarm and destruction. The focus of the shock was forty miles from land, and the wave was forty feet in height; it swept three thousand persons off the spacious quay, to which they had betaken themselves to be out of the way of falling buildings. An attempt has been made to account for the effect produced,

by supposing that the falling in of a vast cavity in the ocean bed far away from the coast caused a sudden recession of water on the shore; or that the whole mass of dry land being bodily elevated by the shock, and let down again, it would appear as though the sea had retreated and came in again; or that these effects were referrible to an upheaval of the bottom of the sea.

None of these views satisfy the newly-advanced theory: according to Mr Mallet, the original impulse given to the bed of the sea acts simultaneously upon the earth, the sea, and the atmosphere, originating at the same instant, and transmitting one or more waves through each. 'The earth-wave moves with an immense velocity, probably not less than 10,000 feet per second, in hard stratified rock, and perhaps little short of this in the less dense strata.' But while the earth-wave travels at this rate, sound moves through water at about 4700 feet per second, so that a double sound will be heard from the sea after the land sound. Yet at times the waves of sound are absent while the others are present. In such cases it is supposed that no fracture of the earth's crust takes place, but merely a bending or flexure, which might naturally occur without the concussions that accompany actual breaking. Differences or anomalies in the times of shocks becoming audible are accounted for by the difference of strata through which they travel. The earth-wave varies in height from an inch or less to three feet, the latter being its vertical height in great earthquakes; the length depends on elasticity of the strata. The line where one quality of strata meets another is always marked by the greatest havoc. Dolomieu states 'that in Calabria the shocks were felt most formidably, and did most mischief, at the line of junction of the deep diluvial plains with the slates and granite of the mountains, and were felt more in the former than in the hard granite of the latter. Houses were thrown down in all directions along the junction, and fewest of any where these were situated in the mountains. . . . But if the case be converse, if the earth-wave pass from highly-elastic rock into a mass of clay or sand (suppose lying in a small-sized valley), and pass across this into similar elastic rock at the opposite side, all the former results will follow.'

As before observed, great earthquakes originate beneath the sea; those which have their focus inland are less destructive; the shock is generally lost beneath the ocean; or if a powerful one, it traverses the bed, and is felt in distant countries. The movement of the Lisbon shock was twenty miles in a minute—1750 feet per second; its effects were felt in Scotland. 'At Loch Lomond the water, without any apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level: the greatest height of the swell was two feet four inches. In this instance, it seems most probable that the amplitude of the earth-wave was so great, that the entire cavity or basin of the lake was nearly at the same instant tilted or canted up, first at one side, and then at the other, by the passage of the wave beneath it, so as to disturb the level of the contained waters by a few inches, just as one would cant up a bowl of water at one side by the hand.'

Many experiments have been made by scientific observers to determine the rate of motion through different materials. The velocity of wave-transit through limestone (soft lias) is 3640 feet per second; sandstone (millstone grit), 5248 feet; Portland stone (oolite), 5723 feet; limestone (primary marble), 6696 feet; limestone (hard carboniferous), 7075 feet; and clay slate (Leicestershire), 12,767 feet. A glance at this table will enable us to conceive something of the consequences that must ensue when such immense rapidity is suddenly checked or disturbed by meeting with strata of different elasticity. There is, then, no difficulty in understanding why everything on the surface should be prostrated; that frightful chasms should open, which, in closing again, have actually bitten human beings in two. But it must be remembered that, appalling as these convulsions may be, they 'do not properly constitute part of the earthquake at all; and in order to form clear notions of earthquake mechanics, we must carefully distinguish between those, which are but consequences of the consequences of the earthquake, and

the earthquake-wave itself, which gives rise to them all. The earth-wave shakes the country; the features of its surface are altered by the filling of valleys and levelling of eminences; a new state of things is instantly brought about as regards its drainage; and all its meteorological circumstances alter in proportion. Hence, when in the loose narratives of earthquakes—which abound with ill-made observations, fanciful and figurative language, and exaggeration—we read of "lakes suddenly appearing where all was dry before," rivers and lakes "bursting up out of the earth," "lightnings and clouds of smoke or dust accompanying the shock," we must bear in mind that these are mere accidents, contingent upon the consequences of the principal phenomenon—the transit of the earth-wave; namely, upon the disturbance of the surface of the land reacting upon its drainage, and producing violent electrical disturbances by friction, by pressure, by changes of temperature; and these all again reacting upon its climate, so as often permanently to affect it.'

Such is a brief abstract of Mr Mallet's views: we consider that he has done good service to science by his inquiry, the publication of which may greatly assist the officers of the American expedition stationed in Peru and Chili, who are directed to make earthquake phenomena an especial subject of observation. With a view to promote more exact observation on these points, Mr Mallet has constructed an instrument which of itself registers the various effects; and it is not improbable that some day earthquake instruments will become as common as barometers in countries liable to disturbance. We close our notice with his conclusion as to 'the efficient cause of the earthquake shock,' which he says, 'I define to be a wave of elastic compression, produced either by the sudden flexure and constraint of the elastic materials forming a portion of the earth's crust, or by the sudden relief of this constraint by withdrawal of the force, or by their giving way and becoming fractured.'

MARY ROCK.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

[Years have now elapsed since I have written one line about Texas, and probably I should have allowed my recollections relative to that country to become obliterated, but for a circumstance which has brought back my days of peril and adventure forcibly to my mind. A very little while back, a number of the Journal for which I am now writing this sketch fell into the hands of one who was my valued and esteemed shipmate under the flag of the Republic of the Lone Star. It contained the 'Gold-Seeker and the Water-Seeker.' Seven years had passed since we were almost boys together, and we had never heard of each other. My friend had become a trader in the backwoods; I an author. But the Michigan merchant was made of the same stuff as the Lieutenant in the Texan navy; and he addressed me 'London, England.' The letter found me, and now, since it has been followed by others, I hope again to be in communion with days which had their charms despite their hardships.]

THE Rock family had emigrated to the very verge of wild Indian life, when the recent war between the United States and Mexico burst out, an event which, while awakening prospects of fierce struggles between the rival republics, aroused also the hopes and passions of the swarthy Indian tribes that people the frontiers of the contending powers. Certain predatory and wandering habits already alluded to* as characteristic of this family, had driven Captain Rock from the easy neighbourhood of Dickenson's Bayou, and from all others, one after another, until at last he found himself far nearer than was generally considered safe to Spanish Peak and its troublesome tribes of Redskins.

This time the old man, his wife, son, and daughter—the other having remained with her husband—had to build a house, instead of taking possession of one abandoned.

*See Journal, New Series, No. 13, 'The Wedding, a Backwood Sketch.' New Series, No. 56, 'The Rock Family in Texas.'

done by former proprietors. They chose the mouth of a deep gully, and the verge of a dense forest. Their hut was, as usual, blocks of wood rudely put together; and their energies had this time gone so far as to induce the cultivation of a small field of maize. This excepted, their whole existence depended on hunting and fishing. Mary, who, it seems, had become more slim than when I knew her, was all the more indefatigable in her pursuit of the game afforded by the fertile and happy plains of Upper Texas. She and her brother were ceaseless in their endeavours to track deer, wild turkey, and partridges; and supported their family entirely. The old couple did absolutely nothing but eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, utterly forgetful of their former position in society.

A little while before the outbreak of the late war, the Rocks became aware of the presence of a neighbour. A tall young Kentuckian, passionately fond of a wild life, suddenly located himself within a mile of their abode, with a sturdy assistant from his own land, four negro slaves, a dozen horses, a herd of cattle, and a wagon. He erected a solid frame-house, and called his place Snowville—his name being given out as Captain Snow. With peace and tranquillity, his farm would probably soon have been the centre of a neighbourhood, and ultimately the site of a town. But a great pestilence, more destructive than cholera or plague, was coming: Texas was the cause of a terrible war.

As soon as Captain Snow had settled himself, built his house, and set his fields going, he thought it but right to pay a visit to the Rocks, despite the piratical character which he had heard of them round about Galveston. The chief things, however, which struck him on the occasion of his visit were the wretchedness of their abode, the wilful dotage of the parents, the industry of the children, and the matured beauty of Mary. Of a frank and sociable disposition, he made friends with young Rock; and very soon became the invariable companion of the brother and sister in their huntings and wanderings. The consequence was natural. Had she not been the only female within a hundred miles, Mary would have won the heart of any youth not already enchained by her simplicity, truth, and sincerity. Captain Snow, in a month, was over head and ears in love, and in two was the accepted lover of Miss Rock. It was agreed on all sides that immediately after the maize harvest they should freight a boat with their various goods, and, going down to the settlements, be married.

The interval was chiefly spent in hunting, fishing, boating, and riding, when the various parties concerned were not engaged in necessary avocations. Captain Snow heard with a bounding heart of the war, but his murderous propensities were wholly quelled by the sight of Mary, whom he loved with all the ardour of a single-minded, honest, and frank backwoodsman. Still, he could not divest himself of regret at not partaking the dangers of the expedition, and to divert his mind, proposed to the brother and sister a week's hunting in the buffalo regions higher up the country. Both frankly acquiesced, and one morning at dawn of day they started.

This time all the hunters rode horses, the very best which Snow could pick from his lot. Each had a rifle, a powder-horn, a bundle of corn-cakes, a flask of native whisky, and a hunting-knife. Mary on this occasion was dressed almost in a masculine costume as her companions, and never was happier, more sprightly, or filled with more of the enthusiasm of prairie-life. Their journey was up deep gullies, along heaving plains, by cool streams, and beneath the shadow of thick woods. They rode along in the morning until they found a place fit for sport, and then halting, lit a fire, shackled their horses, and started on foot in search of game, sometimes together, sometimes separate. When success crowned their efforts, or when night approached, they returned to their camp and supped. After this operation, which in the prairies is a very serious one, they made a sober attack on their whisky gourds and tobacco-pouches, and after a little gossip, were glad to find rest. Mary had a little hut

always formed of boughs and their three cloaks, the brother and affianced husband keeping guard on each side.

Thus they wandered for more than a week, and none thought of turning back. When the wild passions of rapine, and slaughter, and murder, almost inseparable from savage life—which has generally all the faults of civilised life, with scarcely any of its virtues—are kept in the background, a wandering existence in the virgin woods and fields of America has an inexpressible charm. They all felt it. To camp at night beneath trees hundreds of miles from houses and men is a thing which excites romantic feelings in the rudest, and none of the trio belonged quite to the rough cast. Captain Snow had received some education, and Mary Rock had learned to read before I left the country. They had thus some common topic of conversation, and their excursion gained redoubled charms.

One evening, a little after dusk, having failed during the day to find a suitable encampment in an arid plain, they had turned back towards that which they left in the morning. They had ridden pretty hard, and when they came to the dry bed of a torrent which they had to cross their horses were very tired.

'I reckon,' said Captain Snow, 'we'll not circumvent Dick's Ferry this night. My horse is getting cranky like, and trails his legs like an old mutang.'

'Hush!' said young Rock in a low tone.

'What's up?' whispered the other in an equally cautious manner.

Young Rock pointed down the bed of the torrent, which was thick with bushes, and overhung by trees, and at some considerable distance the blaze of a fire seemed reflected faintly on the silvery branches of a larch. The fire itself was completely hidden, and would have been admirably concealed but for an accidental opening in the trees.

'Ingines—Redskins!' observed Captain Snow. 'Do you and Polly slope away to yonder clump of trees, and hide away spy, while I creep down to the reptiles, and look at their paint.'

With these words the Kentuckian descended from his horse, took off his cloak or poncho; and divesting himself of rifle, pouch, everything, in fact, but his tough pantaloons, flannel shirt, moccasins, and hunting-knife, began to descend the stony bed of the river. Mary and her brother rode away with every precaution, leading the third horse between them.

Snow moved with all the stealth and caution of an Indian warrior. He had lived three years with the Cherokees, and seen their arts and contrivances in the profession of man-slaying. He now roused all his recollections. The neighbourhood of Indians might be harmless, but it likewise might be dangerous; and the safety of his affianced wife quickened the young man's blood, but took nothing from the admirable coolness of his head, which was as fertile in expedients as that of a backwood lawyer is in abuse. It took him fully an hour to reach a little hillock behind which lay the camp. Snow now scarcely breathed. The spot he occupied was rough, and filled by thorny bushes. It was about twenty yards from the dangerous vicinity of the fire. Slowly and gravely he raised his head, and then his eyes fell upon a party of nearly a hundred Indians in their hideous war-paint. Some were sleeping, some smoking, while two or three were on the watch. One of these stood within three yards of him leaning against a tree. His side was towards the Kentuckian, and his eyes were fixed on vacancy. Once he turned quickly in the direction of Snow; but the darkness, and the scout's motionless position, made him see nothing, and the white man could continue his survey in peace. The long lances of the Indians leaning against the trees showed him that the warriors were cavalry, and this circumstance made his heart beat. He had hoped that the horses of his party would have given him a certain superiority over the Indians, which he now saw did not exist. With this conviction he was about to retire, when a young Indian moved aside the trees near the fire, and advanced into the centre of the opening,

until he stood before the chief, who was smoking his red-clay pipe with becoming gravity.

'Pale-faces!' said the young man after the usual pause.

'Ugh!' replied the chief.

'Three,' continued the young man: 'one squaw—two warriors. Squaw dressed like warrior: her voice soft and sweet like a Pale-face girl.'

'Ugh!' said the chief.

Another pause ensued, after which the young man, having explained that the white party was tired and weary, and could not go far, the chief of the war-party ordered him to take a dozen warriors about dawn and attack them. The Howling-Wind granted his reply, and sat down.

Captain Snow was now amply satisfied as to the nature of the Indian tribe: they were Comanches, the Arabs of the great-prairie wilderness, outlying in the woods in the hope of cutting off volunteer parties going to Mexico. Using all his caution, he crept away from his dangerous post, nor departed from his noiseless walk until half a mile distant. He then made boldly for the clump where he had advised his friends to retire. He found them camped in its very centre, well concealed, their horses grazing with shackled feet, and a small fire.

'Heap on more wood-bog,' said Captain Snow as he came up; 'the varmint have seen us, and the sight of our camp may keep them in good-humour. I conclude their scouts are spying us out this very minute.' And he explained all he had heard.

A hasty meal, but an ample one, was taken at once, and then some portion of rest was snatched. Indeed the Rocks, with all the careless security of their Irish blood, slept soundly until two hours before daylight, when Snow roused them up. The horses were saddled in silence, a mouthful of corn-cake eaten. Snow then doled out to each a small panekin full of brandy, half of which they drank, while with the other half, mixed with water, they washed the joints of their horses, their mouths, and ears. They then piled a great quantity of wood on the fire, and mounting their horses, rode off.

Not a word was spoken, while Snow, who headed the party, forbore to press the horses, reserving their strength for sudden emergencies. They soon entered a beaten trail in the forest, which they followed until dawn. The night had been dark, without moon or stars; and when the gray morning broke, they found that their imperfect knowledge of the country had deceived them, and that they were getting away from home. They retraced their steps, guided by the lofty smoke of their own fire, not with the intention of getting so far back, but of gaining another trail which led across a vast open prairie in the direction of their home. Presently the skirt of the wood was reached, and they were on the huge plain. It was of the rolling character, covered with lofty high grass, and extended far out of sight. A heavy cloud in the distance, hanging over the edge of the horizon, showed that in that direction the prairie was on fire. Towards this the trio rode slowly in a line which promised to leave the vast conflagration which was being formed to their left hand.

'Whip handsomely!' suddenly exclaimed Snow; 'the varmint are on us!'

At the same moment the war-cry of the Indians was heard in all its horror from a hundred screeching throats, and the long lances of the Comanches were seen waving in the distance. The fugitives now gave whip and spur, and the horses bounded along at a rapid pace, and for a short time they succeeded in heading the Comanches: but their long lances were never out of sight. For four hours they rode hard over the plain, until they were not more than two miles distant from the crackling, smoking, blazing high grass, which bore down towards them like a fiery avalanche. To their left lay a stream of water, to their right a level sward, which had been burnt some months back, and was now covered with short turf grass. Near its edge grazed a number of wild horses, which presently raised their heads as they approached; for this mode of escape they had preferred to trying for a ford.

'The reptiles!' suddenly exclaimed Snow, reining in his horse. 'Do you see them horses? Well, every one of them has an Indian devil hanging by his side ready to catch us! I know that trick a mile off.'

The Mexican Indians, by means of a thong round the saddle, and a peculiar stirrup, will hang for hours beside a horse, which will thus appear to be galloping of its own accord over the plains. The trick is usually adopted when flying before superior forces, to guarantee their bodies from arrows and bullets.

Captain Snow looked anxiously around him. The pursuers were about a mile behind them, the ambushed Indians about half a mile to their right, while at about an equal distance before them was the fire.

'We have little choice,' said he calmly. 'My friends, we must do a dreadful bould thing! The horses will be a little skeary like, but a quick eye and a cool head will do it—we must shoot the prairie fire!'

The Rocks had heard of such a thing, but they stood amazed at the very thought. But Snow left them no time for reflection. The concealed Indians, finding themselves discovered, leaped into their saddles, and bore down upon them. But they remained unnoticed. The three fugitives were busily engaged. They had placed their powder-flasks out of the reach of fire: they had wrapped their rifles in strips of their torn-up cloaks; and then, having carefully and tightly bound their own clothes, they tied bandages over the eyes and nostrils of the horses. Then they mounted again, the Indians being close upon them, and made for the rampart of smoke and flame that lay between them and life.

The line of fire was about three miles long. The prairie, composed of reeds and grass damp with recent rains, did not burn with that lightning-like rapidity which leaves no chance of escape. It burned quickly, but steadily, and Snow remarked that in some places smoke predominated over flame. Just before them a lofty clump of bushes burnt high and brightly, but to the left of this a thick black smoke seemed to indicate a swampy expanse where the fire had less purchase. They were moving rapidly, the Indians not two hundred yards behind them, along the line of flame, and the Comanches were yelling with delight. They gained ground every minute on the fugitives, and saw no chance of escape for them.

'Close your eyes, and follow,' suddenly cried Captain Snow, seizing the bridle of Mary's horse, and plunging headlong into the thick smoke of the mouldering swamp. The atmosphere, which for a long time had been oppressive, now became absolutely suffocating. The noise was infernal. Crackling reeds, hissing damp bushes, flaming grass, a black vapour that choked and blackened, was all that they could distinguish, with a sense of intense heat, and then a black plain covered with charred wood, with smouldering heaps of charcoal, lay before them. They had passed with the least possible amount of injury. A few burns, a scorching sense of thirst, faces as black as negroes, were all that had ensued from their desperate and daring act. Snow pressed the hand of Mary in silence, and then examined the horses. They were irreparably lost. Their legs had suffered burns which would render much farther journeying impossible; but they were compelled, despite their frightful state, to urge them on again at their fullest speed.

A howl, that Snow knew too well, warned him of a new danger. The savage wolves of the mountains were upon them in vast droves. These animals follow prairie fires in search of the carcasses of deer, turkeys, rabbits, hares, &c. that perish in the flames; and, collected in such force, become formidable. The wretched horses instinctively darted away, and the fugitive band made for a wood about five miles off, which had been spared by the fire, the grass near the trees being too damp and too short to burn. As they rode, they loosened rifles and pistols, and took their huge powder-horns from the many swatches which had protected them. Several times they halted and fired at the furious beasts, which, to the number of about four hundred, came on behind them. Their shots told, and a general halt showed that the *cautos* were engaged in devouring their unlucky companions.

At length the wood was reached; and while, by a general discharge, they for an instant checked the advance of the hungry brutes, Mary climbed a tree, took up the arms, provisions, and other traps, and was then followed by the weary men. The horses galloped away, and became instantly a prey to the savage white wolves.

It required an hour of absolute repose to enable the fugitives to talk over their position. They then ate and drank, and smoked in silence for another half hour, when all were sufficiently recovered to hold a council. The wolves were howling round the tree, which was lofty and thick, and seemed determined not to abandon their prey. But the backwood trio laughed at them. Their chief concern was the loss of their poor horses, and the prospect of a tramp home. They were now pretty secure from the Indians, who must believe them to have perished in the flames, and who would choose a road removed from the track of the conflagration.

They spoke some time in a low tone, until the howling of the wolves below became intolerable, and Captain Snow and young Rock resolved to rid themselves of the nuisance. They descended to the lowest branches of the tree, and looked down. A fearful yell from a hundred throats greeted them; and the aspect of the long hanging tongues, fierce eyes, and savage teeth of so many animals would have terrified any but men inured to dangers and hardships. A quick volley from their revolving five-barrelled pistols drove the jackals back an instant. Snow was perched over a large pile of leaves driven together by the wind. On this he rapidly emptied a good handful of powder. With a handful of Spanish moss from the tree, and the lighted tobacco from his pipe, a flame was produced, and the burning moss dropped as the wolves returned to the charge. The animals retreated with terrific yells, as the leaves took fire and the gunpowder flashed, and then kept a respectful distance. Young Rock now leaped down, flung some wood on the fire, and, joined by his party, soon had a fiery rampart round the tree. Within this they rested, and dressed their wounds, or rather burns.

The next day, after sixteen hours of repose, the whole party started on foot. The wolves, which only collect in dangerous numbers on rare occasions, had dispersed over the black and smoking plain. Weary and tiresome was the journey through forest, through swamp, along dreary interminable plains, with a heavy rifle on the shoulders. They rarely fired a shot, eating sparingly, and at long intervals, for the crack of firearms had now become dangerous. Ten days they tramped along, and on the morning of the eleventh they were within a mile of the dwelling of Captain Snow. Two or three smart reports of guns made them prick up their ears, quickly followed as they were by the duller report of Indian fusils. The trio plunged into a thicket, loosened their rifles, and advanced. Ten minutes brought them to the skirt of the wood. The buildings of Snowville were a little more than a hundred yards distant. The Indians lay about fifty yards to their left, behind the wagon and corn-stack frame. Quick as thought Snow and his companions fired, and then, with a loud yell, rushed across. Taken in flank, the savages sought the cover of the wood, and made no effort to prevent the junction of the whites. Snow found that his house had been blockaded two days by the Indians, but that his assistant and the four negro slaves had made a very spirited defence. Mary was alarmed about her parents; but during the day any movement was impossible. They accordingly rested until night, making meanwhile every preparation for further resistance; and darkness once set in, Snowville was abandoned to two negro slaves. Snow had always been kind to his blacks, and they acted accordingly. The party of six crept on hands and knees through a maize field, and thus gained a trail that led to the house of the Rocks. A huge blaze soon informed them that the place was burning. Mary felt sick at heart, and darted forward. She was only restrained within the bounds of prudence by the exertions of her lover. They soon stood at the mouth of the gully, and the scene, illumined by the blazing hut, was revealed in all its gravity. Old Rock

and his wife cowered down by two posts: the Indians were preparing for the torture; they were at least twenty in number. But the whites hesitated not. A quick volley revealed their presence, and then on they rushed. But before they had gone half the distance the old couple were among them, with Indian guns in their hands. A retreat was beat at once; and before the astonished savages rallied, the Pale-faces commanded the entrance of the gully, and retreated in good order. The magic reputation of the Western rifle kept the Comanches at a respectful distance.

Two days more were they within their post, but then the Indians gave up the siege. On the fifth day the whole party was mounted; the wagon, drawn by oxen, contained all their valuables, and on the top old Rock and his wife. The rest served as escort. Their destination was a county some two hundred miles distant, where Captain Snow was to be united to Mary. They were married; and then, joined by four enterprising families, the bold backwoodsmen again entered the wilderness, and returned to their old residence. A village was formed, and Captain Snow was at once chosen as sheriff. The community was small, but full of perseverance; and though they have suffered a little from Indian attacks, courage and industry soon repaired the damage; and Mrs Snow seems in a fair way of presiding over a considerable town at no very distant period. Peace is now restored, and, a wife and mother, the heroine of this narrative has given up the nomadic habits of Mary Rock.

LONDON GOSSIP.

February 1850.

LONDON itself is often the last topic in London gossip: having the whole world for its range, the metropolitan city appears to occupy itself more with what is without than what is within. This is a peculiarity that rather astonishes country cousins, and dwellers in Little Pedlington generally, who wonder at the unconcern with which your aboriginal citizen walks along the bustling, roaring streets, regarding all their multitudinous incidents as matters of course. Your rustic too is somewhat surprised that his Cockney friend cannot tell him the name of every church he passes in his laborious endeavours to see everything, from the Achilles Statue to the Tunnel, with a devout inspection of 'London stone' by the way. The Londoner is too busy to be inquisitive about local nomenclature; but you will find him very glib with news, from rumours scarcely beyond the dawn of credibility to reports in full-fledged certainty. Is there an insurrection in any part of the globe from Spitzbergen to Tongataboo—a blight in the cotton crop—a sanitary grievance—a complication in diplomacy—a falling off in sugar imports—a bigger melon than usual at Chatsworth—a water-spout in the Pacific, Buckinghamshire, or Borneo—no matter what, straightway it forms an item wherewith colloquists entertain themselves for a brief hour, or convert it into 'talking capital.' And yet with all this expansiveness and power of expansibility there is a marvellous amount of narrowness in the metropolitan mind, or in the place where the mind ought to be. If you want proof of this, consider the patience with which dirty streets are tolerated, slushy, greasy, or dusty according to the season—consider how passively the extra charge of a shilling for booking a box-seat at the theatre, or the sixpence for a bill of the play to the janitor, is submitted to—how meekly a hundred yards of unpaved footway in a busy thoroughfare will be endured—how quietly a river side-terrace is suffered not to exist—how composedly dear and sewage-defiled water is drunk—all these and many more prove that the mental capacity of the metropolis will bear widening; or is largeness of view incompatible with largeness of population?

So much for a beginning. I may now tell you that, as I stated in my gossip last year, an arctic expedition, to comprise two sailing and two steam vessels, is to be despatched by way of Barrow's Straits, to follow on the track of Franklin to the westward; while the ships under Captain Collinson, now on their way to Behring's Straits, will, if they can, force their way eastward. A somewhat similar attempt was made, as you will remember, in 1826, by Beechy and Parry. Let us hope that the present expeditions will be successful in discovering Franklin and his party: the chance of finding them alive is more probable than many persons are willing to believe—Sir John Ross and his crew passed four years in the polar seas, and survived to come home again. There is no want of spirit for the work, for it appears that the officers who have volunteered number more than enough to do all the duty without sailors. Besides these, two other naval parties will go out—one under Sir John Ross, the other to be conducted by Mr Penny, one of your Aberdeen whalers: he is now making preparations at that port; and a further search, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, is to be made by Mr Rae; so, whatever may be the result, we shall at least have done our best to find the long-absent adventurers. There has been a lecture on the subject at the London Institution; and those of curious eye as well as *mind* have now the opportunity to see an arctic panorama.

The Panopticon, to which I called your attention some time ago, is again showing signs of vitality. It is to be an exhibition to comprise philosophy, art, and science, with lectures adapted to a popular audience: the site selected for it in the Strand is highly in its favour. This reminds me of the Great National Exhibition of Works of Industry; the undertaking looks more promising than it did at first; the executive has been invigorated by the introduction of competent practical men. It is to open the 1st of May 1851; the building, which, as contemplated, will cover nearly, or quite, twenty acres, is to be erected in Hyde Park; and articles sent from abroad, for exhibition *only*, are to be admitted free of duty. This looks like business, and much is it to be desired that no littlenesses may intervene to mar the project. If properly carried out, this exhibition might be made the means of developing a good deal of native talent which now lies in obscurity for want of means to make itself known. A 'national' scheme should necessarily include the humble artisan as well as the wealthy manufacturer. The people might be found as willing to exhibit as they are to view: an art exhibition in Liverpool, the admission to which for adults was twopenny, was visited by 13,000 persons in the month of December last.

Among points of interest connected with railway matters is the fact, that our six thousand miles of iron-road produced nearly twelve millions of pounds of revenue last year. Locomotion here shows itself as an important element in the national resources. The Great Northern Company are constructing a viaduct across the river at Peterborough; it is one of the topics talked about at the 'Civil Engineers,' as well as the swivel suspension bridge, the iron work of which, weighing 3800 tons, has just been set in this country for the emperor of Russia. It is across the Dnieper at Rieff, and when in place will be 1400 feet long, while the whole length of suspending chains is four miles. Besides these, the tunnel now being excavated by American 'navigators' on the banks of the Hudson between New York and Albany elicits a few remarks. This 'digger' is to be 830 feet long, 24 wide, and 19 high; with the open cutting at either end, the entire length is 1530 feet: 400 men are at work on it night and day. Then there is the paper on 'Improved Dwellings,' week or two since at a meeting of the British

architects; it is an able discussion of a question now exciting a good deal of attention, and applies to middle as well as working-class dwellings. This is a point worth notice, for, as one hears in many quarters, why should not clerks and people in a similar grade be provided with well-fitted and independent dwellings, instead of being compelled to live, as so many thousands are in this great city, in ill-fitted lodgings, or miles distant in the suburbs? We shall have to come some day to your Edinburgh system of living in flats, though not as flats, and the sooner a beginning is made the better. Poor clerks, obliged, by the nature of their business, to dress respectably, are often much worse off than your fustian-clad mechanics.

The interest in this subject is spreading. A public meeting to discuss it and adopt measures has lately been held at Hull. It is to be hoped the other Yorkshire towns will follow the example: there is need enough! Another sign of the times is to be found in the formation of a company who propose to substitute *cremation for inhumation*, with such appliances as may suit modern sentiment. Could this project be entertained, it would at once settle the vexed question of intramural interments; yet although burning the dead would be a desirable improvement on our present obnoxious custom, I fear it will be long ere popular opinion will be in favour of it. And next, while projects are the topic, have you heard of the notable scheme for a railway from Calais to Mooltan? The intermediate space is only 3800 miles, and of these nearly 1000 (namely, to Peath) are executed already! Wont it be pleasant, when this line is complete, to pass a month of the long vacation in that Eastern land where Brahma left footprints, still visible, if there be any truth in history, and where Sir Charles Napier issues proclamations and orders as startling as they are amusing? Wont it be nice to have a swim in the Indus, pic-nic in the caves of Elephanta, and bring home a bottle of the Ganges as a *souvenir*? Then, as though this grand scheme were not sufficient for the time being, a New York epistolarian states that 'the projectors of an electric-telegraph communication between that city and the Isle of Wight will bring their plan before congress at its present session. They propose to lay down a substantial insulated wire of thirty-six fibres, coated one half-inch with gutta-percha, and to guarantee its working with perfect integrity for ten years. They offer to complete it in twenty months from the date of contract, for a sum not to exceed three millions of dollars.' And further, 'the same company offer, within five years, and for five million dollars, to lay down a similar line from the Mississippi to the Pacific.' Whether these turn out to be dreams or not, they serve to show that engineering conceptions can at times approach the transcendental.

By the way, there is a fact connected with telegraphs which is worth consideration—I mean the difference of cost of the apparatus in this country and America. It is commonly said that two thousand miles of posts and wire can be fixed in the United States for the same sum that would be charged for two hundred in this country. The Yankees take a single wire from post to post across the country irrespective of railway routes, and furnish tools for repairs to farmers and other dwellers along the line, who, in return for their trouble, are permitted to use the telegraph for their own private purposes. If such an arrangement be not possible in Britain, surely some plan could be devised for diminishing the charge for flashing messages whereby the proprietors and the public would be mutually benefited. The Prussian system of laying the wires underground is said by practical men to be the best.

Talking of America reminds me of a new attempt to add to the resources of that go-ahead country—nothing less than the growth and manufacture of tea. The undertaking is the work of Mr Junius Smith, whose name is well remembered among London merchants. In the autumn of 1848 he imported five hundred tea-plants from China, and set them in his estate in South

Carolina. Some seed was sown at the same time, but as the 'fall' is not the sowing season, it did not come up; the plants, however, thrived, notwithstanding the winter, and at the last accounts in 1849, were all in bud. It is said that tea may be successfully cultivated in fourteen of the states, and the estimated produce from one acre of land is 547 pounds. Jonathan consumes annually 11,000,000 pounds of the commodity: does his enterprising genius anticipate beating the Celestials out of the market at some future day by novel tactics in tea?

A notion concerning natural resources has also been thrown out in France. As reported by the correspondent of the 'Literary Gazette,' 'M. Lefevre de Vaugouard declares that he has discovered the means of artificially fecundating the spawn of trout, and that he is able, from the spawn of one single female, to produce an immense quantity of fish. M. Coste, of the College de France, has experimented on eels. He has had brought to Paris a quantity of the animalculæ which, at the end of March or beginning of April every year, suddenly rise in immense masses at the mouths of rivers, particularly of the Orne, near Caen. This matter is, it appears, often dragged out of the river by the peasants to cast on the land; but M. Coste has ascertained that it is from it that eels are produced, or rather that it is itself a mass of eels in the earliest stage of existence, and that, if left untouched, these eels would ascend the rivers and canals. Out of a portion of this matter, called by the peasantry the *montée*, M. Coste has succeeded in breeding a promising and flourishing family of eels; and he calculates that, at the end of a few years, each of them will be worth in the market from six to eight francs.' These are interesting facts; and perhaps some good may come of gossiping about them, by making people aware of the value of this organic fluvial deposit, as geologists would call it.

Apropos of France: the Academy of Bordeaux offers prizes for a treatise on the ancient coinage of Guienne, distinguishing among the Anglo-Saxon coins those which belong to each of the Edwards. They propose also to give a gold medal of five hundred francs value in the present year for philological researches. 'On an author who is one of the brightest glories of Guienne, and one of the most illustrious founders of the French language such as it was formed in the sixteenth century.' The subject is to comprise 'the composition of a classified vocabulary of the language of Montaigne; and the competitors are to pay particular attention to all the words where the sense presents any difficulty, to explain the significations, and illustrate them by examples taken from Montaigne himself, from writers who preceded him, or from contemporaneous authors; to examine, also, which of the expressions, current at the present day, were made use of by classic authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.' Here is a subject to evoke the enthusiasm and industry of those who make words their study, and doubtless some will be found to plod at the work. What a fertile subject old Rabelais would be for a similar investigation!

Taking a stride over the Alps into Switzerland, we find the Society of Public Utility in Geneva offering fifteen hundred francs for an essay on the questions—'Is it advantageous to a small democratic state to grant encouragement to families containing the greatest number of children?'—'In democratic states of limited extent, by what guarantees is it most desirable to surround the recruitment of the population, occurring either by naturalisation or by the establishment of foreigners?' Thus philology and politics both present themselves to those disposed to enter the arena of discussion. To come back to our own country: it has been proposed to paint maps on the walls of the new houses of parliament and other edifices throughout the country, with a view to interest and instruct the public. These maps might be astronomical and physical, as well as geographical, and thus widen the sources of information to the fullest extent. The idea is not a bad one; perhaps some of our Mechanics' Institutes will act upon it. Mr Barlow's

lecture, too, on the novel subject, 'A Bank of England Note,' delivered at the Royal Institution, is worth a passing notice. The peculiar nature of the paper was explained; the security which these peculiarities afford against imitation: they consist in the colour, transparency, texture of the material, the feel it has on being handled, the water-mark, which is produced in the pulp, and cannot be successfully imitated in finished paper, the three rough or *deckle* edges, and the strength. The bank-note paper is made from *new*, and not from *old* rags; and before the size is applied, a note will lift thirty-six pounds, but with the addition of a grain of size only, fifty-six. In this way it was shown that perfection of manufacture is the best means of repressing the artifices of the fraudulent. There is yet another fact in connection with the Bank which comes in well as a winding-up: the directors have voted, or are about to vote, £500 for the formation of a library and reading-room in the establishment for the use of the clerks, who are to pay an annual subscription of a few shillings. Periodicals and papers will be provided; and as the books are to circulate, the advantages will be extended to the home-circles of all who may choose to avail themselves of them. I hear that Mr Francis, author of 'History of the Bank,' and 'Chronicles of the Stock Exchange,' is to be librarian. This is a step in the right direction.

THE BIRTHDAY TREAT.

'Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star.
Up and down the heavens they go—
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out.'

WORDSWORTH.

WHAT the poet has said of the small celandine, do I venture to say of a human flower of my acquaintance. A lowly one indeed—one that might be styled a weed of homely feature, if we could quite forget, in our complicated social distinctions, the great fact, that God hath given all of us a portion of his immortal spirit, and that with him is no distinction of persons. 'For goodness' sake,' and also 'for righteousness' sake,' therefore, we must be allowed to tell our readers something about a poor servant-of-all-work. Let us begin, however, by admitting at once that she is not an interesting martyr, nor an angel incognito; nor a heroine placed in advantageous contrast with a luxurious, indolent, black-hearted, silken-robed fine lady. It is not so: we have no skill in that sort of high-light and deep-shadow painting. We have no claim to any sort of invention in our little account of Mary Gray. It is just a copy from the life, and as much of a fac-simile as we can make it.

Mary Gray, then, was a servant-of-all-work when we first knew her. She had been cook, housemaid, and nursery-maid before, and was by no means bad in any one of these capacities; but she was by far the best servant-of-all-work we ever saw, at least for the place in which we first made her acquaintance—one which required head as well as hands, heart as well as head, and conscience and high principle above all. She was the daughter of respectable poor people living in a village in the west of England. She had numerous brothers and sisters, most of them younger than herself; and at the age of sixteen she went out to service. The first situation she had was that of under-housemaid in a physician's family in Bath. Mary had a certain something about her which was attaching. She had her faults, like other young people: she was giddy, somewhat hasty and warm in temper—she loved a gossip and a laugh dearly—we have no doubt she often broke cups and plates; but, as we have said, she had a certain something about her which was attaching. No one she lived with liked to part with her. This something we believe to have been an affectionate, *unselfish* disposition. She never seemed to think of herself first, or to study her own convenience. Her life was a constant series of

exertions and unconscious sacrifices for the good of those she lived with—mistress, master, children, fellow-servants. It was no great wonder that Mary was liked—that no one wished to part from her. For many years she received small wages, though she had a great deal of work to do; but she had that blessed alchemy of a contented spirit, which turned the copper of life into gold, and by virtue of which she believed the wages she received to be enough, and the work she did not too much for her. Yet Mary could not boast of extraordinary physical strength; on the contrary, she had not a strong constitution, and she suffered a great deal of pain in the course of her life. But her gay, active spirit carried her aloft over ill health: she set about her work like a lark, and got through more than many a stronger but less willing person. For seventeen years she lived in the service of various branches of the same family.

When I first saw her, she had just left some people belonging to this family, with whom she had lived seven or eight years. They had brought her to London with them. Mr D— was an artist, and lived at Brompton. When, from a series of misfortunes, her master and mistress gave up housekeeping, and were obliged to part with Mary, she had not to seek for a place. Several small families in the neighbourhood were anxious to engage her, for her good qualities had got abroad. Her generous devotion to the D—s—her utter self-forgetfulness—her efforts to help them in her humble way—were things whispered about and commented upon by charwomen, washerwomen, tradespeople, and servants in the neighbourhood; so that Mary was able to choose a place for herself. She made a good choice when she selected that of our friend Mrs Campbell; for though she had plenty to do there, she was allowed to do it in her own way, and was esteemed and thoroughly trusted as she deserved to be. When she had been with the Campbells about two years, we went to visit them one Christmas, and soon became aware of Mary's many good points as a servant. We heard many touching little stories about her strong attachment to her former employers, especially the D—s. We also saw evidences of this. Once we peeped into her bedroom in the attic, and saw its walls adorned with unfinished oil-paintings and drawings, which she had saved from the wreck of her late master's studio. These she valued so highly, that she would part with them for no money. She had acquired some little knowledge of art in her former service, and always gave her opinion (if asked) concerning any drawing which Miss Campbell or Miss Georgy might be occupied with. She always considered herself as one of the family, and took care of everything in the house as if it were her own. There was one thing which some mistresses might not have approved in Mary: she had a great many visitors. Poor women and young girls, who lived in the lane at the end of which the Campbells' house and the house which had been the D—s' were situated—all came to see Mary. They had known her for eight years, and they could not keep from her. When the Campbells knew who all these visitors were, they raised no objection to the intercourse. The house was in a retired, out-of-the-way place, and it would have been impossible for a cheery, social creature like Mary, to live without keeping up her friendships and acquaintanceships. Besides, these friends and acquaintances always lent a hand in whatever work was going forward in the kitchen while they talked, and they, upon the whole, hindered Mary very little.

Although Mary received very good wages while she lived with the Campbells, I am sorry to say she could not be prevailed upon to begin to lay by a little money. 'How could she,' as she said, 'when there were so many to help?' She never neglected her own family, but sent great part of her earnings to her widowed mother, and some sisters who were in need. Then among her circle of friends in Brompton there were several whom she assisted in bad times with a few shillings from her little store. In these ways her money went as soon as, and

sometimes before, it became due; and at last Mrs Campbell adopted the plan of keeping Mary's money for her, as she could not keep it for herself.

During our visit that Christmas we were fortunate enough to become the witness of an act so characteristic of Mary Gray, so beautiful in itself, and so honourable to human nature, that it has seemed to us a duty to record it. We saw the treat she gave herself on her birthday: her thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth, we believe. She was just the sort of person to think a great deal about birthdays and feastdays. We don't think cold-hearted, calculating, or very saving people ever care about these things; but Mary Gray did. She was always glad of any excuse for making a present, or giving a treat to others. We saw that very Christmas the large parcel she sent down into the country to her relations: the warm shawl for her sister, the flannel and the bottle of gin for her old mother, the plums and currants for a Christmas-pudding, the old gowns to be made up for little nieces, the two little books for the nephew of seven years old, who could read 'quite beautiful.' And verily she had her reward. Indeed she had a twofold reward; for she not only had the great pleasure of sending her parcel home, but she had that other pleasure—the proof that she had been thought of there; for the very day that she despatched her present, she received a hamper from that dear home. There was a bottle of elderwine and a bottle of cider, both home-made; and there were abundance of apples—home-growth too; and there was a large cake, and other trifles, over which Mary's tears of delight fell. All these things were partaken of in the parlour; for, as we said before, Mary was one of the family, and everybody in the house rejoiced when she rejoiced, and ate her good things accordingly, to her immense satisfaction. She would have been deeply mortified if we had spared her cake and apples.

One morning Miss Campbell said to us, 'Mary's birthday is next week. She always has a holiday on that day; and this time she says that she means to give herself a regular good treat. Now what do you suppose this treat is to be?'

'As she is fond of gaiety, perhaps she is going to the theatre?'

'No. Guess again.'

'Perhaps she is going to begin a course of prudent saving, and will put every farthing she possesses in a savings' bank?'

Miss Campbell laughed, as if that were about the last thing Mary would be likely to do.

'Perhaps,' suggested I, 'she means to go and see her friends in the country?'

'No; she has sent them too much money to be able to afford that. But she has saved all her Christmas-boxes, and *this* is her notion of the pleasantest way of spending the money: she always has intended to give herself a regular treat, she says, and now she means to do it. And this treat is to give a grand tea, and a good game at snapdragon, to all the poor children in the lane.'

'It is a thousand pities Mary is not a rich lady!' we exclaimed.

'I do not think so,' said Miss Campbell; 'and I don't think the children in our lane will think so. They will enjoy themselves more at Mary's tea-party, I am sure, than at any entertainment given them by a Lady Bountiful of the parish. They all love Mary, and she loves them. And you may be sure that there will be no lack of kind sympathising friends in her own class who will forward her wishes in every way.'

'I suppose you and your mamma will really pay the cost of the feast?' we said; and were glad to receive the following reply:—'Oh no; that would be to deprive Mary of half her pleasure. It is to be her own entertainment; we shall do nothing towards it. Mary must not be deprived of her great luxury—generosity.'

If our readers could have seen Mary's happiness while preparing for her party, they would agree with us in thinking that there were few women in the kingdom

who could enjoy that part of the business of giving an entertainment so well. As soon as her intention became known in the lane, and among the tradespeople who served the Campbells, the popular feeling about Mary became evident. Mrs Jackson, a violent-tempered woman, who lived in the lane, and had an empty room in her house, which Mary intended to hire for the evening, graciously intimated that she would lend Mary the room for nothing: the milkman promised to give her as much milk as she required, ay, and some cream too, dear as cream is in London at Christmas-time, that her own tea might be perfect on the occasion: the baker sent her as many loaves as she wanted: the butterman sent her butter, not a small allowance, or of a common sort, but three or four pounds of the best fresh butter he had in his shop: the landlady of the White Hart lent her tables and benches to furnish her room, and promised to give her brandy for the snapdragon, and a moderate amount of beer and other drink for the fathers and mothers of the children when they should come later in the evening to see their young ones at play: the grocer sent her tea and sugar, and plums for her cake; and one of her friends brought her plums for the snapdragon: and, as Mary said, her 'birthday treat would cost her nothing after all.'

When the important evening arrived, it was a dreadfully cold one, just the best sort of evening to enjoy a merry-making by the fire. Mary dressed herself in her best, and set off at an early hour in the afternoon with a huge basketful of things down the lane. One of her guests was ready waiting to help her to make the room ready for the company. It would not be easy to describe the sensation which the anticipation of Mary Gray's party caused in the hearts of the little boys and girls who were invited. We heard from the mother of two of them, Mrs Bailey, a respectable hard-working charwoman, and a great ally of our Mary's, that the little things had been talking and thinking of nothing else for a fortnight past.

'Some wise man has said that being happy, and seeing others happy for two hours, is a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man.' We met with this remark in 'Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith' just now; and so far from thinking two hours of such bliss a thing to be slighted, we are inclined to say that a quarter of an hour of it is a thing to be prized. Of this, at all events, we are sure—if the gentle, generous, large-hearted Goldsmith could have accompanied us in our short look in upon Mary's party, he would have valued the enjoyment highly; indeed we question very much whether he would have been got away again at all. He would have thought it a pleasant thing to help Mary to dispense her good things to the bright-faced, clean little children; he would have taken out his flute, and played the company a tune, we are almost sure; and we are quite sure that he would have made Mary Gray as immortal as Beau Tibbs or Dr Primrose. Goldsmith was the man to have appreciated her.

We paid two short visits to the party in the course of the evening. We went first at about five o'clock. Mrs Bailey, radiant with smiles, opened the door of the room when we knocked, and begged us to walk in; and Mary was loud in her welcome. It was a small room, quite clean and neat, and warm and brilliant with a good fire and plenty of candles. There were two tables. Mary was pouring out tea and coffee at one; and about eighteen children in a state of quiet ecstasy were eating toast, cake, muffin, and all sorts of good things, and drinking cups of sweet tea *ad libitum*, at the other. While at Mary's table sat three or four respectable poor women, besides Mrs Bailey, drinking tea—some of the very best tea it is possible to drink, we assure you, reader. Mary invited us so earnestly to take a cup, that we could not refuse; and we found it so unusually good, that we all of us had some difficulty in getting to sleep that night. We mention this to show you that Mary had everything in first-rate style. As soon as we had drunk our tea,

we came away, as we feared that our presence might be some restraint upon the company.

An hour or two later we all went down the lane again, to have another look at Mary's juvenile party. The fun was now at its height. There was a fiddler in one corner of the room playing away with all his might; and the little ones, with our Mary in the midst of them, were dancing in a style that did one good to see. After the dancing was over, we waited to see the snapdragon begin. By this time some of the fathers of the children had come home from work, and had joined the party. It was a pleasant thing to see how cheerfully they entered into their children's sports; and the mothers seemed so happy, that you would have thought they had never known what it was to fear the want of a meal for those enraptured, noisy little ones. About ten o'clock all the children were gone home to bed—and then Mary, and such of the parents and grown-up visitors who could remain, kept up the evening till midnight; and they separated with the mutual declaration, that none of them had ever spent a pleasanter evening. We can easily believe it; for we, who were present so short a time, are almost ready to say the same thing.

We are not very good at tacking on a moral to every slight tale or anecdote we may happen to tell. In the first place, we think the tale must be very badly told, or not worth the telling, which requires any such clumsy explanation. It must be something like the picture of that animal under which the painter found it necessary to write, '*This is a lion!*' In the second place, if there be a moral lesson to be learned from a tale, we think it a very bad compliment to the reader's ingenuity to point it out to him: it is part of his business to find it out for himself. Whether any one will find a moral in Mary Gray's Birthday Treat we know not; but we cannot help thinking that no right-hearted person can hear of it, and know that it is *true* (for it is *quite true*), without being pleased to think that such things happen, not unfrequently perhaps, among the generous poor of England. Well might the poet, with whose words we commenced, say that he cared not merely for the great, and wonderful, and magical—

'The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.'

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

[About sixty years ago, a shop in the town of Forfar, in a large way of general business, was burnt down, and the following curious document is the inventory given in by the proprietor to the office in which he was insured. The jumble of heterogeneous articles, the style, the spelling, and the slumping of the whole loss into the arbitrary, but not very formidable, sum of five pounds, give one a strange idea of the value of such a business at the time in a respectable provincial town, as well as of the intellectual status of its proprietor:—]

'An acct. of what articles I, William Butchart marchant in Forfar, was sailing at present in my shop in the same hoose wher I dwell and down so for this 51 years now going in as fair as I can remember and what my wife has sold and mead for the public and the countree round about both for destressed pepall and otherways at funeral times, for the women at chrestemuses and mony publick metings of respectable pepall both in town and countree for mor than 40 years which is well known—First I shall menchan shop good—Sugar and tea and soda and soap and ashes and blwo of tow kinds pruchan and butan starch whal oil green oil and linteed oils ink and trakel black shugar and candy spee and black paper and ginger and pish whitning and alum and rosit and brimston rock and flour of it writing papar both kinds long and letter whit sugar sometimes corks for oomon bottles day wod or apels as it is called rops for carts honey tow kinds hadder and hom kind alyes sumer and winter thred from No 8 to 24 sorted alyes got lettley from Peter Banay a good assortment of tapes blue and black and white kneting from No 12 and 13 and 17 and 25 and 35 striped string what we call dunepretty brod and narroe a pretty assortment of silk

thread blue and black and light and reed in short the coulers common sought—they are almost rendered harmless by the wathewarks destroying them and all other things women's needles and thimbles salts and seney and scron and cloves and cinaman mereo and rubarb and salt peter and limbrech and cut beard and shirt buttons and salt butter—I had just now a kitt from the country all destroyed and ivory black and bain black vitrel and ink glasses and writing pens nails from Jaurms sorted to single pumps of all kinds DD and D plenchens and single door and clout and large and smaller and double and single pump and tow kinds of cart nails. I forgot in last acct. catechesims ballarnetic barly for the pot sat for dallie huse yellow oker vinegar alyes and black and gray and other coulers coffen cords and chalk weght pens and peper sorted all my weghts for weiglching goods destroyed and metle weghts for weing much hurt 3 steups for measuring the vinegar destroyed 1 mutchken 1 gill 1 half gill my oil measures destroyed several boxes destroyed and burnt that I had a pretty barley box and thimble ladle for taking out and several boxes holding reset and brimstone and sulphur and other things candles but not many of them at present alyes sold flour bread more than this 40 years had assortment of lofe and bisket and penny lofs in short all kinds sold by me destroyed and keal seed as I sell plants had a good and bees wax and mustard and brass wair and fishing hooks and fiddle-strings and pley clay and heren butter and hazer blue and white mustard seed and worm pouders there is a few artickles added more than before that my wife and me reminded but not many and 12 forks and knives in a barrel in the shop among some seed to keep them from rusting—now what my wife and me sold summer and winter gill and jam and preserved berrys of kinds and marmet there was marlmet mead leatly she sold the gill at 2s 6d per lb gamat 1s 8d marlmet at 2s per lb which in all L5 sterling might be a mothret calculation and these artickles and heny was much huse for the publick and now cannot be sold being destroyed and several of my wifes cloath since the inventory taking found to be much hurt attested by

WILLIAM BUTCHART

'There was 9 fells suffeted in the house next the shop upon the south side and all dead—6 dukes and 2 hens and one cock to the great surples of all that sead it and a great deal of our houseld things much hort by the smock which Mr — and others sead and dyd sick—and my wife and tenant cleaning them and sorting them. W B'

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC WASHHOUSES.

It originated not with one of the philosophers, but with the humble wife of a labouring man in a small house in one of the back streets of Liverpool, who, during the cholera, offered the use of her back kitchen and copper to her neighbours. It was there that the first idea of this great institution was formed. This poor woman found that during the cholera there was great suffering from the constant necessity of the change of clothing for patients, and she gave the use of her back kitchen to her neighbours; and this plan went on for years, till it became constantly used by some eighty-five families. Some contributions were given to the poor woman towards keeping open her kitchen by a Ladies' District Visiting Association, and the people who came thankfully paid a penny a time for the facilities that were afforded them. Well, inquiry was made as to the working of this, and the result was such as to induce the corporation of Liverpool to think that they could do nothing better for the convenience and comfort—ay, and along with other measures, the moral improvement—of their fellow-citizens, than by erecting, which they did, public baths and washhouses on a large scale. They erected two establishments, which cost £11,000, and their example was followed in London and elsewhere; and now the bathers and washers are to be reckoned not by hundreds, but by thousands; and the articles washed not by thousands, but by millions. And this is a scheme founded by the labouring-classes—adopted by them in silence and obscurity for years, and at last taken up in Liverpool and London by the people and by the legislature.—*Lord Ebrington's speech at a public meeting in Plymouth.*

DEATH OF BURKE'S ONLY SON.

Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be

inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better, and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain? No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect—

'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave four tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship wave!'

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sank into the arms of his father—a corpse! Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator, to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

[The following piece is from a volume of genuine poetry just published at Boston, United States, entitled 'The Fireside and the Fireside.' By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:—]

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The lighthouse—the dismantled fort—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could not mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Of died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly from out the fire,
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismantled, that were haled,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames—
The ocean, roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the flickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! oh hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

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VISIT TO SUNDERLAND.

TOWARDS the close of the past year it was my fortune to make a pleasant excursion to the north of England, in obedience to a request that I should preside at a public soirée of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sunderland. Of the meeting on that occasion it is unnecessary for me to say anything further, than that the demonstration was eminently successful, and that I was treated with a degree of consideration infinitely greater than was either expected or deserved. What may be more calculated to entertain the reader, is an outline sketch of a few remarkable things which came under my notice during the excursion, which led me into the heart of that great bustling scene of operations, the northern coal district of England.

On arriving in the morning by railway at Newcastle, a deputation of several gentlemen met me, with the obliging purpose of conducting me through some of the more remarkable manufacturing establishments in that town and its neighbourhood, previous to my proceeding to Sunderland. The object in which I felt most interested was the celebrated High Level Bridge, which has been thrown across the deep valley of the Tyne between Newcastle on the north, and Gateshead on the south, so as to allow railway trains to pass to and fro without stoppage. To this, therefore, we went. Like all strangers, I was much struck with the effect of this magnificent erection, which, as a work of art, is much the finest thing in the north of England, and contrasts very favourably with the old low stone bridge across the Tyne a few yards farther down the river.

The High Level Bridge, erected from plans by Robert Stephenson, Esq. M.P., consists of six arches of open iron-work, which, seen at a distance, appear like a stripe of lace drawn across the sky. At the north end of the bridge, on the Newcastle side of the river, is the old castellated fortress, or keep, which performed an important part in the ancient Border wars. From this end, to the further extremity at Gateshead, the length of the bridge is 1337½ feet, or upwards of 445 yards; its breadth is 32 feet. The piers of the arches are of stone—light, elegant stalks planted in the bottom of the river. These piers are built on piles of wood driven into the soil as deep as the solid rock. The piles were driven by a ponderous steam-hammer—in itself one of the curiosities of the age—at the rate of from fifty to sixty blows per minute: such, indeed, was the rapidity and violence of the blows, that the iron heads of the piles became almost red-hot. On the top of the stone piers rest the iron arches, the construction of which is very peculiar. Each arch may be described as consisting of four bows, or ribs, of cast-iron laid sideways. From point to point, each bow makes a span of 125 feet, with a rise of 17½ feet in the centre. Each bow has, as I may call it, a string of iron rods; the

span, therefore, consists of four strings of iron lying parallel with each other. Now the curious thing about this contrivance is, that the iron bows form a double bridge. The back or top of the bows bears a road for the railway, and joists thrown across the four strings make a lower roadway for the ordinary thoroughfare of foot-passengers, carriages, and horses. Thus there is a bridge above a bridge. The upper bridge appears a giddy height. From the surface of the river, at high water, to the level of the rails, the height is 108 feet 6 inches, and to the suspended carriage-road, 85 feet. I had the pleasure of walking along the upper bridge, and being conducted through the lower by the assistant-engineer, Mr R. Hodgson, who explained a number of the details. The view from the top, looking down on the shipping and the old bridge, also over Newcastle and the spire of St Nicholas, its principal church, is exceedingly picturesque. In entering the lower roadway, we seem to look along a lengthened gallery. In the middle is a road of twenty feet broad for carriages, and at each side a foot-path of six feet. The road is paved with wooden blocks, with gravel in the interstices. While we walked through the gallery, a railway train went overhead roaring like a peal of thunder; and the only thing to be feared is, that the noise of the trains may startle horses. However, it will not be difficult to remedy this. The weight of iron, stone, asphalt, and other materials borne by the slender piers is very great. The weight of cast-iron in each arch is 517 tons; of wrought-iron, 50 tons; wooden planking, 125 tons; paving, rails, and asphalt, 68 tons; making a total weight of 760 tons for each arch. The weight of cast-iron in the whole structure is about 5000 tons. Surmounting all are the wires of the electric telegraph. The bridge was executed with wonderful rapidity. The contracts for this great work were undertaken in August 1846, and in August 1849 the first railway trains passed along it. In September the train bearing her Majesty and suite southwards from Scotland passed along the High Level, in the midst of multitudinous rejoicing. Before the bridge was opened for trains it was exposed to a severe test. Four of the heaviest locomotives were yoked together, and driven backwards and forwards for upwards of an hour; and scarcely anything is more indicative of high engineering skill than the fact, that at this vast trial of its powers of endurance the structure did not show the slightest symptom of weakness or vibration. The work was a perfect work—another triumph of England's greatness in the arts. It is not less gratifying to know that no serious accident took place in the course of its erection. I was told that a remarkable instance of preservation of life had occurred. One of the workmen fell backwards from the upper platform, and was arrested in his descent by the leg of his trousers catching hold of a nail which projected from part of the scaffolding: he remained suspended in air, head downwards, until res-

cued from his perilous situation by some of his fellow-workmen! The nail which had been the instrument of this marvellous preservation of course became an object of curiosity to visitors.

The last thing I need to observe respecting this High Level Bridge is its cost. The contract for the stone-work, piling, and scaffolding, was £95,000; and for the iron-work and roadways £112,000: I should suppose the whole cost will be little short of a quarter of a million of money. The contractors for the iron materials were Messrs Hawks, Crawshaw, and Sons, whose foundry at Gateshead I went to see after visiting the bridge. Unfortunately space will not permit of my describing the extent of that large concern—the smelting of iron, beating by steam hammers, forging of anchors, and other matters of interest to a stranger; neither need I speak of the process of making chain cables, a work which requires great nicety, for the safety of a ship depends on the perfect soundness of every link. At another establishment—that of the Messrs Armstrong, which is a model of order and neatness—I had the satisfaction of seeing the manufacture of hydraulic engines. These work like steam-engines; but instead of steam, the agent of motion is only cold water, and no fuel or fire is needed. A pipe of water is led from a height, and that is all. The engine I saw making was intended for pumping water from the extensive lead-mines of Mr Beaumont at Allenheads, which I visited on the occasion of a former trip into Northumberland. The invention of the hydraulic-working engine is one of the most surprising things of the age; and by and by the machine will come into use wherever a pipe of water can be led from an adjoining height. At the quays of Newcastle ships are loaded and unloaded by cranes which are operated on at no expense by this new demonstration of power.

But I must hurry on. My visit to Sunderland opened up a fresh scene of industry, brought me in contact with many intelligent minds, and revealed to me much kindness of feeling. Sunderland is situated at the mouth of the river Wear, and by means of new docks and otherwise, is growing up to be one of the greatest seaports on the east coast of England. Already a greater number of vessels are built by it than any other port in Britain, or in the world; nor, from all accounts, is the port likely to lose its trade of ship-building, as some of its inhabitants feared, by the abolition of the navigation laws. The commissioners of the Wear and its port having placed a barge at my disposal, to visit what seemed interesting, I had the pleasure of being rowed a mile or two up the river, passing in our course underneath the lofty iron bridge of a single arch of 237 feet span, for which Sunderland has long been celebrated. On both banks were abundant signs of activity. The eye everywhere encountered stiths for shipment of coal, and ship-building yards, in which stood on the stocks, ready for launching, as many as ninety-three vessels of different sizes; one a beautiful vessel intended for the East India trade, and which, when finished, would be worth twenty thousand pounds. The idea that the energetic ship-builders of this old-established mart of naval architecture were to be swamped by the meagre skill and capital of foreign states seemed to me too absurd ever to have been seriously entertained!

The probability of Sunderland attaining a degree of prosperity beyond anything it has hitherto experienced, is evident from the stir now making to extend the harbour accommodation. Formerly the ships which visited the port lay chiefly along the banks of the Wear, and the quays were particularly defective. Now all this is to be remedied: a series of docks on a large scale has just been completed. Conducted over these magnificent works by their accomplished engineer, John Murray, Esq., I had an opportunity of seeing them before the water was admitted, and judging of the vast amount of labour bestowed on their construction. These docks form a frontage to the sea, immediately southward from the mouth of the

Wear, from which they are in the first place to be entered; but afterwards a second entrance, as I understand, is to be formed at the further extremity of the docks, so as to avoid the bar at the mouth of the river. The site of these great works is an excavation from the sea-beach—land, as it were, stolen from the domains of Ocean. This kind of acquisition is, however, perhaps less unusual than the ingenious plan resorted to by Mr Murray for forming a new beach on which the waves may lash themselves at will beyond the outer line of wall. It was a day of bitterly-piercing wind as our party tramped along the rough and newly-formed shore, the white foam of the angry billows careered like snow-drift, and mingling with the showers of dry sand which drove at every step in our faces. To fix the surging sands to the spot, Mr Murray has run out at intervals low walls or barricades, which being at right angles to the beach, the tide at each recess leaves an accumulating deposit; and thus gradually dry land is formed of a sufficient breadth to make an outer quay and roadway. The great dock, sheltered by these exterior defences, measures upwards of eighteen acres, and will accommodate 253 sail of vessels: most of these will be colliers; and to enable them to ship their cargoes with despatch, stiths—a kind of scaffolding projected over the holds of vessels, in connexion with railways from the pits—will be erected along the quays for the accommodation of wagons. The estimated expense of the docks is £275,000, a sum not unworthily spent on so useful an undertaking; but in the mode of raising which by Mr Hudson, in connection with the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company's affairs, there has unfortunately been too much to lament and condemn. Pity that the achievements of modern art should be so frequently associated with cupidity merging in something worse. Before quitting the docks, I was shown what must be deemed a real curiosity—a handsome lighthouse of stone, 76 feet in height, which, with all its interior fittings, and without the slightest disturbance of parts, was removed from its former situation to the extremity of the pier—a distance of 120 yards!

Sunderland is, properly speaking, two single towns united in one. That part of it most distant from the harbour is called Bishop-Wearmouth; and in this upper section are the finer streets and houses. By means of the lofty iron bridge across the river, access is now gained to the northern side of the Wear, and the houses here constitute a kind of third town, named Monkwearmouth. On this side, at no great distance from the north bank of the Wear, is situated Monkwearmouth coal-mine, which has the reputation of being the deepest pit in the world below sea-level. Having been courteously invited to visit this remarkable mine, the opportunity I thought was too good to be lost, and down accordingly I went. Before descending, as is usual for strangers, I went into a room in one of the adjoining cottages, and there took off all my clothes, and equipped myself in a pitman's dress, with a stick in my hand, and a leathern cap on my head, like that of a London coal-heaver. There are two entrances to the mine—one called the down-cast, and the other the upcast shaft; the former being employed for admitting fresh air, and the latter for bringing up the used air, along with the smoke of a fire which attracts it from the various parts of the pit. These two orifices of the mine, however, are each employed at the same time for raising coal, and around them respectively are mechanical appliances, with all the bustle of rising and sinking wagons, and turning out the coal which is every moment arriving at the surface. The point of exit is not exactly level with the ground. Over the mouth of each pit is erected a species of wooden house; and to get down the shaft, we begin by ascending a stair to the first storey of this structure, where the wagons from beneath make their appearance through a hole in the floor, and are emptied on large sloping sieves or screens, which separate the dross from the coal. The floor around the orifice is sheathed in plates of iron, to withstand the tear and wear which the wheels of the wagons would inflict on the timbers of the building.

The two shafts are of different depths. The deepest is

the upcast, which reaches to 300 fathoms, or 1800 feet, in sheer descent. The downcast is much less profound; but by means of an inclined plane beneath, it finally reaches the same level. After taking a look of the large steam-engine which works the apparatus, I was invited to descend the upcast shaft; but from its dark abyss there rose so fierce a torrent of smoke and culm, that it seemed to me impossible to go into it and live. My fears of being instantaneously choked only excited a smile; and all declared that I should scarcely feel the smoke after getting fairly into it. But I shrunk from the undertaking as I would have done from going down a chimney in full blow; so I was conducted to the less frightful channel presented by the downcast opening. Now let me describe the way of descending, which is very different from what is practised in Scotland, where a bucket dangling at the end of a rope is the usual and far from agreeable apparatus; but even in some parts of England the improved method is not yet introduced. The shaft at Monkwearmouth is provided from the bottom to the top with posts of wood fixed on two opposite sides. These posts, called 'guides,' may be said to be a kind of railway, against which the apparatus for lifting the coal smoothly glides, to keep it steady. The lifting apparatus, styled the 'cage,' is like a set of shelves of several tiers, strongly held together with iron, and is suspended by a rope from the pulleys of the engine. On being pulled to the top, it rests for a moment while the first shelf is level with the mouth of the pit—that is, level with the orifice in the iron-clad floor above-mentioned—and during this moment a wagon is drawn from it to be emptied; next rises the second shelf to deliver its wagon; and then the third. Now being cleared, the wagons are, one after the other, run back, each with a clang being fixed in its crib, and then down goes the whole out of sight. No language can picture the amazing rapidity with which all this is gone through, there being, as it would seem from long practice, not a single movement which does not tell. The whole thing is like a piece of jugglery. But this is England's greatness. Every man knows what he has to do, and does it well. And then let it be remembered that to these rapid movements the steam-engine keeps exact time; the attendant on that mighty force keeping his eye on certain admonitory bells and hammers which tap in a particular kind of way in obedience to the pulls of the workmen at the top and bottom of the pit. By a certain signal, for example, he knows when visitors or pitmen are coming up, and they are accordingly hoisted with more gentleness than would be a load of coal. Before descending, I may notice another precaution which is adopted. The beams fixed in the shaft are now rendered serviceable in case of accidental breakages of the rope. Formerly, when the rope broke, the apparatus was dashed to the bottom. In the year 1848, as many as eighty-nine persons were killed in England and Wales from this cause alone. Thanks to the genius of Mr Edward Fourdrinier (son of the ill-requited inventor of the paper-making machine), a process has been discovered, and is coming into use, by which deaths from breakage of ropes need no longer take place. The invention is simple. On the top of the cage there is fixed an apparatus of iron clasps, held up in such a manner by the rope as not to touch the side-posts. Should the rope break, the clasps are instantly disengaged, and projecting beyond the edge of the cage, are forced against the posts. By this jamming, the cage is held fast at the point where it happens to be, and there it remains suspended till succour is afforded. As the cage with its contents weighs about two and a-half tons, we may judge of the degree of power exerted by the apparatus in grapping the guide-posts, and saving the whole from destruction. This ingenious application of Mr Fourdrinier is the subject of a patent, and I was glad to learn that it has been extensively adopted in the coal-mining districts of England.

With these preliminary explanations to show that the descent into a coal-pit is no longer so hazardous an enterprise as one would be inclined to imagine, we may be permitted to go down. There were four of us—a confidential viewer or overseer, with two assistants, and

myself. Each clambered into a wagon just emptied of its contents, and sat down crouching with the knees nearly to the face. In my wagon the viewer also packed himself, holding in his hand a *Davy*, or, more properly, a *Clanny*—a safety-lamp of an improved kind, invented by the late Dr Reid Clanny of Sunderland,* by which we had a little light. The live cargo being made up—each wagon pushed into its shelf on the cage—down the whole swiftly and smoothly went into the abyss. The motion, contrary to my expectation, was not unpleasant; and what seemed odd, the sensation was that of going upward instead of downward. There was, however, little time for reflection, for we were speedily at the bottom of the shaft, where we were received and disengaged by the dusky figures in attendance. On gaining my feet, the place in which we had arrived did not appear by any means dismal. We were at the end of a long gallery, which was white-washed, and lighted with gas—a sort of Thames Tunnel on a rude scale, stretching away into the bowels of the earth. Gas in these subterranean regions was somewhat unexpected; but I experienced still greater surprise on being conducted by a ladder down into a dungeon-looking place, and there shown a gas-manufactory, with a furnace, retorts, and gasometer in full operation. 'How does the smoke of the fire escape?' 'Come this way, and take care of your feet—hold by me,' said Mr B—, my obliging conductor, as he led me into a further gulf of darkness. A door was here cautiously opened—the rush as of a whirlwind was heard—and stooping forward, we looked into the great upcast shaft, the channel of universal exit, in which torrents of smoke ascended with a fury that would almost have driven us before it to the upper world.

We now proceeded along the gallery or tunnel, which, as has been said, was well lighted with gas, encountering as we advanced trains of coal wagons, drawn on a railway by horses under the guidance of boys, on their way to the shaft. Here and there water dropped from the roof, which was for the most part boarded, and the footing was not so bad as I had expected. The tunnel, however, was rather confined in point of width, so that when a train came rattling upon us, we were constrained to stand pretty closely up to the side, to avoid being run over. The spectacle of horses at work in such a situation inspired sorrowful feelings. The poor creatures may be said to be condemned to toil for life underground—never more to see and enjoy the cheerful light of day. One of the horses was white, but drudgery had smeared it with culm and dirt, and I somehow felt more for it than the others. Yet my compassion was said to be thrown away: these horses, like Canning's knife-grinder, had really no tale of woe to tell. There were sixty of them altogether in the mine, and as all were in good condition, it was logically argued that they did not pine for want of sunlight. Fresh provender and water are brought regularly down to them; and to give me an idea of their comforts, I was taken into their stable, which is a large excavation in the side of the tunnel, fitted up with stalls and other conveniences.

* The Davy lamp has 784 meshes in the wire-gauze cylinder in the square inch, and it has long been known that if the meshes were of a more open texture, for the purpose of giving a more suitable light, explosions in coal-mines would be even more frequent than heretofore. Again, if the meshes in the Davy were smaller, so as to afford more safety to the miner, the light of course would be so insignificant that no pitman would attempt to work with such a lamp. It is a curious fact, that the above-mentioned inconveniences are happily obviated in the construction of the Clanny lamp; for in the latter are from 784 to 1296 meshes in the square inch, through which air for combustion passes downwards in safety through the meshes within the whole depth of a very thick glass cylinder; by this arrangement, from scientific discovery, the atmospheric air, when mixed with fire-damp at the exploding point, is rendered innocuous, being greatly expanded, and the flame of the oil lamp continues longer than in that of the Davy, and in perfect safety, readily indicating, through the glass cylinder, any change in respect to the fire-damp contained in the atmosphere of the coal-mine. From the flame of the oil lamp being surrounded by the glass cylinder, no blower or strong current of air at the exploding point can reach the flame, nor can the pitmen light their pipes at the flame; besides, the Clanny lamp gives out from four or five times more light than the Davy.—*Newcastle Journal*, April 7, 1849.

Some of the horses, I was told, had been ten years in the mine, and of course had become quite used to a subterranean life. It seems that after a time their sight becomes impaired, and if taken to the surface, some days would elapse before they regained the natural power of vision.

After inspecting the stable, we prepared to descend the inclined plane. In a small apartment, fitted up with a couple of forms, and jocularly called the 'parlour,' we all stripped ourselves of jackets and other garments, and stood equipped only in a woollen shirt and blue woollen drawers. My conductors laid aside their neckcloths. Thus as lightly dressed as possible, and each with a tall candle stuck in a piece of moist clay in his hand, we got into wagons, and were let down the inclined plane at a considerable speed—the moving power being a rope over pulleys acted on by the steam-engine above. On arriving at the foot of the incline, which is at the full depth of 1800 feet, I found things a little more rude than in the stage above. There was here no gas, and the galleries, branching out in different directions, were apparently more confined. We had got to the level of the great seam of coal, and what a beautiful seam it was! About five feet thick, it glittered a continuous mass like a wall on each side, and was to all appearance horizontal, and therefore comparatively easy of excavation. Along the principal route towards the workings we bent our way, and walked altogether a distance of perhaps the third of a mile, the channel always getting more confined, and the heat becoming the greater the further we advanced. Yet at this depth, such was the excellence of the ventilation, that there was nothing to complain of as respects breathing. The only thing unpleasant was the necessity for walking in a stooping posture, to avoid knocks on the head by the incumbent roof. The road, be it observed, was still a tramway of rails, to facilitate the exit of the loaded wagons, which in these recesses are not drawn by horses, but pushed along by men. Soon we had occasion to see some of these men engaged in their laborious duties. They were for the most part quite naked, or at best clothed only in a few inches of apron; but all wore coarse buskins, to protect their feet and ankles, and every one of them of course as black as a negro. Receiving the wagons as they were filled, they handed them along from one to another, using a degree of muscular exertion which, along with the heat and closeness, caused the perspiration to pour down their culm-covered skins. Arrived at the spot where the wagons were being filled, we found two parties of men, also the next thing to naked, actively engaged in digging the coal from the seam which blocked up and terminated the pathway. We sat down on a mass of coal just riven from its bed, to watch their proceedings. The temperature, as shown by a thermometer, was 86½ degrees—the heat of a tropical climate. All around us was coal. We were in the heart of the great seam, which stretches for many miles, and is apparently inexhaustible—wonderful when contemplated as the transformation of a luxuriant vegetation which, hundreds of thousands of years ago, had flourished in the light of day, and been afterwards submerged beneath the sands of the ocean and calcareous deposits—still more wonderful when contemplated as a store of the richest fuel prepared and set aside for our use by the hand of a bounteous Providence!

The seam is not difficult to work. By means of a pick, the colliers brought down great masses, which crumbled into small pieces in falling. It was interesting to observe that the surface of the seam cracked and sputtered on being newly exposed. The workmen call this being *free*, and it indicates, they say, a good coal. When a coal is mute, and does not sputter under the pick, it is considered to be of inferior quality. The liberation of confined air or gases is doubtless the cause of the phenomenon. While seated for a few minutes in this murky recess, one of the hewers entertained us with his history: he was a man of colour, and had absconded from slavery in the West Indies. We now retraced our steps along the galleries, ascended the incline in a train of wagons, and finally reached the surface without accident, though in a state

which required some potent ablutions before assuming our ordinary attire. Our visit had occupied about three hours.

This coal-pit may be considered a fair specimen of some of the largest mines. In and about it there are employed nearly a thousand people, and every day it sends a thousand tons of coal to the surface, where they are immediately run off in wagons by a tramway to a staith on the Wear, and shipped. The excavation of the mine was a matter of great labour and expense. The operation of sinking commenced in 1826, and was carried on for ten years, at a cost of £100,000, before the work was crowned with success. The perforation was through a capping of magnesian limestone, and several beds of coal and strata of sandstone were gone through before arriving at the great seam, which it was the important object to reach. In the course of sinking, various springs were come upon, which gave incalculable trouble. The most profuse of these springs was one at the depth of three hundred and thirty feet, which poured water into the workings at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute. This fearful influx was kept under by a steam-engine of two hundred horse-power, and the shaft was made secure by strong metal tubing. At present the works do not seem to be troubled with water. I found them in most places quite dry—a circumstance rather surprising, as they are considerably below the level of the sea, which is only a mile distant, and also below the bed of the Wear, which rolls with its shipping overhead. Maps of the workings, showing the different strata perforated, are kept in the viewer's office, near the mouth of the pit; and from these I traced the line of route which we had lately pursued below ground. Some fine specimens of fossil Flora, the memorials of an ancient era, are preserved by W. Bell, Esq., one of the proprietors of the mine.

I could not, it may be supposed, leave this and other scenes of industry in the north of England without making some inquiry into the social condition of the working-people. I grieve to say that here, as almost everywhere else, accounts of misspent means—intemperance, and the evils that follow in its train—were much too prevalent. One man, a skilled worker in an iron-foundry, was pointed out to me as having for years received a wage of one guinea a day, or six guineas a week. He had spent all, mostly on drink, and now was reduced to a lower department at a wage of a pound a week. That man, said my conductor, might now have occupied a high position if he had behaved himself properly. On going through a glass-work, various instances were mentioned of a similar degree of recklessness; and in answer to a question on the subject, the Scotchmen employed in the concern were said to be 'just as bad as their neighbours.' One man of different tastes and habits was pointed out. He was a Frenchman, dressed in a blouse; and at the time he was blowing glass with a long iron rod in his hand. This species of work is highly paid. That Frenchman, said the foreman of the works, receives £5, 10s. per week, and he is so clever and so steady, that he is cheap at that. On inquiring how he spent his earnings, I learned that he exercised a reasonable economy, and would probably be able to return to his own country with considerable savings. Such accounts as this are exceedingly perplexing. How comes it that we so frequently hear of foreign operatives—men whose religion or no-religion we view with a kind of horror and compassion—being steady in their general behaviour, while our own countrymen, in similar circumstances, give themselves up to indulgences of the most despicable nature? The problem is only explicable on the ground that in foreigners the qualities of *taste* and *self-respect* are more commonly exercised and developed; but why the cultivation of these qualities is less successful among us than in continental Europe, is a question which I have not space here to either consider or answer. That there is nothing in the condition of our humblest workmen really hostile to elevation of taste, is sufficiently evident. When at Sunderland, I had an opportunity of hearing of an instance of self-improvement under the most untoward circumstances. A gentleman connected with the coal-pits invited me to dine with him,

and after dinner he told me his history. He was the son of a pitman, and was sent into the mine at nine years of age. At first, for a year, he acted as a trapper—that is, a boy who keeps a door, and opens and shuts it, to regulate the ventilation; for this he received half-a-crown a week. Next he became a putter—that is, a lad who pushes along the wagons in the workings; and for this terrible drudgery, which, as already mentioned, is done almost in a state of nudity, in consequence of the heat, he received three shillings and sixpence a week. He now, when he went home at night, put himself to an evening school. Next, from his steadiness, he was appointed to attend to the condition of the rails on which the wagons run in the mines; and for this he got higher wages. He now was more intent on educating himself than ever. He saved sixpences and shillings from his wages to pay schoolmasters, learnt drawing and mathematics, and finally studied the kind of engineering applicable to mines. The more he learnt, the more useful he became. He rose from one place of trust to another; and now, said he, here am I at the head of the concern with a salary of five hundred a year! Not only, then, has this person by his own efforts, under God's blessing, raised himself to a position of high local trust, but he has gained the world's esteem, and attained no mean eminence as a mining engineer. All of course cannot expect to reach anything like such a position. But what a different kind of world it would be if every one, as a point of duty, would at all events try!

W. C.

AN ADVENTURE IN BRITTANY.

In 1843 there dwelt at a place called the Rocher-Fendu, on the coast of Brittany, and not more than ten English miles from the town of St Malo, a man of the name of Pierre Dupont, with his family, consisting of his wife, his mother, and one child. Pierre Dupont was half fisher, half farmer: *propriétaire* not only of the cockleshell in which he, in favourable weather, ventured a few miles to sea in quest of such prey as the teeming waters were disposed to yield without too great a requirement of skill and trouble, but of between three and four acres of middling land, cultivated in accordance with the wisdom of his ancestors. Maître Pierre was not, it will be readily understood, over rich; still, as he had but one child, and as his wife Jeannette, a pretty Grandillaise, was a model of thrift and industry, honest Pierre contrived, by scratching his land, and skimming the seas within easy reach, not only to keep the wolf from the door, but to maintain a very comfortable *ménage*; and on his wife's, his mother's, or his own *jour de fête*, to display a quantity of silver spoons, forks, &c. those indispensable adjuncts of the most modest French *bien être*, that never failed to awaken the admiration, if it did not excite the envy, of the guests bidden to those simple festivals. Altogether, Jeannette had little to complain of in her helpmate, save when the too prodigal waters loaded his boat with so great an abundance of fish, that it could not be disposed of in the village about three miles distant from the Rocher-Fendu, and he had consequently to make a journey or a voyage to St Malo with his finny treasure, an expedition which never failed, according to Jeannette, to demoralise him for several days afterwards. However early he set out in the morning, he never returned till very late at night, sometimes not till the next morning; and there was always a confusion in his accounts with reference to sales and expenditure—for Jeannette, like the great majority of French housewives, was keeper of the privy purse—which nothing but a very liberal discount for wine-shop disbursements could in anyway balance or explain.

Upon one of these dangerous errands Pierre was once more departed, accompanied by Jean Collas, his assistant both by land and sea, whose loutish shyness a draft into the conscription—to which honour his growing years would in a few weeks entitle him—would, there could be little doubt, speedily eradicate. The St Malo market happened to be very poorly supplied on this

particular day, and Pierre Dupont's cartload of rare and valuable fish was rapidly disposed of at a very high price, to his own great satisfaction and the huge admiration of Jean Collas, who had seldom before seen so much coined money in one person's possession.

'Ah ça, Jean Collas,' chuckled Pierre, as he pounced the money for the last basketful. 'Voilà qui va pas mal. La bonne femme doit être contente, n'est ce pas?'

Jean Collas replied with a gesture significative of his very decided impression that a woman that would not be satisfied with a canvas bag full of five-franc pieces like that must be a very unreasonable woman indeed.

The cares of the day, as Pierre rashly concluded, over much earlier than he had anticipated, he consulted with Jean as to the advisability of taking a *petit verre* before or after dinner. There was so much to be said on both sides of this important proposition, that Jean and his master found themselves practically deciding it in a favourite cabaret before they had properly commenced the discussion, which, in the presence of the *fait accompli*, they therefore very wisely adjourned to a future day.

'A ta santé, Jean Collas.'

'A vous, Maître Pierre. Dam! mais c'est bon ça!'

They had not been unobserved by certain men unusually quick at arriving at unexpected solutions of difficult problems, especially in matters relating to the laws which govern and regulate the possession of property, and who, by a rule of arithmetic peculiar to themselves, had already reached the conclusion—that, given a bag of five-franc pieces in the possession of two rustics of vinous propensities, a certain desirable result might, by a very simple process in subtraction, be quickly and easily obtained.

The politeness, the frank generosity, the caressing manners of the three gentlemen who entered the Pomme d'Or a few minutes after them, powerfully excited the sympathies of Pierre Dupont and Jean Collas. They were invited to join the new-comers over a bottle of wine in a private room; and when there, the friendship of their entertainers rapidly increased in warmth and intensity. Not a sou would they permit Dupont to pay: they were just returned from Algeria, and their hearts were brimful of love for all Frenchmen. Pierre and Jean listened with avidity to the marvellous campaigns against the Arabs in which their friends had participated, and drank bumper after bumper to the confusion of Abd-el-Kader, and the glory and success of the French marshals and generals who had shed new lustre on the brilliant tricolor. Dupont, modest man as he might be, was still too much a Frenchman to permit himself to be totally eclipsed by the blaze of eloquence and valour which had so unexpectedly burst upon him, and he recounted with much spirit and complacency the various items by virtue of which he claimed respect and consideration from mankind: his farm, his fishing-vessel and apparatus, the quantity of *argenterie* he had inherited and purchased, his pretty Jeannette, were all carefully enumerated for the admiration of his companions, who, to do them justice, listened with a touching interest to all he said as long as he could make himself in the least intelligible. When that point was past, as it ultimately was in the case of both master and man, they considerably advised their going to bed, and not attempting to reach the Rocher-Fendu till the following morning. This friendly counsel being tacitly agreed to, the attentive kindness of the gentlemen went so far as to see them both safely in bed, after having first assisted to undress them; and then, with a gracious 'Au plaisir!' their excellent friends left them to their repose.

How long the unfortunate pair of simpletons slumbered they had no accurate means of testing; but they were at length roused from uneasy, feverish sleep by the rude shaking and shouting of a number of gendarmes who had visited the Pomme d'Or in quest of the very gentlemen by whom they had been so liberally entertained.

'What have you done with the fellows you have been drinking with all day?' demanded one of the officials in an imperious tone.

'Plait-il?' murmured Pierre but half-awake, and rubbing his eyes, which he twisted alternately in the direction of the astounding scene before him and Jean Collas' bewildered countenance. 'Plait-il?'

'And your money?' cried another of the officers, lifting up a pair of trousers, of which the pockets had been turned inside out, on the end of his cane, 'what has become of that?'

The eyes of Pierre dilated to their extremest width as the appalling spectacle met his view. 'Vois-tu ça, Jean Collas?' he exclaimed, but without turning his gaze from the fascinating exhibition. 'Mais, voilà du sérieux, ça me semble!'

Serious indeed; and still greater loss and peril to be apprehended if the opinion of the officers, after he had told his story, might be trusted. Active measures were instantly resolved upon; a swift conveyance was immediately procured, and Pierre and Jean, accompanied by two gendarmes, were soon off to the Rocher-Fendu, whither I must, with the reader's leave, for a few hours precede them.

The sultry summer day was rapidly drawing to a close, and still no sign of Pierre and his cart met the anxious gaze of his wife as her household work long since accomplished, she sat at her opened door looking out upon the road to St. Malo. He had set out very early, and should long since have returned; where could the weak promise-breaker be loitering? Jeannette's fitful anger as she ran over in her busy mind, enlightened by former experience, the uses to which he was in all probability putting his time and money, made her spinning wheel—the constant appendage of industrious French matrons—revolve at intervals with a rapidity utterly fatal to the evenness and regularity of the thread; and but for the placid countenance of her infant son, half-slumbering in a cot hard by, and the sedative influence on herself of the snatches of old songs with which she strove to beguile it to sleep, the good woman would in all probability have soon worked herself into a towering passion. The lids of the child's eyes had just yielded to the lulling influence of its mother's soft, low voice in the gentle melody of l'Oiseau-bleu—

'Il est tard; l'Ange est passé;
Le Jour a déjà balisé;
Et l'on n'entend pour tout bruit,
Que le rouilleau qui s'enfuit.
Endors-toi! Endors-toi!
Mon fil, c'est moi!
Il est tard, et ton ami,
L'Oiseau-bleu, cet endormi!'

when heavy thunder-drops striking on the casement, followed by a vivid flash of lightning, warned Jeannette of a sudden and violent change of weather. She closed and fastened the door, placed the *riz-au-lait* by the hot fire-embers in preparation for the family supper, and then called to her mother-in-law, Madame Dupont, who had been busy up stairs, to come down. The elderly but still very active dame, who was even more terrified at thunder-storms than her daughter-in-law, hastened to comply. Candles were instantly lighted to render invisible the flashes of the lightning; the mother, with the simple superstition of her class, sprinkled her child with a few drops of *eau bénite*, carefully preserved for such occasions; and then both immediately opened and earnestly couded their prayer-books, in devout deprecation of the divine wrath, manifested, to their untutored imaginations, in the conflict of the elements. These arrangements had been scarcely made, when a loud summons at the door announced an impatient and unusual visitor. It was opened by Jeannette, and a young man, of some five or six-and-twenty years of age, and of gentlemanly dress and aspect, stood before her. 'He had,' he said, 'been loitering in the neighbourhood, and had unfortunately missed the diligence from Avranches to St. Malo. He was already

wetted to the skin, and should be extremely grateful for shelter, and, if possible, a bed, till the morning.' Jeannette concluded in an instant, from the stranger's appearance and accent, that he was an Englishman, and with the frank hospitality of her class and country unhesitatingly acceded to his request. He expressed a wish to put off his wet clothes as soon as possible. A bed in an inner room was instantly prepared for him, and Mr Henry Talbot, fatigued with his day's rambles, was soon sound asleep. A short time afterwards, Madame Dupont, during a lull in the storm, retired to her bedroom, and Jeannette was left to await in silence and solitude the return of her truant husband.

It was getting very late, and Jeannette began to think that Pierre, not having left St. Malo before the storm burst forth, had determined not to return home till the following morning, when she was startled by another summons at the door—this time fierce and peremptory, and accompanied by the sound of rude voices, enforcing by shouts and cries the demand for instant admittance. Jeannette, startled and alarmed, hesitated to uncloset the door. She had just snatched her infant from its cot with the intention of running up stairs to seek counsel of Madame Dupont, when the frail fastenings gave way, and three fellows, drunk, and desperately savage, reeled into the room, and insolently demanded to know why they had been kept waiting so long in the rain.

Jeannette, pale, trembling, scarcely able to stand for terror, stammered out an incoherent reply; and the ruffians, seating themselves without ceremony, commanded wine and brandy to be immediately placed before them.

'Allons, Jeannette!' cried the leader of the ruffians. 'Wine, brandy of the best, for your husband's friends!'

'My husband!' ejaculated the terrified woman. 'Do you know him?'

'Know Pierre Dupont! Parbleu, intimately!' rejoined the fellow. 'He has sold all his fish, I must tell you; but as he intends passing the night at the Pousse d'Or, he desired us to make his compliments to his charming Jeannette, and bid her give his excellent friends a hearty welcome. So, quick! We are customers that do not love to be kept waiting. After that,' added the audacious scoundrel, 'we will examine the plate-chest, and see whether Pierre gave us a correct list of his *argenterie*!'

Jeannette, half-dead as she was with fear, still retained sufficient presence of mind to murmur a trembling acquiescence, and left the room to fetch the required liquor. Her mother-in-law was not yet in bed, and she had just time to whisper with white lips the state of affairs below, when the ruffian voices of the intruders shouted to her not to delay a moment in her errand.

'Monsieur! monsieur!' exclaimed Madame Dupont in a suppressed and trembling voice, shaking Henry Talbot, who was with difficulty awakened from profound and dreamless sleep; 'for mercy's sake rouse yourself!'

'What is the matter?' he cried at last, raising himself from his pillow, and regarding his strange visitor with astonishment. 'Why do you disturb me?'

'Hush!' rejoined the woman; 'do not speak so loud. Get up as quietly as you can whilst I go and open the back gate. I will return immediately.'

'You have been quick,' she said on re-entering. 'Now follow me on tiptoe.' He complied; and passing into an adjoining closet, saw and heard, unobserved, all that was going on in the inner apartment. Madame Dupont then led him back to the room in which he had slept.

'What is the meaning of all this?' he demanded in a hurried whisper.

'Robbery first; and next, there is little doubt, murder, to avoid detection! Two of them, I gather from their conversation, are escaped *forçats*!'

'Good Heaven!'

'You are an Englishman and a seaman, if I mistake

not?' said Madame Dupont, apparently misinterpreting, as she keenly perused his countenance, the emotion which the suddenness of the communication had elicited, 'and that is a designation which I have heard is seldom borne by cowards.'

'Cowards!'

'Pardonnez, monsieur. I perceive you are not a man to abandon a woman and a child to the mercies of such ruffians.'

'I trust not. Still, the odds are great, and it would be well for you to summon assistance.'

'You are armed?' interrupted Madame Dupont. 'I saw two small pistols by your bedside. Are they loaded?'

'They are, but'—

'Listen: we can both leave the house unperceived by this door, and if your English *sang froid* will enable you to act your part, all may yet be well.'

'Go on.'

'Farmer Girardeau's house is not distant across the fields much more than half a league: I will hasten there; and as he has horses, it will not be long before help arrives. You must amuse them till then.'

'Amuse them?'

'Yes: knock boldly at the door, and ask shelter for a short time to rest yourself. You understand?'

'I do. I will not abandon the young woman and her child in this terrible strait; but as gentlemen of the vocation of our friends yonder are not only extremely impatient of delay in such enterprises, but remarkably cunning in their generation, it will be advisable that you lose no time.'

Madame Dupont eagerly assured him that she would not lose an instant, and immediately set off.

The appearance of Mr Talbot excited, it will be readily supposed, not only the savage surprise of the three ruffians, but the unbounded astonishment of Jeannette herself, who was of course ignorant of her mother-in-law's stratagem.

'There is no room here for you, Monsieur l'Anglais,' exclaimed one of the fellows with a sinister scowl.

'Pardonnez, monsieur,' replied Talbot with a coolness which surprised himself, as he pushed a chair behind a table standing between him and the gang, and sat down upon it. 'The mistress of the house is the only person who has a right to say *that*; and unless she orders me out, here I shall remain till I have thoroughly rested myself.' He then took out his cigarette, lighted one, and began smoking.

'He crows well, ce galliard-ci,' exclaimed one of the fellows. 'We'll see presently what he is really made of.'

The three then held a whispered conference, and some irresolution was perceptible in their demeanour. Talbot in the meantime took advantage of an unobserved moment to place his two small pistols, concealed by a handkerchief, on the table before him.

'We have private business to transact here,' said one of the fellows at last. 'How long do you propose remaining?'

'Not long. Half an hour perhaps, or a little more; during which,' Talbot added carelessly, addressing Jeannette, 'I could dispose of a good part of a bottle of wine, if madame could spare one?'

Jeannette, who still clutched her child in her arms, hastened with tottering steps to comply with his request.

'Will madame do me the favour,' said Talbot, who saw that Jeannette's strength was rapidly failing her, 'to take a glass with me?' The terrified creature mechanically swallowed the proffered glass. 'Another, madame—you look cold. Your health, *messieurs*, he continued, himself swallowing a bumper. 'If my friend Girardeau,' he added with a meaning look at Jeannette, 'should call, as I expect he shortly will, tell him, if you please, that I am gone on.'

He was understood; and the blood which had been curdling at her heart rushed in an instant tumultuously

through her veins, and flushed her pallid cheeks with crimson.

Her look of gratitude and intelligence aroused the half-slumbering suspicions of the attentive ruffians, and Talbot, brave as he was, saw with a beating pulse that a deadly struggle, in which his chance of victory was slight indeed, was at hand. He started up, and passing his hand beneath the handkerchief, clutched the handle of one of the pistols.

'It is time this were finished!' shouted one of the fellows, and instantly hurled a bottle at Talbot's head. He missed his mark; and the furious assassin, brandishing an open clasp-knife, sprang madly at his anticipated victim. He rushed upon his death: the bullet from Talbot's pistol passed through his throat, and the curses he was vomiting were choked in his life-blood. He fell back with a frightful yell, and must have almost instantly expired. This unexpected result staggered for an instant the resolution of his confederates; but presently recovering from their momentary panic, they rushed fiercely towards their enemy. Talbot discharged his second pistol at the head of the foremost of them, but unfortunately missed his aim, and an instant afterwards was in the death-grips with the assassins; whilst Jeannette, rushing distractedly from the house, rent the night-air with her shrieks. Talbot was a powerful, active young man, and but for the villains' knives, might perhaps have succeeded in the mortal strife. He was at last borne to the ground, gashed with slight wounds in a dozen places: the bitterness of inevitable death, in the midst of youth and life, swept through his reeling brain, and then his senses failed him.

Before the triumphant wretches could raise a hand to despatch their victim, a shout and rush were heard near the door; in leaped Pierre Dupont and Jean Collas, and were in an instant grappling with the surprised scoundrels on the floor, whilst a volley of '*scélérats! coquins! voleurs!*' streamed in breathless fury from the lips of both Pierre and his man. When the gendarmes, who followed close behind, entered, they found the victory already won. The iron gripe of Jean Collas round the throat of his opponent, had it not been forcibly wrenched away by the officers, would soon have terminated his earthly career; and Pierre Dupont was battering the head of his vanquished enemy with his recovered bag of écus in a way that in a few minutes would certainly have left nothing to be desired.

Mr Talbot's wounds were not serious, and about a fortnight after the adventure he took leave of his grateful host and hostess, much weakened, indeed, by loss of blood, but otherwise in good health.

The '*Gazette des Tribunaux*,' which records the sentence of the court upon the captured miscreants—'*travaux forcés à perpétuité*' ('the galleys for life'); not certainly too severe a sentence—is silent as to the effect produced on Pierre Dupont's habits by the terrible lesson he had received. It can scarcely, however, one would think, have failed to cure him of the vice which, but for a remarkable accident, would not only have beggared his home, but have destroyed his innocent wife and child.

S A L E S.

At a literary soirée in London some years ago, where many of the now lost stars were present, and among them Thomas Hood, the conversation happened to turn upon antipathies. Instances of dislike to every existing object, from cats to roses, were quoted, when Hood at once surprised and amused the company by inquiring if any lady or gentleman present ever knew an individual who had an antipathy to bargains. Not a single example was recollected in the party, nor is it probable that one could be readily furnished anywhere; for in all classes of society mankind are proverbially bargain-lovers; and though a more than ordinary zeal on this subject has been attributed to the fairer portion of the

race, the 'razor employers,' as I once heard a belle designate the opposite sex, also manifest at times a strong relish for the very cheap. A warehouse advertisement, promising 'rich silks at less than muslin prices, and everything under prime cost, owing to peculiar arrangements for the special service of customers,' is itself a tolerably clear comment on bargain-loving and its uses. But in no corner of trade's extensive empire does this general propensity stand forth in such free relief as at those gatherings of the public known, and dear to all dwellers in towns, under the denomination of 'sales.' Roup and auction were the old-fashioned names by which our grandmothers knew and sought them; but in their days they were much less abundant than in ours—owing, as some say, to frequent panics, and others, to the progress of commercial arts.

Who that has resided for any length of time in a city has not been occasionally attracted to a sale, perhaps in hopes of a great bargain—perhaps to see what might be had if one could only spare the cash? The last-mentioned case certainly affords the best opportunity for observation. The expectation that sits on every face; the anxiety, especially of those in the background, to inspect the articles put up; the excitement of opposing bidders; the disappointment of those who have lost an unmistakably cheap lot; and the still deeper chagrin of some who have bidden too high, and hoped, till the hammer fell, that there might be somebody simpler than themselves: but, above all, the auctioneer, with his thousand modes of uniting amusement with business, and manoeuvres to increase the returns—are things common enough, but well worthy to be seen among the pictures of life.

In the early part of the last century sales were reckoned among the chief attractions of London, the resort of its rank and fashion, and one of their grand resources against time—ever regarded as an enemy by that division of the unemployed. Fashionable people, indeed, still attend sales by way of business; but at that period the West-End world—wits, beaux, and belles—chronicled the sales as well as the balls of the season, and attended both with the same amount of small mortifications, petty triumphs, and occasional amusement. There Lady Mary Montagu heard whispered compliments from Pope, and court-scandal from Lord Hervey; there the Duchess of Queensberry displayed her rustic dress with yet more rustic manners; and there Horace Walpole was in his glory, though not alone, collecting gossip for his 'Letters,' and curiosities for the celebrated collection, which a sale in our own day has dispersed from Strawberry Hill.

In the current and familiar literature of those times, sales figure quite as conspicuously as the Italian Opera, or the artist, *par excellence*, does in ours. Addison and his contemporary writers make frequent mention of them as the haunts of fashion, and, naturally enough, the love of bargains appears to have been considerably stimulated by the prevailing mode. All who have read the 'Spectator,' the 'Idler,' and kindred publications, must be acquainted with the lady who bought everything that was cheap; for if not the crack, she is the standing character to personate that folly of the age. Her house, says the humble companion who acts as describer, 'is a perfect lumber repository, containing more old china, damaged crystal, and dilapidated chattels of all sorts, than would furnish any three houses of its size in London; yet there is not a chair safe to sit down upon, nor a table that could be warranted sound in the whole mansion. On Monday last the brocade settee fell under Mrs Heavyside, and Dr Slow heaved the soup over on his side of the company by planting his elbows on the table, in order to take his ease in wonted fashion at a friendly dinner [here, by the way, we have a trait of the manners of our grandfathers]; upon which Mrs Buyace remarked that it was a pity those things hadn't been repaired, for she got wonderful bargains of them; and though she didn't require it, thank her stars! yet she always liked

cheap things, and never left a sale without a lucky bid to bring home.'

There is one description of sale which certainly forms a novel and peculiar feature in the commerce of our age, and would have astonished the men of the Spectator—namely, those sales of autographs lately become so frequent in the British metropolis. Doubtless they originate in the popular demand for such articles. Everybody collects autographs now, and there is scarcely a family of the middle and upper rank that cannot boast a portable museum of its own in the form of an album, filled with those memorials of the celebrated which taste and energy have gathered from all quarters, and treasured among the regalia of the household for the inspection of the friends it delights to honour. Here trade has found a new channel of profit. Four pounds have been paid for one of Byron's notes regarding his intended duel with Southey; an epistle from Coleridge concerning his projected works has been knocked down at three guineas and a-half; a scrap of the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Ballantyne was esteemed a cheap lot at more than half the sum; and quite as much was bidden for an angry letter from the Ettrick Shepherd to one of his best friends, concluding with 'Yours, in much disgust.'

These small signs of our times, indeed, testify to a general acquaintance with literature, and a public interest in genius unfelt by earlier generations. Perhaps they also indicate the prevalence of that lionising spirit which rarely tends to promote either social respect or individual respectability. True it is that something of the show has always mingled with the regard or admiration of the multitude; and this fact is most objectionably evident in the public roup, as our Scottish parlance hath it, of the autographs of living notables. The occurrence is now by no means unusual, at least in London; and thus an order to a tradesman, a letter of business, or a note of invitation carelessly written in the ease of intimacy, or the hurry of pressing affairs, may become the representative of a poet or popular author to those who will see his personality through no other medium.

Speaking of the parliamentary reports which Dr Johnson, in what he called his 'hungry days,' furnished to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and for which that conscientious genius expressed his repentance so frequently in more mature and prosperous years, a friend once remarked that the speech of a certain member there given was far superior to any he had afterwards uttered. 'Yes, sir,' responded Johnson; 'it was a good speech, for I made it one night in a garret in Grub Street.'

Let the purchasers of autographs lay this moral to heart, for these articles also could be made in garrets, though, as the auctioneer observed, 'When a man takes a thing for *genevin*, he bids for it all the same.'

The mention of an auctioneer reminds one of that prince of the order, the late well-known Robins. Sales of pictures and objects of virtu can still command a fashionable attendance, but those at which he officiated were peculiarly attractive, owing to the display of his professional abilities. Never was there a greater master of the selling art—one that could better support the excitement of a sale, or lure wary bidders into its vortex. It was in the disposal of relics that he shone to the highest advantage. Once, when auctioning the effects of Barry O'Meara, Napoleon's Irish surgeon, he chanced to come upon a tooth of the Emperor, long preserved by its admiring extractor. Suddenly Robins paused, as if overwhelmed by an idea of the greatness of the bargain; and then looking round on the crowded sale-room, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, a tooth, a real tooth, of the conqueror of mankind! Make me an offer, some of you, for pity's sake, for a simple man like me can't know what to ask for such a treasure.' On another occasion, when there was presented such a supply of articles, said to have had the same distinguished owner, that the interest flagged, and the sale was getting rather dull, he put up a silver teapot as one of the best lots; but there was no responsive bidder. Robins looked first

into the utensil, and then at the door, by which some ladies were making their exit, as he shouted, 'Oh, ladies, ladies, the Emperor's very tespot!'

In the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' a work of the Smollett school, abounding with racy though coarse humour, there occurs the description of an auction-scene, in which Puff, one of the coin's temporary masters, sets up a china jar as an Egyptian antiquity—recommending the pattern to the notice of antiquaries for the abstruse hieroglyphics it contained, and relating impromptu the history of its migrations through various climates, till, to use his own words, 'it was taken from the Spaniards by that Heaven-born admiral who taught the cowardly Dons to tremble at the name of an Englishman.' A sagacious lawyer once gave his opinion that, next to the bar, the auctioneering business was best calculated to sharpen the wit and blunt the conscience; but he charitably added, 'It is not impossible to preserve some conscience in either trade.'

Leaving this question aside on the judge-not principle, it is certain that considerable wit is occasionally exhibited by the orators of sales. I remember an Irish auctioneer, who, having the contents of sundry bankrupt toy-warehouses to dispose of, and a more than usually cool and cautious attendance, after exhausting his tact and eloquence in vain to enliven the bidding, and knocking down model railways and tumbling-Jacks at ruinously low prices, at last put up a specimen of that article known to the juveniles as Noah's Ark. 'Here, ladies and gentlemen,' said he, 'is Noah and his whole family—Shem, Ham, and Japhet:' still there was no bid; 'besides all kind of beasts and brutes,' continued the auctioneer in an under tone, casting an unmistakable look on the recalcitrant bidders.

Even in sober Scotland there is sometimes good cause for laughter in assemblies collected by the red flag at the door which announces bargains within. In the recent season of failure and panics, an auctioneer, when disposing of the collected remnants of more than one milliner's stock, was obliged to sell a few soiled and crumpled caps, which both shopkeepers and purchasers seemed to have left neglected for years in some dusty corner. Of course his praise of their beauty and usefulness rose in proportion to the improbability of their sale, and he expatiated to such good purpose, that one of them was actually sold at more than twice its value. 'Hand me up that other jewel,' said he, addressing his attendant, and a still dirtier cap was produced; but it unfortunately suffered from a rent which the auctioneer did not at first perceive. 'Ladies,' he began, 'this is a perfect gem; an article of real taste; the true Parisian cut; only examine it for yourselves.' Here his eye caught the rent, and he observed that the nearer customers saw it too; but nothing daunted, he looked through the hole at them, and added, 'A transparent diamond it is too, I declare!'

The skill which extracts bids rather than smiles seems more especially the aim of the Scottish auctioneer. It might be presumed that the task is one of more than ordinary difficulty north of the Tweed; but in spite of the long-asccribed caution of the land, the love of bargains, which is at least as strong there as in most countries, sometimes affords ample scope for his talents.

I was once present at a sale of furniture where a somewhat ludicrous case in point occurred. The room was unusually crowded, and the bidding had been brisk; but a large old-fashioned chest of drawers was at length offered, in which no one seemed to take any interest. The auctioneer of course enlarged on all its supposable excellences, directed attention to the size, soundness, and durability of the article, and eventually a low voice from the heart of the crowd gave a bid, but little below its actual value. The orator tried to get up opposition, but in vain; and after repeated declarations that he would sell if there were no advance, the hammer came down. With its descent came a squeak from the opposite end of the room, offering two shillings more. 'Was ye in time, man?' demanded the auctioneer. 'Yes, and it's

mine,' replied a shrill whisper. 'Then, ladies and gentlemen,' he continued, 'this splendid article must go up again, for justice is the motto of the sale.' Up it went, and the woman's offer was followed by a still higher bid from the man, who seemed to be determined on having the drawers; but she was equally resolute, and advanced proportionally. The contest was left to the pair, and they continued to bid against each other, being mutually irascible, till the drawers rose to a price considerably above that of their pristine beauty and fashion: then the deeper voice was silenced; and the lady, having the last word, was declared the purchaser. The crowd opened a way to her prize; but as she advanced, a respectable-looking artisan from the centre exclaimed in a most rueful tone, 'Oh, Maggie, is it you? Guid life, woman, I wud hae had them an hour syne at thirty shillin' less!'

Were it not that something of the excitement found in games of chance is connected with it, the anxiety and forgetfulness of value evinced by rival bidders would be wholly inexplicable. Auctioneers perfectly understand this chief charm of their business, which alone accounts for the prices obtained at times for even inferior articles under their administration. In the late sale at Stowe, one of the greatest affairs of the kind that has taken place for many years, by which the entire furniture of a ducal palace, collected by generations of nobility, has been dispersed through a thousand dwellings of almost every class and capacity, a pair of candlesticks were, after a fierce competition, knocked down at L38, which a silversmith present declared, not without demonstrations of regret, he had fabricated for the noble proprietor at the cost of L20; and a silver cup was bought at L19 which had been originally purchased at L9!

So much for bargain-seeking! But with all my recollections of sales arise the words of an old moralist: 'My friend, life is like a sale, where Hope is the auctioneer, and your powers and opportunities are the means to bid withal. As they are limited, you can buy but proportionate articles. Believe that all of them will be extolled to you above their actual value; that many of the most eager bidders will find time to repent their purchase; and beware that you expend not too much on what may prove a sorry bargain.'

MRS CHISHOLM.

NEVER was there a period at which the public mind was more deeply stirred by the question of emigration than at the present moment. While hundreds of vessels, freighted with our self-exiled countrymen, are speeding their way across the Atlantic or the Southern Ocean, our principal ports swarm with people of all classes and conditions in life, who, pressed by poverty, or stimulated by the love of enterprise, are about to abandon their native soil for some other land more rich in promise and in hope. Alike at the cottage fireside and in the drawing-room circle are discussed the relative advantages of Illinois and Canada, of New Zealand and Australia; and many a thoughtful mind is intent upon plans for the comfort and wellbeing of those who, in their far-off homes, must ever share our kindly interest and our truest sympathy.

Among the practical benefactors of our emigrant countrymen stands pre-eminent Mrs Chisholm, whose efforts in their behalf have been not more remarkable for their success than for the gentle yet persevering wisdom with which they have been pursued.

It has often been observed that no really great work was ever achieved save by those who had concentrated the whole power of their minds on its accomplishment. The truth of this remark is strikingly illustrated in the history of Mrs Chisholm, whose very earliest day-dreams abounded with thoughts of suffering emigrants rescued by her care from difficulties and dangers. In a letter to a friend she thus describes her first attempt at colo-

nisation, which was carried on 'in a wash-hand basin before she was six years old:—

'I made boats of broad beans; expended all my money in touchwood dolls; removed families, located them in the bed-quilt, and sent the boats, filled with wheat, back to their friends, of which I kept a store in a thimble-case. At length I upset the basin, which I judged to be a fac-simile of the sea, spoiled a new bed, got punished, and afterwards carried out my plan in a dark cellar, with a rushlight stuck upon a tin kettle; and, strange as it may seem, many of the ideas which I have since carried out first gained possession of my mind at that period; and, singular as it may appear, I had a Wesleyan minister and a Catholic priest in the same boat. Two of my dolls were very refractory, and would not be obedient; this made me name them after two persons I knew who were always quarrelling, and I spent hours in listening to their supposed debates, to try and find out how I could manage them: at length I put the two into a boat, and told them if they were not careful they would be drowned; and having landed them *alive*, I knelt down to pray to God to make them love each other.'

'The child is father to the man;'

so says one of the greatest and most philosophical of our modern poets; and so it has proved with regard to the lady of whom we now write. In the childish anecdote just related may be traced the germ of those principles which have guided her conduct through life amid very trying and perplexing circumstances. Calmness and decision in the management of the refractory—catholic-minded charity, embracing alike all who need her succour, without any attempt to sway their minds for sectarian purposes—together with unfeigned reliance upon the blessing of Almighty God to prosper her philanthropic endeavours—such have been the features most observable in Mrs Chisholm's character during the many years which she has devoted to the service of her fellow-creatures.

Soon after her marriage with Captain Chisholm of the Madras army, we find her commencing in that presidency her career of active benevolence. The position of the soldiers' daughters seemed to her fraught with peril, and she became earnestly desirous to withdraw them from the idle levity of a barrack life, and to impart to them some useful knowledge, which might render them more worthy and happy members of society in after-life. With this view she established a sort of school and boarding-house; under the name of 'School of Industry,' which proved so successful in its results, that some even of the soldiers' young wives begged leave to place themselves for a while under her superintendence, and share her instructions. Through the liberal assistance of Sir Frederic Adam, the governor of Madras, and the kind aid of other influential persons at the presidency, she was enabled to establish an institution which has since acquired a permanent character, and at the present moment affords a sheltering home to many of the orphans of our brave soldiers in the East.

After a residence of several years at Madras, the failing health of Captain Chisholm required a temporary change of abode; and accordingly, in the year 1838, he removed to the more genial climate of New South Wales, whither he was accompanied by his wife and infant family. Scarcely were they fixed at Sydney, when Mrs Chisholm's active mind was engaged in seeking for some opportunities of benefiting the poor emigrants who were then crowding to the colony. Much as she valued systematic plans of benevolence, yet she was far too wise and practical a person to remain with folded hands until some *great work* were given her to accomplish. Accordingly, on her first arrival in a strange land, where her sphere of influence was necessarily a very contracted one, she turned her attention to a band of poor Highland emigrants who had landed in that far-off country without money, without friends, and without even a knowledge of the English language, which was

spoken by all around them. Their stout hearts seemed to quail at the thoughts of the hopeless struggle which evidently awaited them. Mrs Chisholm lent them money to buy tools, and advised them to cut firewood for sale; she cheered their fainting spirits by kind words and wholesome counsel. Gladly did they listen to her, and gratefully accept her aid. So humble was the commencement of that arduous course of service which was subsequently pursued at Sydney by this friend of the emigrants!

Early in 1840 Captain Chisholm was obliged to rejoin his regiment in India, but it was arranged that Mrs Chisholm and her youthful family should, for a time, fix their residence near Sydney. Family cares did not so far engross her as to prevent a continuance of charitable effort in behalf of the emigrants; and among those who shared her warmest sympathy were the young persons of her own sex, who at this time were arriving in great numbers at Sydney, where but too many of them found themselves exposed to all the miseries of a homeless and unprotected state. Mrs Chisholm resolved on opening a sort of temporary home for some of those destitute beings. This was, however, too great an enterprise to be accomplished by her own unaided resources; accordingly, she decided on attempting to enlist the sympathies of the wealthier classes, as well as to secure the support of the colonial government in this good work; but she found herself at once beset by difficulties, and chilled by the indifference of those to whom she appealed for aid. We have a graphic picture of her early struggles in a pamphlet which she published some years ago, entitled 'Female Emigration Considered.' She says, 'I wrote in January 1841 to Lady Gipps, and from that time never ceased my exertions. I knew that every ship's arrival would increase the necessity of such an institution. I prepared my plan: for three weeks I hesitated: as a woman, and almost a stranger in the colony, I naturally felt reluctant to come forward. I was impressed with the idea that God had in a peculiar manner fitted me for this work, and yet I hesitated. Meanwhile I did all I could to aid young women who applied to me; but the number increased, and I saw that my plan, if carried into effect, would serve all. On Easter Sunday I was enabled, at the altar of our Lord, to make an offering of my talents to the God who gave them. I promised to know neither country nor creed, but to try and serve all alike without partiality.'

'Things were wearing a most favourable aspect, when even some of my first-promised supporters withdrew their pledges. It is a remarkable fact, that at the very time the Protestants* were afraid of my Popish plot, several of the leading Catholics had withdrawn their support. I could have done without help, but this continued opposition wearied me. Two gentlemen, one a Roman Catholic clergyman, called on me, and begged me to give it up.'

'*From the hand of a friend came a missile of great strength. I felt it deeply. No other person in the colony could have thrown more serious obstacles in my path.*

The words given above in italics refer to the conduct of a dignitary of her own church, who, not content with private exhortations, published a letter in the 'Sydney Herald' condemning the proposed institution, and speaking very slightly of Mrs Chisholm as a lady who was 'labouring under amiable delusions.'

* It is pleasant to record the issue of her correspondence with one clergyman, who at first declined forwarding her plans, from an apprehension that the institution would prove a proselytising one, but on farther explanation writes thus:—'Your frank and straightforward avowal of the objects you aim at, and the means you will use for the attainment of those objects, disarm suspicion. The assurance in your note that you will not follow or be led by the agents of an ecclesiastical party, but that you will pursue steadily the good of the *whole* of the emigrants who may come under your care, referring in matters of religion to their respective clergy and teachers, induces me to offer you very cordially whatever support I am able to afford. I beg to enclose L.2 as a donation.'

Disapprobation expressed in such a quarter staggered her resolution, and disposed her to pause a while before taking any further step in the business. While in this painful and perplexed state of mind, a slight incident occurred which at once confirmed her in the benevolent design of establishing an 'Immigrants' Home' at Sydney.

This was a rencontre with a girl who was about to drown herself. Having saved that girl, 'my spirits returned,' writes Mrs Chisholm: 'I felt God's blessing was on my work. From this time I never thought anxiously about human help. I neglected no steps to conciliate; I increased my exertions; but from the hour I was on the beach with Flora, fear left me.'

The governor, Sir George Gipps, who had hitherto left Mrs Chisholm's written representations unattended to, at length consented to have an interview with her; and expecting to see a starched, elderly person, was agreeably surprised when a handsome and somewhat youthful lady was ushered into his presence. But although favourably impressed by the appearance, as well as by the conversation of Mrs Chisholm, the governor yielded a slow and reluctant consent to her intreaty that a certain government store, of very rude construction and moderate dimensions, might be appropriated to her use as an Immigrants' Home. In the pamphlet already quoted we find a vivid picture of the difficulties she had to encounter in the commencement of her work there. These are her words:—'At length, consent was given that I should take possession of part of the Immigrants' Barrack. On closing the door, I reflected on what I had been compelled to endure for fourteen feet square. My first feelings were those of indignation that such a trifle should have been so long withheld; but better feelings followed. I determined to trust to Providence to increase its size, and prove my usefulness. I soon observed, to do any good, I must sleep on the premises; and as soon as Mr Merewither was aware of my determination, he gave me the best room then vacant. I cannot say vacant, for it was used as a store-room. This was, however, cleared for my accommodation; and having been busy all day, I retired wearied to rest. But I was put to the proof at starting. Scarce was the light out, when I fancied a few dogs must be in the room, and in some terror I got a light. What I experienced in seeing rats in all directions I cannot describe! My first act was to throw on a cloak, and get at the door with the intent to leave the building. I knew if I did this, my desertion would cause much amusement, and ruin my plan; I therefore lighted a second candle, and seating myself on my bed, kept there until three rats, descending from the roof, alighted on my shoulders. I knew that I was getting into a fever, and that in fact I should be very ill before morning. But to be outgeneralled by rats was too much. I got up with some resolution: I had two loaves and some butter (for my office, bedroom, and pantry were one); I cut it into slices, placed the whole in the middle of the room, put a dish of water convenient, and with a light by my side, I kept my seat on the bed reading "Abercrombie," and watching the rats until four in the morning. I at one time counted thirteen, and never less than seven did I observe at the dish during the night. The following night I gave them a similar treat, with the addition of arsenic; and thus passed my four first nights at the Home.'

Among Mrs Chisholm's trials connected with the establishment of the 'Female Immigrants' Home,' was the necessity of parting with her children at night, as it appeared absolutely necessary that for a time at least she should sleep under the same roof with her protégées. At first she resolved on keeping the youngest with her at night, and describes thus the termination of her maternal struggle:—'Some sickness among the children in the tents told me plainly my duty; still, I would not, could not, give him up. . . . At night, as was usual with me, I saw the girls after they retired to rest. Ninety-four were in that dwelling. I asked if

they had any place to go to if I turned them out: not one had a place of shelter. On my return to the office, I found a poor woman waiting for a white gown to make her *dead bairn* decent. I went into my room, packed up my little fellow's wardrobe, and the next day he was under the honest care of Miss Halvin at Windsor. This was the last sacrifice it was God's will to demand.'

The evidence of Mrs Chisholm before a committee of the House of Lords (in 1847) on Irish colonisation yields us the following interesting information concerning the progress of her work at Sydney:—'After obtaining possession of the building, which I named the "Female Immigrants' Home," I appealed to the public for support. After a time this appeal was liberally met. The "Home" becoming crowded, the majority of the inmates being most fit for rough country work, I proceeded into the interior, to form committees, and to establish country "Homes," taking in some cases parties of females with me. When I commenced taking them up the country, I had to meet in the first instance their travelling expenses, which were afterwards refunded. The inhabitants of the district cheerfully supplied them with food; the committees afforded them protection and advice. I took them to Campbell-Town, Maitland, Liverpool, Paramatta, and Port Macquarie. The first parties of young women varied from fifteen to sixty in number. I went from farm to farm, getting them places in service. I quickly disposed of the first venture, and then returned to Sydney, after having made arrangements for the establishment of country depôts. I also got married families to promise shelter and protection to such young females as might require it.

'At the time labourers were required in the interior, there was an excess at Sydney, supported at government expense. I undertook journeys of three hundred miles into the interior with families. The farther I went, the more satisfactory was my settlement.

'When the public had had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system, they came forward and enabled me to go on. The government contributed in various ways to the amount of about £100. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorised me to draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require. The people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself, without charge. My personal expenses during my seven years' service amounted to only £1, 18s. 6d.

'Numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for their conveyance by the steamers, they would never reach the stations. I met this difficulty, advanced the money, confiding in the good-feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost £16 by casualties. Some nights I have paid as much as £40 for steamers and land conveyance.

'From first to last, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. . . . I established an office in Sydney, where all persons that required service used to attend in the morning from ten till four. My object was always to get *one* placed. Having succeeded in getting one female servant in a neighbourhood, I used to leave the feeling to spread. With some persuasion, I induced a man to take a servant, who said that it would be making a fine lady of his wife. The following morning a neighbouring settler said, "You are quite upsetting the settlement, Mrs Chisholm. My wife is uncommonly cross this morning, and she says she must have a servant, and I think she has a right to one." It was among this class that the girls married best. If they married

one of the sons, the father and mother would be thankful; if not, they would be protected as members of the family. I have been able to learn the subsequent progress in life of many hundreds of these emigrants. Girls that I have taken up the country in such a destitute state, that I have been obliged to get a decent dress to put on them, have come again, having every comfort about them, and wanting servants. They are constantly writing home to get out their friends and relatives.

'I should not feel the interest I do in female emigration if I did not look beyond providing families with female servants—if I did not know how much they are required as wives, and how much moral good they may do as wives in that country.'

In the above extracts from Mrs Chisholm's evidence before the House of Lords, we have in her own words a brief statement of the nature and success of her work in New South Wales. Let us now take a glance at her in one or two of her enterprising journeys in the bush, surrounded by emigrants of all ages, whose hardships and difficulties she shared in without a single murmur of complaint. Sometimes, when part of the journey was to be accomplished by steam-vessels, Mrs Chisholm explored the bush on foot; but her usual mode of travelling was on horseback, and many a time her night was passed in a rude covered cart, which, during the day, served as a carriage for the younger children of the party. On one occasion she is described to us by one who met her as effecting the passage of a wide swampy stream by dint of the most patient perseverance—bearing across upon her own steed two children at a time, until all were safely passed. At another time, when there were thirty women and children in her train, no water was to be found, and she was beset by the cries of children and the complaints of women. Some of the emigrants came up to her and said in a discontented tone, 'Mrs Chisholm, this is a pretty job! What must we do—there is no water?' 'I knew,' she writes, 'that it would not do for them to be idle—anything was better than that in their frame of mind; so, partly judging from the locality, I said to them without hesitation, "If you will dig here, I think you will find water." Directing the tools to be got out, they immediately set to work, and, by a good Providence, they had not dug many feet when they came to water. This had such an exhilarating effect upon their spirits, that they instantly threw off their coats, began to dig two other holes, and did not leave off till moonlight.'

It has been already said that during these journeys in the bush food was readily supplied for the travellers by those who were already settled in the country; but such grants were necessarily to be sought after, and Mrs Chisholm was not only the leader, but also the commissary-general of her forces. While the emigrants were still asleep in their camp, this indefatigable lady might be seen, before the break of day, driving along in a gig, whose charioteer was a prisoner from Hyde Park Barracks, and collecting provisions for her emigrants amongst the neighbouring settlers.

Manifold were the services performed by Mrs Chisholm in her capacity of the Emigrants' Friend; and in one of her publications, entitled 'Pictures of Australian Emigrants,' she has given some very graphic sketches of her official life at Sydney. She received many applications from young women who professed to be governesses, but were utterly incompetent for such a situation. Among others came M— R—, who offered herself as nursery governess. 'I found,' writes Mrs Chisholm, 'that she could neither read, write, nor spell correctly.'

"Can you wash your own clothes?"

"Never did such a thing in my life."

"Can you make a dress?"

"No."

"Cook?"

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Why, ma'am, I could look after the servants; I

could direct them: I should make an excellent house-keeper."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, or I would not say so."

"Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beefsteak-pie of the size of that dish, and a rice-pudding of the same size?"

"Oh no, ma'am—that's not what I meant: I'd see that the servants did it!"

It need hardly be said that the capabilities of this applicant were deemed less highly of by Mrs Chisholm than by herself: but the difficulties she had to encounter from employers were not fewer than those which she had to bear with from the employed. She tells with much spirit the management she used with a most impracticable lady, whose interviews with the new-comers would be somewhat of the following sort:—

'Mrs O. Can you make up a room very neat?

Girl. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs O. Can you cook?

Girl. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs O. Can you work well at your needle?

Girl. I can do plain work neatly.

Mrs O. (*Looking at her hard from top to toe.*) After a pause—Ah, you won't do; it's a thorough servant I want.

'Day after day did she repeat this; and when it had occurred for at least the twentieth time, I went into my own room, mustered over in my mind her different objections to different girls, and came at last to a conclusion and a decision.

'The same evening I received a cargo of sixty girls, one of them a parish pauper, her hair not combed, her face not washed, her clothes looked as if she had first jumped into, and then slept in them, her features and figure quite justifying the name she had earned from her shipmates of "Little Scrub." A gentleman who was present at the time said, "I suppose you intend her for the bush?" I answered, "There is a place for everybody in this world, and I think I have had one waiting for her several weeks past." The following morning came the fastidious Mrs O., and I saw at once that, while reviewing the late arrivals, her eye fell with peculiar complacency on Little Scrub.

'Being rather afraid that I could not keep as grave a countenance as the gravity of the affair required, I thought it best to call Mrs O. into my own room, and told her that I had a girl that would suit—"not a good servant, but a good girl." I then called in Little Scrub, and the following dialogue took place:—

Mrs O. Can you wash?

Little Scrub. (*Staring wildly.*) Wash, marm!

Mrs O. Can you cook?

Little Scrub. Cook, marm!

Mrs O. Can you make a bed?

Little Scrub. Make a bed, marm!

Myself. Will you do all this lady bids you?

Little Scrub. Oh yes, marm.

Mrs O. looked at the poor girl with the scrutinising and pleased air of a connoisseur in front of a fine dusty picture, and her countenance glowed with satisfaction.

"I will take the girl," said she: "I daresay she will turn out a good servant. Oh, Mrs Chisholm, you've not been long in this colony: it takes years to know it. You will make the agreement for six months. (*With a deep sigh.*) Oh it is such a comfort to have something a little repulsive!"

Many other details of great interest might be given concerning Mrs Chisholm's arduous work in New South Wales, but our space is nearly filled up; and we shall only mention that, in addition to her ordinary labours, she undertook in 1845-46 the task of collecting a mass of useful information regarding the history and prospects of settlers in that colony; and with a view of obtaining the most authentic and satisfactory accounts concerning them, she travelled into the bush, and collected several hundred biographies, some of which, we understand, have been published under the title of 'The

Voluntary Information of the People of New South Wales.' In one of those letters which she has printed since her return home, she tells the public that the facts in question were 'sometimes taken down in their own dwellings, sometimes on the roadside, and sometimes in the ploughed field, having the plough for her table.'

But the time approached for Mrs Chisholm's removal from that colony where her presence had been a source of untold blessings to thousands of her expatriated fellow-countrymen. Early in the year 1845 she had been rejoined by her husband, who, far from checking her ardour, had aided her in her labours of love among the emigrants. But it became advisable for them to return to their native land. Accordingly, towards the close of 1846, they took their departure from New South Wales; not, however, without having received a public testimonial of the high esteem in which Mrs Chisholm was held by the inhabitants of that colony, and of their deep gratitude for her services. It is impossible to have read the preceding pages without perceiving that all her exertions were prompted by a far higher principle than the desire for human applause; and yet, to a genial, kindly nature like hers, these marks of reverential love could not be unwelcome.

It will readily be supposed by those who have thus far traced out Mrs Chisholm's course in Australia, that her patient and persevering zeal was not likely to fail so long as life and strength were granted her to labour in behalf of emigrants; and so it has proved; for in her present home at Islington, all the energies of her mind are still devoted to the important object of bettering their condition. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the letters she has addressed on this subject to the public through the medium of the press; but few of them can divine how systematic and self-denying are the daily acts of her life, having the same noble object in view. But we forbear, for it is not well to gaze too pryingly upon domestic life, even when the glance is a friendly and an approving one. Let us rather aim, each in his narrow sphere, to comfort and aid those who are about to leave the land of their fathers and fix their home upon a distant soil, remembering they are our *brethren*, and that—

'No distance breaks the tie of blood—
Brethren are brethren evermore.'

LATIN VERSIFICATION FOR THE MILLION.

A few years ago (1845) considerable interest was excited in the London circles by the public exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of a machine, constructed, I believe, by the celebrated German mechanician Professor Faber. This machine, when set in motion, composed Latin hexameter lines or verses of faultless prosody. The lines were not, as might be supposed, an unmeaning collection of dactyles and spondees, arranged according to rule, similar to what are termed in some of our classical schools *nonsense verses*; but each line conveyed a meaning in good grammatical Latin. Almost any number of different lines, it was said, could be ground out of the machine; so that by its aid the most illiterate person could produce thousands of Latin verses which, for correctness and purity, were unassailable by criticism! Solomon has said 'there is nothing new under the sun'; that observation, though perhaps not exactly applicable to some of the devices of the present age, may nevertheless be quoted when speaking of the Latin verse-making machine, it being to Solomon's 'wise saw' a corroborant 'modern instance.'

Amusing myself lately by examining an old arithmetical school-book,* while wondering and pondering over the very great pains taken by the school authors and dominies of the olden time to make the acquisition of knowledge as difficult as possible to the youth of those days, I found in a note that a certain 'John Peters

(Sep. 29, 1677)' had 'distributed' the letters of some Latin words into tables, and 'entitled the piece Artificial Versifying; whereby any one of ordinary capacity, though he understands not one word of Latin, may be taught' immediately to make hexameter and pentameter verses—true Latin, true verse, and good sense! Who or what John Peters was I do not know, neither have I met with any of his writings; but from the clue obtained, I, with a little trouble, succeeded in arranging the following tables, by which any one who merely knows the letters of the alphabet, and can reckon as far as nine, may make good and correct Latin hexameter and pentameter verses. This no doubt reveals the secret of the machine previously alluded to, it being highly probable that these or similar tables were used in its construction. I have neither ingenuity nor yet any acquaintance with mechanical art, still I cannot help surmising that the machine was constructed on the principle of the barrel organ; the tables being arranged on barrels, in a similar manner as notes of music are set on the barrels of that not very melodious instrument.

HEXAMETER.

Table I.

T	I	P	H	A	M	B	L	E	U
R	O	O	S	A	A	U	F	R	N
A	R	P	R	R	R	F	B	E	S
R	E	T	B	I	O	I	A	I	I
R	I	A	D	R	D	M	D	A	A
A	R	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Table II.

F	S	D	B	V	S	C	E	T	A
I	A	E	I	I	A	C	E	T	G
M	L	N	S	S	O	L	A	N	N
L	C	T	T	R	A	A	A	A	A
L	R	R	T	*	*	*	*	*	A
A	A	A	*	*	*	*	*	*	A

Table III.

S	F	P	T	D	P	P	P	F	S
O	A	U	O	A	U	A	E	Q	R
T	I	M	T	T	L	R	U	I	I
S	I	C	O	A	U	I	A	*	*
*	*	*	M	N	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Table IV.

P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	R
R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	M
O	O	O	N	O	E	O	M	R	M
T	D	S	G	N	M	O	I	I	E
U	T	I	A	U	N	T	T	N	C
R	G	R	L	S	A	T	D	U	A
N	R	G	T	N	U	N	U	N	B
A	A	R	T	N	U	N	U	N	N
N	A	*	T	T	*	N	T	T	T
N	*	*	*	*	T	*	*	*	T

Table V.

T	P	P	V	L	F	A	C	S	E
O	R	E	U	C	G	R	I	M	O
A	R	M	D	M	I	D	P	U	L
B	I	E	I	M	O	L	I	O	I
N	R	N	I	R	R	A	A	R	A
A	A	N	A	*	*	A	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Table VI.

D	S	G	A	P	M	D	N	S	U
S	U	O	R	U	I	S	R	P	P
S	E	A	L	G	V	A	E	D	R
R	V	T	A	R	A	*	A	B	
A	A	*	A	*	*	*	M	A	

PENTAMETER.

Table I.

T	A	P	I	S	I	T	T	N	E
R	O	M	O	M	R	U	O	T	D
R	P	R	P	I	R	X	R	U	F
R	D	I	S	P	I	I	A	I	O
I	A	T	A	O	*	D	B	D	
*	I	A	*	A	*	A	A	A	A

Table II.

P	P	C	P	P	C	S	P	R	
R	O	R	E	O	O	I	R	C	A
N	R	N	N	G	O	S	A	C	
D	F	S	G	N	O	T	C	I	
I	U	L	I	U	A	R	U	O	C
M	O	F	R	B	I	D	U	I	M
M	I	A	U	B	U	N	U	A	O
C	O	N	N	U	N	T	N	R	A
T	T	N	T	*	T	T	A	N	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	N	T	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Table III.

D	A	V	D	F	L	A	A	U	
C	I	C	I	A	A	R	S	R	T
N	R	O	C	B	M	T	A	A	
B	T	T	R	A	*	*	*	A	
A	A	A	*	*	*	*	*	A	

Table IV.

D	P	P	N	C	S	M	A	M	O
U	R	C	R	U	O	I	A	I	D
O	F	U	P	L	N	O	A	E	T
A	C	E	E	I	A	S	N	E	N
N	R	S	A	G	A	D	R	T	
B	T	T	N	*	A	V	A	A	A
A	R	A	*	*	*	*	*	*	A

Table V.

N	A	T	V	S	M	M	V	M	O
L	I	C	E	A	I	F	I	V	I
B	R	I	A	L	D	H	I	I	
I	O	*	I	C	I	*	S	*	S
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

The rule for composing hexameter or pentameter verses from their respective tables is simply this:—Select any one of the first nine (*capital*) letters in Table I, the letter chosen, with every subsequent ninth letter in that table, will form the first word; then take any one of the first nine letters in Table II, and every subsequent ninth letter in the same table to form the second word; proceed in like manner through the tables; Table VI in the Hexameter, and Table V in the Pentameter, furnishing the last word of the line or verse; asterisks, where they occur, must be counted as well as the letters. For example, suppose we take the first letter in Table I,

* Arithmetica. In Two Parts. By Solomon Lowe. London: 1749.

Hexameter—namely, *T*—the ninth letter from it, counting from left to right, is *u*; the next ninth *r*; the next ninth *o*; and so proceeding, we form the word *Turbida*. Suppose we then take the first letter of Table II—namely, *f*—and by the addition of every subsequent ninth letter in that table we form the word *fata*; and so, by taking the first letters of each, and proceeding in the same manner through the remaining tables, we obtain the line—

Turbida fata sequi premonstrant tempora dura.

In just the same manner, the first letters taken from each of the five pentameter tables give—

Tetrica prestant dura dolosa novi.

Again, suppose we take the fourth letter in each table, which makes in hexameter—

Horrida bella tuis protendant verbera acerba:

In pentameter—

Improba preclout verba nefanda viris.

One more example: suppose we take the seventh letter of Table I, the fifth of Table II, the ninth of Table III, the sixth of Table IV, the eighth of Table V, and the sixth of Table VI, we obtain in hexameter—

Barbara vinola ferunt monstrabant crimina multa:

In pentameter—

Tristia perficiunt astra superba mea.

I think, from these examples, the reader will find no difficulty in extracting the verses. Persons unacquainted with the powers of numbers may be surprised to learn how many different verses may be obtained by the permutations and combinations of the letters in the above tables. As any of the first nine letters, combined with their subsequent ninth letters, in each table, form a word, and as there are six tables for hexameters, we find by a short calculation— $9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 = 531,441$, the number of different verses that can be extracted from that table. The Latin scholar can still more vary the lines, for, as he will readily perceive, most of the words in the first and sixth may be transposed with those of the fifth and second tables. Again, as there are nine words in each of the five pentameter tables, by a similar calculation we find that they contain 59,049 different lines or verses, making in all 590,490 different lines that can be obtained from the two sets of tables. The writings of Virgil number not more than 13,016 lines, so these tables could furnish forty-five volumes, each as large as the complete works of Virgil, and 4771 lines over. I fancy I can hear the reader exclaim, '*Cui bono*'—'What is the use of all this?' I can only reply, that the construction of these tables helped to wile away from me some tedious hours of lassitude and ill health: perhaps in their present form they may afford a similar benefit to another.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

RICE AND DAHL.

Rice, the chief food of perhaps one-half of the human race, is comparatively little used in this country. It has a certain reputation as something 'light' for the sick-room and nursery, and appears on our tables in the form of puddings, and in the confectioners' shops in the form of buns; but, upon the whole, it seems to be considered of little substantial importance. Of late years, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, it has come a little more into use; but the working-classes do not take kindly to it. They consider it a poor substitute even for the potato, and demand something more nourishing. Returned Anglo-Indians, on the other hand, who have been accustomed to it in Asia, use it not only in curries, but in meat dishes of every kind, from plain roast and boiled to the most delicate *hors d'œuvre*. The fact seems to be, that the poor dislike it merely on account of its insipid taste, which they have neither the skill nor the opportunity to enrich.

The Hindoo has a different name for this useful plant in all its different forms and stages. The plant in the field, and the grain in the husk, are both styled *dhann*; but let it be cleaned and winnowed, and thereby reduced to the form in which it reaches us, and it becomes *chawul*. Again, the chawul boiled becomes *bhant*, and this is the staple food and staff of life to the Bengalee. On the Malay coast the rice has a similar diversity of names: in the husk the grain is called *padi*; divested of it, and boiled, it becomes *nassi*. Rice is cultivated all over India, in China, and in the Oriental islands, as well as in America. In Persia it is prized for *khooshka* and *pillau*. The Peshawur rice is most highly esteemed in India, both on account of its flavour and the large size of the grain—about half an inch in length. In Calcutta this variety is sometimes sold at the rate of a shilling a pound; but it may be doubted whether in flavour it is superior to the Carolina rice now so well known in this country. The size and beauty of the grain, indeed, appear to have little to do with its quality: we have known wealthy Anglo-Indian families who used in preference the broken, dark-looking Bengal rice, so cheap and common in England.

In the hands of the Bengalee confectioner rice assumes a variety of shapes and guises, some of them not very attractive to the eye of a European. The grain is sometimes steeped and flattened. The *mowrie* looks like our bonbon, but is light and crisp, being parched in an earthen pan, on dry leaves of trees. The *lawa*, again, is like driven snow, as white and pure, but also as light and insipid. In other confections it is prepared with sugar and treacle, but an Englishman would find the names of them almost unpronounceable, nor is it easy to write them in our character. With milk or cream, it is called *kheer*, and is one of the standard dishes at a Hindoo feast; and when cooked with a little camphor and pounded cardamum, a delightful flavour is given to the rice. In religious sacrifices rice is indispensable. It is also used in charms and ordeals, such as chewing dry rice in cases of theft, as noticed in a former Journal. For the same purpose—that of detecting a delinquent—it is put into ants' holes in the shape of balls, each ball representing a suspected individual; and he whose ball is first eaten by the ants is held to be the culprit.

What we wish specially, however, to draw the reader's attention to, is the Indian dish formed by a mixture of rice and dahl. The latter is not the name of any particular plant, but is applied to a cooked mess of any pea or vetch, of which there are a great variety in India. The grains are divested of the husk by the same sort of primitive handmill which is alluded to in Scripture, when it is said 'two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken, and the other left.' At early dawn, we have often, while passing through a village on a march, heard the not disagreeable whirring of these mills, with which they also grind wheat, accompanied by the singing of the women, and marvelled how little the Hindoo had deviated from his antique customs.

The principal sorts of vetches used for dahl are the following:—The *moonj* or *moongh*, the most delicate and expensive; the *maas*, which, although coarse, is used in sacrificing to the gods—it is also used for feeding horses, and when boiled, is reckoned a cheap and fattening diet for that animal; and the *mussoor*, which is of a beautiful pink colour after its brown husk is ground off. This is probably the same lentil for a mess of which the famished but generous and noble-hearted Esau sold his birthright to his younger brother. The Eastern females use the mussoor made into a cataplasm when they wear their children. With their abstemious habits it answers well as an absorbing remedy, but for a European constitution it is too inflammatory.

While the above and most of the other vetches are low and tender plants, the *urhar* aspires to the character of a shrub, growing to the height of six feet and upwards; and although an annual, has very much the appearance of our broom, having a profusion of yellow blossoms.

Dahl is also sometimes made of *chauna* or *gram*, which may occasionally be seen in this country, as sea-captains often have it in their ships as food for their live stock. In India this grain is used in all the stables of Europeans as food for their horses, being sometimes steeped in water, and sometimes parched and ground with a mixture of barley. It is reckoned highly nourishing, and wrestlers and other *athletes* often train themselves on a diet of gram. The leaf of the plant has an agreeable acid taste, and a peculiar smell. Parrots delight in, and are sometimes very destructive to it.

All the species of dahl which I have named have papilionaceous flowers, some of them as pretty as our sweet-pea, though generally smaller. The word *dahl* is probably derived from the verb *dalna*, 'to pour'; the dahl, when mixed up with saffron, onions, and chillies, being boiled into a soft pap, and poured over the rice. It is sometimes flavoured with tamarind or a green mango; and thus cooked, is no despicable dish.

Hedgerree is a compound of dahl and rice *boiled together*. This may be called a *hasty dish*, and really the aroma of the pea and rice, combined with the various condiments, is enough to sharpen any appetite. With Europeans on a march, it is a favourite dish for breakfast. In former days, the Hindoo widow, if she refrained from becoming a Suttie, was doomed to eat hedgerree, and nothing but hedgerree, during the days of her weary widowhood, and it was to be prepared by her own hands without salt or condiment, and eaten only once a day; perhaps this penance has been abolished or modified, since widows are no longer allowed to burn themselves with their husbands. In the upper provinces of India dahl is eaten with wheaten cakes, as in the lower with rice. Dahl, in fact, is not only savoury and nourishing, but possesses aperient qualities, which counteract the opposite tendency of the wheat and rice.

In this way the ingenious Hindoos enrich the insipidity of their rice, even without the aid of meat; and in this country, where it is now becoming a kind of rage to press vetches of all kinds into the service of the table, we think a useful hint may be gathered from the Indian practice.

TIDINGS FROM THE GOLDEN CITY.

[The following is copy of a letter from an officer of a merchant ship at San Francisco, dated 22d October 1849, addressed to his father in Zetland:—]

'The world is turned upside down here altogether. Seamen's wages are 150 dollars per month; labourers get seven dollars per day; and Jack is as good as his master. Ships innumerable are lying here without a soul on board—all gone off to the diggings. The climate is beastly. Fever and ague abound, and dysentery carries off thousands. There is a population of 25,000 in this town, and only about one hundred tolerable houses; all the rest are hovels, mere sheds; and the greater part of the population live in tents, and sleep on the bare ground. It's a miserable place, though they speak of dollars as you do of pence in Shetland, and of ounces of gold as you do of half-crowns. Still, with all their money they cannot obtain a comfortable meal or a comfortable lodging. Gambling is carried to a frightful extent. The amount of drunkenness exceeds belief. As soon as the vessel is discharged, we proceed to Tahiti. Of the hundreds of ships that left England in February, not one has yet arrived. They will be nearly as good as lost to the owners, and the shippers of the goods will be ruined, for goods of all sorts are now lying rotting ashore. The crews will all desert, and men won't be found to man them again at any price. A vessel left this for France the other day with seamen at 1400 dollars for the passage to France. The diggings are of more than 100 miles extent, and gold will be found there in plenty as long as men can be found to go and dig for it, or rather look for it, for it is found in the rocks and stones, which must be broken up into dust, and sifted in water through a sieve. It is

also found in lumps in the streams and bogs with which the gold country abounds. The said country is about 100 miles to the north-east of this place, which lies in north latitude 37 degrees 48 minutes, and west longitude 122 degrees 27 minutes. There is one continual fog hovering over the town. I am sure if I went to live ashore, I would die in a month. There have been no robberies nor murders this long time. The law is summary. When a man is caught at any mischief against the lives or property of the people, half-a-dozen or so of the nearest people hold a court-martial over him; and if they think he is guilty, they hang him up to the nearest tree. Such summary proceedings have frightened the evil-disposed, and now the people are quieter, and more honest than any other set of ragamuffins. To-day I saw about twenty come down from the diggings with about 400 ounces each. They had been there four months. The small vessel they were in came across our bows and got foul of us, and I went down to them, and had a yarn with them. Each had his gold dust in four worsted socks. One fellow said he would either have double or none by that time to-morrow. I asked him what he meant, and he said he would stake each sock upon a single card. Such are the people here. I can't afford to have any clothes washed here, for it costs eight dollars (L.1, 12s.) per dozen, and I can buy a dozen white shirts at that price.'

CONFORMITY.

It is hard to say in what department of human thought and endeavour conformity has triumphed most. Religion comes to one's mind first; and well it may, when one thinks what men have conformed to in all ages in that matter. If we pass to art or science, we shall see there too the wondrous slavery which men have endured—from puny fetters, moreover, which one stirring thought would, as we think, have burst asunder. The above, however, are matters not within every one's cognisance; some of them are shut in by learning, or the show of it; and plain 'practical' men would say, they follow where they have no business but to follow. But the way in which the human body shall be covered is not a thing for the scientific and the learned only; and is allowed on all hands to concern in no small degree one-half at least of the creation. It is in such a simple thing as dress that each of us may form some estimate of the extent of conformity in the world. A wise nation, unsubdued by superstition, with the collected experience of peaceful ages, concludes that female feet are to be clothed by crushing them. The still wiser nations of the West have adopted a swifter mode of destroying health, and creating angularity, by crushing the upper part of the female body. In such matters nearly all people conform. Our brother man is seldom so bitter against us as when we refuse to adopt at once his notions of the Infinite. But even religious dissent were less dangerous and more respectable than dissent in dress. If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute each wearing one of these hats in order to please the rest. As in the fine arts, and in architecture especially, so in dress, something is often retained that was useful when something else was beside it. To go to architecture for an instance—a pinnacle is retained, not that it is of any use where it is, but in another kind of building it would have been. That style of building, as a whole, has gone out of fashion; but the pinnacle has somehow or other kept its ground, and must be there, no one insolently going back to first principles, and asking what is the use and object of building pinnacles. Similar instances in dress will occur to my readers. Some of us are not skilled in such affairs; but looking at old pictures, we may sometimes see how modern clothes have attained their present pitch of frightfulness and inconvenience. This matter of dress is one in which perhaps you might expect the wise to conform to the foolish; and they have. When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a wilful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty commonplace conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for them-

selves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity. It is worth while to analyse that influence of the world which is the right arm of conformity. Some persons bend to the world in all things, from an innocent belief that what so many people think must be right. Others have a vague fear of the world, as of some wild beast which may spring out upon them at any time. Tell them they are safe in their houses from this myriad-eyed creature: they still are sure that they shall meet with it some day, and would propitiate its favour at any sacrifice. Many men contract their idea of the world to their own circle, and what they imagine to be said in that circle of friends and acquaintances, is their idea of public opinion—'as if' to use a saying of Southey's, 'a number of worldlings made a world.' With some unfortunate people the much-dreaded 'world' shrinks into one person of more mental power than their own, or perhaps merely of coarser nature; and the fancy as to what this person will say about anything they do sits upon them like a nightmare. Happy the man who can embark his small adventure of deeds and thoughts upon the shallow waters round his home, or send them afloat on the wide sea of humanity, with no great anxiety in either case as to what reception they may meet with! He would have them steer by the stars, and take what wind may come to them. And in all things a man must beware of so conforming himself as to crush his nature, and forego the purpose of his being. We must look to other standards than what men may say or think. We must not abjectly bow down before rules and usages, but must refer to principles and purposes. In few words, we must think not whom we are following, but what we are doing. If not, why are we gifted with individual life at all? Uniformity does not consist with the higher forms of vitality. Even the leaves of the same tree are said to differ, each one from all the rest. And can it be good for the soul of a man 'with a biography of its own like to no one else's,' to subject itself without thought to the opinions and ways of others: not to grow into symmetry, but to be moulded down into conformity? —*Friends in Council.*

HALFPENNY SAVINGS AND PENNY BENEFICENCE.

The Report for 1849 has been sent to us of a savings' bank established by some wise and benevolent persons in the poor district of Killinchy in Ireland. The society offers no inducement by way of premium, but merely affords to the poor man a convenient place of security for the deposit of anything he may be able to save—were it but a halfpenny—out of his weekly earnings. 'At the close of this its first year of trial, its managers are much gratified in being enabled to report that no less a sum than L.11, 7s. 8½d. has been received in weekly deposits of one penny and upwards, from depositors among whom are found persons earning on an average only *ninencepence per week*. Of this money, saved by gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost, the sum of L.8, 3s. 7d. (the greater part of which, we may confidently assert, only for this society, would never have yielded any return of comfort to its improvident possessors) has been expended either in payment of rent, or the purchase of warm, useful clothing; leaving a balance now in the hands of the treasurer of L.3, 4s. 1½d.' In the same district a Penny Contribution Fund was raised in 1847, for the purpose of employing aged persons, in that season of scarcity, in spinning yarn. 'Out of the yarn spun at this industrial school of aged and destitute women, 226 webs of cloth have been manufactured since its commencement, three years ago, which has led to the disbursement of L.450. Of this sum, two-thirds, or the sum of L.300, have been circulated among the infirm and helpless in the neighbourhood. Sixty-four spinners, poor and aged persons, utterly unfit for any other work, have been receiving the wages of industry during the above-mentioned period; which, together with 12 weavers employed, makes the number 76 deriving benefit from the fund.'

DRINKING AT MEALS.

It is injurious to drink much at meals. Those who take a large quantity of liquids during dinner generally eat more than those who take less. The sensation of thirst depends upon the quantity of aqueous fluid circulating in the blood. It has been found by physiologists that the most severe thirst of animals is appeased by injecting watery fluids into the blood. A moderate quantity of liquid should be taken at dinner; too large a portion acts inju-

riously by diluting the gastric fluid. Persons whose diet is more animal than vegetable require more liquid during their meals. Drinking before a meal is pernicious, whilst by drinking during a meal the digestive process is promoted. Those who eat fast require more drink than do others, for, as Dr Philip says, 'the food is swallowed without a due admixture of saliva, and forms a dry mass in the stomach.'—*Winslow's Health of Body and Mind.*

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

HARSH is the voice and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our northern clime.
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a Father's love,
When earth thus rest of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of His radiant skies:
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest.
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, over thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere:
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath oppression's rod,
He whispers from His starry throne,
'LOOK UP, OH MAN! AND TRUST IN GOD.'

MUSICAL SPIT.

The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Mario, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes; and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the twelfth air; and a fowl, *à la Flamande*, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth; and so on. It would be difficult perhaps to carry further the love of music and gormandising.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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WHAT IS THE USE OF POETRY?

WHEN Bentham compared pushpin with poetry, and gave in some sort the preference to the former, the heresy awakened much indignation among the tuneless tribe, and even reflected some obloquy upon the system of utilitarianism thus violently divorced from taste. The controversy which ensued was not very satisfactory. The poets did not condemn the principle of utilitarianism—"the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" but they reproved the sordid materialism which limited happiness to the objects of sense, and ridiculed the notion of estimating the value of a thing by 'what it would fetch.' They quoted Aristotle to show that poetry is a still more philosophical and excellent thing than history itself; Bacon, as well as several ancient writers, that it has 'some participation of divineness;' Feltham, that 'a grave poem is the deepest kind of writing;' Augustus Schlegel, saying of an individual poet (Shakspeare), that the world of spirits and nature had laid their treasures at his feet—that he was in strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit; and Coleridge, that poetry had been to him its own exceeding great reward, soothing his afflictions, multiplying and refining his enjoyments, endearing solitude, and giving him the habit of trying to discover the good and the beautiful in everything around him.

All this, it will be seen by reflecting persons, had little or nothing to do with the argument. If utilitarianism, admitted to be true, despises poetry, poetry must be false. It is no defence of poetry to say that it is divine, and the delight and solace of divine natures; for the object of utilitarianism is not happiness, but the happiness of the *greatest number*. It is no refutation of Bentham to laugh at the rival he sets up in opposition to poetry; for there cannot be a doubt that, of the two, the game of pushpin is by far the more generally pleasing as well as intelligible. It would be more to the purpose, we think, to inquire whether Bentham's reach of mind enabled him to see to the end of his own system—whether utilitarianism, considered as a true science, *really* looks upon poetry as a thing of fictitious nature, or is merely supposed to do so through the mistake or constitutional defect of the great philosopher. We owe no obedience, be it observed, to the sayings of Bentham because they are his; but because they are true. Plato, we are told, preferred poetry in its loftiest character to every other human art, and yet Plato banished poetry from his model commonwealth.* The reason of this seeming inconsistency is, that in the time

of Plato, and long before, poetry was the mother of fable and superstition, and a practical misleader of the young and ignorant, who formed the mass of the nation. He, as well as Socrates, were of those free spirits who looked through the mythic framework of religion, and despised, more than they durst avow, the faith of the vulgar. Bentham, on the other hand, lived under quite a different dispensation; and if poetry be a true thing, he can only have rejected it from a deficiency in those finer faculties which would have enabled him to appreciate its importance, and perceive its essential connection with his own science.

If the present were the final age of the world, and society had reached its culminating point, it would be very proper to place poetry low down in a system which sought the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It would be mere waste of time to preach of the divineness of poetry to an audience ninety-nine hundredths of whom were for ever incapable of rising beyond the enjoyments of sense. But the philosophy in question is emphatically the philosophy of progress. It is based upon the natural expansiveness of the human mind; and its object is to confer general happiness by means of general knowledge and enlightenment. Now if poetry is confessedly the solace and delight of superior spirits, of those spirits which are to be looked upon as models by the multitude, so far from being thrown aside as of slight utility in a scheme of progress, it must be lighted up as a beacon to invite and guide. In its higher essence it may be unattainable by the vulgar, but every step towards it is an advance. Thus many of the injunctions of Christianity are impossibilities to human nature in its present stage of development; but it is our duty, notwithstanding, to press forward towards the mark of that high calling, and thus play worthily our parts in the great procession of being in which our individual existence is lost, but yet to which it is necessary.

This points to a mistake which is not confined to the harder natures among the economists. Education is commonly regarded merely as a means of amassing such facts as are adapted to the present constitution of our minds; while knowledge—which, building up the materials of information, looks from them, as from a tower, into the region beyond—is practically overlooked. This is as if we thought the physical world was confined to the sphere commanded by our vision, and never dreamed of any further earthly inheritance. But the sciences that minister to our comfort and sensuous enjoyment, that store our mind with curious and interesting facts, and open out to us the wonders of external nature, are all subordinate to the science of mind. They are merely the information which serves as the groundwork of knowledge. They are the education of our spirits, by means of which we advance to a loftier stage of being.

* Denied by Feltham, who supposes that the philosopher intended the proscription to apply only to the mass or meaner herd of poets.

The restrictedness of view under which we labour is obvious not only in our lives and conversation, but even in the higher enthusiasms of our nature, and in the nobler departments of our literature. To this, for instance, is to be ascribed (as pointed out in a former article) the slow progress we have made in history, which has hitherto been at the best little more than an aggregation of facts bearing upon particular epochs, and coloured by personal predilections and antipathies. Everything is small, special, material, finite. Men and nations are treated of like individuals and tribes in natural history—not as links in a chain of being, the end of which is lost in light as its beginning is in darkness.

Poetry, however, is not what Aristotle tells us it is—a higher philosophy, a higher history. It is something altogether distinct. The poet does not reason, but feel. He cannot communicate his art, although, like Orpheus, he may soften the most rugged natures into sympathy. He cannot teach the expression of harmony, but he may awaken the perception of it. And the mind so awakened will thenceforward hear poetry in every sound of nature, see it in every cloud and sunbeam, handle it in every pleasant thing, inhale it in every flower that blows. And these objects will no longer be merely objects of sense: they will be impressed with a spiritual life, and seem to the beholder as something akin to his own nature, something to love as well as admire. This is the true business of poetry: to breathe a living soul into the dead world, and provide for man, even in the most familiar objects that surround him, wherewithal to appease the cravings of his immortal nature.

To this tendency to the spiritual, which is so remarkable a part of our nature, may be traced (if our theory be correct) the exclusion of poetry from the Platonic republic. The neophyte of the antique world, walking without the light of science in his sacred groves, had no misgiving as to the nature of their poetical denizens:—

'Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits, and delightfully believes
Divinities, being himself divine.'

And owing to the same spiritual tendency, even now, in the midst of a new faith, and after the lapse of thousands of years, the 'fair humanities of old religion' still live in their associations:—

'For still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.'

Poetry is said to be false, because its facts are not true. But what facts can be truer than those that are felt and recognised as truths by the human heart? The free spirit that fought the battle of Marathon is a truth of poetry, which makes the pulse throb and the eyes flash at a distance of between two and three thousand years, and which stamps an imperishable authenticity upon the event. As for the historical facts, it would take but little ingenuity to prove logically that they are a dream, and the perished actors shadows and fictions. Well—let such proof be given, and accepted: What then? Why, then, Marathon remains unchanged—a substantial existence as before, its poetical truth being blazoned indelibly upon the heart! Is Lear a falsehood? Is Othello a falsehood? Is Macbeth a falsehood? They are truer than Alexander, or Charlemagne, or Napoleon, for they are fastened by subtler and stronger ties to the heart, conscience, imagination. Is the Venus de Medici a falsehood, because so perfect a form never walked the earth? She is truer than the woman we loved in

youth. There is not a hair on her head which has not its separate truth in nature, and the whole figure is the essence of truth—a concentration of eclectic loveliness. When the peripatetic teacher declared that poetry was a more philosophical and excellent thing than history, he gave as his reason that its theme was *general* truth, while that of history was *particular* truth; and herein lies the whole question of the fictitious nature of poetry. The beauty of the Venus de Medici is not the beauty of an individual, but a compound of the traits which nature divides among a multitude of her favourites:

'So, when the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled in his piece,
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece;
To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourned in the Aegean isles,
Wooded all their love, and treasured all their smiles.
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined;
Love on the picture smiled; expression poured
Her mingling spirit there, and Greece adored.'

The 'ideal beauty,' as it is called, here described, is a truth of nature, a truth of poetry; while the truth of a portrait, which may be recognised without any exercise of the imagination, is simply a fact. It is true there may be, and sometimes is, something higher and nobler in a portrait beyond the likeness—there may be general as well as individual truth; but in this case it is no longer a mere portrait we behold, but a poem in colours.

Thus it is easy to understand why poetry should be less popular than pushpin. A hundred persons are able to discover a likeness in a portrait for one who can appreciate its poetical truth. The Chinese are said to find great fault with European portraits on account of the shadow of the nose, which they look upon as a ridiculous deformity. It is just so with ourselves in nobler things. We must place ourselves under the tuition of poetry if we seek the development of those higher tastes, the germ of which is implanted in our being—and surely for no idle or unworthy purpose—by the hand of Providence.

Bentham admits that poetry has some merit as a substitute for the amusement of *drinking*; and he was right here, though only by chance, for neither he nor Locke—neither the great utilitarian nor the great metaphysician—comprehended poetry. The practice of drunkenness is the result of our constitutional craving after the poetical—a fatal expedient, resorted to by rude natures in all tribes and conditions of mankind, for the purpose of elevating their thoughts, softening their affections, and ennobling the tame realities of life. Opium and alcohol, these are the treacherous ministers who, in exchange for a brief term of enjoyment, exact the soul of their victim. But in the most evil thing there is always a germ of good; and even from this mean and base propensity we derive an assurance of the upward tendency of man's nature. Poetry, when summoned by such unholy spells, soon loses her goddess look, and appears with the snakes of the Furies hissing round her head; but the fact of her being summoned at all, shows that there is something even in the rudest natures to render men dissatisfied with things in their mere outward forms—something which indicates, like an instinct, that there is a universal soul breathing in, upon, and through the external world. The mechanical means, however, which they resort to for the purpose of opening this new well of enjoyment, unlocks at the same time the fountains of pain and wo; and, like him who ate unworthily of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they have reason to curse the hour that gave the chalice of poetry to their immortal thirst.

It is curious to remark that the special connection apparent, till recent times, in our own country between intemperance and the muse, is observable in the literary

history of various other regions both of the eastern and western world, and more especially among the Chinese, the farthest advanced of the peoples of the East. This connection may be accounted for by supposing that, up to a certain point in refinement and civilisation, the individuals who cultivated the expression of poetical feeling as a calling would be more likely than common men to have recourse to mechanical stimulants of the imagination. The conjecture is the more probable from the fact, that the weakness in question has beset only poets of an inferior grade, while the master spirits, with hardly an exception, have trusted to their own genius and its purer inspirations.

To decry the sacred thirst of poetry is unphilosophical, because it is vain. It is an instinct of man's nature, and man will seek to indulge it in one way or other, whether by wholesome or unwholesome, whether by legitimate or illegitimate means. But being sacred, to deny it is profane; and being a passion of noble natures, it is worthy of encouragement in all. Do not suppose that its tendency is to disgust men with the work they have to do in the world, of whatsoever nature that may be; for it does not elevate the man alone, but all things ascend with him. His daily employment, before a cold and hopeless task, becomes blended with, and coloured by, his domestic affections; his commonest recreations are exercises both of the heart and the fancy; and

* To him the meanest, simplest flowers that blow,
Do raise up thoughts that lie too deep for tears.*

This 'Iron Age,' we are told, is unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry; its machinery is incompatible with imagination; its railways are the antipodes of nature: it is ridiculous to think of putting Parnassus under the plough, and starting a steamboat on Helicon. All this may be very wise and very witty; but to say that industry and poetry are antagonisms (for this is the sum of the whole), is to confound poetry with verse-making. The expression of poetry must still remain the province of a few, but the perception of it—if we would advance the people beyond the dry bones of material life, and lift them above the coarse gratification of the senses—must be extended to the many. The appliances of our Iron Age, so far from being unfavourable to poetry, are more essentially poetical than those of that Golden Age when shepherds, with the aid of oaten stop and pastoral song, 'dallied with the innocence of love.' If an ancient Greek were evoked from his tomb of ages, and set to wander through the wonderful country we term unpoetical, he would be thrilled with mingled delight and awe, and his impressions would gush forth in a torrent of song. The manufactory would be to him a world of poetry; the thunder of its machinery would be, more truly than that of the tempest, the voice of viewless but intelligent spirits; and its productions, changing from rude, shapeless masses, till they came forth perfect in form and beauty, would appear the work of enchantment. The fiery locomotive, skimming like the wind along the surface of the earth, gliding by the side of precipices, spanning gorges and valleys, and plunging with a rush and a roar into caverns as black as Erebus, would take away his breath; while the steam-ship, with her banner of smoke, attempting impossibilities, yea, getting the better of them, sailing defyingly up into the very eye of the tempest, and laughing at the laws of common nature, would seem the realisation of a dream that could have haunted only the brain of a poet. All things in, around, above, beneath us, are grand, beautiful, wonderful, sublime; and the use of poetry is to touch our eyes with that talisman which opens their inner nature to our view. Till this is done, we are surrounded only by cold and lifeless forms—

(A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more!)

and even while storing our minds with myriads of new facts, we remain motionless as to real refinement and

civilisation—if we do not rather seek to gratify the yearnings of our nature after the poetical by such extraneous and unholy means as end both in moral and social ruin.

L. R.

TOWN LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NICHOLAS GOGOL.

THE town of B—, in Lower Russia, is, generally speaking, a particularly dull and uninteresting abode. The houses, built of clay, were originally covered with mortar; but this, softened by the rain, has peeled off in various places, leaving unsightly patches, whose darkness is far from being relieved by the rude thatching of reeds which covers the roofs. According to an all but universal custom in our southern towns, the *gorodnitchi** long since caused the front gardens to be taken away, in order no doubt to embellish the view. In the streets few bipeds are to be seen, except now and then an unlucky stray cock, who stalks along all covered with dust. The first shower converts this dust into mud; and then the town swarms with pigs, grunting portentously, and thrusting their solemn physiognomies against the legs of any horse which may happen to be carrying a traveller. Sometimes a farmer from the neighbourhood, the owner of a dozen serfs, may be seen passing, seated in a vehicle which forms a sort of compromise between the *britzka* and the *telega*, surrounded by sacks of flour, and whipping his bay mare, which is accompanied by her colt. The aspect of the market-place is sad enough. Near it stands the tailor's house, presenting a sharp angle by way of front; at the opposite side rises a tall brick mansion, left unfinished during the last fifteen years; a little farther on may be seen a great isolated bazaar, built of wood, and painted mud-colour. This notable building was constructed by the *gorodnitchi* in the days of his youth, before he had acquired the habit of sleeping after dinner, and drinking every evening a decoction made from dried currants. In the centre of the market-square stands a small low shop, invariably furnished with a pile of round flat cakes, pieces of soap, some pounds of bitter almonds, lead, cotton balls, with an endless variety of other commodities—all presided over by two shopmen, who spend their day in playing the *sedtetra*†. But some time since, the aspect of things was totally changed by the arrival of a cavalry regiment. The streets became more busy and animated when they were filled with moustaches rough and bristly as so many clothes-brushes. Then might be seen passing some tall handsome officer strolling towards a comrade's quarters, perhaps to discuss the chances of promotion, or the properties of some new snuff; or, more likely still, to play cards, and stake his *drozki*, which might fairly be called the *drozki* of the regiment; for amongst the officers it was perpetually changing owners. One day the major might be seen driving in it, the next it would appear outside the lieutenant's stable, and not long afterwards the captain's servant would be busy greasing its wheels. The garden-hedges outside the town became gay with soldiers' garments, hung out to dry, and the roads were enlivened by the continual waving of feathers and glancing of bright steel.

The social animation of the upper classes was much increased by the arrival of the general commanding the brigade. Several wealthy proprietors from the surrounding country came in to call on the officers, and invite them to their houses. After some time, the general resolved to return these civilities by giving a grand dinner, and mighty were the consequent preparations. The whole market was laid under contribution; so that on the day before the entertainment, the judge and the archdeacon were forced to dine on soup-meat and brown bread.

* Chief of police.

† A game which consists in darting an iron rod through a ring fastened in the ground.

Amongst the most distinguished guests was Pythagoras Pythagorovitch Tchertokoutski, a fiery orator at the elections* of the nobility, and the possessor of an elegant equipage. He had formerly served in the army, and continued to wear long spurs and immensomoustaches, in order to make it known that he belonged to the cavalry. He had married a very pretty woman, endowed with a fortune consisting of two hundred serfs and several thousand rubles. The money he employed in the purchase of six beautiful horses, a quantity of showy furniture, and a tame ape. Besides, he engaged a French *maitre-d'hôtel*. His wife's serfs, as well as his own, were pledged for money at the bank. In short, he fully preserved the character of a fashionable Russian gentleman.

The dinner was splendid. There were sturgeons, a belouga,† a sterletta,‡ bustards, asparagus, quails, partridges, mushrooms. The exquisite savour of the dishes testified most favourably for the sobriety of the cook during the preceding twenty-four hours. Four soldiers, who had been sent to assist him, had worked all night at compounding *vapouris* and jellies. Nor were there wanting both long-necked and short-necked bottles of Madeira and Lafitte.

The guests rose from table with an agreeable sensation of languor, and having each lighted a pipe, adjourned to take coffee in the balcony.

'Tovkatchvitch,' said the general, addressing his aide-de-camp, 'will you have the goodness to send for my bay mare? You shall see her, gentlemen, and judge for yourselves.' Here the general expelled a huge mouthful of tobacco-smoke.

'Is it long since your excellency—pouff, pouff, pouff—condescended§ to buy her?' asked Tchertokoutski.

'Pouff, pouff, pou—ou—ou—ouff—not very long: about two years.'

At that moment a loud neighing was heard, and a soldier with immense moustaches, wearing a long white riding-coat, appeared leading by the bridle a fiery-looking, prancing animal.

'Come, come on, Agrafena Ivanovna,' said he, as he drew her towards the balcony.

The general ceased smoking, and looked at her with satisfaction; the colonel descended the steps, and stroked Agrafena Ivanovna's head; the major did the same to her fore-legs; while the other officers produced simultaneously that peculiar noise with the tongue and palate which has so soothing an effect on horses in general.

'She is a fine animal,' said Tchertokoutski; 'very fine indeed. Permit me to ask your excellency, does she go well?'

'Capitally; only that goose of a doctor gave her some medicine which has made her cough during the last two days.'

'Has your excellency got an equipage suitable to so good a mare?'

'No—I can't say I have. I have wished for some time to purchase a new chariot, and I have written to my brother, who lives at St Petersburg, to ask him if he could manage to send me one.'

'I believe, your excellency,' remarked the colonel, 'that the best chariots are those made at Vienna?'

'You're quite right—pouff, pouff, pouff.'

'I have a most excellent chariot, your excellency, made at Vienna,' said Tchertokoutski.

'Is it very easy?'

'So much so, that your excellency would fancy your nurse was rocking you gently in your cradle.'

'Pleasant enough that.'

'Then it is as light as a feather, and as luxurious as

an easy-chair. Besides, one can stow away such a quantity of things in it. When I travelled in it on active service, I always carried ten bottles of rum, twenty pounds of tobacco, six uniforms, all my linen, and two of the longest pipes your excellency ever saw. In the inside lockers you might pack an entire ox.'

'Do you wish to dispose of it?'

'To oblige your excellency, I should have no objection. It cost me four thousand rubles.'

'It certainly ought to be good at that price.'

'Will your excellency do me the honour to condescend to dine with me to-morrow, and you shall see it?'

'I don't know what to say. Alone I could not go; but if you will permit me to bring my aides-de-camp—'

'I shall be highly honoured if all the officers will give me the pleasure of their company.'

The colonel, the major, and the others thanked Tchertokoutski, and accepted his invitation, while the general continued to smoke with perfect tranquillity.

'Your excellency will make acquaintance with my wife.'

'That will give me much pleasure,' said the general politely, as he twirled his moustache.

Of course in the household of Tchertokoutski, although sufficiently well appointed, many preparations were requisite to be made for the next day's entertainment. The master therefore prudently determined to hasten home, and give his wife and cook due notice of what he considered a most important and delightful event. But alas for good resolutions at a dinner party! Whist and punch were introduced simultaneously; and the company, including our hero, drank and played, and drank again, until, by the time supper was announced, scarcely an individual present could distinguish a queen from a knave.

They sat down to a substantial meal, where wine of various kinds was not lacking. Neither did conversation flag; but it was conducted after a strange fashion. A colonel related with much detail his adventures in a battle which had never been fought, and ended by sticking the stopper of a decanter into the upper crust of a pie. A particularly fat little captain, whose arms were so short, that they looked like pendent potatoes, made desperate but ineffectual efforts to extract his snuff-box from the hind-pocket of his coat; and a lieutenant was equally unsuccessful in obtaining his pocket-handkerchief. They began to separate about three o'clock in the morning. The coachmen were obliged to carry many of them down stairs, and lodge them in their respective vehicles like so many sacks of corn. Tchertokoutski himself, notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, bowed so profoundly to the company, that he carried home two thistles* sticking in his moustaches. When he arrived, every one but his valet was asleep, and the master was put to bed in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

The following morning, when his young wife awoke, she found her husband snoring by her side, so profoundly asleep, that she could not find in her heart to rouse him, so, gliding noiselessly into her dressing-room, she finished her graceful toilet, much to her own satisfaction, and then sipped her chocolate, and ate a few delicate biscuits. Afterwards, leaving her husband still asleep, she walked into the garden. It was a calm, lovely summer morning, and the lady enjoyed the pleasant freshness of the pleached alleys among which she wandered, the profound stillness broken only by the distant snoring of the coachman, who, after a hearty meal, was taking his siesta under the shade of a tree.

It was already long past noon when she emerged on an open raised terrace, commanding an extensive view of the high road. Suddenly her attention was attracted by a cloud of dust in the distance, caused, as she quickly discovered, by the rapid approach of several carriages. The first was a light chariot, containing the general and

* The Russian nobility elect a marshal for each district, and another for the province.

† A large kind of sturgeon.

‡ A fish which is only to be found in Russia.

§ In Russia, when an inferior speaks of the actions of his superior, he always employs the verb *tsowl*, which signifies pretty nearly *condescend*. A servant will sometimes say that his master 'has condescended to die.'

* Wild flowers are often scattered on the floor in Russian dining-rooms.

the colonel; then a travelling coach, filled by the captain, the aide-de-camp, and two lieutenants; closely followed by the celebrated droski of the regiment, whose present owner was the fat major. After this came a nondescript vehicle, in which five officers were tightly packed. Finally, three cavaliers on prancing steeds brought up the rear in gallant style.

'Can they be coming here?' thought the lady. Most certainly they were; for they turned off the high road. And the lady, clapping her hands, flew off to the chamber where her husband still lay fast asleep.

'Get up—get up—quick!' cried she, shaking his arm.

'What!—who is it?' muttered Tchertokoutski, stretching himself, without opening his eyes.

'Get up; visitors are coming: the general and all his officers.'

'So soon? Why wasn't I called in time? Is the dinner I ordered ready?'

'What dinner?'

'Did not I order a large dinner?'

'No indeed. You came home at four o'clock this morning unable to speak a word; and out of compassion, I would not have you disturbed all day.'

Out of bed jumped the now thoroughly-aroused Tchertokoutski. 'Horse* that I am!' cried he, striking his forehead; 'what shall we do? I asked them all to dinner. Are they far off?'

'They will be here in a moment.'

'Hide yourself, my love; hide yourself. Hallo!' he continued, calling a servant, 'when the officers come, tell them your master is not at home; that he set out on a journey this morning, and will not be back for some days.'

So saying, he hastily threw on his dressing-gown over his shirt, which had hitherto formed his sole covering, and ran to take refuge in the coach-house, esteeming that the safest hiding-place. When there, however, he began to think he might chance to be discovered; so, jumping into his handsome chariot, he ensconced himself snugly under the seat, and crouched down beneath the leathern apron.

Meantime the visitors had arrived, and descended in due order at the hall-door.

'My master's not at home,' said the servant who answered their loud summons.

'How! Not at home? But he'll be back to dinner?'

'No, please your excellency; my master is gone on a journey, and will not return for some days.'

'Pon my word,' said the general, 'I don't understand this.'

'Cool enough certainly,' remarked the colonel.

'What the deuce!' resumed the angry general: 'how could the man do such a thing? If he could not receive us, why did he invite us?'

'Indeed, your excellency,' remarked a young officer timidly, 'I can't understand how he could do such a thing.'

'What?' said the general, who regularly used this particle when addressed by any officer beneath the rank of captain.

'I was saying, please your excellency, how could any man act so?'

'Certainly. If anything unforeseen had occurred, he ought to have let us know.'

'We have nothing for it but to return as we came,' said the colonel.

'Yes,' replied the general; 'but we may as well take a look at his chariot before we go. I suppose he has not taken it with him. Hallo! boy; come here.'

'What do you please to want, gentlemen?'

'Show us your master's new chariot.'

'This way, please, into the coach-house.'

Enter the general and his suite. They narrowly examined the outside of the vehicle, its wheels and springs.

'Tis nothing at all remarkable,' said the general: 'quite an ordinary chariot.'

'It seems to me, please your excellency, not at all worth four thousand rubles,' observed a young officer.

'What?'

'I was saying, please your excellency, that it is hardly worth four thousand rubles.'

'Four thousand! It is not worth two. Perhaps, however, it may be handsomely fitted up inside. Come, boy, unbutton the apron.'

'And plain before the officers' astonished eyes appeared the crouching Tchertokoutski in his gaudy dressing-gown.

'Ah, there you are!' said the general quietly. And carefully covering him up again with the apron, he and his officers went away.

THE FEATHERED MOUSERS.

BY RUSTICUS.

In my paper about the house-sparrow I had occasion to mention the windhover; and in the notes on mice and rats I just glanced at the services of the barn-owl. It was certainly no more than a mention or a glance, yet I hope sufficient to make the matter clear, without dipping too much into the personal history of the two admirable mousers on behalf of whom I now address the reader.

Notwithstanding her universal proscription by game-keepers, the windhover or kestrel is the commonest of our hawks. How she maintains a footing, seeing that the beautiful kite has disappeared, is a problem worthy the attention of the learned. My solution is at your service. At the proper time of spring and autumn migration there is a very general movement, which I may hereafter more fully explain. The windhovers join this movement. Some cross the Channel southwards in the autumn, but four times the number cross it northwards in the spring. Our continental neighbours understand natural history out of doors far better than we do. They know the windhover, and put a just estimate on her services; we know she is a hawk, and we emphatically pronounce hawks to be vermin, and we destroy vermin by every expedient which our sagacity can invent or our experience recommend. The vernal migration from France makes full amends for the windhovers we annually trap, shoot, and crucify. We can never exterminate a migrant as we do a resident species. The kite was once abundant; it was regarded as a common scavenger, and was highly valued for its services; but as population increased, it was driven from our towns, and having been detected tasting hares' flesh, the fiat of extermination went forth. It is now almost unknown, and the consequent increase of the prolific hare has brought many a poor tenant to the workhouse. The kite seems a resident bird: his extermination could never have been achieved had he crossed the Channel with the windhover and the hobby. There would in that case have been a vernal addition sufficient to replace the annual slaughter. To return to the windhover: she passes southwards at the end of September, the numbers being well thinned during that month. While hovering over stubbles in search of mice, or over grass hunting for grasshoppers, she presents the most attractive mark to gentlemen as well as keepers: the former kill her for practice, the latter as a matter of duty. The southward movement at this season causes a great muster of windhovers in our southern counties. Although numbers cross the Channel, still others remain; so that there are always more of these birds in Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire in the winter than in the summer; while in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the neighbouring counties there are more in summer than in winter.

In all our hawks the female is the larger, stronger, and fiercer sex. This is the case with the kestrels: the females have the best of it in every way. They often

* In Russia the word 'horse' is used as a term of reproach, as 'donkey' is among us.

fight with each other with such a thorough good-will, that nothing but death will part them. A gentleman living a few miles hence told me that one evening while he was out with his gun, watching for rabbits, he saw two hawks meet in the air with tremendous violence, instantly closing with each other. He fired, and killed both: they were female windhovers, and so firmly were they grappled together, that after death he had great difficulty in separating them. Some years ago, a pair of windhovers took possession of an old crow's nest in the little wood opposite the house at Busbridge. In a few days one of the keepers killed the cock, and fixed him up after the manner of our country. The next day there was another cock in attendance, and he too was killed and fixed up; and so on with four, the hen all the while keeping beyond the range of Smallfield's gun. Two days after this she was again mated, and the mate again shot; but this time, instead of falling to the ground, he hung on the bough of a spruce fir. In this position the hen pounced on him, and seizing him in her talons, bore him away. The astonished keeper watched the course she took, and loading again, followed her. He found her in a fallow, and shot her while actually devouring the body of her mate, which she had stripped of every feather. When I was in the Isle of Wight in 1824, I found that the kestrels had a foe almost as formidable as the keepers. A pair of peregrine falcons were breeding in the cliff at Freshwater, and the female would every now and then recreate herself with a chase of a windhover. I have a vivid recollection of a scene of this kind which we witnessed. The evolutions of the birds were energetic and graceful in the extreme. Each strove to the utmost to get the sky of the other—the peregrine to gain the swoop, the windhover to avoid it. The peregrine, once in the ascendant, would cleave the air like a falling thunderbolt; but the windhover, adroitly swerving, would escape the stroke, and rise towering above her foe. In a moment the struggle for the vantage-ground would be renewed, and the same scene enacted again and again. How this terminated I know not, for at last we lost them in the extreme distance. A cliffman, who was with us in the boat, told us he had often seen the wings and feathers of the windhover scattered about the eyrie of the peregrine; and he ought to know, for he had robbed that said eyrie for many years, and had made a handsome profit of the young. It would seem the old saw, that 'hawks don't peck out hawks' e'en,' is not supported by modern instances.

But I must record another encounter, in which a female windhover was one of the combatants, a magpie the other. A magpie's nest was built in a Scotch fir, and carefully covered in a-top with the cuttings of gooseberry bushes—a very favourite mode of architecture with Maggy when gooseberry-cuttings are to be had. I presume the windhover, in passing, had just dropped in to ascertain whether this desirable tenement were to let, thinking she would like to become a tenant for the summer. Mind, I only say *presume*, for I know nothing of the matter. My acquaintance with the affair commenced with a tremendous flapping, screaming, and chattering, almost immediately followed by a confused mass—black, white, and brown—tumbling out of the nest, and falling among the boughs, scratching and clawing, grappling and flapping, screaming and chattering—the feathers flying in all directions, and the combatants tumbling head over heels from bough to bough. Another magpie, attracted by the inviting sounds, soon arrived at the scene of action; but whether from a love of fair-play, or a salutary dread of the fate of those who in quarrels interpose, he kept clear of the combatants, merely hopping round them with intense activity, and chattering in the loudest voice and in the angriest strain. The noise made by the three brought more magpies and more noise, and the hawk soon thought it prudent to relax her hold, and beat a retreat—a movement she executed with such ease and speed, that the chattering train of pies, which at first followed with spirit, were

soon tailed off, and diving into a young plantation of larches, seemed to find comfort in jabbering to each other a recital of the brave feats they would have gladly performed.

And this brings me to the nesting of the windhover; and though I don't like to say that books are wrong when they describe what she builds with, and what she lines with, and such particulars, yet I hope I may say, without hurting the feelings of the most sensitive author, that during twenty seasons' birds'-nesting I never found a nest built by a windhover. From a personal inspection of the homesteads of twenty-six pairs of windhovers, the following statistics resulted:—Seventeen pairs occupied the nests of crows in trees; four pairs occupied the nests of magpies; three pairs occupied the nests of sea-gulls, on ledges of cliffs facing the sea; one pair occupied the nest of a jay in ivy; and one pair occupied the hollow stem of a pollard ash, previously occupied by a pair of screech-owls. The following statement may have its interest with some: in each case I counted and recorded the number of eggs or young ones, with this result:—Three nests contained five each—each of two nests had four young ones and a small addled egg—and the third had five eggs, one smaller than the rest; twenty-one nests contained four each; and two nests contained three each. I conclude, therefore, that windhovers usually occupy the nest of another bird, and also usually bring up four young ones in a brood.

The next point in the history of this bird is her food; and here she certainly takes a wide range—varying her diet according to circumstances and seasons. The standing dish is a rat or a mouse; but lizards, blindworms, caterpillars, cockchafers, grasshoppers, worms, and, on the sea-shore, crabs, and, in the dead of winter, an occasional lark or yellowhammer, appear to be equally acceptable to her palate. Rats and mice seem to be the sole reputed food of the windhover. Your bird-stuffer will always send your windhover home with one of these creatures in his claws, the fur being decorated with a little red sealing-wax, which the beholder's imagination is to convert into blood, supposed to issue from wounds inflicted by the captor. The occupation of mousing is carried on with great success in the autumn, when the mice are busy in the stubbles. The windhover may then be seen perpetually hovering over the fields, keeping her head close to the wind, and moving her wings with the regularity of a pigeon, but without making the slightest change in her position: hence her name. Her assiduity in hunting for grasshoppers, and her skill in catching cockchafers in her claw, and so handing them to her beak, have been recorded long ago. I have often seen these birds in company with cuckoos, searching the long blades of grass for the caterpillars of the burnet-moth; and this association of the two birds may have led to a strange belief, very prevalent in some places, that the cuckoo is a young hawk; that his song is only a cry for food; and that this of course ceases in autumn, when he is able to shift for himself. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable food for a hawk is the little crab to be found on all our shores. I do not know that this is a common food, even of the maritime windhovers; yet having seen one of these birds carrying off a crab, and, in order to be certain, having made her relinquish it, I conceive it would be unjust on the part of the historian to omit the crab from the list of her occasional indulgences.

Let us now turn to the screech-owl, a gentleman who pursues much the same kind of game as the windhover, but in a somewhat different manner and time. While the hawk is hovering over a stubble, the owl is dozing away her hours in a hollow tree; and while the hawk is slumbering on her perch, the owl is beating the fields on noiseless pinions. It is beautiful to watch the owl thus occupied. With what perseverance, with what method, with what untiring industry, does he seek his prey—sometimes following the direction of the furrows, sometimes taking the lands transversely! With what

unerring skill does he seize the little marauder with his talons! With what a triumphant scream does he now and then proclaim from afar that he is bearing food to his young! A pair of screech-owls once nested in our old barn, and they seemed to have young to feed from early spring to quite late in the autumn. I used to watch the old ones go forth to their hunting-grounds, and watch also for their return. I observed that, before entering the barn, they invariably pitched on the corner of an old outhouse just by: it was only for a few seconds; but something was always done here, and I determined to learn what. So one day I boarded up the front of this shed, and stuck a short pole out at the corner, thus offering the owls a more convenient perching-place than before, and so situated, that I could see from within the shed what use they made of it. When evening came I went to the garden-gate as heretofore, to observe proceedings: the owls passed and repassed, eyeing the shed and pole with distrust, and never once pitching on either; indeed they went about purposely to avoid it, or else to convince me that they entirely disapproved of the new arrangement. But their aversion to the change wore off with its novelty, and at the end of a week I saw one of them using the pole for a perching-place, just as he formerly used the corner of the shed. Next day I shut myself up in the outhouse by broad daylight, and patiently waited for dusk. I saw both owls pass within three yards of me on their way to the hunting-grounds, but full twenty minutes elapsed before their return. I kept my eye constantly at a wide crack that opened towards the field by which I knew they would return. Presently one topped the hedge, and came directly towards me; he held something in his foot, certainly a mouse, head and tail hanging down. On he came; he alighted on the pole, stooped his head, took the mouse in his beak, turned his broad face and great eyes full on the crevice I was looking through, and then silently floated through the open window of the barn. I saw all this again and again; and when both my friends were far away at their hunting-grounds, I left my hiding-place, and went in to supper, well pleased with the success of my experiment. The visit to the shed was often repeated, and sometimes in company with others. Generally the owls returned silently to their perch; but sometimes, especially before rain, they announced their return by a loud scream. Screech-owls never hoot. They have four notes, or rather noises: the first is a kind of hiss; the second a kind of snore; the third a kind of plaintive call-note, not very unlike the pewee's; and the fourth is that loud scream always uttered on the wing, which constitutes, as I suppose, their title to the name of screech-owls. A word more about the pair in our barn: one of my visitors, delighted with watching them from the shed, determined on a visit to our owl-cot, as we called the corner of the barn they had selected for their eyrie. He wished to make an inspection of the family arrangements, and he well-nigh paid the penalty of his curiosity: both the old birds flew at his head; and his hat, hastily pulled over his eyes, luckily saved him from claws that would have disfigured his physiognomy for life.

I have said that these owls had young ones to feed throughout the summer and autumn: I will explain how this is, and how I came to find it out. In the first place, owls are hatched almost naked, and in a very helpless state, and are at least twice as long as other birds before they can shift for themselves; in the second place, the female lays eggs in pairs, and she lays a second pair after the first pair is hatched. The young soon become covered with down, and look much like powder-puffs, and the warmth of their bodies keeps the eggs warm—warm enough, as I imagine, to hatch them without any regular sitting on by the mother. I cannot say positively that she does not sit at all on any eggs but the first; most likely she does; but this I know, that she does not sit regularly, being away half the night mousing for her first-born. When the second pair of eggs is hatched, these want feeding too: I suppose the

big pair are fed with big field-mice, and the little pair with little harvest-mice; but, mind, I don't lay this down as a fact; I merely give them credit for so clever an arrangement; for, in virtue of their adoption by so sage a personage, we may fairly suppose the birds of Minerva to be the wisest of all birds. Thus a constant succession of young is kept up. Now I believe it is well known that nestling birds eat double or treble as much as old ones: such is certainly the fact, and the quickness of their growth in a great measure explains it. A young bird on leaving the nest is almost as big as his mother; and as this commonly happens in a very few weeks, the rate of growth is prodigious, and certainly the supply of food is bountiful in proportion. It is obvious to me that the prolonged season of feeding, in the instance of the screech-owl, compels that bird to do the greatest quantity of good. It seems as though these persecuted creatures were commanded to serve mankind to the utmost. But to my tale:—

One day in October 1822 I was sauntering along a lane between Munstead and Hascomb, when, just as I passed a great pollard oak, I saw a screech-owl come out of a hole from which once issued a tolerably large branch. I tapped the trunk with the butt-end of my gun, and immediately afterwards heard a response from within—that noise which Bewick calls snoring. Of course I laid down my gun, and climbed the tree, which was certainly one of the toughest tasks I ever undertook; there was scarcely a twig to hold on by, and the bole was uncomfortably large. I think the top of this tree must have been snapped off by the wind, or perhaps struck by lightning at some remote time, for a lot of short, thick, worm-eaten splinters stuck up amongst vigorous boughs, giving the tree a very odd appearance. There is something curious in the way life and death contend for the mastery in an old tree. Life is continually supplying new branches—ay, and vigorous ones too—new wood, and new bark, which gradually creeps on, and at last hides old decayed spots or wounds. Death works his silent way from the centre day by day, reconverting particles of solid wood into its kindred dust, hastening it back to earth, from whence it sprang. To proceed: the treat of inspecting the interior of this tree was not to be obtained; so I put on a thick leathern glove, and thrust my arm up to the shoulder into the hole whence Mr Gillihoelet made his exit. The produce of the first grasp was an owlet of very respectable size, quite three parts grown, and too well feathered to be trusted alone, so I buttoned him in the pocket of my shooting-jacket, and tried my luck again: this time an owlet came to light less than half the size of the first, and apparently youthful in proportion to his littleness; he was also consigned to the pocket; and then a third exactly like the second. After a good deal of groping about, I felt pretty sure there were no more owls or owlets to be found, but there was something very much like eggs; so I ventured to feel with an ungloved hand, and brought out three eggs, one at a time. They were very warm, and seemed half-buried in something very much like highly-dried pulverised mice, which I presume to have been produced by long tramping on the pellets cast up by the old owls. Having carefully deposited one egg in each waistcoat pocket, and a third in my mouth, and having screwed up in paper some of the dust, I commenced my descent, and landing in safety, proceeded to examine my treasures. One of the old owls returned in the meantime, and, perched on a bough at a little distance, strove to look as philosophical as possible under her loss. Determined to understand as much as possible of this happy family, I proceeded to pierce the eggs. One was addled—this was not the one I had brought down in my mouth—the others were 'set hard,' as our countrymen express it. The owlets were too far advanced towards hatching to admit of their being blown. I felt sorry for having destroyed the eggs; but I made what amends I could by again climbing that difficult tree, and replacing the three young ones where I found them—first, however, submitting them to a

searching examination, and pencilling down these 'mems.' in my book.

Like the windhover, the owl occasionally varies his diet with a dor-beetle, a cockchafer, or a shrew; but the food of both these birds is essentially murine. 'Mice and rats are their support, and the numbers they destroy are far beyond our powers of calculation. Oh that I could enact laws for protecting them against the keeper and the sportsman, and especially against those they so especially befriend—the farmer and the gardener! And oh that I could protect the owl from ignorance and superstition!—that ignorance and superstition which screams out 'the nasty owl is come for the dying one,' if perhaps a nightingale or willow-wren, on its passage to a milder clime, beats against the window of a sick-room, attracted by the midnight lamp. The idea is equally foolish and fatal—fatal not only to the poor unoffending owl, but fatal also to the crushed spirit of the sufferer, who too often believes the senseless prediction.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

SCENE: A SMALL STUDY IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE—A GLASS-DOOR OPENING INTO THE GARDEN.

[Mrs Wright and Judy.]

Mrs Wright. COME in. Oh, Judy, is it you? Come in and sit down, and tell me what you want with me?

Judy. (*Seating herself at once.*) Bedad, my lady, I'm after comin' here a power o' times strivin' to spake to yer ladyship, an' niver could git so much as a sight o' ye.

Mrs Wright. I am always in this room after breakfast, waiting to see any one who may happen to have business with me. I sit here regularly from ten to eleven o'clock, and I certainly never saw you at the glass-door till this morning.

Judy. Oh, my lady; sure I didn't suppose you would use me like the common sort—me that was rared dacent, an' didn't mane to trouble you, but jist to ask a question, an' no more about it.

Mrs Wright. It is not out of any disrespect to you, Judy, that I was not able to see you at another hour—

Judy. (*Rising, and making a curtsy.*) I am obliged to ye, my lady.

Mrs Wright. But as I have a good deal to do, I am not certain of being found at home or at leisure at any hour of the day; so, for the convenience of both parties, I thought it best to fix an hour when you would all be sure to see me.

Judy. That makes a differ certently. Well, I suppose as I am here, I may as well spake what I have to say, if it's not inconvenient?

Mrs Wright. Not at all: speak out at once. What can I do for you?

Judy. (*Sighing.*) Times is very hard, my lady.

Mrs Wright. We require to exert ourselves to get on in them certainly.

Judy. An' I'm willin' to do it—proud an' willin' to do it; and that brought me to yer ladyship, to see if there was e'er a little situation about yerself or the young ladies—may the Lord keep them an' you in health an' happiness!—that would shuit me, an' bring in a little armin'; for I declare to God I'm a'most naked. It's a borrowt cloak an' a borrowt coat that's on me this blessed day, and my mother's apron—God bless her!—an' so many of us boys an' girls strivin' to keep the bit an' the sup amongst them, that I may say she's a'most broke with it.

Mrs Wright. I am really glad to find, Judy, that you have the courage to begin to earn your own livelihood; and if I can in anyway help you to it, you may depend on my most ready assistance. What would you wish to do? What do you feel yourself more particularly fit for?

Judy. Anything at all, my lady. I am jist fit for any situation at all that's not anyway onrasonable; for I'm wake in meself, my lady, an' rared in dacency, an' could take the care of childer, or wait on young ladies, or the like of them sort of respectable attaindencies.

Mrs Wright. The care of children! You would not find that a situation suited to weakly health. There is almost no place requiring more strength of body or more evenness of temper.

Judy. Timper, my lady! Thank God there's none can fault my timper. It's too quiet I am, an' let's the people impose on me, I do, with my quietness of timper. An' for stringth—glory be to God!—I'm strong an' able, as the neighbours can testify; an' far more than that, if I had it to do; an' that's all that's in it for strongness anyway.

Mrs Wright. You don't quite understand me, Judy.

Judy. Beggin' yer pardon, my lady, I do; an' more. An' for caryin' childer, walkin' out with them, an' kapin' them clane, an' hushaby the baby, an' all the contrarieness of them—swate innercent cratures!—I'll go bail there's ne'er a girl in Ireland better shuited to the work than meself, though I say it.

Mrs Wright. (*Smiling.*) Still, Judy, more may be required of you in this line, in a really respectable family, than you are at all aware of; and—

Judy. Respectable! Sure it's into no other I would go by any means, nor would yer ladyship wish me.

Mrs Wright. Surely not; but as the duties of a nurse or nursemaid have altered very much of late years, and as perhaps some other department might suit you better, suppose you were to think of—

Judy. I've no objection to be lady's-maid—none in life, my lady; an' in regard of sittin' up of a night when they would be at their parties, an' company, an' that, of coorse the ladies would consider that I should have my good sleep out of a mornin'.

Mrs Wright. Can you cut out and make a gown, Judy?

Judy. (*Turning herself round.*) I make my own, my lady: cuts it, an' shews it, an' shapes it, an' fits it: an' my caps as well; an' trims my own bonnet; an' let me see the girl that goes more tidy to fair or chapel than Judy Flanagan. (*Curtysing.*)

Mrs Wright. You are always very neat, Judy—very neat and tidy for your condition; but a fine lady requires a great deal more from her maid than you have had an opportunity of learning. If you want really to earn your bread, I am willing to help you to do it; but it must be in a rational way. You must begin at the beginning; and if you are in earnest in going to service, take service properly under some better-instructed person than yourself, who will teach you your business. I am in want of an under-housemaid. Will you take the place?

Judy. Tache me my business! Under Nancy Fox, I do suppose? Is it my father's daughter will go under Billy Fox, the ould cobbler's orphan? No, my lady—glory be to God in heaven! I'm not so low as that. What can she tache me that I require to know?

Mrs Wright. To do the work of a gentleman's house, of which you must be entirely ignorant. Nancy Fox, luckily for her, had no one to interfere with her progress. She went steadily through all the classes of the National School. She came to me to be under my late housemaid, Kitty Flinn, who married so comfortably last year; and she has thus qualified herself to be upper-housemaid now in her stead, as you may qualify yourself in your turn by and by to succeed her.

Judy. Is it Nancy? Thank you, my lady, an' I'm obliged to you; but I'm not come to that yet! An' I wish you good-mornin' all the same, ma'am, though you've been poisoned agin me by those as I know of. But I dar' thim all, fornint their face or behint their back, to say anything but what's truth o' me or thim that owns me!

Mrs Wright. You are mistaken, Judy; no one has ever said a word to me against you.

Judy. They darn't, my lady.

Mrs Wright. You have done yourself more harm than any one else could have done you. Still, I forgive you, and I will serve you if I can; but not now: you must suffer a little more first. Pride, and idleness, and vanity, must all be punished a little further before either I can help you, or you will profit by my help. Go home, good girl, for another month or two, and then come back to me again.

Judy. You wouldn't have a piece of an ould coat, my lady, nor an ould apron, nor a hankercher, that you could give me for coverin'? I declare I'm a'most ashamed to face the people the way I am, with scarce a tack upon me.

Mrs Wright. No indeed, Judy, I have nothing to give that you will find useful, I fear; and I can say nothing more at present. See, there are several of our friends outside waiting to see me.

Judy. Well, I wish your ladyship good mornin', an' thanks for yer advice. An' surely God he knows I did my best anyway!

PALACE OF THE POPES.

THE expected return of the sovereign pontiff to Rome, to resume his residence in the Vatican, will probably be thought to impart considerable interest to an account of that singular palace. Few among the travellers who have visited the Eternal City have entered into a description of the Vatican; and no one, we believe, has popularly delineated it, together with the buildings and establishments which should always be taken in conjunction with it, as parts of one great whole.

Among the ancient divisions of Rome, the Mons Vaticanus occupied a prominent place, though much less thickly inhabited than many other quarters. Early in the decline of the Empire—according to some in the fourth, and to others in the fifth century—the Christian bishops erected themselves a dwelling on this mount. Of its ancient condition, however, little or nothing is known. It was inhabited for a short time by Charlemagne, and a long succession of popes enlarged and adorned it with the wealth poured into the pontifical coffers by all Christendom, until it at length became in many respects the most extraordinary edifice inhabited by man. It now contains within itself a perfect world of art. Genius of the first order has been employed in decorating its walls, in planning its halls, galleries, and corridors, and in grouping together those innumerable monuments of all ages which lie collected beneath its marvellous roof.

To describe these in order and at length would require many volumes and the labour of years; but some idea may perhaps be formed of the whole from that cursory glance which we are about to cast over it. Most visitors content themselves with admiring the Basilica of St Peter's, or the Sistine Chapel, or the Loggia of Raphael. In many instances neither their knowledge nor their taste qualifies them for judging of the system of grandeur which develops itself, like a mimic universe, before the eye in the innumerable chambers of the Vatican. Some small fragments of its splendour we are, at second-hand, enabled to admire by elaborate criticisms on the Belvidere Apollo, the Minerva Medica, the 'Last Judgment,' and the 'Transfiguration.' But with these our imagination seldom connects the thousand other creations of art which on the spot dispute the palm with these much-vaunted productions, and, in the estimation of many, bear it away triumphantly.

You enter the Vatican by a large doorway in the colonnade of St Peter's, just as you do Covent-Garden Theatre from the piazza, and come immediately upon the Scala Reggia, a magnificent flight of steps which branches off to the right and left, conducting to different suites of apartments. To enhance the grandeur of this staircase, the natural laws of perspective have been artificially interfered with, so that the

eye imagines itself to be traversing an immense distance, though the real space it commands be comparatively confined. Arriving at the summit, you are at what is called the Royal Hall, because there the sovereign pontiffs are accustomed to give audience to the ambassadors of kings. The highly-projecting cornice of white and gold is converted into a gallery by having a balustrade run all round. The ceiling consists of a series of coffers of pure white, varied in size and form, and the walls beneath are covered with pictures in fresco, by Georgio Vasari, Giuseppe Porta, and others; and terminate as a skirting of various-coloured marble, which extends all round the apartment.

Standing in the Scala Reggia you behold a number of superb portals, leading all to chapels or apartments of European celebrity: the Sistine on the left, the Pauline on the right; and beside these, the Ducal Hall, and chambers containing pictures by Marco de Paenza and Giovanni d'Udino. Turning into the Pauline Chapel, we are first struck by its magnificent architecture. It consists of one long vault, the ceilings adorned with coffers in the usual manner, and the walls divided by pilasters into compartments covered with fresco paintings. Among these there are two—the 'Conversion of St Paul,' and the 'Crucifixion of St Peter'—by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. The altar, at the farther extremity, is adorned with two beautiful columns of porphyry, surmounted by the figures of two angels. During the ceremony regularly performed on Easter-week, this chapel is for forty hours filled with a blaze of light from wax tapers, the smoke of which has blackened the ceilings, and dimmed all the creations of the pencil. Traversing the Royal Hall, we enter the Sistine Chapel, similar in form and construction, except that the ceiling is here elliptical, and covered with a profusion of paintings by Michael Angelo, said to have been all executed in twenty months. Among the subjects represented are the Creation and the Deluge, things which transcend the powers of art, however vast, and excite in the spectator a strong feeling of disappointment. The walls, divided into three tiers of compartments, are painted in the lowest portion with imitations of crimson drapery; in the next with subjects of the Scripture; and in the third with representations of statues in niches. On the wall above the choir is painted Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' which covers 900 square feet, and took the great artist eight years to complete; on the left of the choir stands the pope's throne; and on the right the benches for the cardinals, above which is the musicians' gallery. Here, during the performance of the 'Miserere,' are heard some of the finest singing and music in Italy. On such occasions the chapel is densely crowded, and a red light is cast over the sea of heads by numerous flambeaux. The multitude is hushed; and then instruments and voices, mingling together, roll intoxicating floods of sound over the excited worshippers.

The Scala Ducale, built originally for the reception of the princes of the Papal States, is now appropriated to the consecration of cardinals, and the annual washing by his holiness of the feet of twelve poor pilgrims, which has now degenerated into a theatrical exhibition. Passing through this, we enter the arcades known by the name of Raphael's Loggia. Here the genius of the greatest of modern artists has displayed all his prolific powers of creation. Tier above tier, the pictures rise to the ceiling, displaying the utmost perfection of forms and colours, and a lavish exuberance of composition discoverable in the works of no other painter. The series of domes of which the roof consists is painted with architectural ornaments, trellis-work covered with vines relieved against a light-blue sky, and filled here and there with birds of Oriental plumage in the gayest hues of summer. No language can convey an idea of the blaze of colours and variety of forms which meet the eye in the innumerable frescoes. Every remarkable event in Scripture history, from the Creation to the Crucifixion, or rather to the writing of the Apocalypse,

seems here to meet the eye; narrated, if we may so say, by the pencil with a brevity inimitable by words. The pictures extend over three sides of a quadrangle, and every inch of wall and pillar is covered with painting.

From the Loggia we pass into the Borgia apartments, adorned with allegorical pictures and representations of the personages of the mythology, mingled in strange confusion with Scriptural pieces. Next follows the Corridor of Inscriptions, containing sarcophagi, statues, pedestals, and pagan altars. It consists of one single apartment, 993 feet in length, and may be said to present to the eye in one vast group the most interesting monuments of pagan antiquity. Parallel with this runs another corridor of equal length, of which you obtain a complete view through a series of arched portals, some flanked with beautiful columns of porphyry or marble, and all adorned with jambs and lintels of the same materials.

Here learning may literally be said to sit enthroned, since we witness on all sides a sort of apotheosis of books which contain all that the ancient or modern intellect has piled up for the enlightenment of mankind. These are arranged in painted, closed wooden cases, resembling a long succession of wardrobes, interspersed with a few glass cabinets stored with antiques. At the eastern end is a small garden, where are preserved a colossal pine-apple of gilded bronze, eleven feet in height, and two peacocks of the same material, all discovered in the mausoleum of Hadrian. Along the western side a series of large, low windows open on the Papal gardens, which in the spring are brilliantly carpeted with the most exquisite flowers, among which are numerous rare specimens of the ranunculus. The corridor of the Library is connected with that of Inscriptions by a magnificent apartment about 180 feet in length by 51 in breadth. The ceiling, opening from double rows of columns, is painted in the most delicate arabesque by Zuccari. The representations of plants and flowers are in the highest degree light and exquisite. The ceiling terminates in a cornice of white and gold extending round the whole apartment. The pillars seem to rest on pedestals of wood, finely carved, which contain the books, and support numerous splendid vases and objects of art and antiquity. At either end, between the first and second columns, is a ponderous table of red Oriental granite, supported by figures of slaves, as large as life, in bronze. In the spaces between the pillars is a profusion of vases, candelabra, and pedestals, with a curious spirally-fluted column of Oriental alabaster.

The books are locked up, but permission to consult them may easily be obtained. Among them is a splendidly-illuminated Bible, the most ancient copy of the Septuagint, and the earliest Greek version of the New Testament, with many other rare and curious manuscripts. Of these fair copies have been made, and placed beside the originals, at once to save visitors the trouble of deciphering, and to preserve the volumes from being worn out. The books contained in the prohibited list are said to be stowed away in particular cases, accessible only to the priests, who are supposed to be preserved from contamination by their sacred character: the Index Expurgatorius is made only for the people.

In the vestibule at the end of the Library is a finely-preserved specimen of the asbestos winding-sheet, in which, in later ages, the bodies of the dead were consumed on the funeral pile. This cloth, known to be incombustible, preserved the ashes from mingling with those of the pile itself, and being thus lost to the friends of the departed.

Traversing a number of apartments and galleries, we enter the Chiaromonti Corridor, 500 feet in length, probably the finest sculpture gallery in the world. Here are preserved more than 700 statues, busts, bas-reliefs, &c. delineated and described in the *Musea Chiaromonti*, a work of singular beauty and exactness. From this we pass into the Braccio Nuovo, adorned with pillars of Cipollino marble, and containing forty-three statues and seventy-two busts.

Among the statues is the celebrated *Minerva Medica*, found among the ruins on the Esquiline Hill, which were then popularly called the Temple of *Minerva Medica*. It is of Parian marble, and regarded as one of the most finished specimens of Hellenic sculpture. It is the practice among connoisseurs to visit this statue at night, as all its exquisite beauty and symmetry are supposed to be best brought out by twilight. Besides, at such a time, a sculpture gallery always shows to most advantage; for the imagination almost infuses life into the marble, and fills the air with an influence scarcely felt by day. Other famous statues found in this gallery are those of *Iais* and *Sanymede*; to which we may add a figure of *Artensis* in mosaic, of ancient workmanship, forming part of the pavement. There is likewise a colossal recumbent statue of the Nile, surrounded by sixteen diminutive figures representing symbolically the cubits of the Nilometer.

From the corridor Chiaromonti we ascend by a broad flight of steps to the Egyptian Museum, which once contained a portrait of George IV., and plaster-casts of the Elgin marbles, now, for some reason or other, removed to the Lateran Palace. The antiquities from the valley of the Nile are more superbly mounted than anywhere else in Europe, the cases resting on magnificent marble tables, with pillars and claws of birds and beasts. In many cases, however, these antiquities are of small dimensions, and probably also of small value—consisting of papyrus rolls, utterly unintelligible, and idols of bronze and terracotta, supposed to have been found in the tombs of the kings near Thebes. There are likewise several mummies of birds and other animals, erroneously said to have been taken from the same tombs, though discovered no doubt in the vicinity of Memphis, the great storehouse of antiquities of this description. Among the human mummies is one divested of its cerements, and exposed in all its hideous deformity to the gaze of the visitors. Among the colossal statues are two or three of *Anubis*, or the dog-star, supposed to preside in a peculiar manner over the inundation of the Nile.

This museum terminates in a very original and beautiful manner with the representation of an Egyptian portico adorned with hieroglyphics and granite columns; with a ceiling representing the blue sky studded with stars, and commanding through the intercolumniation a view of the sandy desert, dotted with palm-trees, and stretching away till the blue sky descends on the distant horizon.

Returning to the entrance of this museum, we ascend by another flight of steps to a suite of the Belvidere apartments, known commonly by the name of the Museo Pio Clementino. Here the principal objects of curiosity are—a bust of *peperino marble*, supposed to be that of the poet *Ennius*; and a sarcophagus of the same material, in which once reposed the ashes of *Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus*, grandfather of *Scipio Africanus*. These two remains were found at the foot of Mount *Aventine*. In the same apartment is one of the most celebrated monuments of Grecian sculpture—a mutilated statue of *Hercules*, known commonly under the name of the *Belvidere Torso*. This fragment was found among the ruins of the Baths of *Caracalla*, and belongs to the last age of Hellenic art. It is the work of an Athenian sculptor, *Apollonius*, son of *Nestor*, whose name is cut in antique characters on the marble. Though the statue has neither arms nor legs, it seems possible to determine its attitude, when entire, from indications in the posture of the body, and from its resemblance to another monument preserved in the *Villa Albani*. It represents the hero after his apotheosis, reclining in *Olympus* in a state of beatitude, his right arm thrown over his head in intense repose, and his eyes fixed serenely on the sky. Among the other antiquities is a statue of *Meleager* and his dog, the colossal bust of *Trojan*, and two bassi-relievi—the one representing an ancient seaport, the other the apotheosis of *Homer*.

We then traverse a wilderness of apartments, corridors, galleries, and vestibules, which surround the octagonal court called the Cortile Belvidere, in the middle of which is a fountain. This court is surrounded by a portico, supported by sixteen granite pillars, in the intercolumniations between which are some of the most celebrated works of art in the world. Among these, the first of course is the Apollo Belvidere, the most noble representation of the human form that has come down to us from antiquity. Of this statue there have been descriptions without number, while casts are so multiplied, that they have diffused the idea of it throughout the civilised world. Still, nothing but a profound study of the marble can afford a satisfactory conception of its beauty and majesty. The proportions are somewhat above that of the human figure, but so replete is it with the spirit of grandeur, that it excites a much more powerful feeling of the sublime than the most colossal statues of Egypt or Asia.

Next after the Apollo, the most remarkable statue is that of a Bacchic nymph, recumbent, and in a state of deep sleep. The artist has represented most successfully the attitude of extreme repose, and adjusted the limbs so as to suggest the idea of dreamy enjoyment. In what is called the fifth niche is the celebrated group of Laocoon and his two sons, interlaced in the folds of the serpent. This is one of the few examples of the horrible left us by antiquity, and belongs to that period of art in which the striking was substituted for the beautiful. It is ably executed, but in bad taste, as it is not the object of art to suggest ideas of torture and suffering.

There are several statues of Venus—one grouped with Love, another bathing, and a third bearing the emblems of victory. Minerva, too, and the other goddesses are there; so that, standing near the centre of the court, the eye may command almost at one view all the more powerful denizens of Olympus, besides groups innumerable of Bacchantes, Fauns, and animals.

We next proceed to the Sala degli Animali, so called from the numerous figures of animals there found in conjunction with those of men and heroes. Several of the achievements of Hercules are there represented in marble—as his destruction of Geryon, his contest with Cerberus, the death of the Nemean lion, and of Diomedes. Next to these are a symbolical figure of Mithra stabbing a bull, an equestrian statue of Commodus, a Nereid, and a Centaur. Scattered in confusion around are figures and groups of animals—a sphynx in alabaster; a dolphin swimming in a sea of white marble; a crab of green porphyry; a lion devouring a horse; a sow and litter of white marble; a cow of bigio, with dogs, serpents, eagles, stags, otters, scorpions; a leopard of alabaster, inlaid with spots of black marble; and a lion of Porta Santa, with tongue of rosso antico, and teeth of white marble.

This leads into the gallery of statues and busts, though the name might with equal propriety be given to half the chambers in the Vatican. Here are found so many remains of antiquity, that a whole volume would scarcely suffice to describe them. Among these are exquisite representations of Artemis, Aphrodite, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, gods, heroes, and kings, arranged in two long lines; and at the extremity of the vista is beheld the jewel of the whole collection—the figure of Ariadne asleep. A singular charm belongs to almost every representation of this Cretan princess, whose wrongs and sorrows have excited the sympathy of mankind for more than three thousand years. Here, dressed in the most graceful manner, she lies upon the ground in a quiet repose, every limb, attitude, and posture being calculated to suggest the idea of celestial slumber. With unusual taste they who superintended the arrangement of the gallery have placed this sleeping beauty in a position which suggests the idea that all the vast assembly of divinities and mortals there assembled are engaged in watching the slumbers of Ariadne.

Traversing several chambers of various dimensions,

but all adorned with splendid mosaics, arabesques, and paintings representing fruits, flowers, and vines, and enriched with the varied creations of art, we arrive at the grand hall of the Greek Cross, so named from its being built in that form. It is regarded as an architectural masterpiece, and is constructed upon a circular area in such a manner, that the limbs of the cross are represented by the areas of four arches that support the domed ceiling, lined with plain white stucco. The pavement, partly of inlaid marble, and partly of ancient mosaic, is separated into two parts by a balustrade which serves to protect the head of Athena, surrounded by fantastic arabesques. The portal by which we enter is the most magnificent in the Vatican, with jambs and lintels of highly-polished red Oriental granite, flanked by a pair of colossal statues of Egyptian deities, which serve as caryatides to support a broad and heavy entablature above. The doors are formed of two enormous slabs of dark wood, with ornaments of gilded bronze; and above the whole is a splendid marble basso-relievo representing a combat of gladiators and wild beasts. A few statues and busts form the sole contents of this magnificent hall, on one side of which is the grand staircase leading to the upper apartments of the palace. The steps are of Carrara marble, the balustrades of an intermixture of the same material and bronze, the whole producing a gorgeous effect upon the eye. Ascending this superb staircase we find ourselves in the Hall of the Racing-Chariot, sculptured in white marble, the whole supported on a prodigious block of verde antico. Around, in niches and on pedestals, are numerous ancient statues. Out of this chamber we pass through a door of glass and iron into the Hall of Candelabra, of capacious dimensions, where the spectator enjoys the most splendid *coup-d'œil* in the Vatican, through long ranges of candelabra, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship, interspersed with Egyptian and Hellenic statues, marble tazza, vases of crystal, alabaster, and serpentine; figures sculptured in coffee-coloured basalt and black granite, with red crystals; columns of porphyry, of variegated marbles, rare red and white granite, and a profusion of bassi-relievi, mosaics, paintings, and every kind of ancient monuments.

Beyond this we mount to the Gregorian Museum, in obtaining permission to view which strangers experience great difficulty; and even when there, are rigidly prohibited from making notes. They must therefore trust to their memory, which, in such a Noah's ark of antiquities, is sure to mislead. This accounts for one learned Theban's comparing a beautiful statue of Mercury to a new chimney-pot, simply because the colour reminded him of that useful article, which is not always red. The man who shows you round has had his nose inflamed by the statue to the colour of that of Bardolph; and as he is particularly active and vigilant, he sometimes puts consoenti out of temper. There are here about a thousand Etruscan vases, taken from the tombs, which, if they represent scenes similar to what are there found, may well be concealed by the popes from the prying eyes of northern visitors, and kept for their own exclusive pleasure. To this succeeds an immense apartment, which may be called the *boudoir*, or dressing-room of the goddesses, since it is filled with all sorts of female ornaments—tiaras, mitres, fillets, some of pure gold, exquisitely wrought in filigree, with leaves of vine, myrtle, and olive. There is one of oak, each leaf of which has the exact resemblance of nature even to the minutest fibres; and these are overlaid, one over another, like the feathers at the end of a peacock's tail, to a considerable thickness. One ingenious traveller suggests that modern ladies might imitate these head-dresses with great effect. Passing this, we enter the great Gallery of Tapestry, then the Hall of Maps, and the Picture Gallery, and the Camera di Raffaele, containing some of the greatest productions of modern art. Other galleries, corridors, halls, courts, vestibules, and suites of apartments follow in interminable succession,

fill the eye and the imagination droop from sheer satiety.

Had the Vatican been built from a regular design, or on any intelligible plan, it might probably have appeared less wonderful than it is, because the mind would have been able to form at once a conception of the whole. At present, it appears like one of the enchanted palaces of the East, in which you might wander for ever without emerging from the labyrinth. You mount, you descend, you turn to the right, to the left, and everywhere find yourself in a blaze of grandeur, consisting principally of the fragments of the ancient world; and if you have the courage to compare the productions of our present civilisation with those of our predecessors, you will be compelled to admit the immense superiority of the latter. The statues of Buonarroti, Canova, Thorvaldsen, and others, literally dwindle into insignificance before those of the third-rate sculptors of antiquity; and in vases, candelabra, &c. we have nothing at all to compare with what has been left to us. Taken altogether, the Vatican ought to suggest to its owners ideas of humanity and peace, and of profound veneration for human genius, which has created that universe of beauty and grandeur by which they are surrounded. A description of the Vatican would be an account of all the arts of ancient and modern times which have there piled up their treasures in profusion.

Unfortunately, the possessing such things does not necessarily lead to sympathy with humanity, as may be seen by passing into one of the appendages of the Vatican, the palace of the Holy Inquisition, into which, during the government of the popes, no one save the inquisitors ever entered with the hope of being let out alive. During the late government, however, its halls and dungeons were thrown open; and we will, by way of contrast, present our readers with a sketch of them.

The first parts visited were the prisons, the stables, kitchens, and cellars. Some entrances were opened in the walls, and part of a pavement raised, beneath which human bones were found and a trap-door. Digging very deep in one place, a great number of skeletons were discovered, some placed so close together, and so imbedded in lime, that no bone could be moved without being broken. In the roof of another subterranean chamber was a large ring, supposed to have been used in torture. A stone divan ran along the wall for the use of the prisoners. In a third underground apartment was found a quantity of very black rich earth, intermixed with human hair, of such a length, that it seemed rather women's than men's hair. In this dungeon a trap-door was found in the wall opening into a passage leading to the room where examinations were conducted. Among the inscriptions written with charcoal on the wall many were of very recent date, expressing in pathetic terms the sufferings of the victims. The person of most note found in the prisons was a bishop named Kasner, who had been confined for more than twenty years. He related that he arrived in Rome from the Holy Land with papers belonging to an ecclesiastic there. Passing himself for that person, he succeeded in getting the court to ordain and consecrate him a bishop. The fraud was discovered, and Kasner—on his way to Palestine—was arrested, and brought to the prison of the Holy Office, where he expected to have ended his days—less as a punishment for his fraud, than to hide the blunder of the infallible court of Rome.

Passing to the upper floor, and entering the chamber of the archives, it at first appeared as though everything was in its proper place; but it was found that though the labels and cases were in their places, they were emptied of their documents. Some suppose that these had been carried to the convent Della Minerva, or to the houses of private persons; while some say they were burnt, because, in November 1848, soon after the flight of the pope, the civic guard came hastily to the Holy Office, attracted by great clouds of smoke and a

strong smell of burnt paper. Thus, in all likelihood, perished the records of diabolical cruelty. Until then, therefore, the priests could regale themselves in the history of the sufferings of heretics, or terrify the accused with pictures of what their predecessors had endured.

This makes an unpleasant pendant to the Vatican, because it suggests to us the idea that the splendour of one was based on the wickedness of the other; but while it is to be hoped the latter will never be revived, the former may continue to instruct generation after generation in the theory and practice of the fine arts.

THE ENCHANTED CITY.

BY PERCY R. ST JOHN.

EVERY now and then a rumour gets afloat in the provinces of Mexico of a city situated in the heights of certain mountains, where dwell a people utterly distinct from those around, who have had no communication with the rest of Mexico from time immemorial, and of course since long before the Spanish conquest. Such reports reach the local papers as a wonderful discovery, are translated with slight exaggeration into those of the United States, and die away in the more sober sheets of our own land in the shape of a paragraph generally headed 'Marvellous, if true,' and then for a while we hear no more of the matter.

I myself heard tidings of the belief while among the half-savage contrabandists of Corpus Christi; but engaged in a very active and very practical life, I at the time thought little of the report, until lately a brief narrative has reached me in relation to the subject, which, as characteristic and interesting, I have no hesitation in placing in fitting shape for perusal.

Nearly all countries have felt the desolating influence of the most ruthless and savage of warfares—that between the citizens of the same country. All Europe, our own island, every acre of habitable ground in Asia and Africa, has seen the quarrels of the same family—generally efforts of ambitious men—to found power to the exclusion of others. Mexico has suffered in this way as much perhaps as any country. Deluged with blood when conquered by the Spaniards, ruled as New Spain with a rod of iron, it has found little happiness in independence, wanting most of the qualities which appertain to a prosperous people—education and enlightenment, civilisation and industrious habits. The political and social causes which perpetuate misery everywhere exist peculiarly here, and misery flourishes in a remarkable degree despite the benign nature of the climate.* Discontent, revolution, or efforts at revolution, are necessarily common; and the more so that great distances separate the provinces, rendered greater by bad roads, mountains, rivers without bridges, and many other things which, in remote days, were also characteristic of our own land.

During the early career of the president Santa Anna many local rebellions took place; arising some from the ambition of certain soldiers of fortune, some from discontent at taxation, some from the rude and violent mode of recruiting the army by a kind of pressgang. The village of Papa-axil, in one of the most picturesque districts, at the foot of the great mountain chain, remained for some time free from these commotions, and here dwelt the individuals whose fortunes I am about to relate. The village was rather large, and lay near a clear and limpid pool, the reservoir of a clear spring that bubbled incessantly from the soil; only sufficient liquid, however, for the use of the inhabitants, and to replenish the pool, constantly drained off by the sun and the neighbouring vast forest. Here dwelt Don Paolo Oleza, the descendant of a soldier of the days of Cortes, the terrible conqueror. He was quite a youth, being about twenty, and yet he was owner of a vast *ranchero*

* See account of Mexico in Journal, New Series, No. 75, and No. 78.

or farm, was a husband, and the proprietor of a vast extent of territory. He had received a certain amount of education in the city of Mexico; but proud of his connection with the old country, though allied on the female side to the original dwellers, and incited partly by his fondness for his young wife, he had left the busy life of towns to dwell on his paternal estates. He had a certain amount of literary taste; but in a country without toleration, governed by soldiers and priests, and where education had only faintly spread, he had acquired little advantage from this. His reading was confined to the worst and most strained of French novels, which, in the original and translated, form the chief mind-food of such Mexicans as can read. This kind of study necessarily fitted him little for a quiet country life, filling his head with fantastic ideas, such as are often the growth of a devotion to this one class of reading. He had much of the Don Quixote in him, in truth; so much, indeed, that while reading that work, his indignation was great at the ridicule thrown on the hero. His mind was filled with vast designs, but he took not the slightest steps towards their realisation. He saw and sighed over the miseries of his beloved and beautiful land, but he had not the heart to undertake the serious and arduous studies which might have enabled him to labour for her happiness and civilisation. Marriage takes place at a very early age in Mexico. Indeed Don Paolo at twenty, and Maria Zitana at seventeen, were considered to have wedded remarkably late in life; and Maria would have been considered, previous to matrimony, a confirmed old maid, had she not been affianced to her cousin.

In the society of his purely country wife, who soon created in him an interest in his estate, his farm, and his house, Don Paolo would probably have forgotten his juvenile dreams, but for a rumour which one day reached Papa-axil that a band of soldiers were scouring the country in search of volunteers for the army of General Santa Anna, engaged in a war with the republic of Texas. Don Paolo was at once roused to martial fury. He declared that not one of the young men of his village should be taken away as volunteers, their arms strapped behind their backs, and their eyes strained over their shoulders in search of home. He ordered a general turn-out, armed his tenantry and neighbours with like resolutions, induced them to prepare lances, muskets, pistols, daggers, and all the other customary instruments of modern warfare; and, in a word, turned the peaceable people of Papa-axil into a troop of savage soldiers, ready to slaughter all who dared violate their territory. In these warlike proceedings he was ably seconded by a good-for-nothing, idle, but good-natured young man, one Juan Busta, who in his boyhood had been ever his Sancho in all his Quixotic rambles and plans.

Sentries, scouts, a guardhouse; military exercises, parades, all of a sudden appeared in Papa-axil, which hitherto had only kept arms for the rare contingency of an incursion of mountain Indians, and the military frolic threatened materially to affect the next harvest, and the prospects of food and clothing for the new year. For whole weeks the place was in a commotion. Don Paolo, with Juan the farmer's son, in a queer kind of improvised uniform, sat together at the guardhouse, talking over the plan of campaign, a cigarette between their teeth, and a pot of *pulque* by way of drink; or rode about inspecting the proper places for barricades and ambushes; or galloped along the line of seventy-three soldiers, men and boys, arrayed in order, and divided into several companies. Some nights, sleeping at the guardhouse, he would rise at night with huge broad-brimmed hat and vast cloak, and, accompanied by the delighted Juan, go forth to inspect the sentries. An active time of it had the army of Don Paolo; but as they didn't work, and the rich owner of the land gave them food and holiday, no one grumbled.

Not so Maria. The young wife grew alarmed at the martial furor which had seized on her husband,

who, like many other ardent men, only understood enjoyment in a state of perpetual excitement. She saw cattle and crops neglected, farming work abandoned, and all her projected improvements and reparations put off. But she was angelic in patience; and finding opposition useless, humoured Paolo's inclination, awaiting the hour of its exhaustion. She was resolved, however, firmly to oppose anything beyond a demonstration when the recruiters came; and gave Juan warning that if, in his love of fun and idleness, he brought her husband into trouble, he should forfeit her favour for ever.

But the recruiters came not. Courier after courier, scout after scout, did General Don Paolo send in search of intelligence. They rode about the country, laming his horses, and jingling their bells; but as one galloped in after another, and reported respectfully at headquarters, the visions of war vanished. In truth the warlike preparations of our young gentleman had been so exaggerated, that the recruiting troop sent a report to Mexico city of their having left the country in the face of a formidable insurrection. But the province being remote, and not very important, and insurrections only matter for newspaper paragraphs, no serious consequence ensued.

Don Paolo, when this became self-evident, reluctantly dismissed his army to their ordinary labours, and sought to sink himself once more into the quiet country gentleman. He did his best; he made up for his late absence by assiduous attention to his wife and to her wishes; he gave her unlimited direction over his farming interests, and was surprised to see the energy with which she set to work to train her truants to labour. At her request and suggestion Don Paolo went out much in search of sport: he hunted in the forest with Juan, his wife hoping thus to devour his ardour and love of excitement, which, if in a man, must have some outlet. Don Paolo went, but to dream with Juan. Walking side by side, or jogging on upon their *mustangs*, they talked eternally of what they would like to do; and visions half of wandering, like Don Quixote, for the redress of grievances, half of revolutionising the land, filled their discourse.

'If we could only reach the Enchanted City,' said Juan one day, 'we should then see wonders.'

'What city?' cried Don Paolo eagerly.

Juan, who loved the marvellous, then launched forth his legend, which is common to most of the South American States and Mexico, of a strange city, inhabited by an ancient people, who live apart purposely from all men, and the approach to whose residence is concealed by all kinds of dangers: he finished by pointing to the rugged blue peaks in the distance, behind which, according to recent travellers, the fabled city is situated.

Don Paolo—who had known the legend, and then forgotten it—listened half-wildly; his eyes flashed fire; his cheek flushed; his whole mien was that of delight and ecstasy. At last he had found the object of his wishes. If he could find this people and the Enchanted City, and introduce them to his nation, his name would be immortalised, his country perhaps benefited by some new great mart of commerce! He spoke not a word for some time; and then dazzled—roused to a pitch of enthusiasm, which, great as are its results at times, is always a kind of madness—he plainly gave notice to Juan of his intention to abandon all, to become a pilgrim and a wanderer, until he had discovered the El Dorado of his wishes.

Of course with such a character this course once decided on, he lost no time in inaction. He returned home immediately, spoke of a hunting journey in search of bears and elks in the mountains, and the very next day, mounted on his best horse, well armed, with ammunition and provisions, and a stout cloak, Don Paolo Oloza, followed by Juan, started on his way. His young wife half-guessed from his manner that he had some strange scheme in his head, and cross-questioned

Juan most closely. But the lad was cunning, and seemed to know nothing; so that from him Donna Maria heard no satisfactory details. With a foreboding sigh she saw them depart, but had too much good sense to oppose her husband's fancy, well knowing his impetuous character that fired at opposition.

The two wild youths took an unfrequented path through the forest, having resolved to make straight for the mountains, and, ascending their rugged sides, there to commence their search. They made little progress the first day, the wood being tangled and thick; but they rode until night, when, weary and hungry, they camped by a spring, and reclining their limbs against a fallen tree, supped with the appetite of young men and hunters. A fire was then made; their horses given the length of their tether to graze; and they themselves, wrapped in the *poncho*, or Mexican blanket, sought sleep. Thus journeyed they for some days, until they left the usual haunts of men, even of hunters, to enter the deep forests, which still remain almost unvisited by the unenterprising children of Montezuma. Here they began to take other precautions. Wild beasts of a ferocious character were common in these woods, and to sleep near a fire was not always a sufficient protection. They therefore supped, as usual, by a blazing pile, put on new wood, and then ascending a tree, slept as best they might in its branches. A little axe was of course one of their weapons, and this served to clear away and arrange a couch; while huge leaves readily formed the mattress, laid on boughs and large branches. On the third night of their tree-practice, and towards the approach of dawn, they were roused by the furious neighing of their horses. Both started up, and saw one of the unfortunate animals attacked by a huge panther, which had sprung on its very back, while the other steed was struggling furiously to get loose. They seized their arms, and fired. The balls, piercing the terrible beast, took fatal effect; and before the young men were down, it was utterly helpless. But Don Paolo found it necessary to kill the horse upon the spot; while the other, gaining strength from terror, broke loose, and darted away panicstruck from the scene.

Don Paolo was deeply grieved at the death of an animal he had an affection for, while he foresaw hardships without end during his future journey. But it was of no use repining. After a brief consultation with Juan, he resolved not to advance that day, but to halt to bury his favourite steed, skin the panther, and search for the other horse. They succeeded in the former occupation, but the last proved fruitless. They tracked the terrified animal back along the path they had come for miles; but it seemed doubtful if he would pause until, after some days' journey, he reached his stable. The wanderers were then condemned to proceed on foot. Early the next morning—heavily loaded with guns, pouches, cloaks, food, axes—they began to tread the deep mazes of the forest in a south-westerly direction. Their day's journey was not very promising; and that night they deposited such of the articles they bore as were not absolutely necessary in a place of concealment. They preserved guns, powder and ball, and axe, and what remained of provisions, and with this load started to continue their fantastic journey.

They reached the foot of the great hills by degrees. For two days they wandered through ravines, and rocks, and rugged hills, and savage valleys, some naked, some bordered by the pine and hemlock, shooting for their existence, and sustained in their arduous undertaking by the great hope before them. One evening they camped in a wild and picturesque gully. A stream tumbled headlong some twenty feet down the rocks, and after frothing and boiling in a broad pool, slunk away silently between two steep rocks. The spot was approachable only on this side. Here they resolved to rest a whole day, and amuse themselves by arranging their plans. At early dawn they took a bath and their first refreshment, and were about to cast a small net

into the water, when Juan started with alarmed mien, and pointed down the gully. A dozen fierce Indians of the hills, the hereditary foes of the lowlanders, were advancing up the side of the stream. The two young men flew to cover, and, animated by passion rather than reflection, fired. A fearful yell followed, and report after report awoke the long-silent echoes of the valley. The Indians had all firearms, but the Mexicans had the advantage of position. The conflict once commenced, they resolved to sell their lives dearly. They had fired first, and had now no mercy to expect.

The cunning Indian foe disappeared as soon as the dangerous proximity of rifles was apparent; and Juan, while Don Paolo kept guard with both guns, rushed, concealed behind the rock, to cut a pine-tree down with his axe. Working for dear life, the tree soon fell, as he wished, across the stream, over which it hung; and then floating other boughs and branches with all the energy required by their circumstances, the stream was soon dammed up, then overflowed, and poured forth the whole width of the narrow outlet of the valley. From that hour until night scarcely a shot was fired; and towards evening the young men ate heartily of the remains of a deer killed the day previously, and prepared to pass the night. A cursory examination of the gully convinced Paolo that there was no approach possible save up the stream: a huge, almost perpendicular rock surrounded the hole on every other side. Escape was also impossible but by this one natural gateway. They resolved, accordingly, to watch for two hours at a time each all night; and Paolo commenced. Taking a sheltered post amongst the roots of the pine, he told Juan to lie at his feet, to be awakened in two hours. But the first watch passed without surprise for Paolo, without sleep for Juan, and it was thought best to commence this system only when fatigue compelled. About midnight the keen eye of Juan—a hunter from his babyhood—caught sight of a dark object creeping in the shade of some tall pines towards them. He fired at once; and then loading, trusted the rest to his master, who, as soon as he was nearly ready, fired also. At this instant the Indians rushed on; but Paolo had a pair of long horse-pistols, which, with Juan's rifle, checked them; and the rest of the night again passed in peace.

Towards morning each in turn seized a hasty nap, and then breakfasted this time on uncooked venison and wild berries from the trees. It was, on consideration, resolved that each should sleep six hours, if possible, in the day, and both keep watch all night. Juan knew well that the Indians will lie weeks in ambush to starve out foes in a good position; and American hunters have lain as long behind a pile of logs. It was thus evident that the siege they were now undergoing might be long protracted. Food was the most terrible consideration. They had provisions for two days at most. They might catch a few stray fish in the pool, and there were berries; but this was poor prospect for hungry stomachs. But then Californian pilgrims by land have semi-starved for a month, and they resolved never to be taken alive, for their fate, if captured, was now certain and terrible. The next night passed without alarm; but the besieged knew better than to act with any want of caution: they saw well that the Indians counted on famine.

And thus passed a terrible ten days, at the end of which, wan with short naps, and half-starved—they had eaten nothing but berries for two days—the two young men, pale, gaunt, with famished looks, sat chewing some young bark to stay the pangs of hunger, and looking with sorrowful eyes on each other. Both thought of their happy home, of the tranquil and peaceful life they had quitted; and Don Paolo cast his thoughts back to the face of his beloved wife; while Juan himself reflected on a certain damsel—Rosa by name—whom in his gay days he had despised for love of wandering; and thinking, thinking, the young men bowed their heads, and almost slept.

An awful yell of triumph burst from the Indians. A bold lad had crept near, and reported them lifeless; and forgetting their caution, the Red-skins rushed helter-skelter, in hope to be the first to capture the admirable rifles that all coveted. Paolo called to Juan to be ready. Firing their rifle and a pistol each, they snatched up their axes, and prepared for the last struggle.

A more human shout responded to their volley. From down the valley rose a joyous cry of triumph; then the trampling of horses, the discharge of muskets, and the sudden flight of the Indians up the sides of the valley, proclaimed a rescue. They were saved; and in a few minutes more Donna Maria was aiding to restore her fainting husband to his senses; while poor Rosa, her attached maid, gazed in pity on the starved men of Juan.

The terrified horse had reached its stable, to the great alarm of all the village. Donna Maria, with that decision of character which characterises the sensible woman and the attached wife, armed a party of fifteen horsemen—picked young men and hunters—and, accompanied by Rosa, started in pursuit. The Mexicans had no difficulty in following the trail. They reached the scene of the panther tragedy, and then understood the flight of the horse. But Maria was doubly terrified at the idea of her husband wandering on foot in these savage wilds, and pushed on. Still guided by their recent trails, they pursued their way; and one afternoon a discharge of rifles, and the sight of an Indian camp, explained all.

Two days did the poor wife nurse her weak and feverish husband in that wild place; but then she saw him revive under the influence of care, affection, and nourishing food. Juan was so sobered by his sufferings, that he humbly begged the hand of Rosa; and their Quixotic enthusiasm over, the two young men were ready to agree as to the absurdity of their searching for an Enchanted City amid those rugged piles of stone. The cavalcade returned home without further adventure. Don Paolo set to work with zest to improve the condition of his farmers and peasantry; and while studying quietly to be able to serve his country, was a devoted and grateful husband, an excellent father—as turned out Juan, who married, and became in time a solid, grave steward and overseer. Both are now fully convinced that there is in this world but one Enchanted City—and that is a happy home.

IMITATIVE MANIPULATION OF MACHINERY.

Biscuit-Baking.—Such was the striking inefficiency of the system of baking the biscuits for the use of the navy during the late war, that an establishment has been in operation for some years at Portsmouth for manufacturing them by machinery, which, being on a great scale, turns out an immense quantity of bread weekly, and of a very excellent description. The machinery is the invention of T. J. Grant, Esq., 'who, we believe, has been properly rewarded by a grant of £2000 from government.' The ingredients being mixed in proper proportions, are subjected to the action of revolving knives, by which they are mixed. The dough thus formed is passed beneath heavy cast-iron rollers, moving horizontally along stout tables, which press it into huge masses, some 6 feet long by 3 broad. After being cut into smaller pieces, and again subjected to the action of the rollers, thus quickly reducing all knots, and thoroughly mixing the dough, it is passed under a sheet roller while lying on large flat boards. The next operation is the cutting the thin sheets of dough then prepared into properly-shaped biscuits. The shape adopted is that of the hexagon, for the same reason as that which appears to have dictated the instinct of the bee in forming its cells. If the circle had been the form used, it is evident that the pieces of dough left between the touching circles must have been unused, whereas, from the peculiar shape of the hexagon, the whole sheet of dough, with the exception of insignificant portions at the edges, goes to form biscuits. The dough to be cut into biscuits being placed in the blanket, a frame moving vertically, having on its under surface sharp-edged

hexagonal divisions, is brought down upon it, thus cutting at one operation fifty-two biscuits. To facilitate the removal of these to the oven, the frame is allowed to come down only a sufficient length, to cut the cakes nearly, but not quite through. When baked, they are very easily separated. It may be supposed that the dough would be apt to adhere to the interstices between the sharp cutting edges. This is provided against; and here may be cited as an instance of that forethought displayed by inventors of truly practical and useful machines. A movable frame is placed between each cutting hexagonal periphery; and on the top of this is placed a heavy iron ball weighing several ounces. The operation is simple. The frame descending cuts the fifty-two biscuits; the fifty-two frames give way to the superior pressure; but on the large cutting frame ascending, the fifty-two balls cause their corresponding frames to fall, projecting the dough, which is thus ready to be pulled out to the oven.

Dough-Kneading.—While on the subject of bread, it may not be amiss to notice an ingenious machine for kneading dough, forming a good instance of manipulative imitation. Any one witnessing the mixing and kneading of dough must have noticed the peculiar motion of the hands and arms by which, at every successive effort, a new surface of material is presented to the muscular action. The imitation of such a process, by which the dough is inverted from time to time, torn asunder, and reunited in every different form by machinery, may be justly supposed to be difficult, but is in reality very simple. It is effected by means of a cylindrical receptacle revolving on a hollow axis, and having in its interior revolving knives or cutters. The cylindrical receptacle may be turned independently of the cutter-frame, or both together, or in contrary directions. The flour, yeast, and other ingredients are put into the receptacle, and there subjected to the action of revolving barrels, or rotatory knives, or to their combined movements. The axle of the receptacle being hollow, admits of the shaft of the cutter-frame being brought through it; by screwing bolts in the axles of certain wheels, tight or loose, and by turning one handle, the combined or separate motions are easily obtained.

Brick-Making.—Still very recently, bricks for various purposes were invariably made by hand, the operation being extremely simple. After kneading the clay by a laborious process, the workman shaped the bricks by pressing clay into iron or wooden moulds. Many ingenious machines have recently been introduced for making bricks, from the mixing of the clay to the final formation of the pieces. Bricks are formed mechanically by one of two methods—forcing prepared clay or earth into regular-shaped moulds, or by cylinders stretching masses of clay into long ribbon-like shapes of the breadth and thickness of the brick, and cutting by wires or other contrivances the ribbon into proper lengths. Passing over many ingenious machines, we will notice two, as forming remarkable instances of manipulative imitation. The first is the invention of Mr Jones of Birmingham, and is what we may term a rotatory machine. A large horizontal wheel of cast-iron is placed on a strong bed of masonry; on its upper surface are laid rectangular moulds or boxes, of the size and shape of the brick to be made; the under surface of the wheel is provided with teeth, which work into those of a pinion wrought by the first mover; friction-wheels guide the large wheel in its horizontally-circular movement; and a hopper containing the earth is placed in such a position, that as the mould passes under it, the earth drops therein, and is pressed forcibly, and its surface scraped by a revolving conical roller placed on the under part of the hopper. The mode of removing the bricks is remarkably ingenious. In the inside of each mould a piston works vertically; the piston-rod passes through a hole in the under part of the mould, and is provided at its lower extremity with a small friction-wheel, running in contact with an inclined way placed on the masonry and under the large wheel.

The hopper is placed at the lowest side of the inclined path. The action is as follows:—The friction-wheel of the piston of the mould running invariably in contact with the inclined path, it follows that, when under the hopper, the piston will be at the bottom of the mould; but as the large wheel revolves, carrying away from the hopper the mould, the wheel-travelling up the incline will be pressed upwards, and along with it the piston and brick: when it arrives at the top, the distance is so managed that the brick is forced completely out, and is carried away in an endless belt; the empty mould descending the incline on the other

side, the piston falls, and on arriving at the hopper, which is at the bottom, receives its quantum of earth, travels up the incline, and so on as before described. Such is the action of this ingenious machine. We will now describe the machine recently patented by Mr Franklin of Bedford, and which we will term the Archimedean-Screw Brick-making Machine, as being a title sufficiently descriptive of its main feature. A cylinder divided into two parts by a rectangular chamber, and having at its bottom another, is provided with a revolving cylindrical screw, of diameter nearly equal to the cylinder—the thread of the screw is flat on the upper, and curved on the under side, which form causes the clay to be forced from the centre towards the side of the cylinder. The part of the screw revolving in the upper chamber is cut away, thus allowing two screw-frames to be placed in the chamber; above these a conical knife or wiper is used to sweep off twigs, stones, &c. which are removed by two doors placed in the opposite sides of the chamber; the under chamber is provided with brick moulds; endless webs running on rollers are provided to carry off the bricks as they issue from the machine. Frames carrying wires are used to cut off the desired lengths of brick. The action of the whole is as follows:—The earth or clay is introduced by a door at the top of the cylinder; the screw revolving, forces the clay downwards, and in passing through the screw-frames, is cleaned from extraneous matter; arriving at the lower chamber, the screw forces the material through the moulds on to the web, where it is cut into lengths.

Cloth-Folding.—In calendering glazed goods, the workman has to fold up the cloth as it passes from the machine. M. Dollfus has invented a remarkably ingenious mode by which the machine calenders and folds up the cloth. The mechanism for folding is thus described by Dr Ure:—‘The folder is a kind of cage in the shape of an inverted pyramid, shut in the four sides, and open at top and bottom. The front and the back are made of tin-plate or smooth paste-board, and the two sides of strong sheet-iron. Upon the sides iron uprights are fixed, perforated with holes, through which the whole cage is suspended freely by means of studs that enter into them. One of the uprights is longer than the other, and bears a slot with a small knob, which, by means of the iron-piece, joins the guide to the crank of the cylinder, and thereby communicates to the cage a see-saw movement; at the bottom extremity of the great upright there is a piece of iron in the shape of an anchor, which may be raised or lowered, or made fast by screws.

‘At the ends of this anchor are friction-rollers, which may be drawn out or pushed back, and fixed by screws; these rollers lift alternately two levers made of wood, and fixed to a wooden shaft. The levers are also made of wood; they serve to lay down alternately the plies of the cloth which passes upon the cage, and is folded zig-zag upon the floor, or upon a board set below the cage; a motion imparted by the see-saw motion of the cage itself.’

THE CULPRIT ‘COMPETITION.’

After the strictest inquiry, we must confess our inability to discover any reason for supposing that competition is guilty of conducting in the slightest degree to the destitution and misery by all deplored, and by common consent assumed to be more prevalent than they need be, or ought to be. . . . The agents of mischief have hitherto escaped detection. Competition has been taken up on suspicion; has been committed for trial; has been arraigned at the bar of our court of common sense. His conduct has been subjected to a minute and rigid scrutiny, and pronounced faultless. The witnesses against him have been examined and cross-examined, and the court have been shocked with their ignorance and their inconsistent and contradictory testimony. Finally, the accused has not only been most honourably acquitted, but, on cross-examination, the witnesses have unconsciously made known who the hidden agents of mischief really are. The existence of a gang of the most reckless villains in perpetual and active conspiracy against the wellbeing of society was clearly proved. Some of the more noxious among them were named—namely, Idleness, Ignorance, Wastefulness, Dishonesty, Drunkenness, and Parental Improvidence. Well might the presiding judge indignantly express his surprise that such vile malefactors should be suffered to roam at large, and hint his suspicions that there must be some collusion or incapacity

among those appointed servants of the public, whose high function and solemn duty it is to repress and confine these social pests by useful teaching and judicious training.—*From Mr Ellis's pamphlet, ‘What is Competition?’*

MALGRÉ ÇA.

TRANSLATED FROM BURNS.

[This spirited French version of the renowned Scottish lyric, ‘A Man's a Man for a' that,’ has been sent to us by the translator, the Chevalier de Chatelain.]

Qu'un honnête homme pauvre ait le honteux caprice
De courber le front pour cela,
Foin du poltron !—Fauvreté n'est pas vice,
Soyons pauvres malgré cela.
Qui travaille ici bas doit regarder sans crainte
Le riche pour cela;
D'une guinée en or le rang n'est que l'empreinte
Et l'homme est l'or malgré cela !

Avec habit de bure, avec repas modeste,
Est on moins libre pour cela ?
La gloriole aux sot ! nargue du reste,
L'homme est l'homme malgré cela.
De pompeux oripeaux font ils les gentilshommes ?
Vanité tout cela !
Quelque pauvre qu'il soit, pour moi le Roi des hommes
C'est l'honnête homme, malgré ça !

Regardez-moi ce paon qui pose et fait la roue,
C'est un Lord, et rien moins que ça ;
A le flatter, voyez chacun s'enroue—
Ce n'est qu'un sot malgré cela !
A montrer ses crachats son fol argueil aspire,
Clinguant quo tout cela !
Ce brillant paltoquet, c'est un fort pauvre sire
Près d'un homme malgré cela !

Un Roi peut fabriquer un Chevalier, un Comte,
Marquis et Duc et cætera,
Mais son pouvoir ne peut faire à bon compte
Un homme de bien, malgré ça !
Grandeurs et dignités, joyaux de sa Puissance,
Hoquets que tout cela !
Le bon sens, la Vertu, la noble indépendance,
Sont les vrais Rois malgré cela !

Prions donc tout le ciel que le jour puisse naître,
Où le bon sens, et tout cela,
Sans passeport, en se faisant connaître,
Circuleront malgré cela !
Non, le temps n'est pas loin où sur chaque hémisphère
Malgré ci, malgré ça,
De par l'humanité l'homme sera le frère
De tous les hommes malgré ça !

FEAR OF THE RED COATS.

The ‘Gardeners' Chronicle’ states, that in a place infested with rats, one of the fraternity was recently caught, clothed in scarlet, and then set free. The little red-coat bolted into the midst of his friends, and inspired them with terror; and ultimately the host took to flight.

GLORY AND GREATNESS.

The ambition of honour and glory is of great use to the world, because it causes men to conceive and to excite generous and admirable things. It is not so with the ambition of greatness, for he who makes it his idol, will have it, right or wrong; and it is the cause of infinite mischiefs.—*Guicciardini.*

GENTLEMEN.

Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the ground.—*De Vere.*

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A SOIRÉE IN ROME.

At the present moment, when Italy is in such a disorganized condition, that all the ordinary forms of social life are necessarily abandoned, it may perhaps prove interesting to our readers if we present to them a picture of Italian life, as it was to be found some few years ago among the higher circles at Rome.

The following sketch is from the pen of a clever German lady, whose descriptions are full of vigour and originality; and who, in depicting the form and fashion of life among the Roman nobility, traces, perhaps unwittingly, the source of that mighty upheaving by which the 'eternal city' has since been desolated; for rightly have we been warned by one of the greatest among our living poets, that

'There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall;
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls.
. Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine;
And earth, with all her pleasant fruits and flowers,
Fade, and participate in man's decline.'

In free countries alone can truly pleasant and instructive society be enjoyed; that is to say, a society by means of which the inner and spiritual life is prompted to worthy and noble deeds. Dancing and compliments; card-playing; dining-out; smoking and drinking; these may be enjoyed anywhere, as easily in Russia as in Germany or Italy. Such amusements, however, are all fleeting in their nature; they form no bond of union between man and man; they offer no sort of real interest to him who seeks somewhat more from his time than that it should pass away as swiftly as possible. The better portion of us have long since passed out of the childhood of humanity into its riper manhood, and desire to find even amid our hours of recreation a certain intellectual earnestness, looking to the lighter embellishments of wit and fancy for an aid, and nothing more.

The Italians inherit from their forefathers the most courteous and graceful forms of intercourse. They are the children of a distinguished family, well educated, and of a right noble bearing. They possess within themselves the most admirable elements of a social disposition, if only there were some intellectual motives by which they might be linked together in the companionship of a rational 'society.' But in Italy, the spirit, and, with it, the life of society, is bound in iron fetters; and society leaves behind it the impression of an uninhabited palace, whose costly paintings and furniture are so thickly

overlaid with dust, that, in spite of their original value, they have a melancholy and worn-out aspect.

In France, people of different parties are brought together by political, religious, or literary interests, and each one has a right to express himself freely on these several subjects; so that although a hasty word of dissent or of misapprehension may often result in long pamphlets full of controversy and discussion, yet these diversities of opinion, when freely stated, only prove a new source of incitement and of progress. In Italy, however, this sort of stirring intellectual society is almost out of the question. There are men enough who, with wakeful eye, and a hopeful heart, watch the free movements and the progress of other countries, longing earnestly that Italy might be a sharer in these blessings; but not only are their deeds, but also their very words, enchained. A strict surveillance is exercised over social meetings, and this watchfulness is extended even to strangers. I have been assured that the entertainments of a noble Italian lady, at whose house foreigners always met with a cordial reception, were given at the cost of pontifical gold, and that she herself was in the pay of the police. A knight of one of the highest orders of the papacy was pointed out to me by a witty abbé as being a spy; and a German, who had been long settled in Italy, warned me against this agreeable abbé, as being himself of a similar class.

Whether each of these accused persons deserved the imputations thus cast upon them I cannot pretend to decide. Meanwhile, the bare suspicion of being encompassed with spies, must suffice to deter any man of independent spirit from entering into society. It may also be readily supposed how easy it is to procure spies in a country where freedom of religious or political thought is deemed a heresy, and where each one who reveals it is supposed to do a work acceptable in the eyes of God.

In general, the Italians of the citizen-class, the *employés*, and the lesser nobles, live only among themselves, and strangers of the same rank rarely come in contact with them. Among the aristocracy of different nations there is a more lively intercourse, although even among them it is limited to invitations to routs and halls, to the opera-box, or to a drive on the Corso. The interior of family-life remains closed against foreigners. An intimate acquaintance is therefore seldom formed; and so much the more seldom that all the deeper interests of life—religious, social, political, and literary questions—are purposely avoided in conversation, as apt to lead into forbidden regions.

I was occasionally admitted into Italian circles, and always found the conversation very superficial. There was a great deal of well-bred politeness, the expression of which was enhanced by its graceful ease, and often by a playful wit; and the news of the day was detailed

very much after the fashion of a Court Gazette. The coming and going of princely personages, alterations in genealogical calendars, the scarcity of water, dearth of corn, conflagrations, theatres, favourite singers, and, above all things, the ballet—these are the axes around which conversation turns. Only here and there one may meet a group who in low whispers venture to touch on weightier matters; and from them may occasionally be gleaned information which cannot be obtained in the books and papers that have passed the ordeal of the censorship. I was told that the cardinals were in possession of all the prohibited works, and that any one else might procure them in a contraband manner. There is, however, a great difference between the free man who peacefully enjoys his piece of dry bread in the sunshine before his own hall-door, and the unhappy wretch who devours stolen fruit alone and fearful, in some gloomy and retired corner.

Roman society, being thus grievously deficient in interesting subjects of conversation, seizes hold of music and poetry with proportionate avidity, so that dilettantism flourishes luxuriantly. Italian usages, moreover, favour the growth of this plant; for in many houses no sort of refreshment is offered to the guests—no ice, no supper, not even a glass of water—so that abundant leisure is allowed to the dilettante for the exercise of his talents.

The society at the Baroness F.'s house had been described to me as forming one of the most charming circles in Rome. There, I was informed, all the ancient and noble forms of intercourse were still preserved. The Baroness F. is the wife of a gentleman high in office—an intellectual woman, a successful *improvisatrice*. On a stated evening in the week she received her friends and acquaintances, and I was invited among the rest.

Between nine and ten o'clock we entered through a very dark portal into the inner court, which was but dimly lighted up by the torches of some cardinals' equipages which were waiting there. We ascended the broad magnificent flight of marble steps. We heard the fountains playing in the court.

Above, in the large antechamber, there burned upon a table the three-branched Roman brass lamp, and around it stood about thirty servants, clad in the liveries of their houses, who were awaiting their masters, and amusing themselves the while with dice and card-playing. A couple of older ones sat warming themselves near a large coal-dial. No one paid us the slightest attention. Our own servant opened the door for us.

This antechamber led into a very spacious apartment, which was also lighted by a single lamp. The vast empty chamber, the gloomy tapestry, the marble pavement, the long row of stuffed benches which were placed around the walls—all looked as though ghosts and hobgoblins might fitly hold their midnight meetings here. At the upper end of this saloon stood several servants in the livery of the house, waiting at the entrance of the reception-chamber to announce the guests as they arrived.

Just then the music was beginning. Rossi, the best violinist in Italy, together with the first clarionet-player from the Scala in Milan, were sitting near a fair young Englishwoman, and were about to begin a trio. The hostess led me to the sofa, and requested me to take my place between the Cardinals M. and G.

As I sat there and looked around me, the whole scene was full of strangeness and novelty to me, for in Protestant Germany I had not been accustomed to see the rich and varied ecclesiastical dresses which were so remarkable here; and not less striking to me was the singularly unadorned aspect of the apartment. Flowered muslin drapery hung across the windows. At first I mistook them for gray damask, so liberally had the hand of time imparted to them, as to ancient coins, a thick and venerable crust. Some excellent ancestral portraits, together with an admirable one of the Baroness as Sappho, all done by good masters, looked down from the walls, amid indifferent lithographic

sketches of living princes and remarkable personages. The cardinals with their scarlet hats, the bishops and abbés in black taffeta mantles, the black, violet, and crimson silk stockings, the three-cornered hats, the indescribably affected manners of the young men, who, with their eye-glasses fixed in one eye, talked to the ladies, together with the conventional behaviour of these latter, formed altogether a picture which reminded me so forcibly of some of Goldoni's plays, that it produced the most comical effect.

After the first piece of music was over, the cardinal, together with two old countesses, went to play cards. The toilet of the old ladies was much richer than is usual among us at such small parties. Most of them wore velvet and diamonds. On the way to the card-room the cardinals were stopped several times by young ladies, who reverently kissed their hands. Then the music began anew. Rossini, Mercadante, and Verdi, were sung; but I cannot say that either on this or on later reception-nights I heard any very good music, although I had been prepared beforehand for remarkable excellence.

The accounts usually given of the wonderful talent of the Italians for singing are on the whole much exaggerated when we come to compare it with what we are accustomed to hear at home. The Italians have a musical ear, and sing well; but among the lower classes a good voice is rare. Those manners and gondoliers who are described in books of travels as such charming singers, are chosen expressly to perform as ballad singers before strangers. They can no more be considered as fair specimens of the people, than among us the Bohemian musicians. Nevertheless, in spite of the rough throats and drawing pronunciation of the lower classes, one ever listens with new delight to the plaintive *littornella* of the peasant, and to the lighter airs of the south, as they come thrilling from afar during the stillness of the night.

The music in the baroness's saloon was followed by declamation. Our hostess was intrusted to *improvvisi*, and after a little solicitation she recited a beautiful canto—the 'Christmas-night,' which was received with well merited applause. In spite of this, the scene had for me, who was unused to Italian manners, something very ungenial, for the more frank and amiable, the more natural Italians appear in their daily life, so much the more conventional are they in the established forms of their poetical performances. The language of every-day intercourse, when compared with this, is like a vaudeville to a tragedy of Racine's—like French wit to the pathos of the French theatre.

The dramatic attitude of the baroness, the mode in which the cardinals hastened back from the card-table to their seats on the sofa, and prepared themselves, like the rest of the company, to be enchanted by the performance, was quite irresistible. The declamation itself, the rising inspiration of the improvisatrice, the rhythmical movement of her right arm, from whence swung to and fro a small scent bottle, like a chronometer of feeling, must, to every one who has witnessed it for the first time, seem extremely ludicrous. At a later period in Naples, when I had grown more habituated to Italian manners, the declamation of a very talented lady, whom I had many opportunities of hearing, gave me great pleasure, whereas on this evening at Rome it was with the utmost difficulty I could overcome my desire to enjoy a hearty laugh.

It is impossible to observe the air of perfect confidence with which, in society, each Italian lady advances to the instrument when she is going to play, how, while singing, she holds her sheet of music-paper aloft, as if it were a flag of triumph; it is impossible, I think, to observe these, as well as the attitude and expression of a declaiming person, without coming to the conviction that the *bravura* style of the Italian opera singers, which often seems to us so ridiculously exaggerated, must in Italy appear by no means remarkable. It being the fashion in society here to accompany the per-

performances of amateurs with a low 'bravo,' and at their termination to testify approbation by clapping of hands. Each one strives, like a spirited war-horse, to win this sort of mock and empty triumph; and every performance ends with the self-conscious and expecting glance with which a Garcia or a Pasta, after their finale of the *gloria vittoria*, lingers before the public.

After the improvisation of the baroness, a certain Marchesa M., the last acton of a renowned race of Doges, read a lament of the imprisoned Tasso, long and wearisome as the register of her venerated ancestors. Every one yawned, and yet every one, with a touching adherence to duty, repeated 'ah brava!' and Monsignor L., while he clapped together his elegant hands in token of applause, said in a tone of despair, 'That was really as innoxious as the slaying of the children at Bethlehem: we have been nearly bored to death!'

'And yet you are applauding?' I observed.

'It was quite horrible, signora; but what is one to do? How can it be helped? for do you suppose that a lady would cease her declamation until she heard those sounds of applause? It is a courteous act of self-defence; nothing more! Ah, that is a dreadful woman!' repeated monsignor once again, as he rose up to offer his tribute of flattery to the marchesa.

On his return, I inquired of him, 'Pray, monsignor, is the vow of truthfulness among those which you are obliged to take on being admitted to the priesthood?'

'Most assuredly not! That would be quite too much,' replied he smiling; 'for how could a man contrive to exist with truthfulness in a world full of lies? One must speak to people language they can understand. Even missionaries find out that.' Then turning to my next neighbour, who was talking of the approaching carnival, he inquired of us both whether we would not go to the Corso one day on foot.

The lady, an Italian, scolded him for offering such a suggestion; and I mentioned what had been told me by others, that it was not considered decorous for women of the higher classes to do so.

'Bah!' observed an abbé; 'it is not approved of, and yet 'tis done.'

'That is a convenient sort of morality!'

'And therefore the more widely spread,' rejoined monsignor laughing. 'Women think the carnival so paradisaical a time, only because it gives them an opportunity to pluck the forbidden fruit of freedom. Besides, ladies, there is a spice of curiosity in your sex which makes it very agreeable to you to go out once a year incog., and find out in a quiet way what your nearest friends and neighbours may be about.'

It was one o'clock when the party broke up. The servants of the house lighted us with wax torches down the stairs, which we had ascended in darkness; and by their brilliancy I was enabled to observe the beauty of the hall and court of the palace—a noble residence, in which the baroness's family had resided during many hundred years past.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

I WAS born in a little town not very far from this. My father was a tradesman, with a large family, and I was his youngest and likewise his favourite child, perhaps because my mother died just when I was born, and left me, her last, to his care. Even in the early years of my childhood I was of a proud, obstinate, overbearing temper, and father, brothers, and sisters, rather than see my tiny frame convulsed with passion, yielded at all times to my will. I was considered a pretty child; and when I was about six years old, my beauty and smartness caught the attention of a lady who lived in the opposite house. She was neither young nor married, and in a fit of generosity proposed to adopt me as her own. My father overcame his unwillingness for what he considered my advantage; my sisters were not

sorry to lose their daily torment; and I was nothing loath to go. It might have been an advantage to me had the lady been as judicious as she was good-natured; but she was nervous and irritable, and during the nine years I spent under her roof, petted and teased me by turns in a manner that would have ruined any temper, and certainly did not benefit mine. When I was sixteen, my patroness died; and as her income died with her, I returned to my father's house with the trifle she had left me, a vain, foolish girl, too proud for my own station, and too low and ignorant for any other. I had indeed learned a little of almost everything. A thousand plans had been commenced in my education, and dropped as hastily; but this I must say (though not to justify myself), that no one ever took rational means to curb me in my pride and passion: the former gratified the lady, the other passed unchecked, except by a reproof as passionate. The only thing for which I had imbibed a taste was novel-reading. My adopted mother was a slave to it: nothing was too strange, nothing too horrible or absurd for her, and I think I must have read to her every production of the Minerva press before she died. Night and day I read to her, partly because I really loved her, but principally because I loved the employment much better. I pursued the same course on my return home, and with increased greediness my mind devoured its sickly food. All the books I read were of the meaner sort. I had not taste or learning enough to discriminate; and my mind became a confused mixture of false and distorted ideas, and was indeed 'like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt.' I read of high-spirited heroines, whose pride was the cause of all their happiness; I read of vanity as an amusing propensity, and of passion as a thing to jest about; and I formed my own character accordingly. Thus the time passed till I was eighteen; and as I could be affectionate and good-natured, nay, even generous, when my own particular wishes were not thwarted, I was the acknowledged queen of the little circle in which I moved. It was my misfortune always to get people who would bow down to me: even my father, whom I dearly loved, dared not refuse submission to my will, because he disliked to witness the uncontrolled outbursts of a temper that was growing more violent as I grew older.

About this time a young man in my own sphere of life came to live in our town. We soon became acquainted, and he was evidently struck by my beauty; for I was very beautiful then. Every one said so, though it may seem unlikely now, with my withered face and my gray hairs. Yet I am not what they call very old, nor is my head covered with the soft silver which becomes the old so well; but with the hard iron-gray, to which remorse has turned it. But at that time it was dark and glossy, and those sunken eyes sparkled with a lustre that flashed back upon me from my looking-glass the conviction that what people told me was true. As I was saying, this beauty caught the fancy of William Sealy, and in all our walks and parties, which he constantly joined, I was the sole object of his attentions. At first my vanity was gratified, for he was a handsome, good-humoured fellow; and then I began to love him with all the violence of my nature, though I treated him according to the admirable system laid down in my books—sometimes with undue familiarity, sometimes with capricious disdain. But another stranger appeared amongst us, a young lady—for she was a lady—who came as governess to a schoolmistress in the neighbourhood. I never shall forget the first night of her appearance in the circle where I carried it with such a high hand. The moment I saw her, I felt I had a rival. My black eyes were always lightening with impetuous feelings of some kind; hers were soft and gray, and full of a holy innocence that I could never throw into mine. Instead of the warm colour

that burned on my cheek, here wore a delicate flush, that changed with every word she spoke; and she had a mouth like a rose-leaf, and a winning smile, and, singing or speaking, the sweetest voice I ever heard. Her gentle manner and that low soft voice were tacit reproaches against my loud laugh and boisterous speech. My ill-regulated mind was accustomed either to love fervently or hate bitterly; and despite all her attempts at conciliation, I hated her cordially.

This hatred increased to intensity when I saw William Sealy drawn gradually away from me; and it was no wonder he should be won by loveliness as great a contrast to my bold beauty as a quiet moonlight night to a red and stormy sunset. No wonder, indeed! for she was good and clever, and had filled her mind with knowledge, though she shrunk so modestly from notice. Every one loved her, and that was bad enough; but that I should lose *him* for her sake was unbearable. I laid the blame of his estrangement entirely on her, forgetting that he had witnessed one or two of my habitual fits of passion, and that none but a madman would have taken such a firebrand into his household. One night, after he had been unusually attentive to Ellen Mansfield (for that was the young girl's name), I sought him alone, and bitterly reproached him with his unfaithfulness. He stared, as well he might; but my vain reading had divested my mind of all maidenly modesty on the subject. When he found me getting more and more outrageous, he told me plainly that I had never had his love, that I was not the woman to make any man's heart happy; and that Ellen should be his wife so surely as they both lived. He was as good as his word. In a few weeks Ellen was his happy bride; and I, to show that my spirit was at least unbroken, gave my hand, without my heart, not long after to another.

My husband was a dark, distant man; but he was kind to me, till one unfortunate day, in a rage which some trifle had provoked, I laid bare my heart to him. He saw that he had no place there, and I lost his affections for ever. From that time he treated me with a strange forbearance. He gave way to me on all possible occasions; but I saw that he only did so lest his own quiet should be disturbed, and the conviction deeply mortified me. I had other troubles too. The Seals and I seldom met; but the sight of Ellen's happy face every time she passed the window withered my heart with envy. Besides, she had a large family, and I had none. I prayed that I might call a child my own, or die; and God gave me my heart's desire; but, rebel that I was, I used his good gift to my own destruction. Yet I was humbled and softened down the morning that I first held a living son in my arms, and many a promise and resolution I made of controlling my temper for the future. But that soft mood passed away like the morning cloud or the early dew. My very nature required to be changed first. I had yielded to it too long to govern it then, and I was too proud to ask assistance even from him who alone could give it. Therefore, when my child's little face was become too familiar to act as a check, the power of the demon returned. My husband became every day more unlovable, and more estranged, as I grew more irritable. He drowned his cares in the wine-cup, and sank into the drunkard's grave before my son had passed his early boyhood.

That sin rests upon my soul with all the others. My father, too, was dead, and none remained to love me but my son. Oh how I loved that only child! My affection for him was in my heart as a green spot of solid land on a toiled and troubled sea. I fastened my very heartstrings round him, thought of no one else all day, and slept only to dream of him. In the loudest storm of anger I would listen to his voice when it was ever so childish, and for twenty-four years no word of mine ever entered his ears that was not steeped in tenderness—for I dreaded the loss of his love as the worst that could befall me. Even while a child, Louis gave tokens of a noble spirit; and mere strangers passing him in the street would stop to praise his beauty; and all said there

was a promise of genius shining in his bright eyes, and written on his fine broad forehead.

I was in very straitened circumstances; but I toiled night and day, rose early, and sat up late, that my child might be fed, and clothed, and taught like that of the best gentleman in the town. I kept him to myself as much as possible, for I feared to lose my influence over him; but, as if Ellen Sealy was always to come between me and my purpose, the very first friendship he formed at school was with her son. I tried to fill his mind with my own prejudices; but he argued, if the mothers were enemies, it was only fair that the sons should be friends. God forgive me! I did all I could to make them rivals; but the boys had generous hearts, and gloried in each other's triumphs. In the playground and the school-room they were always together, and shared in common the applause of the boys and their masters. My child chose to be an architect, and with no small striving did I fit him for it; but I was well repaid by the talent he showed. Surely he was a son that any mother might have been proud of; for he grew up the most good-natured, handsome, clever young man in the town—not alone in my eyes, for all the neighbours said so too. And the gentry of the place noticed him, and praised his sense and intelligence, and promised to open fine prospects before him. Often and often has my heart throbbed proudly when I saw him talking amongst them, looking as grand as the very best of them. Surely all the good of his nature was the work of God's own finger, for it could not have come of my training. His friends saw no fault in him; but I, who knew him best, knew that if once roused, his passion was desperate while it lasted. He had some of his mother's high spirit, though it was nearly smothered in the kindness that gushed up in his heart like a clear spring-well. To me he was all that was loving and dutiful, and he always put his earnings into my lap with a face glowing with affection. The only thing which at all displeased me in his conduct was, that he would not stay away from William Sealy's house. After a while, his visits grew longer and longer, till nearly all his leisure hours were spent there. For a long time I ascribed it all to his affection for the son, forgetting that the daughter was a far more dangerous acquaintance. She was their youngest child, and so very beautiful, so very sweet and winning in her manner, that it took much brooding over what I called my wrongs before I could harden my heart against her. But she was her mother's image: the same light-brown hair, and soft twilight gray eyes, and mild delicate features. She was her namesake too; and *that* was enough to make her odious in my sight. But somehow I never thought of the matter till some whispering among the neighbours opened my eyes; and then I vowed to myself that she should feel, as her fair mother had made me feel, the anguish of rejected love; that her dainty lip should drink of the same burning cup, if I could possibly put it into her hand.

When my son came home that night I reproached him with more warmth than ever I had done; and to my consternation was answered with assurances that he loved her as his own soul, and would as soon give up his life as his love. I did not know that it had gone so far; I was too selfish to bear any rival in his affections; but the thought that the daughter of my old enemy should be loved more than myself was utterly insupportable. In vain he described her as all that was gentle and beautiful; one whom any mother might covet for her son: in vain he declared, that to afford me a comfortable home would be his and Ellen's most anxious wish. I answered him with impatient scorn; for mortification at my want of influence—pride offended at his low choice, when he might have done so much better—long-cherished prejudice—and a fierce thirst for revenge—were all together strong enough to conquer for the time even the deep love I bore him. He was firm to his purpose; and I, who had been used to carry my point by violence, provoked by his deter-

mination, worked myself up into such a frenzy of passion, that I scarcely knew what I was saying or doing. I cursed his love and its object, with her father and mother before her; I mocked at his horror, and vowed, while my lips trembled with rage, that he should either promise to give up the hated girl that very moment, or leave my house for ever, for that I would not sleep another night under one roof with a disobedient child—and snatching a Bible from a book-shelf, I kissed it with my unholy lips in ratification of the oath. He gave me one look—a look of reproach, and horror, and fixed resolution—and all at once turned away and left the house.

My headstrong violence had carried me farther than I intended; I did not think he would take me at my word so suddenly. I had hoped to see him yield in some measure, and my first impulse was to run to the door and call him back; but my cruel pride restrained me, though the lessening sound of his footsteps fell heavily on my heart. I sat down, and spite of all I could do to keep my anger alive, better feelings would come into my mind. I thought of the time when I had nursed him a little baby, when I had taught him to call me mother; then of the days when I used to watch him on his way to school till he was out of sight, and feel that my sunshine was departed till his return; when I used to hear him his lessons, and look at his drawings, with such proud and joyful hopes. Oh how brightly had they been fulfilled! And as I looked back through his whole life, I could not remember one unkind word against him: the man had been as dutiful as the boy. Even that evening I had not the excuse that he had answered passion with passion; and overwhelmed with these recollections, I began to repent, and to long for his return, that I might ask his forgiveness. Not but that I was as determined as ever not to receive Ellen as a daughter; but for the future I would persuade, implore, do anything but revile him as I had done. It never struck me that he would really mind my wrathful declaration (because, once over, I minded it so little myself), until the striking of the clock reminded me that it was past his usual hour for coming home. Could it be possible that he would not return? It seemed so absurd that my command in such a matter would have any weight. Was not the house his own? Had he not filled it with comforts for my use? Had he not rather the power to bid me leave it if he chose? I could not believe it in his nature to be deeply offended with me for a few angry words—the first, the very first, I had ever used to him! I, who had worked for him in health, and watched by him in sickness—and could an angry breath efface the remembrance of the devoted love of years? Thus I reasoned with myself for another and another hour; but he had not come in; and my alarm increased to such a height, that I wrapped a cloak round me, and went out to seek him.

It was in the middle of November. I have bitter reason to remember the time: it was piercingly cold, and a blinding mist falling through the thick darkness. I knew that he always spent part of his evenings at the Sealy's: should I go there? Bad as I was, the struggle was short between my pride and my maternal anxiety. Their house was shut up: I knocked with a trembling hand, and William Sealy put his head out of a window. For very many years we had not spoken together; and with a heart almost bursting with a tumult of contending feelings, I faltered out my inquiries for my son. Louis had not been there at all that night. I turned away with a sinking heart: I ran to every place where I thought it possible he could be, but no one had seen him; besides, nearly everybody was in bed.

Returning homewards in a state of distraction, yet with the faint hope that I might find him by this time in the house, I moved my head, I know not why, to look again at William Sealy's windows. The mist was partially dispersed, and a vague formless spot of light indicated the moon's place in the sky. By this faint illumination I saw something in a nook of the street commanded by

the windows. It resembled a human figure. It was a human figure, and in a sitting posture! I did not rush towards it. I did not scream with joy when I saw it was my son. I approached it as if my limbs were frozen. My heart quaked for a moment, and then ceased to beat; and it was with a gasp, as if for life, that I looked into his face. He was sitting bolt upright on a stone, his back resting against the wall, and his eyes staring up at the windows. He was dead—dead—dead!

What became of me after that I do not know. I have a confused notion that he came alive again, and that I laughed so loud and long as to terrify even myself. To say the truth—but this is a secret—I think I was mad. After a time they told me he had been drinking deep during the night: but that is not true, for Louis, taught by his father's fate, had a horror of the vice. Or if he did drink, for the first and last time, it was his mother who drove him to the bottle! But the cold was enough: he was not the sole victim of that fearful night—the night I selected for driving forth my only son from his own home.

William Sealy's wife had come to me in my trouble, and generously nursed me through my long illness; and when the first stupefaction of her grief was over, poor Ellen came too, that we might mingle our tears together. She did not know then that my hand had given the blow; but I told her, and every one, that I might relieve his memory from the slightest shadow of reproach. Even then she did not shrink from me, but bore her own grief patiently, that she might minister to the agony of my remorse. What I would have given then to see Louis her living husband! But she, too, had seen him dead, and the shock had sunk into her soul; besides, she never ceased reproaching herself for being the cause of contention between us: and every one noticed that she was growing paler and thinner—gradually wearing away. A delicate girl like her could not pass through such a trial and live. I was beside her when she died; and those soft eyes whose light I had so hated, brightened into a look of forgiveness for me at the last. Surely if ever any learned of him who paid back hatred with love and mercy, that gentle and beautiful creature had been taught the lesson. Bitter were the tears I shed above her early grave, but not such as I wept for her lover, for God had sent to her the holy Dove with his olive branch, and he folded his wings over her heart till it was purified from all earthly passion, and fit to appear in the light of heaven. She was so long at the point to die, that she became used to think of 'that which cometh after;' but Louis was hurried into the presence of his Maker without one thought of whither he was going. He had not a moment to breathe a prayer; his soul steeped in forgetfulness, with the imperfections of his youth thick upon it.

I am now very poor; and when death comes, it must be either at the roadside or in a workhouse. But even if I could, I would not kindle the fire on my hearth again; its light would only make my loneliness visible, for a desolate, miserable woman I am. I know no one: I have no friend. He who would have carried me decently to the grave, I sent there in haste before me! I cannot find fault with the deep darkness which rests upon me; for the light that was given me I put out myself. And when I am going along the road, and see the pretty, happy-looking houses on either side of me, I think that my life is just so—happiness surrounding me, but mine the dry, hard, lonely road for evermore.

Such was the story poured out (like that of the Wedding Guest) to an unwilling and nervous listener in a provincial town. The conversation was introduced by the old woman, a tattered and neglected-looking creature, soliciting a mouthful of water as she passed a house in the outskirts. Not long after, the strange visitor's remorse ended in settled madness, and she wore on the rest of her days in an asylum, generally in a dull stupor, never speaking but to murmur to herself, 'My son—my son!' except in occasional fits of wild delirium,

which were as short as they were violent. Her reason never returned, and she died miserably, proving the truth of the Wise Man's words—'As a city broken down, and without walls, so is he that hath no rule over his own spirit.'

CURIOSITIES OF ROGUERY.

THE DOG-MAKER—THE DOG-STEALER—THE DRINK-DOCTOR—THE PAWNER.

DOG-MAKING was a craft once practised in London, though with but limited and temporary success. The business had its origin in the great demand for pet dogs of certain breeds (principally Blenheim spaniels and small terriers, both Scotch and English), taken in connection with the great mortality which marks the first year of canine existence. If there were any accurate statistics on such matters, they would show us, there is little doubt, that above one-third of the dogs bred for pets, and designed literally for the lap of fashion, die in their first year. The dog-dealers, not much relishing this great deduction from their profits, were in the habit, not many years ago, of fitting the skins of their deceased favourites to the bodies of a more hardy race. A breed of mongrels was kept on hand, doomed to be promoted in course of time to the cast-off finery of the defunct *élégantes*. This process was so ingeniously accomplished, that the fraud could be detected only by a very minute inspection. We have seen one of these puppy masqueraders, the offspring of a bull-bitch, so cleverly indured with the hide of a King Charles's spaniel, as not merely to preclude all likelihood of suspicion, but to baffle any investigation that could be made without exciting the animal's outcries. The skin was not only cut to measure, and carefully sewed on, but was further attached by a powerful cement—and it is worthy of remark that the experiment would have resulted in the speedy death of any animal which does not, like the dog, perspire through the tongue, as the cement used must necessarily prevent perspiration through the skin. Such living manufactures were generally sold at the corners of streets, and got rid of, if possible, out of hand, for reasons too obvious to mention. Dog-making may, however, now be considered as a branch of industry that has become extinct. That spirit of improvement in the economy of manufactures which of late years has tended so much to cheapen production, has had its effect upon the dog trade as well as others, the professors of which have arrived at a conclusion, the soundness of which we have at least no logical reason to doubt—namely, that it is more remunerative to steal the animals in a genuine state, than to fabricate false ones at the cost of no small labour and ingenuity, which, after all, for want of a speedy sale, may be frequently thrown away.

The Dog-stealer's establishment—and there are a considerable number of them in different parts of the metropolis—is generally situated in the immediate neighbourhood of some inns or livery stables, and is in fact very frequently a dilapidated stable, temporarily fitted up for the reception of the stolen animals. A servant of the proprietor is always, in attendance on the premises, both day and night, provided with food, and a whip, to feed the hungry, and castigate the quarrelsome. He receives all animals bearing a marketable value which are brought by the dog-thieves, who continually perambulate the streets at all hours of the twenty-four in search of their prey—giving a check upon his employer for a certain specified sum, according to a scale agreed upon. These kidnappers, we may observe, have no necessary connection with any particular establishment, but generally dispose of their plunder at the receptacle nearest at hand, or at that where the highest price can be obtained, for in this, as well as in all other trades, there exists a strong competition. Many of these ill-doers, it is pitiable to remark, are women, who meet with vastly more success in the capture of the small and expensive

pets which abound in the fashionable quarters of the town than do the men or boys.

We cannot be mistaken in our narration of the details of this nefarious traffic, because we have sat pursuing our vocation within twenty feet of one of these receptacles for a whole twelvemonth, unseen, though observing everything. During this period the whole economy of the trade became as palpable to view as it would have been had we organized it ourselves. At all hours of the day, but chiefly at dusk and early morning, the kidnappers would arrive, bringing dogs for transfer, and receiving a scrap of paper in exchange. Sometimes the animals were brought openly in arms, sometimes they were led by a string—but more frequently were concealed about the person of the thief, and only produced after entering the premises and closing the door. Pampered lap-dogs, poodles, terriers, and spaniels, came in pretty regular rotation to this den of disquiet; and occasionally pointers, setters, beagles, and retrievers of considerable value, would make their appearance. Now and then, too, some huge, unsightly, rough-coated, half-starved cur would arrive, whom the passing of the dog-cart act, then recently enacted, had probably thrown out of occupation, and condemned to a wandering life of perpetual famine: once within the portals of this *inferno*, his miseries were soon terminated, he being introduced for the purpose of furnishing food for his fellow-prisoners.

A considerable per-centage of the stolen dogs find their way back to their owners—and indeed it is a disappointment to the receiver if the loss be not advertised, and a reward offered. When this is not readily done, unless the dog be of a breed for which there is a great demand, the loser will probably hear of his or her favourite, and be informed that the missing pet will be forthcoming on the payment of a certain sum. Unfortunately, however, fancy dogs, especially of what is called King Charles's breed, are in great request at the present time in Holland and Belgium, and considerable numbers are exported periodically to supply the markets in those countries. The stock in this country is not so much diminished as this continual exportation would lead us to infer, because the Dutch and Belgic dog-thieves, who are not a whit less expert than their Anglian brethren, industriously manage to ship a good proportion of them back again—so that many a bewildered poodle passes half his lifetime at sea. What becomes of those which, being unfit for exportation, are not redeemed by their owners, it is not easy to say. Great numbers, without doubt, are sacrificed for the sake of their skins; others, docked, clipped, and shorn (and sometimes dyed) out of all resemblance to their former selves, are sold to sporting gentlemen at country fairs and markets; and others, as we have good reason to know, after enduring the miseries of imprisonment and semi-starvation for weeks, or perhaps months, are emancipated by a disease which attacks the skin, upon the first appearance of which they are sent summarily about their business, lest they should infect the whole stock in trade.

The dog-stealer contrives most adroitly to evade the law. The proprietor of a dozen dog-layers is never seen even in company with a dog when making his rounds. The rewards are claimed and received by agents who well understand the department of the business allotted to them; no cross-questioning will ever induce them to vary from the stereotyped statement they have to make. It is said that they are allowed by their principal a very liberal per-centage, and that to make the transaction safe to him, they have to pay over the amount of the reward before they receive it—that is, upon the reception of the missing dog for restoration to the owner. Speaking commercially, the allowance ought to bear a thumping commission for *del credere*, seeing that the deliverer runs a risk of never getting the reward, or at least of being put to the inconvenience of swearing a false oath to obtain it.

The ostensible profession of the dog-stealer is almost

invariably that of dog-doctor, and indeed in some parts of the town he makes a good income by this branch of his business, frequently getting a golden fee in payment for a prescription for some aristocratic valetudinarian pug or poodle. If his receptacles attract the notice of the police, they are described as infirmaries, and the prisoners as patients; and even if a lost dog be discovered in one of them, he has of course been deposited there for the purpose of medical treatment by a party unknown to the proprietor.

It sometimes happens that the reward offered for the recovery of a stolen dog is not deemed of sufficient amount by the thief in possession, who will coolly negotiate for a more liberal remuneration. A friend of the writer lost a handsome spaniel, and had bills printed, offering a guinea for his recovery. Next day he received a note, informing him that if the reward were doubled he would see his favourite in the course of a few hours. A reply, acceding to the demand, was despatched to the address indicated in the note. The owner was accosted a few hours after, on his way home from office in the evening, by two men, one bearing the dog in his arms; and though he had formed an excellent plan for recovering possession of his own without paying anything, he yet found it necessary to keep to the terms of his contract, or else forego for ever the recovery of the dog—an alternative not to be thought of.

Dog-stealing would appear to be carried on with more impunity than any other species of theft; seeing that the convictions, when viewed in connection with the number of offences daily and almost hourly occurring, are astonishingly few.

The Drink Doctor.—In what dark, dim, and mystical region of the metropolis this potent and indispensable ally of the licensed victualler and the gin-king has fixed his habitat we could never yet succeed in discovering; but we have marked well his doings, and have strictly noted his stealthy but undeviating appearance in the wake of the distiller's cart and the brewer's dray, in whose track he follows as sure as night succeeds to sunset. Come forth thou man of mystery; present thyself for once to the eye of day; and though the sun never yet shone upon the performance of thy secret labours, yet allow his gladsome rays to reveal to us thy lineaments for this once only; show thy grave face to the glare of noon, and attest if thou wilt the truth of our delineation, while we portray thee and thy function for the benefit of that public from whose gaze thou modestly retirest, and whom—thyself withdrawn in diffident obscurity—thou art content to poison in the pursuit of thy quiet and unobtrusive profession!

Mister Quintin Quassia, D.D., as the gin-spinners and beer-druggers who require his services gravely address him, is a being of seedy garb, of saturnine aspect, and taciturn disposition. He is a member of no learned profession, and is in possession of no degree, save a very considerable degree of quiet impudence and self-possession. Though enjoying the designation of Doctor—a title which he doubtless owes to his abundant use of drugs in the practice of his art—he would be perhaps better described as a professor of magic-multiplication, seeing that, without condescending to have recourse to a vulgar arithmetical process, he has the power of doubling, ay, and more than doubling, the quantity of certain potables as delivered per invoice into the cellar of the publican. Under his marvellous management three hogsheads of proof gin from the distillers shall in the course of a single night become transformed into seven substantial hogsheads of 'Cream of the Valley.' He has the assistance of a redoubtable necromancer in the person of Father Thames, whom he secretly invokes from his cozy bed at the dead of night. He has also another liquid spirit at his beck—a spirit whose touch is torture, and whose function it frequently is to burn what fire will not consume—the fiend of sulphuric acid, whose vulgar retail name is vitriol. In his pouch he carries poisons of terrible efficacy, and thirst-exciting drugs to consummate his work.

The presence of Quintin Quassia at the publican's is invariably required, as we have intimated above, after the arrival of a consignment of spirits from the distiller, and is always preceded by the advent of a number of goodly cones of loaf-sugar, without the admixture of which the gin-drinking legions of London would not tolerate a drop of the diabolical mixture concocted for them. Upon such occasions the doctor may be seen dropping in, as though accidentally, at the bar-parlour a few minutes before the hour of closing: taking a seat as a customer, he sits sipping a glass of grog until the last lingering sot has cleared out—when, *presto!* he and the landlord, stripping to their shirt sleeves, are off to the cellar, and plunged at once into the mysteries of that manufacture upon the success of which the prosperity and reputation of the arena of drunkenness and demoralisation mainly depend. The floods of life-destroying liquor sold in London daily under the names of 'Cordial Gin,' 'Cream of the Valley,' 'Old Tom,' and a dozen other popular appellations, are all so many specious mixtures, having pure unsweetened spirits as a basis, made up to suit the sophisticated taste of the London drunkard. Were the spirit retailed to the public in the same condition in which it is consigned by the distiller to the publican, the latter would soon find his customers reduced to less than a tithe of their present number. The mild though potent flavour of unmixed spirits has not sufficient zest for the dregs of the London population, who are the principal supporters of the gin-shop; they look for the fiery sting that vitriol imparts, which they relish for its fatal warmth, and consider as a proof of the genuineness of the poison they imbibe. Moreover, they require it highly sweetened, and in this they are amply indulged by the doctor, who knows that their depraved thirst is rather excited than satisfied by sweetened spirits.

The enormous fortunes realised by the proprietors of gin-shops situated in certain favourable localities are altogether due to the operations of the Drink-Doctor upon the material there so abundantly retailed over the counter, and 'drunk on the premises.' It is a fact that gin is often ostensibly sold at many of these palaces at a cost scarcely a fraction above that at which it can be furnished by the distillers. We once asked the proprietor of one of these thriving temples of vice how it came to pass that he could sell his 'mountain dew,' as he called it, at a price which barely covered the original cost of the neat spirits. 'You know nothing about it,' said he: 'if the cost were double what it is, I should make a spanking profit out of it notwithstanding.' Of course he could. We had not then had the pleasure of the doctor's acquaintance, nor obtained any insight into the nature of his nocturnal orgies.

The extravagant and plundering profit realised by the gin-spinner sufficiently accounts for the eagerness with which licenses are sought after whenever a pretext can be found or formed for opening a public-house or a gin-shop. The growth of these places is gradual, but unfortunately too certain. The plan generally pursued in the metropolis is this: a beer-shop is first started in a carefully-selected locality; every means is used to draw custom to the spot; the liquor sold is good, cheap, and unadulterated; and a reputation is speedily gained for the house among the operative classes, whose great delight, recreation, and luxury is beer. When the trade is nursed up to its highest point, a memorial is got up, addressed to the proper magisterial authorities, and signed by every householder in the neighbourhood whose signature can be by any means obtained. This is forwarded to the magistrates, who at their next district meeting consider the claims of all applicants; and if the petitioner have any influence, or any friend among the magnates of his parish, a license is pretty sure to be granted. In a very short period the Humble Tom and Jerry shop is transformed into a gin-palace—the wholesome beer is gradually changed for a loathsome physicky wash, in order that the customers may prefer spirits to beer—the manufacture of vitriol and sugar commences

—and the neighbourhood, changed from 'Beer Street' to 'Gin Lane,' is in due course of being poisoned and demoralised *secundum artem* — the proprietor confidently contemplating a retirement at no distant period upon a comfortable estate. Any time between ten, and twenty years ago this prospect was pretty sure to be realised by any one fortunate enough to obtain a license, and (being unencumbered by moral or conscientious scruples) in the possession of moderate industry and perseverance. We knew a young man who, without a single talent, or capacity enough for a tradesman's craft, in seven years realised a clear ten thousand pounds, and retired upon that capital to the enjoyment of a country life while yet in his twenty-ninth year!

The doings of the doctor in the beer department are not of so miraculous a character as those already described, still they are worthy of note. Though the contents of a cask of beer cannot be doubled with any probability of finding a thoroughfare through the popular throat, yet they may, with cautious management, be increased some twenty or thirty per cent. Quassia, liquorice, coculus Indicus, and certain other cheap ingredients, will carry a profitable quantity of water, and yet impart a flavour to the beer which, so far from being repulsive to the palate of the London sot, long trained by the publicans to the tolerance of such poisons, is rather agreeable than otherwise. But the chief aim of the doctor with regard to beer is to render it provocative of thirst, so that the fatigued workman who comes in for a glass to refresh himself, may find, upon drinking it, that a quart more at least is necessary to quench the thirst it has excited. By this means drunkards are manufactured by degrees, and thus men sit the livelong evenings through, drinking eight or ten pints consecutively, and wondering while at their own capacities for imbibition.

It is by the aid of the doctor that the weakest wash of the brewer is transformed at times into treble X. Under his talismanic charm simple porter becomes double stout, and fetches more than double price. He knows the precise taste of all classes of customers, and readily prepares from the common staple supplied by the brewer either the full-bodied 'lush,' in which the swart and brawny coal-heaver luxuriates, or the thin supper-beer of the sober tradesman or sedentary clerk. He is called into council invariably when a new house is opened, and pronounces learnedly upon the precise character of the beverage which will suit the neighbourhood, and which of course he undertakes to manufacture. His exploits have, however, been much limited of late years, owing to the opening of a vast number of houses belonging to brewers, who, not cherishing any great opinion of the doctor's skill, prefer that the beer-bibbing public should have an opportunity of fairly estimating their own, and who consequently make it a rigid condition with their tenants (who are required to deal exclusively with their landlords) that the malt liquors they are supplied with shall be retailed to the public in an unsophisticated state. Still, the doctor has his laugh against the brewer; for it is a lamentable fact that his artifices have been so long and so successfully practised, that the public palate is almost universally vitiated, and pretty generally revolts against the taste of unadulterated malt liquor. As a consequence, the 'brewers' houses' are comparatively deserted, or else owe what degree of reputation and encouragement they enjoy to the success their owners may attain in acting as their own doctors, and counterfeiting those factitious beverages which the drinking public persist in preferring to the honest infusion of malt and hops.

One would imagine that a man whose entire occupation consisted of adulteration in one form or other would be at least so far awake to the consequence of indulgence in such villainous potions as we have described as to refrain from partaking of them himself. No such thing, however; the doctor is a doomed drunkard, and sooner or later sinks to the lowest abyss of drunken degradation, and dies the drunkard's death. Perhaps it

is but justice that such a knave should perish in the pit which it has been the business of his life to prepare for his fellow-creatures.

The Pawnier.—This is an ingenious and impudent scamp, who prides himself upon being able to get a living out of those who thrive and grow fat upon the distress and ruin of the necessitous classes. He is not unusually a tailor out of work, having no intention of getting in work if he can by any possibility avoid it; because he greatly prefers his liberty in the public thoroughfares, and the companionship of tap-room associates, to squatting eternally cross-legged upon the shop-board, engaged in the, to him, hopeless attempt of what Beau Brummell called achieving a collar. It would appear at first view that to make a profit by pledging were a still more hopeless task: he does not find it so. He knows that, as in all other trades, so among the pawnbrokers, a violent competition prevails. In order to preserve their connection, and, if possible, to increase it, those who lend money upon the security of goods find themselves compelled to advance sums approximating as near as the safety of each several transaction will allow to the actual commercial value of the goods hypothecated. So thoroughly is this principle carried out, that in those densely-populated neighbourhoods where pawnbrokers abound, any domestic utensil or commonly-used article of wearing apparel would be estimated at a dozen different establishments consecutively at a price hardly varying a fraction, and verging closely upon the value it would sell for at an auction. It is clear, then, that if the pawnier can succeed in enhancing the apparent value of his wares, or if he can impose upon the pawnbroker by any kind of deception, he may procure a loan of the full value, or even sometimes above the full value, of the pledged articles. This he knows full well; but he knows something more—namely, that every breathing pawnbroker would rather lend three shillings than five, because the law allows the same interest upon both sums; or six shillings than ten, for the same reason. These facts being premised, behold him walking into a pawnbroker's shop with half-a-dozen pieces of figured waistcoatings on his arm, and a tailor's thimble on his finger. 'Here,' says he, 'I've got six waistcoats to make, and I must spout one to buy the trimmings; let's have three shillings.' Now three shillings has the smack of a bargain to the pawnbroker, who, if he has not been 'done' before, will lend the money to a tailor thus circumstanced without much hesitation, even though the article impounded be scarcely worth more. In this way the plausible rascal manages to get off the raw material of coats, waistcoats, and trousers in considerable abundance; some cut out ready for making, though not intended ever to be made by him; others in the shape of remnants of cloth, speciously prepared to simulate a fine quality. It is not to be supposed that he invariably obtains from the pawnbrokers the entire value of his goods; that, indeed, is of no great consequence, because he knows how to find or to make a market for the duplicates, from which it is that he principally makes his profit.

It is a fact pretty well known to all who have paid any continuous attention to the habits of the operative classes, that by far the major part of the working-men of London muddle away the leisure of their evenings in the tap-rooms, or purlieus of beer-shops and public-houses. As these places are free to all comers, the pawnier finds himself of an evening in the company of some dozen or score of thirsty artificers, who, having drowned what little prudence and caution they had in successive pots of beer, are in the precise condition he would wish them to be. Assuming the character of a broken-down tradesman, who has been compelled by misfortune to part with everything, he humbly requests any kind-hearted gentleman present who would do him a service, and at the same time secure an advantageous bargain for himself, to look at the various duplicates of his stock in trade, and select any article that may suit him. In this manner he contrives to get rid of the

greater part of his tickets, and frequently realises, from the combined transactions with the pawnbroker and the public-house dupe, cent. per cent. upon the original cost of his curiously-managed merchandise.

It may be readily conceived that the pawnier does not confine himself to any particular kind of stock. Besides clothing, and the materials for clothing, he trades in articles of jewellery, silver and gold watches, mathematical and scientific instruments, fiddles, flutes, and trumpets—everything, in short, in a portable form and of indefinite value. These he picks up at auction sales; and as he gives but one price for an article for which he is pretty sure of obtaining two prices, his profit is neither small nor uncertain. He is also sometimes known to turn his trade of tailor to good account, by turning an old coat bought for a few shillings, pledging it, and selling the duplicate to a simpleton credulous enough to pay the price of a new one.

The career of this peddling rascal is of comparatively brief duration. In a few short years at most he wears out his vocation through want of prudence in carrying it on. The pawnbrokers in quick time get his face by heart, and his beer-drinking dupes are very apt to avenge their victimisation by the exercise of a species of Lynch-law, which effectually indisposes him to further experiments upon their pockets. When debarred from the practice of his nefarious occupation, he cannot return to industrious labour, but generally takes to the road in the character of a tramp, and lives as long as he can upon the forced contributions of the industrious members of his craft. This is the lowest, as it is generally the last, stage of degradation; and it is vain to look for him further.

TOPOGRAPHY OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

DURING the last ten years so many discoveries in our solar system have been announced and questioned, have been put forward by one observer and laid claim to by another, that it may not be uninteresting to state briefly what the admitted planetary brotherhood really consists of. When the indefatigable Olbers discovered the fourth new planet Vesta, in 1807, making then the eleventh in our solar system, Bode exclaimed, 'Another year will make the dozen complete.' This prediction, however, was far from being verified; and a belief seemed springing up among astronomers that the planetary system, like that of Jupiter's moons, was already complete. After a lapse of thirty-eight years, however, the world was suddenly astonished to hear from a remote corner of Germany that a twelfth planet had actually been discovered. But this was not all; within a period of but little more than two years, no less than five others were incorporated in our solar system. Three circumstances seem more immediately to have led to this unlooked-for change: first, the reduction of the older observations made at Greenwich—an undertaking due to the energy and insight of Airy; secondly, the publication, although but at intervals, of the celestial charts of the Berlin Academy, in which no star down to the seventh magnitude was wanting; and lastly, the profound labours of Leverrier on the secular inequalities in the planetary orbits.

The first among the discoveries which have thus rendered the last decennium so remarkable in the annals of astronomy, was that of the planet *Astrea*, by Hencke, on the 8th of December 1845. This new denizen of our planetary system was found to belong to the planetoids, or family of smaller planets—composed of *Vesta*, *Juno*, *Ceres*, and *Pallas*, and revolving between *Mars* and *Jupiter*. To this succeeded, on the 23d of September of the next year, the purely theoretical discovery of *Leverrier*. This profound analyst announced his conviction that the deviations in the orbit of *Uranus* arose from a planet beyond it, and he delivered to the French Academy the approximate elements of its path, theoretically determined. At *Leverrier's* request, his friend *Galle* of Berlin set about its search, and the very

first evening found it at a distance of only four minutes of time from the place *Leverrier* had assigned to it—the most brilliant triumph ever achieved by the law of gravitation! The name given to this second addition to the solar system—the most distant of all the known planets—was *Neptune*. It is nearly equal in size to *Uranus*, but denser. Two satellites belonging to it have already been discovered, and, according to *Lassel*, a ring. A singular coincidence attended the discovery of *Neptune*. It had, in fact, two discoverers; and it was only the later publication of Mr *Adams's* labours that deprived him of an equal share of the fame.

The year following, 1847, was distinguished by the discovery of three other new planets; one by *Hencke*, and two by *Hind*; to which the names of *Hebe*, *Iris*, and *Flora* were given. They all belong to the family of the planetoids, and group themselves about *Vesta*; the periodic time of the two first being rather longer than *Vesta's*, that of the last shorter. To these was added in 1848 the planet discovered by *Graham*, which in like manner belongs to the planetoidal group, and to which the name of *Diana* was assigned. The question naturally presents itself to the prying search of man—whether any further discoveries are likely to be added to those just enumerated? That this may be the case—not merely as regards the space occupied by the planetoids, but even in that beyond the limits of *Neptune*—seems but reasonable to expect. With respect to the probability of the latter part of the conjecture, it must be remembered that the distance from *Neptune* to those regions in which another fixed star could cause any visible disturbance is enormous; and there seems no reasonable ground for assuming that our solar domain, compared with the adjoining suns, should be more circumscribed than the lunar domains of the planets, compared with their neighbouring planets. Astronomers, however, are by this time no doubt aware that it is neither to the philosophemes of speculation, nor to the mystical laws of symbolism, that they have to look for new discoveries, or for the means of bringing us better acquainted with what is already known.

The topography of our solar system being now so completely different from what it was only half a century ago, the old division of the planets can of course be no longer retained. The division proposed by *Mädler* ranges them into the three following groups:—

Inner group.—Four known planets—*Mercury*, *Venus*, *Earth*, and *Mars*. Moderate size; considerable density; somewhat oblate; rotating on an axis considerably inclined; moonless, with one exception.

Middle group.—Nine known planets—*Flora*, *Vesta*, *Iris*, *Hebe*, *Astrea*, *Juno*, *Ceres*, *Pallas*, *Diana*. Small, and of inconsiderable mass; moonless; orbits interwoven, changeable; much inclined to one another, and mostly very eccentric.

Outer group.—Four known planets—*Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Uranus*, and *Neptune*. Very large; inconsiderable density; much compressed; rapid rotation; furnished with several moons; equators marked by the planes of the lunar orbits, as also by belts and rings; orbits slightly inclined to each other, and deviating but little from a circle.

With regard to the additions made to our physical knowledge of the planets, although much has been effected within the same period, there is nothing that can be at all compared with the brilliant discoveries before enumerated. One important point gained is, the removal of the uncertainty which had prevailed for a century and a-half as to the exact period of the rotation of *Venus*. The astronomers of the *Roman College*, to whom the merit of the settlement of this vexed question belongs, investigated also the divisions of *Saturn's* rings, and determined the periods of his inner moons. By observations of the moons of *Uranus*, *Lamont* established the exact mass of that planet, while *Mädler* determined the dimensions and the ratio of his compression. Observations have also been furnished by

Mädler and Mitchell on the spots of Mars; while the former ascertained by admeasurement the diameter of Vesta; that of Pallas having been already fixed by Lamont.

LETTERS FROM THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

In the first number of this Journal for the present year, a sketch was given of the singular and romantic history of the English settlement on the Pitcairn Islands; and we are now able to lay before our readers, by way of supplement to the article, some fresher details, together with several authentic letters from the islanders themselves.

The correspondence took place with Captain Charles Hope, who commanded the *Thalia* in the Pacific in 1844. His design of calling at Pitcairn's Island on his passage from Tahiti to Valparaiso having been, to his great regret, frustrated by strong contrary winds, he subsequently sent them some useful presents, in order that the islanders might not lose by the circumstance. As vessels, however, rarely touch at Pitcairn's Island, these gifts did not reach their destination until February 1847; and for like reasons an interval of two years elapsed before the acknowledgment of them was received in the following letters addressed to Captain Hope. The first was from the pastor, magistrate, and councillors; the second from the same parties, in the name and behalf of the whole community; and the third was from the pupils in the island school—the whole combined conveying a graphic idea of the unaffected state of manners and wants of these poor people:—

'PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
July 10, 1847.

'HONOURABLE SIR—On the 26th of February last H. B. M. S. *Spy* arrived here, bringing your very acceptable present and most interesting letters. At a meeting held shortly after, at which all the inhabitants over eighteen years of age (male and female) were present, I was requested to write a letter of thanks in the name, and on behalf of, the whole community, and I now take up my pen for that purpose.

'We were very much grieved at the fortuitous circumstances which deprived us of the benefit of your very desirable visit—desirable to us in an especial manner; for we want some persons to visit us whose intelligence and position in society would give weight to their representations, satisfy the inquiries of the many friends who so kindly interest themselves in our welfare, and refute the preposterous incongruities which have gone abroad respecting Pitcairn's Island. Now, had we been so fortunate as to have received the intended visit of your honour and the Rev. Mr Moody, it would have been most opportune; for you would have come in the right spirit, and, by spending a few days amongst us, might have ascertained exactly the position in which we stand both in spiritual and temporal matters; and in the event of inquiry, have given a verdict in accordance with our deserts. And now, sir, I would respectfully beg leave to call your attention to the following items:—

'The number of inhabitants at the present time amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight—seventy-one males, three of whom are English, and sixty-seven females, one of whom is a Tahitian, who came hither in the *Bounty*; the rest are natives. For nineteen years I have held the very responsible situation of pastor and schoolmaster in this place, and honestly believe I have been of some benefit to those under my charge; but I do earnestly wish I could be more formally inducted or licensed to the office I sustain. Perhaps, honoured sir, considering the necessity of the case, you would be pleased to interest yourself in my behalf, and apply to the proper authority for the sanction and license the peculiar situation of myself and charge do most undoubtedly require. My situation, though an interesting one, is not a sinecure. Fifty-four children

attend the public school five days in the week; on Wednesday afternoon a Bible class for the adults, and on Sunday divine service twice, in conformity with the established Church of England, of which all are members. We are very much in want of church Prayer-books, and Watts' psalms and hymns, for public worship. Elementary books for the younger classes in the school, and Walkinghame's, or other books on arithmetic, for the more advanced classes. There are two other things indispensably necessary to the temporal welfare of the community—namely, a cast-iron hand-mill for grinding Indian corn, and a medicine chest. There is a great amount of sickness on the island, and the want of proper remedies to apply frequently causes me much anxiety: the trifling quantity of medicines obtained from the whale-ships which touch here occasionally is quite inadequate to our necessities; and if your honour would obtain a supply for us, it would confer a lasting favour upon us all.

'You very affectionately observe in your letter that we are British subjects; I believe our island is an anomaly within the precincts of Polynesia. The inhabitants are all British subjects; the English language only is spoken; "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" waves over our heads on Sundays and other proper occasions, and all are members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England.'

(Signatures of pastor, &c.)

'PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
July 10, 1847.

'HONOURABLE SIR—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, beg leave to return our grateful acknowledgments for your most acceptable present, contained in three boxes, and brought to us by H. B. M. S. *Spy*. Your very kind and interesting letters we set great store by; and as it is a custom with us at all our public meetings to read over the various letters sent us at different times, we can assure you that yours will be frequently read, and gratefully commented upon for the benefit of the rising generation. Our pastor has, by public request, written you a letter; its contents we are acquainted with; but there is one request contained in it we would in an especial but respectful manner present to your notice. Our number now amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight, and is rapidly increasing. Our teacher, who is a worthy man, and whose services are of great value to us, has never received the sanction or license of the proper authorities in the church to qualify him for the very important and prominent situation he fills. He is most anxious, and we are no less so, that he should be more formally inducted into the office of pastor; and for this purpose our humble request to you is, that you will (if it can be done with propriety) make our case known to the bishop of London, or some other competent dignitary, who would send a pastoral letter to our teacher, sanctioning and confirming him in the sacred office he for nineteen years has held among us.

'We extremely regret the circumstances which prevented your visiting us; it would have been (humanly speaking) one of the happiest occurrences possible. We should have been delighted with your company and that of the Rev. Mr Moody; besides, it would have been a prime opportunity of satisfying our many friends and wellwishers in England as to our actual state and progress since the death of the respected John Adams, and would have effectually silenced some ill-natured and ill-founded reports which have gone abroad. We could have promptly supplied you with wood, water, sweet potatoes, and yams, at that season of the year. In respect of firewood, it is very rare indeed that we cannot succeed in getting it on board a ship-of-war from some part of the island, let the weather be as it may. Ships can obtain water with great facility in moderate weather. But we fear we shall not now have an opportunity of convincing you with what alacrity and goodwill we would swim the firewood off to your boats, or fill your water-casks. Be pleased to write to us more

than once, that since we are denied the happiness of personal acquaintance, we may be enabled, at our public meetings, to speak of your welfare, and repeat your kind instructions and friendly assurances to the rising generation. We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, most respectfully, and gratefully, your very humble servants.' (Signatures of magistrate and councillors.)

'PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
August 11, 1847.

'DEAR AND HONOURED SIR—Our teacher read to us your most affectionate letter; and we his scholars have read it more than once, and will treasure its benevolent advice in our minds as a rule of conduct. We much regret the untoward circumstances which frustrated your intended visit; for it would have been to us both a pleasure and reward if our educational acquirements had merited your approbation, and that of the Rev. Mr Moody. We attend school five days in the week, five hours each day. Our routine of school duties is as follows:—namely, Commence with prayer and praise; conclude with the same: Monday, recital of weekly tasks, reading the Holy Scriptures, writing, arithmetic, and class spelling: Tuesday, the same as on Monday: Wednesday, promiscuous reading (individually) in history, geography, transcribing select portions of Scriptures, &c.: Thursday, similar to Monday and Tuesday: and on Friday, which is the busiest day of the week, transcribe words with their definitions from Walker's Dictionary, read hymns, or other devotional, and moral poetry, repeat Watts' and the Church Catechism, arithmetical tables, &c. &c. and emulative spelling concludes the whole: we are generally an hour longer at school this day than any other. On Wednesday afternoon the elder scholars attend the Bible class with their parents. On the Sabbath divine service is performed twice, and all who can possibly attend do so. The present, so kindly sent us by the Rev. Mr Thompson received so much injury from wet before it reached us, as to be nearly useless. We regret this much, because we were greatly in need of school requisites generally. If the request is not improper, will you, honoured sir, procure for us some copy-slips, or models for writing, and a few of Walkingame's arithmetics, with a key to the same? for we often hear our teacher say, if he had these helps his work would be much easier; and we heartily wish he could obtain the means of making it so. We are indeed British subjects, and we think it a great privilege to be considered so; and when we see the flag of Old England waving from the staff in front of the school-house, we often remark to each other with grateful hearts, "That's our safeguard from the ugly French!"

'As grateful scholars, we much regret the possibility of our beloved teacher being superseded, as you, honoured sir, and the Rev. Mr Moody, seem to intimate in your letters. Whatever may be the qualifications of the person sent out, he can never be to us what our present pastor has been, and is. Fathers and mothers on their deathbeds have bequeathed their children to his care; many of our parents have been educated by him; and we, his present pupils, from the time of our birth up to this day, have been cared for and watched over with parental solicitude. Now, dear and honoured sir, if you would obtain from the bishop of London, or some other dignitary, a license for our pastor, confirming him in his present important situation, you would fill our hearts with joy, and we would trouble you with more than one letter expressive of our gratitude. Be pleased to present our humble respects to the Rev. Mr Moody; and if he would condescend in preferring our request, it would greatly enhance the obligations we are already under.' (Signatures of pupils, &c.)

We have copied the foregoing letters from the 'Colonial Church Chronicle' for March 1850; and from the same authority we learn that still later accounts have been received from the island. Last year, a grant of books was made to the islanders by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Rev. William

Armstrong, the chaplain at Valparaiso, through whom they were sent, has recently addressed to the secretary a letter of thanks. The following is an extract from this letter, which is dated Valparaiso, Oct. 18, 1849:—

'An English man-of-war, the *Pandora*, has lately arrived direct from Pitcairn's Island, and the commander, Lieutenant Wood, and the officers, give the most pleasing and gratifying account of the happy state in which their little community were living (numbering seventy-five males and seventy-five females, exactly a hundred and fifty persons). They are described as a remarkably strong and healthy people; for instance, a young woman, eighteen years of age, being accustomed to carry on her shoulders a hundred pounds' weight of yams, over hills and precipitous places, and for a considerable distance, where one unaccustomed to such exercise would scarcely be able to scramble. And a man of sixty years old with ease carried the surgeon of the *Pandora* up a steep ascent, from the landing-place, that he had himself in vain attempted to mount, the ground being very slippery from recent rains; and the officer being a large man, six feet high, renders it the more surprising. Indeed Lieutenant Wood said he was himself borne aloft in the arms of a damsel, and carried up the hill with the utmost facility. But this is a digression which I did not intend. You will be glad to hear that they are all well educated—the young men being instructed in navigation, and some of the lower branches of mathematics; and that they live together in the greatest harmony, and in the strictest observance of religious duties—public, family, and private—with every appearance of perfect freedom from all crime, and bearing the stamp of extreme innocence and simplicity. A new regulation had been recently made for the distribution of all their books among the families, they having been before kept as public property, as it was believed they would be more read and valued in that way; and for which purpose shelves had been put up in all their houses, which are very neat and comfortable, though more like ship-cabins than dwelling-houses. The reason they give for this arrangement is, that they are in the habit of walking into each other's houses with the same freedom as into their own, and taking up a book, will sit down and read it aloud, or not, as they feel disposed. The Society's books went to them in good time, some of them particularly suited, in there being several copies of the same work, such as the Homilies and others. I requested them to acknowledge the receipt of the Society's very liberal grant, and their letter shall be forwarded immediately on my receiving it.'

We have only to add, that if any of the works or sheets issuing from our press be considered worthy of acceptance by the Pitcairn Islanders, we should be glad to forward them a packet through any suitable and convenient channel that may be pointed out.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

It is astonishing how many people one meets in this world who cannot stir a step in any direction till somebody encourages them. And what wonders they would perform, by their own account, under the said encouragement. In business, in art, and in literature, may these encourageable spirits be met, generally at the foot of the ladder, waiting for patronage, and never disposed to climb without a helping hand; for which, by the way, many of them wait the residue of their natural lives—other people being extremely apt to have enough to do with themselves.

Who that has gained a few rising steps on the rough steep of life, and 'made his footing'—perhaps not very sure, though seemingly so—on 'the bank and shoal' of worldly position, has not become aware of at least a score of hands clutching, as it were, at his skirts from time to time with fervent appeals for encouragement?

On the business part of mankind these pulls for patronage are usually made in a direct form, and in a great measure monopolised by relatives and connections, whose

bonds to them grow tighter with every advance of fortune. Sometimes the claim of schoolfellowship is preferred, and occasionally that of old acquaintance: the hard winner is reminded of some one he knew, perhaps for little good, in less successful days, who now confidently expects him to do something for an old friend. With how many of the applicants it may be at all safe to have anything to do, can be determined only by the judgment and experience of the individual concerned; but one certainty remains, that all the non-encouraged will be his perpetual enemies.

There is one curious fact connected with this subject, that those who achieve any degree of greatness, as the world estimates it, are exposed to far more frequent and pressing applications for encouragement than those who are born to it, or have it thrust upon them. Perhaps it is the common impression that the man who has been in need of assistance will be most ready to impart it—whether it was ever vouchsafed to his striving days or not. Perhaps it is believed that some memory of the times when hope was his only riches will return to strengthen the claim of new aspirants. How often are such reckonings far wide of the mark! The climbing process is in many a case a hardening one. Thousands will look back to their own unfriended beginnings as contrasted with that of the would-be protégé, and say, 'Nobody helped me when things were worse: let him do as I did.' And prudence as well as observation will throw in many a hint to confirm that resolution.

Few that have made to themselves a place or name in the world of letters cannot recall letters setting forth 'warm imaginations' and 'susceptible hearts,' 'ardent aspirations' and generally 'youth,' as pleas for encouragement in the various shapes their writers expect it. The number of these received by any ten professed litterateurs would occupy a large, ay, and a curious volume, which might be appropriately called 'The Book for Beginners.'

It was an amusing, though probably too correct statement, of a noted critic, that of all the encouragement-seeking letters that reached him—and they were not few—the worst spelled were invariably those of the would-be poets; and he added that poets in general were a sore evil, for they would encourage anybody. Causes of whose operation the reviewer might have been unconscious, would probably account for his latter observation. It reminds one of Campbell's reply to the two Eton boys—of whom, by the way, Shelley was one—regarding their joint production submitted to his judgment, 'that there were at least two good lines in it,' but he never particularised them. The liberality of Pope's encouragement surely could not have been the cause of inundating his study with the crowd of aspirants of whose intrusion he complained in such keen but self-glorifying verses. Among the social curiosities of an old burgh in the west of Scotland, there was some years ago reckoned a certain cobbler, who used to assert, whenever occasion offered, that 'he could take the shine out of Shakspeare if he only were encouraged!' The man had not succeeded well in his own humble craft, nor in the course of forty years had he made himself notably useful in anything excepting the drain-shop; but so persuaded was he of his genius, and its necessity for encouragement, that he undertook a double pilgrimage—first to a celebrated reviewer; and secondly, to Campbell himself, then wearing his new laurels—in search of the latter article. On his return, which took place somewhat sooner than his friends expected, he said, 'They were both dirty bodies' for advising him to 'stick to his last,' but he 'kenn'd he was a born poet, and somebody would encourage him yet!'

As to whether or not his hopes ever reached that consummation, the history of the burgh is silent; but the cobbler seems to have belonged to a large and widely-spread class of aspirants, who, while trusting in patronage to an indefinite extent, generally continue to do wonderfully little for themselves. Indeed it is observable that determined writers for encouragement, under any circumstances, rarely make much effort on their own behalf; following the fashion of the Irish peasant, who could neither build a

pig-sty, thatch his cottage, nor remove a dunghill from its front, till his landlord would encourage him; and when the sympathising traveller who counselled these reforms inquired why at least he didn't wash his own face, instead of lying idle and dirty in the sun, he replied with a grievous groan, 'Oh, yer honour, bekase there's no encouragement!'

This dependent habit, so fatally easy of acquisition, is probably the chief cause why people who are much patronised rarely make a distinguished or even tolerable figure in any department. One cannot be always forwarded and directed by the hands or judgment of others. These will be found wanting at times to the most encouraged mortal; and a continued reliance on external aid necessarily undermines that trust in our own abilities which, though often injurious from its excess, must be the soul and support of every undertaking. On the same principle it is worth remarking how little encouragement has fallen to the lot of the most notable climbers. Out of all who, in popular phrase, have made their own fortunes, or elevated themselves to stations of distinction, how few have been at all patronised in their early difficulties, or have seen a single hand stretched out from the crowd above them, till the roughest part of the upward way was passed, and it was no longer a help, but a courtesy.

Patrons in general wait to find people worthy of their countenance, and likely to do their discrimination credit; but there is a class of good or busy souls who delight in patronising, and, according to the reviewer's character of the poets, would encourage anybody. In the trading, in the literary, and in the religious world, may such worthies be found; for the most part occupying some position of petty influence which their own views always magnify. Their protégés are usually a multitude; but they are seldom well chosen—the cunning, the imprudent, or at least the good-for-nothing; usually engross the largest share of their regards. The want of such help need not be much regretted by any earnest aspirant. Such patronage goes but a little way; it is a staff with which one cannot travel far. It is the genius of patronisers to multiply the number of their dependants rather than that of their friends or equals. 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther,' is their decree concerning all they assist; and some at one step, some at another, stop short just where their help might have been most serviceable, but where it seems good to them that progress should cease. There is a saying recorded of that Italian painter known as Témpesto, from the nature of his favourite subjects—and, by the way, his temper was somewhat stormy also—which might be remembered with advantage in many a case by both patron and protégé. A youth of a noble Florentine family had made a long journey to ask the painter's advice regarding the management of his own presumed genius, which at least for the time was bent to art.

'What have you done?' inquired Témpesto.

'Oh, nothing,' said the youth: 'I couldn't think what to begin; but if properly encouraged, I am sure it would be something great.'

'Would it?' said the painter. 'Then go home, and just encourage yourself to do something little, for great undertakings neither ask nor obtain encouragement.'

The painter was right: in a public sense the greatest works have been comparatively executed in silence, and the best workers are often least noticed. Yet the subject has its other side. It is not in our social human nature to feel altogether independent or regardless of encouragement. The most zealous and determined strivers have rejoiced in it under the burden and heat of the day, though strangely various were the sources from which it reached them. With some it was a friend, whose good-will and fortune were equal, and the world called him patron—but such have been wondrous rare; with some it was an associate, who sunk early in the struggle, leaving his hopes and memory, like the prophet's mantle, to them; with others it was a voice heard only in some poor by-lane of life through daily labour and petty cares, but never known to the crowd that praised, and questioned, and remarked on their noted days. Some-

times the strengthening of heart and hand has been derived from the merest casualty—a verse remembered, a passage turned up in a book, a trifling occurrence which spoke like the spider's perseverance to the defeated and desperate monarch; the praise of a discerning stranger, or a kind word spoken in season by those who had nothing better to bestow. Surely in this respect one may use the words of Scripture, and say, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper.' After all, it is the noblest policy to be, in some circumstances, and under certain limits, liberal of encouragement.

Some philanthropists have talked largely of encouraging virtue among the people by the distribution of tangible premiums; and institutions of that nature have been long and systematically established on the continent. There is scarce a town or village in France that has not some popular fête, at which candidates parade their claims to the most private virtues, and dispute the prize with all the display and rivalry of a school examination. Medals for modesty and dowries for self-denial are thus awarded, and the newspaper reports of the proceedings read like an overgrown but silly edition of our old nursery tale concerning the good boy who got the plumcake.

Such exhibitions speak little for either the intellect or moral sentiments of the nations among whom they flourish. Genuine virtue is above all visible premium, and that which is encouraged by the prospect of a fête and a prize must belong to the theatrical order—a stage robe, to be laid aside as soon as the show is over. To encourage each other in well-doing for this world or that to come is, however, in the power of most people much oftener than they are inclined to acknowledge or practise it. By advice and assistance, by respect and example, each, according to gifts and opportunity, may patronise his neighbour with advantage; but let every aspirant to things worthy of other men's approbation take that old master's advice, and begin by affording himself a certain measure of encouragement.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

'Oft in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off!—'

THE wish needs no poet's vision for its realisation, but may be attained in any quarter of the globe without overstepping the laws of nature or calling in the aid of magic or sorcery.

Floating islands may be divided into three distinct classes—namely, those which have their foundations composed of the interlaced roots of plants; those formed of accidentally-detached portions of the mainland; and those which, though now fixed, are said to have roamed at one period of their existence. With these may be mentioned the masses which, having been thrown up by submarine volcanoes, or brought to light by the receding of the tide, are usually, though incorrectly, termed 'floating islands;' and likewise such isles as are either created by poetic superstition, or, having been actually discovered by volcanic action, and again swallowed by the deep, have been chronicled but not verified by later research. We may here remark, that wherever a floating isle was found of old, it was regarded with a superstitious reverence, which accepted its seemingly miraculous appearance as a distinctive and sufficient mark of its sanctity.

The first class is one of peculiar beauty and interest, as it literally contains isles which

— 'where the liquid sky
Without oars or pilot them to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to file.'

To it may be referred the islets of the sacred Vandimonian Lake, which had sufficient buoyancy to bear away

such cattle as, tempted by their fresh green pastures, ventured upon their unstable sward. Of this class also was the island of the Cutulian waters, which, as Pliny tells us, carried on its surface a dark and gloomy grove, which was never seen in the same place by night or by day. This was the celebrated isle which, having been mentioned by the Dodonean oracle, arrested the wanderings of the exiled Pelasgians. Then, again, there are, says the same naturalist, islands in Lydia called Calamina—that is, *things made of reeds*—which are moved not only by the wind, but even with oars, whosoever men list, and by means of which many of the Roman citizens were saved during the Mithridatic wars. The most wondrous tale, however, which he relates, is that of some small isles in Nymphæum, which were called Dancing Islands, 'because they would move in time to the strains of music;' at one time roaming in a magic circle, at another threading the mazes of a figure resembling that of a *triquetra*—an instrument formed somewhat in the shape of the three legs which are borne as the arms of the Isle of Man. The islands in the territory of Cœcubo, and those of Meatum, Mutina, and Staton, are given by him as examples of isles 'continually floating, being impelled by the winds.' Such isles, he remarks, are never square; an observation which has been confirmed by more modern authorities.

In our own land, we may reckon the isles which move upon the waters of Loch Lomond,* though many believe that they should be rather referred to our second class. That mentioned by Giraldus as occurring in one of the lakes of the Snowdon range—namely, in Llyn-y-Dywarehen (*Lacus cœspitosus*), or the Lake of Grass, and that recorded by Pennant as being one of the natural wonders of Breadalbane, and of which he says, that though it cannot boast of the darksome groves of the island of Cutulia, yet it can show plenty of coarse grass, small willows, and even a little birch-tree; whilst, like Calamina, it may be launched with poles from the side of the lake. This isle is 51 feet long by 29 broad, and is said to be about 25 inches in thickness, though the last measurement is in all probability annually increased by the deposition and decay of vegetable matter. These islands are attributed by Mr Gahn to the twisted roots of the rosy bog-rush (*Scirpus mariscus*), the scaly-stalked spike-rush (*Scirpus cœspitosus*), or 'deer's hair,' of the Highlanders; and the rigid carex (*Carex cœspitosa*), gradually overlaid by a vegetable mould, and fitted for the growth of other plants.

In America we find islands of the lake Tagua-Tagua in Chili, which were described by M. Gay in 1833. The composition of these is very similar to those above-mentioned. Their form is circular, and their thickness from four to six feet, the greater portion of which is immersed in the water. When the wind is high, they are gracefully wafted across the lake, and are used by the neighbouring inhabitants as natural ferry-boats. Whilst in Africa, Boteler tells us that in navigating the river Congo in the years 1822-25, they were frequently passed by small floating isles, which, when covered with birds, had a most remarkable appearance.

Whilst the sea is constantly encroaching on the land in some districts, it is gradually retiring in others—

'For though the sea, with waves continual,
Does eat the earth, it is no more at all,
Ne is the earth the less!'

and thus the islands of our second class are formed. 'Nature,' says Pliny, 'has torn off Sicily from Italy, Cyprus from Syria, Eubœa from Boœtia, Atalanta and Mecaria from Eubœa, Besbycus from Bithynia, and Lencosia from the promontory of the Syrens.' He also affirms, that after the island of Thera arose from the

* This loch is popularly said to possess three marvels—'waves without winds, fishes without fins, and floating islands.' In explanation of the first, we may mention that at the period of the great earthquake at Lisbon these waters were considerably agitated; the second, as we believe, attributed to the land-masses, which frequently pass over the waters from one isle to another.

deep, a portion of it, being torn off, became the island of Therasia; and that ere long a third isle appeared between these two, and which obtained the name of Automata. This assertion is corroborated by M. Oliver, who seems convinced that these islands must at some remote period have been severed from each other.

As an exemplification of a different kind, we may mention the island in the mouth of the Humber, which for several years was visible at low water only, but which, gradually increasing, became in the year 1668 of sufficient size and stability to justify its cultivation.

Foremost in our third class stands the once bright and beautiful, though now barren and deserted, isle of Delos, which

— 'whylome, as men report,
Amid the Egean sea long time did stay,
Till that Latona, traveling that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard away,
Of her faire twins was there delivered'

For the earth, to please the queen of gods, had sworn not to receive her rival; therefore this 'land upon the sea' became, by a sort of compromise of terms, her resting-place, and by this act of hospitality was made stationary. Apparently Latona should be the tutelary goddess of floating islands, for the Egyptians fabled that the isle which once floated in the lake near Buto was originally fixed; but that, when dreading the rage of Typhon, or the Ocean, she concealed the infant Apollo within its shores, it first began to float.

The islands of the fourth class are far too numerous to be even alluded to here; and as they are not floating isles, properly so called, we shall merely give a passing glance at one or two of the most remarkable.

There was a tradition—which was long regarded as a legend—that, upwards of two hundred years ago, an island appeared in the vicinity of St Michael's, in the Azores, which, after a brief interval, was again swallowed by the ocean. Unwilling, however, to have its very existence doubted, this isle again appeared, with all the majesty of volcanic terror, in the year 1811—when it was warmly welcomed, in the hope that, by providing an outlet for subterranean fire, it would check the frequent occurrence of earthquakes, to which St Michael's had previously been subject.

The mention of this will recall to the minds of our readers the act by which the British government, some years ago, formally took possession of the island which was so ominously named Sabrina; but scarcely was the official deed concluded, ere the mighty sea once more claimed its offspring.

These numerous and widely-dispersed islands are, in a geological point of view, of extreme interest; but for further information respecting them we must refer to 'Lyell's Geology,' to the works of Raspe, to the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and other volumes of a similar nature.

As exemplifications of the fabled islands, we may name O'Brazil, and the Green Isles of the Ocean. The first of these, which is called in Irish Begara, is said by the inhabitants of the South Arran Isles to appear on the waves every seventh year; but 'whether,' says cautious old Martin, 'it be real and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound.' Then he tells us of one Morogh O'Leay, 'yet living,' who was 'personally' in this isle, and whose fate we record for the behoof of epenetic husbands. Being one day, in the year 1668, 'in a melancholy humour, upon some discontent of his wife,' he was seized by two or three strangers, and forcibly carried into O'Brazil, where he was detained for two days; after which he was ferried out, hood-winked, in a boat, as he imagines, until he was left at Galway, where he lay for two days longer, very dangerously ill. Let not the episode, however, of this tale lead any to conclude that his conjugal discontent

was rewarded rather than punished by his visionary visit; for though Martin adds, that in consequence of it, he seven or eight years after began to 'practise physic and chirturgery, though he never studied or practised either all his lifetime before.' Yet we can state, upon the authority of Flaherty, who wrote sixteen years afterwards, that though Master Morogh O'Leay affirmed that he had received a book from the inhabitants of O'Brazil, with instructions not to open it for seven years, and that his obedience had endowed him with the gift of healing, yet it was well known that his ancestors were hereditary physicians in Connaught, and that, availing himself of their written experience, he supported himself, after the confiscation of his property, by quackery. The so-called book of O'Brazil is, we believe, still preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy.

The idea of O'Brazil being kept hidden as a terrestrial paradise, appears to connect it with the Green Isles of the Ocean (*Greendonnau Ithon*) which the early British Christians—with a degree of kindly charity which might with advantage be imitated in a less superstitious age—fabled as the paradise of those virtuous Druids who walked according to their knowledge, and whom they dared not condemn, though they scarce might hope their souls would class with those of the Christians.

These isles were only visible, it was believed, from a certain spot in the cathedral-yard of St David's. And the illusive vision tempted many a gallant Briton of old to undertake a voyage for the purpose of discovering them. The most celebrated of these voyages was that of Gaoran, who, accompanied by the flower of his land, sailed in the fifth century, never to return; for in the words of Mrs Hemans—

'The guide to those realms of the blessed is death'

Tradition tells of one who, to insure his object, carried with him the turf from off the enchanted spot; but this sacrilegious act caused the holy isles to sink and rise no more.

Spenser has largely availed himself of the poetic beauty of the 'isles that wander o'er the blue expanse.' Thus we find him continually recurring to

— 'islands,
On every side floating the floods among'

'Straggling plots, which to and fro doe come
In the wide waters'—

lands

— 'light
The wandering islands'—

— 'on island waste and void
That floated in the midst of that great lake

— 'islands which doe float
In the wide sea'—

and similar expressions.

Unable though we are to decide on the accuracy of the various names assigned by tradition to the man who first peopled our land, we know that, coming as he necessarily must from over the ocean, his name was in process of time used to symbolise that of Noah, under which title divine honours were paid to him. Consequently the most appropriate temples that could be dedicated to him were such as floated; and pre-eminently such as floated without the aid of man. These were, however, of rare occurrence; and hence the holy arks or temples were frequently constructed on movable rafts, in imitation of such isles.

To this custom, says Davies, Taliessin frequently alludes. Thus he speaks of the sanctuary, as 'wandering about from place to place,' as being 'on the surface of the ocean,' again it appears 'on a wide lake, the sea surrounds it; now it is 'on the ninth wave; sometimes the billows assail it, and 'with speed it removes before them; yet awhile, and it 'has arrived within the gulf or bend of the shore, it lifts itself on high, and fixes itself on the margin of the flood,' &c. Thus symbolical

ark is denominated *Caer*, which signifies a 'fenced enclosure,' and it is also described as an island; hence the sanctuaries, or enclosed circles of the Druids, are indifferently termed 'caers' or 'islands.'

The above-mentioned antiquary directs attention to the analogy between these facts and those relating to the sacred islands of the Lake of Vandimon, which acquire farther interest from the discovery of an Etruscan inscription, running thus:—'The great father Vandimon, who is called by the Latins Janus, and by the Syrians Noa, came to this region,' &c. A coincidence which will recall to the minds of our readers the dispute between King Arthur and the Etruscan sage, in which each asserts that his own land was the preceptress of the other.*

So close is the connection between the remnants of Druidical worship and the superstitions relating to 'folk lore,' so intimately are the souls of the Druids interwoven with the fairies, or Fair Family (*Tylwyth Teg*) of the Celts, that it is natural for our floating islands to be converted from sanctuaries into appurtenances of the 'small people.' Thus many a fairy tale is connected with the subject of this article; as an example of which we may mention the history of a small lake in the mountains of Breconshire, where, tradition assures us, there was once a floating island, where all who chose might be hospitably entertained by the Fair Family, though none of its produce might be carried away. But, alas for human cupidity! an underserving man bore off one of its bright flowers; but scarce had he touched the mainland ere the flower vanished, the island sank, and the delinquent lost his senses. Since this disaster the Welsh are said always to have been unfortunate—a statement to which no true-hearted Welshman will, we imagine, give his assent, despite the old story of *Saxon tyranny*, and similar false and injurious exclamations, which are fast sinking into oblivion, and disappearing even as the enchanted isle disappeared, never, we trust, to rise again.

As some respect is ever to be had to tradition, it is not impossible that some floating isle may once have existed in this lake, in the form of the rafts or artificial isles of the Druidical sanctuaries.

There is an isle which we cannot place in any of the above named classes, in fact we know not where to place it—simply because its cause and nature have not yet been satisfactorily explained, for which reason many have been inclined to deny its existence altogether. The doubt, however, may be set at rest by an autumnal visit to the lake of Derwentwater. The island in question never appears except when the water is high; it is then opposite the mouth of the Cat-gill stream, and is sometimes visible for several days, and then disappears for as many weeks or months, though it may even during that interval be discovered at a depth of about two fathoms. It is nearly circular, measures about six feet in diameter, and slopes gradually from the centre to the edge of the water. This lake, like Loch Lomond, is sometimes agitated in a remarkable manner when the winds seem all at rest; which is usually attributed to what are termed 'bottom winds'—currents which may have some undiscovered influence on the rising of the island. Ackerman, however, suggests, that as the water from the torrent of Cat-gill seems totally lost in the ground, as the bottom of the lake is densely covered with a fine, close grass, with strong and matted roots, and as the slope from the centre of the isle is more precipitate after very heavy rains, the phenomena may be caused by an under-current from the stream, which vainly struggles to force its way between the roots of the grass, and mingle with the waters of the lake, and that, failing in this, it has yet strength enough to force a portion of the turf to the surface.

This theory, though not conclusive, is ingenious, and deserves attention; more especially as it is corroborated by the fact, that when Ackerman pierced the island with

his fishing-rod, the grass roots embraced the slender point so closely that no water could escape; but when he withdrew it, the water spouted up to the height of two feet.

A BRAHMIN'S DAY.

[Scene.—A sacred grove, in which is a temple of Sheeva, with a small pillar to the right, upon which a *toolsie* plant* is seen growing out of a conical globe, of the Indo Gothic construction.]

THE Brahmin is supposed to have been asleep in the interior of the temple, but awaking, he looks through the crevices of the old wooden door, which is the only aperture in the pagoda, and speaks thus:—

'How soft and bright are the beams of *Chandra*†! he seems to be in his best mood, for not a single cloud overcasts his silvery countenance; surely he will this day meet with *Surjo*, and greet him at early dawn! Ah me, how loudly the jet-black *cow-kulah*‡ reiterates the name of the Creator—*Ram, Ram, Ram*! The sprightly *phunglu* is also deceived by the soft rays, and thinks 'tis morn: how soothing are those notes borne to me upon the wings of the west wind! Yon *purra*s-tree also seems already alive with the confused chirruping of the gregarious *anna*, they are happy and secure on their high and thorny perch, for not a snake nor reptile will climb that prickly stem—so God provides for all his creatures! But I must yet repose a while; this tottering frame needs rest, although my spirit loves to pray and meditate. It can scarcely be two, and hark! there crows the village cock,§ as sure as any timepiece: two hours I may yet recline, and then I must be stirring.'

Four o'clock, dawn.—The Brahmin rises, folds up his mat and blanket, and hangs his *mala*, or rosaries of *toolsie*-wood and prickly nuts round his neck, and peeps out at the old door. At this noise the crows, who have nests in the old bean-tree, set up a loud cawing.

Brahmin. Hush, hush, noisy vermin! ye shall be fed when I partake of my *juphaun* (lunch of parched rice or peas). Now, cover your young. Your punishment is already great, for your race is doomed to do everlasting penance upon earth, and feed upon foul carrion, as birds of evil omen excluded from heaven. Who can with impunity offend the gods?

The Brahmin now takes a small grass broom and sweeps the temple and the platform on which it stands, goes to the well with his handsome antique-shaped jar of brass (*budnah*), and cleans his teeth with a sprig of the *seurah*-tree, which makes a capital tooth-brush. After performing all his purifications, he ascends the steps which lead to the pillar on which the *toolsie* grows. He bows down to the sacred plant and the *salligrana* stone, which reposes under it, resting upon a few of the holy leaves. He sprinkles water on the bush, and sweeps the pillar clean. Whilst he is thus employed, a female is seen to approach with hasty steps: she weeps, and seems distressed.

'Well, spouse of Bhima,|| why here at this early

* The *toolsie* is to all appearance a plant of the balm or salvin kind. When well taken care of, it will grow to the height of three or four feet. There are two kinds of *toolsie*—the dark purple and the light green. The first is the sacred plant, and it bears, as well as the green, a small whitish blossom tinged with lilac. The leaves of the *toolsie* are medicinal, and highly aromatic, the seed of the green plant is mucilaginous, and is used occasionally, even by Europeans, when steeped in water and sugar, to form a cooling and agreeable beverage.

† *Chandra*, the moon, is generally masculine in the Hindoo mythology. *Surjo*, the sun, is also masculine.

‡ The Indian cuckoo. The male is a beautiful black bird, supposed to repeat 'Ram, Ram, Ram.' It is a great scavenger. The female looks as if it belonged to quite a different species, being speckled like our cuckoo, and having bright red eyes. Like our cuckoo, too, it lays its egg in strange nests, and leaves the brood to the care of other birds.

§ The first crow of the cock in the East is generally at two o'clock in the morning. The midnight nights are frequently so bright that the birds sing half the night.

|| A stranger never addresses a woman by her name, but always as the mother, wife, or sister of so-and-so—naming the man.

* See 'King Arthur,' by Sir Bulwer Lytton.

hour? And thou art in tears' The woman prostrates herself

'Maharaj, my Rhadah is ill, and insensible with fever—what can I do but weep?—my only child! I come to thee for counsel.'

'Come, my good woman, prostrate thyself before the holy plant of Vishnu Binda, whose ashes were changed into the toolaid, was the faithful wife of Jalandhara, and for her virtue and chastity this plant is to represent her on earth, and is revered by man. See! there is Sulligrama also at its feet—that is the image of Vishnu. Now, take this handful of leaves, and after rubbing them with salt in thy palm, squeeze out the juice, which thou must mix with the juice of the fresh ginger pounded, of each a shellful * this will relieve Rhadah, and at eve go thou to the kind lady of Wilson Sahib, and beg of her a little *cha* (tea), that thou must boil, and let thy child inhale the steam and also take a draught of it. She will then perspire, and the fever, I trust, will leave her tender frame. Now, depart in peace, good spouse of Bhipia.'

Noon.—The Brahmin has finished his scanty lunch of *chubnah*, and fid his crows. A dipper-turbaned fellow approaches the temple, and calls out, 'Haste *Thayoon*, it is court-day, and your presence is needed to administer an oath, the judge Sahib is on his way, and the *Vakeels* are all assembled, so you have no time to loiter. Sahib!' It is needless here to add that this is a servant of government, a *Chuprassee*, and a Mohammedan.

The Brahmin mutters, 'Impudent rascal!' but he is a Mohammedan, and we are not on an equal footing. He hastily takes his *argha patra* (a boat-shaped vessel of red copper) from a niche, and plucking off a sprig of *toolaid*, he deposits it in the *argha* (cangus water), he thinks (and rightly), will be plentiful at the court house.

When there, the old man jostles his way through the insolent crowd of Peons (Chuprassees, and *Vakeels* (advocates), and patiently waits until the witnesses are to be sworn, and then the *runge jhal* (Ganges water), *jamba* (copper), and *toolaid*, are touched by them, whilst the holy man mutters, and the witnesses after him, that they are swearing truly and faithfully, as they love the goddess of great waters.

It is well nigh dark before the holy Brahmin enters again his silent temple. The black and well polished stone of *maha den* overtops the darkness, and stands a stately pillar—three godheads united into one. The Brahmin bows humbly upon the earth before the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer.

'And now, my friendly lamp,' he says, 'come thou and shine at the foot of the toolaid until I express how much I reverence chastity and the god of the unrelenting bow.'

The lamp of baked clay is trimmed and filled with mustard oil out of a bamboo cruse, carried to the pillar, and after due prostrations, left to consume and burn out. The Brahmin then cooks a hasty meal of rice and dahl, flavoured with salt and ghee, called *kedjerk* which he eats, according to prescriptive form, in the open air, within a holy circle, washed and cleansed with co-dung. And so ends the day's work of the pious and solitary devotee.

NEWS PAPERS SENT BY POST

The number of newspapers posted in London throughout the week is something enormous. Several vans full of 'The Times' are despatched by every morning and evening mail, other morning papers contribute their weeks full of broad sheets, and on Saturday evening not a paper of any circulation in the metropolis but contributes more or less largely to swell that enormous avalanche of packets which do bundle up in the Post Office. In the long room lately added to the establishment of St Martin's le Grand, which

* Shell and used for spoons in the East, but in general the hands and fingers serve the adult for knife, fork, and spoon together.

swings so ingeniously from its suspending rods a platform attracts the eye of the visitor—he sees upon it half a dozen men struggling amidst a chaos of newspapers, which seem countless as the heaped up bricks of ruined Babylon. As they are carried to the different tables to be sorted great baskets with fresh supplies are wound up by the endless chain which passes from top to bottom of the building. The number of papers passing through all the post offices in the kingdom is not less than 70,000,000 per annum, or only 10,000,000 less than the usual number of stamps issued to newspapers in Great Britain. We continually see letters from subscribers complaining that papers do not reach them, and hinting that clerks keep them purposely to read them. If one of these writers were to catch a glance of the bustle of the office at the time of marking up the mails, he would smile indeed at his own absurdity. We should like to see one of the sorting clerks quickly reading in the midst of the general despatch, the sheet would be refreshing. The real cause of delays and errors of all kinds in the transmission of newspapers is the clumsy manner in which their envelopes and addresses are frequently placed upon them. Two or three clerks are employed exclusively in endeavouring to restore wrappers that have been broken off. We asked one of these clerks once what he did with those papers that had entirely escaped from their addresses. 'We do so,' said he very significantly, 'the best that we can,' at the same time packing up the loose papers with pieces of the first Indian wrappers that came to hand. The result of this chance mostly upon the readers must be fairly enough.

IO A LADY

ON HER TIANING IVY ROUND A RUINED

A lady from a distant land
Whose shadow Athens' hill was
Once more to tread her native strand
Sailed o'er the western wave

'No sea but length that ancient
Of herds' time in times gone by
Known to many a happy folk
With Gothic arch as thou the

Nigh where a church in ruins
Dismantled in ruin's place
The lady passed in pensive mood
And sighed to view its time when tower

Then bringing from a neighbour's word
Fresh story, gathered there
She set them round the walls that stood
And projected their crumbling mass the

'When I duly read the history
Thy lady said in tender tone
Thy heaven shall clothe its roof with
Thy tendrils creep and cling to me

'Above the ruins wild and tall
Thy mantle th'us shalt gently spread
And weave thy verdant bunn
The silent masonry of the dead

How lovely at the shrine of age
Such tribute to the youthful heart
How sweet thy young life's flame
Fairer than thy fatherland

And whether transatlantic beams
Shall o'er thy future footsteps shine
Or by thy native woods and stream
Thy days gleam on thy life's decline

Still memory, faithful to the past,
Will oft recall that touch of home
And fancy weave the while life's death lair,
Thy name with ivy—evergreen!

A J

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NOT A BAD WORLD AFTER ALL.

We have heard much in literature and in common conversation of the badness and hardness of the world. I feel inclined to take up an opposite strain, and lay down the proposition that it is not a bad or a hard world at all, but, on the contrary, a very passable, respectable sort of world, everything considered. Some people have a genius for seeing the bad sides of things, and a remarkable destiny for encountering mischances and experiencing ill treatment at the hands of their fellow-creatures. Some not ill-meaning people are of a naturally sombre and fearful temperament, and rarely see things in a pleasant point of view. Some are oppressed with unduly melancholic notions as to human life and destiny in general, as if the going out of the world were far more than sufficient to annul all the benefits consequent upon having come into it. These are eccentricities and exceptive cases. The general vote of mankind, expressed not in their words, but practically in their actions, is, that the world is an agreeable world to live in. There are few that plainly say so—just as there are few people who tell you they are rich or well off; but just as we know that nevertheless there are many rich and well-off people, so may we be sure that, notwithstanding the general silence on the pleasantness of mortal life, there are multitudes who feel that it is a fact of nature, and one much to be rejoiced in too.

One gentleman was speaking to another one day on the many serious things which daily came under his attention, when the other said, 'You, my friend, seem to see only a dismal solemnity in the external world. It is strange how differently I am constituted. I see an immense fund of merriment and pleasantry in nature. Creation laughs, to my apprehension.' The solemn gentleman only shook his head. Yet though it may be readily admitted that any one who sees *only* merriment in nature, sees very imperfectly, it is at the same time quite true that the comic is one of the aspects of the natural world, as well as the beautiful and the sublime. There are arrangements to bring the smile to the cheek as well as the tear to the eye.

It would be fitter to dwell at any length on the vast number of obviously enjoyable things which surround us in our worldly position—the endless delights of the woods, fields, and streams—the ever-varying beauty of the sky, through day and night—the seasons, each in its turn so fitted to yield us pleasure. But it must be admitted by the most zealous of the school of Heraclitus, that these broad and conspicuous features of the world we live in are calculated to gratify the children of men. And is not this much? 'Yes,' it may be replied; 'but see, nevertheless, how full life is of toil and care, all resulting in wretchedness!' But is it really so, or is it irremediably so?

You speak of toil as a hardship. Now it may be reasonably argued that toil is no hardship at all. The working-people are the happy people of this world. The idle are a set of unfortunates, who can only be viewed by a rational mind with pity. Oh God, give us work, lest we die! might be a very general prayer. Labour a hardship! why, it is the very essence of human happiness. Admitted that, when carried to excess, and unchecked by amusement, it makes Jack a dull boy. But there is no absolute need to carry it to excess. Nature, left to herself, would be a faithful Ten-Hours'-Bill for all her children. It is not so clear that these children of hers would set to work, or keep steadily at it, merely for the pleasure of working; for, strange to say, most men would rather idle, notwithstanding its certain resulting in their unhappiness. Let us not wonder overmuch at a perversity which makes us insensible to our best advantages. See, however, how Providence has contrived, by the premiums put upon work, to prompt us into what is so greatly beneficial. We must work if we would have the means of life. In yielding to this condition, we secure at once the supply of our necessities and the cheerfulness of our days. Light labour, accordingly, is always a merry thing. Hear Lubin whistling at his team, peep into the blacksmith's shop, and listen to the song whose cadences coincide with those of the hammer. Even a weaver's shop used to be a cheerful scene, as the men made the minstrel's lay keep time with their own, or sustained amid the din of shuttles an animated chat about the news of the day. For my part I know nothing more delightful than to hear the laugh and song which often accompany hard work. Mary's ditties in the kitchen may sometimes be a little annoying up stairs; but yet I should, for one, be loath to forbid them. It is a human heart obeying a glorious and a beautiful law—that cheerfulness comes with duty. Let the poor girl sing on.

As to care, there is much of it doubtless in the world, and it can never be entirely dismissed without an abandonment of reflection itself. Care, however, in a right measure, is only another kind of occupation. It is one of the means of that regulated employment of our faculties which is essential not merely to a happy, but even to a tolerable life. For instance, there is care attending a charge of children—an incessant tissue of it, from their first entrance into this life to your own going out of it. But yet is it not confessed by the voice of nature to be a pleasing burthen? And does not a woman who has the good fortune to be a mother appear, in the generality of instances, better able to secure, by the fulfilment of her duty, the desired happy life for herself, than she to whom this charge has been denied? This I believe to be a question which will not stand a debate. It is God who has laid down the proposition in our hearts: against it we can at the utmost hear the words

of some eccentric thinker, liable to be changed to-morrow. Care increases with wealth of worldly goods, but that is simply a penalty annexed to having where others want. It is voluntarily incurred, and may be at any time dismissed by dismissing the cause. No one chooses to dismiss the cause, a clear sign that this kind of care is not intolerable. The fact is, that such care, like every other, has its utility and a certain bearing on our happiness. There is first the care for a bare subsistence—itsself a part of subsistence, in the healthy stimulus which it gives. When this is set at rest by increase of wealth, the human being would feel a sad want in his condition if the care of his wealth did not supply the place of the former care for subsistence. It is possible, indeed, to carry this care to a vice, and to be miserable under it; but the abuse is no argument against the use.

Still, says the disciple of Heraclitus, there is an immense quantity of misery in the world. True, but the quantity is not necessary or fixed. It is capable of indefinite diminution, in the particular as well as the general. Men make miseries for themselves through ignorance and unregulated impulses. Disease is but the exponent of disobedience to the rules of health. The greater vexations and trials of life for the most part spring directly from culpable error. Let men be enlightened as to the bearings of the external world on their own happiness, and trained to right observances regarding each other, and a vast proportion of the evils from which they suffer would be extinguished. The enjoyment of a sane mind in a sound body is the general offering of Providence to its creatures. The legitimate exercise of every one of the human faculties is a destined source of enjoyment. Suffering is only the penalty appointed to prompt us to keep in that right course which will give us happiness. We have but to take the hint, to be happy. We may well believe that, in such a system, there never can be an entire extinction of misery; but we may be equally convinced that it might be reduced to such a point, that the outcry about the miseries of this life would almost cease to be heard.

Even amidst all the sufferings we do experience, how cheerful common life appears! Memory is kindly faithless, to save us from endless regrets. Time softens the sternest griefs. The fingers of Hope are continually at work, irradiating the future with her roseate dyes. Jocularity, a less dignified, but scarcely less obliging goddess, lends her aid to turn off the hard sides and sharp edges of passing things. The cheering sense of duty well performed—the bustle and excitement of the ever-varying social scene—the very delusions we often are under about the importance of our own little doings—all help to make this, on the whole, a happy world. It is true 'all wait the inevitable hour;' and this is, or ought to be, a serious consideration. Nature, however, does not make it a painfully-serious consideration to minds in a healthy state. The day is kindly hidden. Surprise is sometimes expressed that we do not reflect every hour that we are one nearer the end of our present being; let us rather admire the goodness of Infinite Wisdom, by which it has been arranged that we are not haunted in this manner with a constant needless pain, that one day appears the just equal of another, not the next in one rigidly-definite series from which its deduction is palpable, and that life is thus spared from being poisoned all through by death. But even death itself is not necessarily to be regarded with alarm. Call it 'kind nature's signal of retreat.' To him who has passed through all the phases of a complete natural life, this retreat is felt rather as a blessing than an evil, because the world, then ceasing to have its wonted charm, is felt as no longer an appropriate field. The spirit that has long communed with God at the distance imposed by life, longs for the more intimate communion which can only be obtained far elsewhere, and in totally different conditions. That in such circumstances there is such a thing as welcoming death, is surely not sur-

prising. Let us, then, not hear of it as a condemnation of life to perpetual gloom, that it must cease. It actually is not so, and it cannot be made so. Human nature, in spite of every mistaken fancy that may beset it, asserts its right to cheerfulness as the rule or staple of life, not as Epicureans, but as considerate and dutiful men would seek it.

Well, says the gloomy philosopher, granting all this, it is still a horrible world of selfishness, deceitfulness, uncharitableness, oppression, and every wickedness. Quite a mistake. On the very contrary, it could easily be shown to be a world full of charity and kindness, just and true-hearted in the main, knowing oppression chiefly to express abhorrence of it. Considering the difficulties which attend the getting a position or appointment for independent and honest subsistence in so densely-peopled an earth, it might even be asserted that the amount of crime is more wonderful for its smallness than its greatness. Can we believe that this is all owing to the terror of punishment? Is not much of it rather attributable to the love of rectitude for its own sake, and the horror of turpitude and its self-punishing degradation? There is developed, in the shock of conflicting interests, much harshness and mutual hostility; but see, on the other hand, the humanity which leavens and tempers all, the courtesies exacted of the bitterest political warfare, the readiness after the worst collisions to return to amicable relations, to forget and to forgive. Men are enemies or opponents only with their heads; in their hearts they are all friends. Common social life, in its best forms, is one scene of forbearance and courtesy—it could not be otherwise and exist. Family life is nearly one entire scene of gentle affections. There is scarcely a human being who has not occasion every day to perform some obliging action towards some of his fellow-creatures, and who does not do this cheerfully? It is a baseless cant that the rich are cold towards the poor. The very reverse is true. It is a fact too palpable to require illustration, that there is a vast stream of money and good offices continually pouring down along society—perhaps more than does the poor true good. The very institution of poor-laws is a profession and practice of humanity sufficient to rebut the charge of universal selfishness. Society thereby proclaims that it will, at all hazards, save the worst and weakest from every chance of an absolute want of the necessities of life.

As to the single charge of deceitfulness or unconscientiousness, it seems strange that any such should be preferred in sweeping terms, as is often done, when we reflect upon the vast extent to which we are all trusting each other in our commercial and other worldly relations, without any but the most occasional loss or suffering therefrom. At a time when society was in its infancy, and every man's possessions were bounded by the walls of his wigwam, there might have been some scope for such a charge; but in an age of banks, credits, distant consignments, contra accounts, and cross reckonings, the existence of these very things is its all-sufficient refutation.

It may seem very absurd to pretend to meet any general charge with one contravening case; but having lately met a touching anecdote of pure human goodness, of a modest yet romantic kind, I cannot resist the inclination to bring it forward, as in itself some defence of human nature, suitable to the present occasion. It occurred in a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Atlas* newspaper towards the end of November 1849:—'The death of Mademoiselle V—, known by the name of Coralie, an actress of one of the smaller theatres of the Boulevards, has been the means of bringing to light one of those domestic dramas which have abounded amid all the other *mystères de Paris*. In consequence of the death of her parents, the poor girl had at an early age been thrown upon the tender care of an aged grandmother, whose blunted faculties, stunned by the Revolution of 1830, had never been able to comprehend the exile of the Bourbons, nor the sudden downfall of her

own fortunes, which had reduced her from a brilliant existence about the person of "Madame" to the seeking a livelihood through her own resources. It would appear that nothing had been saved from the wreck, no provision made against such unexpected misfortune. The old countess scorned to seek for aid, and gradually sold every article of luxury, every token of her former splendour, in order to procure an existence for herself and grandchild, always with the belief that the misery was but for a moment, and that "Madame" was *entournee*, and would soon return. The child, who had, it appears, manifested a great talent for music, had, however, attracted the attention of the porter of the house where the countess resided, and who, aware of the great straits to which the family were reduced, and the delusion under which the grandmother was labouring, good-naturedly succeeded in interesting another lodger in the child's favour. This man was the stage-manager of the Petit Lazare, the lowest theatre in Paris; and here, unknown to the old countess, did she make her *début* as a drummer-boy in one of those military pieces the delight of the lower orders. From that hour has the girl been the whole and sole support of her grandmother and herself—the former never dreaming whence arose the comparative ease and comfort which surrounded her, and readily believing that it came from the *souvenir* and bounty of "Madame." They say it was a sight to melt the most stony heart to witness the pride and joy of the old woman when she beheld her child attired in all her stage trappings—her tinsels and her spangles—in the belief that she had been summoned to the Tuileries, to attend the *pâtissières* of "Mademoiselle;" for to her the daughter of the Duc de Berry had remained still the child she had left her in 1830; and what was more mysterious still, the fancy and the pious invention with which poor Coralie would describe the visit to royalty, on her return to their humble garret after the evening's performance. Such a scene as this gives more hope in human nature than all the lessons which philosophy has ever breathed.

Yes, the reader may depend upon it, it is not so bad a world after all. Further, he may be very sure that those who think the best of it are those who are most likely to make it still better.

THE PIRATE IN THE OFFING.

THE city of Alexandria, usually so dull and listless, was thrown one morning quite into a state of excitement by the news that a pirate brig was tacking off the entrance of the harbour. Of course the sentiment of fear had no share in causing the agitation that went on gradually increasing, for a population of seventy thousand souls, defended by a vast system of fortifications, may smile at the approach even of a Black Beard or a Paul Jones. But unsatisfied curiosity is as great an enemy to tranquillity as terror; and accordingly, about mid-day, half the population was upon the ramparts, or upon the roofs of the houses, watching the movements of a fine vessel which, with all its sails set, was advancing at that time, under a slight north-easterly breeze, from the direction of Rosetta towards the harbour. There was no other sail in sight—all the fishing-boats, alarmed like so many sparrows at the approach of a hawk, having long ago disappeared, and no outward-bound captain daring to venture through the pass.

From the mast of the British consulate I could make out that the brig had all the appearance of a vessel of war, except that she had no guns visible; but what puzzled me was her boldness in venturing, without disguise, so near a port containing several armed steamers. This circumstance, indeed, induced me to think that, after all, public rumour had calumniated

her, especially as she seemed now really intent on entering; and having arrived off the pass, appeared to hesitate a while, as if deliberating whether to ask for a pilot. Soon, however, it was evident that she had no intention of coming in, but changing her course, went leisurely away along the coast in the direction of the Arab's Tower.

There was something in all this quite sufficient to excite curiosity, and I descended to join the gossiping groups on the Great Square. I heard, however, nothing but jokes and extravagant surmises, and reached the Strada Franca without having added one iota of information to the stock which I had collected with my own eyes. I expected to be more fortunate in the shop of a mercer, who, being a Greek, was likely to know something of pirates, and with whom I had lately formed an acquaintance; but to my disappointment I found the doors and shutters closed, and learned from the neighbours that as soon as the report of 'a pirate in the offing' had been spread abroad, Pericles, in a state of great agitation, had hastily dismissed his customers, put a stop to business for that day, and gone away with the key in his pocket.

'It is evident,' said a sly Jew money-changer, 'that your friend has some connection with the rascals in the brig.'

I did not take notice of this insinuation, which had some semblance of probability in it—and which, indeed, had been suggested by the way in which I put my question—but went farther on to the shop of Iskender. Here I learned the origin of the report from the Bashagab's interpreter, who was relating it to a crowd of gaping listeners. It appeared that at dawn of day the crew of a fishing-smack, at anchor nearly on a level with Ramleh, five miles east of Alexandria, suddenly perceived a brig bearing down full upon them. It had approached within gunshot without being perceived. Surprised at this circumstance, they spread their huge lateen sail, and made for the shore, possibly thinking that they were chased by a government vessel in want of hands. The brig did not change her course, but followed under a press of canvas, until the rapidly-increasing shallowness of the water compelled her to desist. As she turned off, however, in a moment of exasperation she fired a shot, said the fishermen; though this was supposed to be an exaggeration, designed to enhance the danger of the adventure, nobody being found to say that they had heard a report except a deaf shoemaker in the New Wakilah.

Such were the facts that came to my knowledge the first day. On the next, the mysterious brig again appeared upon the horizon, and began promenading before the city, which, it will easily be supposed, was once more all gaze. My first care was to go and see what had become of Pericles, but found the shop still closed, and was told that the master had not made his appearance. This was extraordinary, and I determined, in order to clear up the matter, to go and inquire after him at his house; but here I met with a new check, and consequently a new stimulus to my curiosity: no one knew where Pericles dwelt. Ever since his residence in Alexandria he had come to his shop early in the morning, and left it about sunset; but he had never asked any of his neighbours to come and smoke a pipe with him at his own house; and when some prying busybody had attempted to follow him, he had always no doubt been detected, for on such occasions Pericles had continued walking very rapidly at random until the darkness of night had enabled him to evade pursuit.

The incident was thus rapidly assuming quite a romantic character, especially as I could not separate the appearance of the pirate brig from the disappearance of my friend Pericles. There was no certain connection, it was true, between the two circumstances; for the mercer might have been afflicted with an illness coincident with the arrival of the strange vessel. But I had accidentally or instinctively, as the reader pleases, associated the two events; so that I undoubtedly looked

forward to the solution of both mysteries in the solution of one. The mind seems at times to be gifted with a kind of divination, by which it penetrates into the secrets that perpetually surround it, and suddenly, and without any manifest assistance from observation, enlarges the domain of its knowledge. These minor revelations, if I may so express myself, must, however, be greedily seized and appropriated when they first present themselves, for they are as evanescent as bright. If I had disregarded my intuitive perception, that Pericles's movements had been influenced by the manœuvres of the strange brig, and dismissed from my mind the crowd of ingenious and fanciful conjectures that consequently arose, I should have lost all the interest of the adventure, and never taken the trouble to seek for an explanation; but I was not in a reasoning mood, and delivered myself up with ardour to the solicitations of curiosity.

The third day began with the report that the government, roused from its indifference, had determined to send out an armed steamer to come to some kind of explanation with the stranger; and the imagination looked forward with considerable emotion to the spectacle of an engagement, performed for an entertainment in sight of the city. The curious, therefore, were soon accumulated on the house-tops and the ramparts, gazing, as from the boxes and galleries of a theatre, on the blue stage that stretched sparkling to the horizon. All the morning, however, one personage alone occupied the boards, now stealing along in the distance, now stalking forward almost to the footlights, as we may call the foaming line of white breakers that marks the entrance of the two harbours; then gliding majestically away towards the west, or coming up zig-zagging towards the east. I confess to having watched with breathless interest all these manœuvres, and ardently longed for their explanation. The moment seemed at length arrived, for a long volume of smoke arising from the Old Harbour announced, a little after noon, that the Nile was getting up its steam. The same observation appears, however, to have been made by the pirate; for just as it was hovering off the Marabut Island, in its usual undetermined and unsatisfactory manner, it suddenly put about, and displaying its full breadth of sail, began to glide swiftly away towards the west.

The moment was an interesting one, and the chase promised to be no easy task; for we had had good opportunities of observing the sailing qualities of the brig, and felt confident that with the good wind that was blowing upon her quarter, she would long keep ahead of the somewhat lazy steamer appointed to come up with her. Besides, she had not only a start of some ten miles, but had the advantage of the open sea; whilst the Nile, even when ready to start, was compelled to move at reduced speed until clear of the dangers of the pass. Accordingly, long before this operation was effected, the brig was rapidly fading away beneath the horizon.

Another circumstance contributed to favour the escape of the brig. Just as the Nile emerged from the pass, we observed two or three sail in the distance towards the west; and it was evident at once that one of these was mistaken for the object of our keen curiosity, which had in reality disappeared. The idlers, therefore, who, in spite of the ardour of the sun, lingered at their look-outs, felt that the catastrophe was at least averted, and began to disperse. As usual, I went to see if Pericles had made his reappearance; but the shop was still closed, and had manifestly not been opened since the first intelligence of the pirate brig. This was a day of disappointments. In the evening, the Nile returned, in company with two fruit-ships from Rhodes; and the worthy captain reported that the audacious stranger had made an ignominious retreat, and would probably not show his face again in those waters.

A rash prophecy! Next morning, at dawn of day, the brig was observed lying off the mouth of the New Harbour, almost within gunshot of the Castle of St

Pharos; but in order to keep up the dramatic interest, a new incident was added—that is to say, a small boat with a square sail shot off from the shore, and before it attracted any particular notice, was passing near the Diamond Rock, and making direct for the brig, which seemed to be waiting for it. The sentinels, and the few pedestrians who were enjoying the morning air on the ramparts, felt that this was the *dénouement* of the adventure, and watched the progress of the boat as interested but passive spectators. In about half an hour it was observed to glide under the side of the brig, which almost immediately afterwards displayed every stitch of canvas, and turning her back discourteously on the good city of Alexandria, went away with a steady determined air, that left no hope of her ever coming again to relieve the monotony of our existence. Accordingly, she never afterwards, to my knowledge, resumed her equivocal manœuvres. I must add, that when our eyes ceased to follow the brig, we perceived the little boat dancing about upon the waves, evidently without a guiding hand. A fisherman went out, and brought it to shore; but no trace was discovered of the purpose to which it had been applied.

All this was very unsatisfactory, and I became more and more anxious to find some trace of my friend Pericles. I returned every day to his shop, and at length had the satisfaction to see it open, with the master quietly engaged in retailing his merchandise. My first impulse was to examine his person more attentively than I had hitherto done, and I thought I perceived that his bold dashing Greek countenance was subdued, perhaps shadowed by a certain meditative-melancholy expression. I soon learned to represent him to my imagination as a kind of Lara on a small scale, in constant apprehension of the appearance of a minor Sir Goscelin. But instead of yielding to a feeling of aversion, I felt more and more the desire to penetrate the mystery of this man's existence. The enterprise at the outset seemed a difficult one. To my inquiries as to the cause of his prolonged absence, he answered in a somewhat peevish tone that he had been ill; and when I turned the conversation to the pirate brig, he listened with apparent indifference. My powers of observation being awakened, however, I became more and more convinced that there was an important secret to be discovered; and I determined to obtain it, if possible, by the usual method—that is, by acquiring the confidence of Pericles.

Success rewarded my efforts. One day that I was sitting alone with him in his shop he sighed several times, was taciturn and uneasy, and had all the air of a man desirous to deliver himself of a secret. I literally felt a thrill of curiosity shoot through my frame; and attentively studied both myself and him—him, in order to interpret his slightest phrase or gesture; myself, lest by an appearance of eagerness I should scare him, and check his confidence. Had my whole fortune depended on the hazard of a die, I could scarcely have felt more deeply interested. At length he spoke:—

'My friend,' said he, 'I have something to tell you; for I think you are a discreet young man, not prying or over-anxious about the secrets of others, and therefore likely to keep things that are confided to you.' This compliment, which, though generally applicable, was in part ill-timed at that moment, when I was absolutely kindling with curiosity, I acknowledged by a slight bow, and Pericles continued. 'I have, moreover, to ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance. The one you will perhaps not hesitate to give me; the other you can withhold if you please. But we cannot talk freely in the shop, where we may be interrupted every moment. If you will honour me by taking your evening meal with me, pray return after sunset, and accompany me to my house, where my wife will make you eat some delicious cherries just imported from Syria.'

I accepted this invitation with a delight which most probably would have been noticed by the observant Pericles, had not a noisy customer entered the shop,

and drawn off his attention. During the afternoon I had ample leisure to reflect on the amount of prudence I had displayed in promising to accompany a man whom I supposed to be a pirate to his mysterious dwelling. However, curiosity had been my master-passion since the appearance of the brig, and no one was ever more exact to his appointment. The purple flag was still streaming from the minaret of Scheik Moshim's mosque when I joined Pericles, and found him engaged in closing his shutters.

This operation performed, we took a by-street of lane, and proceeded rapidly until we had passed the Moggrebbyn Bazaar, when a few turnings brought us to a dark alley much encumbered with rubbish. Having groped along this, my friend Pericles stopped before the door of a large gloomy house, and knocked three times at regular intervals. The shrill, unmistakable voice of a black female slave was then heard inside, announcing the circumstance as a happy event, and presently the door opened, and we were admitted by a narrow corridor into a small court. There were as yet no lights, but I could just distinguish a person glide rapidly along the gallery above, and almost immediately afterwards a woman met Pericles, and putting one hand on each of his shoulders, looked at him with a gesture of inexpressible affection. A few words of musical Komai were exchanged, upon which the woman turned to me, and pointing to the stairs, saluted me with the Arab compliment, 'Tafuddal ya khawagah!' which is equivalent to, 'Do me the honour to enter, oh sir!' A slave now brought a light, and we were soon seated on the divan in the great room above.

The wife of Pericles, I now perceived, was a handsome young woman of above twenty-two, somewhat careworn, but with an expression of great sweetness and gentleness. She was dressed in the marvellously-elegant costume of her nation, and had evidently exhausted all the resources of domestic coquetry, not to please strangers, but her husband. Her hair, more than half as long as herself, fell mingled with strings of gold coins from beneath a fine tarboosh gaudily placed on the side, or hyacinthian flow over her shoulders; her vest of red satin fitted tightly to her shape beneath the richly-embroidered jacket; the shawl worn artistically folded round her loins; the trousers were of flowered muslin; and the little naked feet shuffled about in slippers embroidered with gold. Various rich ornaments attested the wealth or generosity of her husband. In manners she was at once awkward and easy—awkward when compelled to attend directly to me as a stranger, but in all her other movements easy as a lady of high degree.

A fine boy of five years' old, after having kissed his father's hand, and put it to his forehead, had returned to his occupation of carving frogs out of a piece of melon-rind. In order to allow the parents leisure to converse unrestrained, I assiduously smoked the pipe that was at once put into my hand, and began to chat with this urchin. We were soon in an animated dispute on the pronunciation of the word *Batrokos*, which, according to the modern heresy, is *Vatrokos*; and the little man told me plainly that I had no aptitude for learning the Hellenic.

When supper was ready, we all sat down at the same table, and ate an excellent meal, among the ingredients of which I remember a dish of rice and meat, well braised and spiced, and wrapped in some linen, and also some delicious wine from Mount Ida, slightly flavoured with Penugresk. The Syrian cherries were not forgotten at the dessert; and Zoë, my fair hostess, amused herself by placing a couple, the stems of which were not diservered, spectacle-wise, across the nose of a little babe that was brought in in a cradle, and gnawed its little fists most industriously the whole of supper-time.

Whilst noticing all these traits of domestic life, I was more eagerly than ever looking forward to the expected confidence. Pericles had acquired a new interest in my eyes. When I saw him, indeed, surrounded by his

family, exchanging gentle words with his wife, and rough caresses with his boy, speaking to his slaves in a tone of cheerful commandment, not like one accustomed to struggle with the hoarse voice of the sea, and casting ever and anon most genuine paternal glances towards the cradle, I began to feel a kind of toleration for the trade that permitted the development of so many sterling sentiments, and quite disposed to listen to any apologies that the pirate might be disposed to make for himself. When the cherries, therefore, were finished, fresh pipes furnished, and coffee served up by the fair hands of Zoë herself, previous to her retirement with the children, my visage must have worn an expression of extreme benevolence and sympathy, for the worthy Pericles seized me by the hand, and at once related to me his whole history.

The main incidents, which would form quite a romance if I could preserve all the vivid descriptions and graphic details of the narrator, were as follow:—Pericles, whilst leading a precarious life in Smyrna, received one day a letter from an uncle established in Alexandria, inviting him to come as an assistant, he being from old age no longer able to attend to all the duties of his business. The offer was not to be declined, and my friend immediately took passage on board a vessel bound for Egypt. Contrary winds compelled it to seek for refuge under the lee of a small island in the Archipelago, where it was suddenly boarded by a number of boats, which ransacked it, and took the crew and passengers on shore. The story of Haidee and Juan was repeated in some of its circumstances, and Zoë, in the absence of the pirate Bartolomew, her father, became enamoured of the captive Pericles. Love gave her ingenuity and courage, and she contrived and effected the escape of all the prisoners in their own vessel. They returned to Smyrna; and Zoë, who of course accompanied them, became the wife of Pericles, and shortly afterwards they both succeeded in reaching Alexandria in safety. The uncle received them well, and when he died, left the shop and his stock in trade to his nephew. For several years the couple lived happily together, and increased in wealth and prosperity; but their tranquillity was at length disturbed, about six months before the time of which I write by an unexpected event.

Pericles was one day sitting in his shop when a man in the costume of a sailor entered, and walking up to him, addressed him in a stern voice by his name. My friend replied by asking him what he wanted.

'What I want!' exclaimed the stranger; 'I want my daughter.'

The pirate Bartolomew, after a vigilant search, had at length succeeded—no one ever knew how—in discovering who had deprived him of his Zoë, and thus introduced himself to his alarmed son-in-law. An angry altercation ensued—Bartolomew insisting on seeing his daughter, and Pericles, fearing some sinister design, obstinately refusing. At length they parted; and for some days Pericles heard no more of him. He remained, however, anxious and alarmed, and never returned to his house without taking extraordinary precaution to avoid being watched and followed. He said nothing to his wife, in order not needlessly to disquiet her; but not being able to conceal his uneasiness, attributed it to some disappointments in business.

Nearly a week afterwards Bartolomew returned, and again asked to see his daughter; but the gloomy expression of his countenance strengthened Pericles in his determination not to consent; and he threatened the pirate that, unless he retired, and left him in tranquillity, he would denounce him. Fierce words upon this were exchanged, and they came to blows. But Pericles was a man of powerful frame, and with as little violence as possible he thrust his father-in-law into the street. Blinded by passion, the pirate put a whistle to his lips, and presently five or six men, dressed as sailors, rushed into the shop, made a ferocious attack on Pericles, stretched him senseless on the ground, and began demolishing

everything. An immense crowd collected, but no one offered to interfere until the guard arrived. Even then all the offenders managed to effect their escape in the confusion except Bartolomew, who was knocked down with the butt-end of a musket, and secured. He was condemned to the galleys for two years.

'You will conceive,' continued Pericles, 'that for the sake of my wife I would rather that this had not been the case; but there was no remedy, and I hoped that when the time had expired, Bartolomew would think it prudent to retire from a country where his violence had subjected him to such a punishment. I could not keep the secret from my wife, and was not surprised to find that she regretted bitterly her father's imprisonment, and began to devise at once means of seeing him and of lightening his position. He was quite mollified by this circumstance, gave her his pardon, and promised, when once he obtained his liberty, never more to molest her or me. One day she returned to the house in a state of great excitement, and said that on her way from the Arsenal she had been accosted by a man whom she at once recognised as her father's lieutenant. He told her that he was there in order to attempt Bartolomew's escape; that he had discovered she possessed free access to the prisoners; and that he expected her to give her assistance. She unhesitatingly complied, and begged me not to blame or interfere with her. What could I do? I was certainly risking my ruin, but it was impossible to prevent a daughter from contriving her father's liberty. She began, therefore, by carrying messages, and on the morning of the appearance of the brig—of which you have so often spoken to me—she managed to place a file, unperceived, in her father's hand. With this he delivered himself, in the space of three days, of his irons; and on the morning of the fourth climbed over the walls of the Arsenal, was received by me and his lieutenant, was conducted to the new port, where I had secretly prepared a boat, and was dismissed, as you know, in safety. I should now live tranquil but for two circumstances. At parting, Bartolomew took my hand, and pressing it, said, "You are a brave, intelligent fellow, and I am glad to have you for my son-in-law. This is not the last time I shall require your assistance. I shall shortly have a proposition to make to you." From this I infer that, in spite of a solemn promise made to Zoë before he regained his liberty, he intends to drag me, if possible, into a complicity in some of his piratical undertakings. I expect every day to behold him enter my shop in some disguise; and whatever he may do, I cannot now denounce him, for I assisted in his escape. This is one cause of my anxiety. The other is, that a fisherman met me the other day and cried, "It was this man who bought of me the boat in which the pirate escaped!" So I find it necessary immediately to leave this country. Do you not think it would be prudent? If you do, what I ask of you is this—to become the nominal purchaser of my property, which I will make over to you in secret, and depart before any one is aware of my intentions. I will tell you where I intend to go; and you can send me the amount of what I possess when you have disposed of it to a third party. I turn everything to you with implicit confidence. You know the Arabs say *kilmet inkleey*, "the word of an Englishman"—meaning inviolable probity. What do you say?"

It was with regret that I agreed in the prudence of an immediate departure, and with joy that I accepted this opportunity of being of service to my friend Pericles. Zoë, when she returned into the apartment, thanked me warmly, and gave me a handsome tobacco-pouch, embroidered by herself, as a token of gratitude. The secret sale was effected next day, and the next this delightful family departed for —; but I have promised to conceal the place of their retreat, and must not mention it here, although there is little probability that the pirate Bartolomew will ever peruse these pages. In due time I fulfilled the duties I had undertaken, and it is not long since I received a letter from my friend Pericles, in which he hoped I shall not forget to visit

him if ever in the course of my travels I happen to pass through— The secret will escape, if I do not close this narrative at once.

THE WAYS OF THE SQUIRREL.

BY RUSTICUS.

I NEVER see a squirrel working his wire tread-mill in everlasting but futile efforts to escape, but I feel my gholer rise against the poor little captive's heartless and witless owner. Abominating all kinds of restraint myself, I make it an absolute law never to enthrall a living being. True that some animals, as well as men, bear a prison better than others: a dormouse, for instance, will roll himself in a ball, curl his tail over his neck, and doze away his days in stolid resignation, if not absolute comfort; liberty is lost, but the loss is so small he hardly feels it. If at large, enjoying freedom to the utmost, he would dive into some cozy dormitory of his own making, roll himself in a ball, curl his tail over his neck, and doze just after the same fashion. Again, a tortoise is soon stupidly at home in his prison: he is too phlegmatic to care about the matter; give him sunshine and leaves, and keep him out of the rain, and he submits to his fate with a very good grace; but this is nature: he had nothing more than leaves, and sunshine, and shelter from the wet, when he was at large, and he wanted nothing more. How different with the squirrel! There are no bounds to the largeness of his liberty, no limits to its enjoyment. Heartless, I say, heartless and witless is the man who can take pleasure in the possession of such a captive.

I have spent hours in watching the squirrel in his native woods, and that is the way to study nature. How much more knowledge do we gain from the actions of the living than from the measurements of the dead! Your professed naturalist dotes on the skin and the bone; I love the living being. Skin and bone are the husk, life the kernel. Then, again, skin and bone cannot be got at without killing. I have tried both—the killing and the observing. I look back on the killing without a ray of satisfaction, whilst the observing has added some of the most cherished treasures in memory's storehouse. When I want a lesson in natural history, when I want to pry into the private life of beast, bird, fish, or insect, I lie in wait to watch their proceedings. My garments are coloured after nature—green, gray, or brown—and I stand, sit, or lie perfectly still. It is a good plan to sprawl at full length on the ground, raising the head only, and resting the chin on the hands. In this position I have watched birds building their nests and feeding their young within three yards of my face. It is marvellous how soon animals are reconciled to the presence of a motionless object. In this position I have often watched the squirrels at Busbridge, Cobham, and Esher. These very amusing creatures seem to have a good deal of pleasure as well as business on hand. When on the ground—as on the lawn before the house at Busbridge—they will often frisk and play like lambs, and seem to take special pleasure in teasing the birds. It constantly happens that a thrush or blackbird will emerge from beneath some evergreen, and hop into the open space, attracted perhaps by a worm he sees on the closely-shaven turf. As certainly as he does so, a squirrel dashes at him, and compels him to return faster than he came, uttering, if a blackbird, that sharp, half angry, half frightened series of notes so distinctive of his kind, and often ending in a whistle as he gains the shelter of a neighbouring laurel. In fir woods, too, I have noticed the manœuvres of the squirrel on the ground: there the turf, anything but lawn-like, often abounds with long bents, last year's flower-stalks, and also with loose fragments of dead grass which are blown about by the wind. The history of these wandering fragments is on this wise: a moth lays its egg on the upright flower-stalk of the grass; the grub proceeding from this egg crawls down the stalk, and feeds on the root and crown of the plant, just at the surface of the ground. Rooks have a great relish for this grub as soon as he is large enough and fat enough for a mouthful; and these cunning birds know well enough where to find him by the

sickly colour of the plant he is killing; so they pluck up the plant, and send it adrift, and then devour the grubs. Well, to return to the squirrel—I have seen him collecting both the bents and these dried wandering fragments; the bents he nibbles off close to the ground, but the dried fragments want nothing but picking up. When he has collected as much as he can comfortably carry, he mounts one of the pines, and takes it to the nest he is building right up at top. Now the squirrel seldom lays the foundation of its nest, or drey, as we call it, but generally possesses himself of a last year's bird's-nest, giving the preference to that of a magpie, probably on account of the garniture of thorn with which that bird is often pleased to protect her progeny. There is great animosity between the squirrel and the magpie, and this appropriation of the magpie's nest by the squirrel may perhaps have something to do with it. So many of my neighbours talk of squirrels building their dreys, that I presume this appropriation of an old bird's-nest is not invariable; but I can speak positively to this fact in the instances I have examined. The nest is not always a magpie's; a cushat's or a crow's will occasionally answer his purpose. Still, there is generally a good deal of new material; sticks for the out-works, dried grass, dried moss for the interior, and the bottom is lined with fur combed from the belly of the female—a habit common to many rodent animals, and perfectly well known to every schoolboy who rejoices in the possession of tame rabbits. The general figure of the drey is oval, after the fashion of a long-pod's nest, but without the symmetry of that beautiful structure; the domed top and cup-shaped bottom are tolerably compact, but all round the middle the fabric seems loosely put together, and the squirrels pass in and out at various parts, and in rough weather they always close the hole behind them.

Our country people thoroughly believe that squirrels are paired for life; but this is a point very difficult to settle. Such a faith is rather shaken in my own individual instance by the exciting love-chase I have so often witnessed in the spring. I have known this chase continue for hours, and very beautiful it is. The lover will pursue the object of his choice to the very summit of the highest larch: the female ascends the trunk spirally, coyly keeping out of sight of her swain: then she will descend, leaping from bough to bough, till at last she runs along a slender, drooping branch to the end, and boldly throws herself off, spreading out legs and tail to the utmost—the branch, which had yielded slightly beneath her feet, instantly recovering its position as she falls like a floating leaf—and alights unscathed and unscared some twenty feet below amid the leafy spray of a neighbouring tree. Away she scampers, as if for life; gains the trunk, and climbs it as before. Her lover follows with untiring energy, takes the same leaps, and makes the same ascents. Sometimes the fugitive pauses, hidden maybe by the huge trunk, or amid the tender green leaves of some patriarchal beech. Her lover pauses, too, in an attitude of profound attention, listening and watching to catch the slightest rustle or movement. Again she moves, again his bright eye detects her, again the chase goes on. All this seems a little out of joint with the proxy man-and-wife kind of life these little creatures have the credit of leading; but I leave the matter entirely in the hands of the learned.

Of course it is next to impossible to peep into a drey when the little baby squirrels first come to town; but I once had the extraordinary good fortune to get hold of three young squirrels on the very day they were born. The mother was caught and caged only a week before, and the little ones might be said to have been born on the tread-wheel. They were mere squabs, and their tails so short, that no one could suppose them destined to become such ornamental bushes as they certainly are when the weaner has arrived at years of discretion. I tried to rear these little creatures, but did not succeed. The mother neglected them from the first, and had she been left alone, would soon have killed them by the perpetual rotation of her wiry prison. I took them away from her, made a flannel nest for them, and fed them with warm

milk by means of a quill, the small end of which was covered with wash leather. They lived but one day. I knew an instance in which a squirrel was actually brought up in this way by hand, and became as familiar as a cat, never making any attempt to escape or to avoid the company of persons whom it knew.

The squirrel's dietary consists of fir-cones, nuts, acorns, beechmast, peas, beans, haws, and the bark and young shoots of trees in spring and early summer. Fir-cones are a standing dish, and where squirrels abound you will scarcely find a cone that does not show the marks of their teeth. I believe the seeds alone are eaten, except in cases of extreme hunger. I have seen the little fellows at work on the cones both on the trees and on the ground, and have positively ascertained that the scales are commonly rejected. The squirrel will often cause the cone to fall by nibbling it while still hanging on the bough, but he prefers pulling it quite off, and will sit erect on his haunches, holding the cone in his fore-feet, which he uses as adroitly as hands. Comfortably settled in this posture, he will gnaw away at the base of the cone, allowing the scales to fall from his mouth, and munching a seed, when he can get at one, with much satisfaction. In watching such an operation a spy-glass is of great use. All the other seeds they not only devour in season, but hoard up in vast stores in the hollow trunks of decaying trees. And what is very remarkable, these stores are not the work of an individual or a family, but when a tree is found with a convenient cavity, more than one pair or one family of squirrels will use it as a storehouse.

The bud and bark-feeding, it must be acknowledged, is very mischievous, and the injury done is very great, especially in young plantations where squirrels are abundant; and here I cannot help adverting to my favourite crotchet—that nature, left to herself, provides her own remedy. The forests in which squirrels most abound are inhabited also by martens and sables, both of them pretty animals. The marten is especially like a squirrel—the same colour, and with a bushy tail: like the squirrel, it lives in trees, runs along their boughs, and hides in their hollow stems. Its favourite food is the squirrel, and it follows him in all his wanderings, hunts him even into his drey, and, however skilfully he may hide the entrance, it will find a way in, and worry him and his little ones. But man steps in, and, by every device within his reach, traps and slays both marten and sable—in some countries certainly for their fur, but in England, where the marten only is known, because it is vermin. Hawks also are natural enemies of the squirrel, and would hold him completely in check were they not exterminated whenever it is possible. On some estates in our neighbourhood, the keepers class the squirrels themselves among the vermin; declare they suck eggs, kill young pheasants, and do a world of like misdeeds; and so the poor squirrels share the same fate as stoats and weasels, windhovers and owls, and as their own mortal, but now rare enemies—the martens: all are vermin.

Having recorded the only fault that is justly chargeable to the squirrel, I must, by way of balancing the account, place to his credit an old saying, in which, however, I confess I have but slender faith. The wise saw in question informs us that our oak forests owe their existence to the squirrel. It is supposed by those who advocate this pleasant hypothesis, that at the fall of the leaf Mr Skug finds a great many more acorns than suffice for present eating; so, whenever he has filled his belly to perfect satisfaction, he buries all the acorns that he finds, one at a time, in little holes in the earth, which he digs for this especial purpose: he scampers off, straightway forgetting where he had earthed his treasure, which of course takes root, and in due time becomes a tree. I will just state the objections to this as they occur to me. In the first place, we do positively find the hoards of the squirrel placed high and dry in the very best places for such hoards—the hollows of trees; therefore we have no reason for any hypothesis as to the whereabouts of a squirrel's granary. In the second place, the same instinct which leads any animal where to hide teaches it where to find. In the third place, squirrels are never caught in

the act of scratching the earth, although they are often seen turning up leaves in search of acorns that have dropped from the trees. With these hints I leave the matter, being perfectly willing so pretty an animal should have the credit of doing good.

A few words on the old pastime of squirrel hunting: about the time of the Easter holidays, when there are no leaves on the trees, a party of men and boys will sally forth on a squirrel hunt. They arm themselves with short sticks, loaded with lead at one end; and with no other assistance than these sticks, or bolts, as they call them, a rabble of mongrel curs, a cow's-horn, and their own voices, they will bring home from a dozen to a score of squirrels. When at school in Gloucestershire, I was an eyewitness to one of these hunts, but do not wish ever to witness another. The squirrel was first viewed on the ground; he scampered to a gigantic beech, and sprang up the bole; at the height of three yards he paused a moment, holding on by the smooth bark of the beech with as much ease as if it had been the most rugged maple; his head was turned aside, and his full bright eye took cognisance of his enemies; he held something in his mouth—I think a beechmast. The wind slightly moved his now pendent tail, otherwise he was motionless, terrified doubtless by the wild whoops, shrill whistles, and dismal horn-blasts that announced the discovery of the first victim of a long Easter Monday's sport. A dozen of the squirrel bolts whistled through the air; but he was off and away—up, up he mounted, now lost, now seen. At last he halted again, in a fork of the huge boughs, far, far up. Here he was safe, although more than one eye had detected his whereabouts: the bolts flew in vain, the horn sounded in vain, whistling and whooping produced no effect. A council was held, and one of the hunters agreed to climb the tree—a task of some difficulty as well as danger. This device succeeded. The squirrel was again started; away he went from bough to bough, from tree to tree, the motley herd following in his wake with shouts, and jest, and whoop. At last a bolt, by chance or skill, struck him in full career, and the poor beast, but lately so full of life, fell to the ground. It might fairly be supposed that sport of this kind would move the wrath of the keepers, on account of disturbing the game; but it is quite the reverse. That valuable section of society looks on all killing of vermin as praiseworthy, and therefore assists rather than discourages the assembling of our raganauflins for this cruel sport. I have called this an 'old pastime'; and correctly so, for this branch of the 'noble art of venerie' is of very ancient date. The following extract from 'Gesner's Historie of Foure-footed Beasts,' edited by Edward Topsell, and published in London in 1607, is quite to the point, the only difference being that the crossbows are now discontinued:—

'For when they are hunted, men must goe to it with multitude, for many men cannot take one with bowes and bolts, with dogges, and except they start and rouse them in little and smal slender woods, such as a man may shake with his hands, they are seldome taken. Bowes are requisite to remove them when they rest in the twistes of trees, for they will not be much terrified with al the hollowing, except now and then they bee struck by one meanes or other. Wel do they know what harbour a high oake is vnto them, and how secure they can lodge therein from men and dogges; therefore seeing it were too troublesome to climbe euerie tree, they must supply that businesse or labor with bowes and bolts, that when the squirrel resteth, presently shee may feele the blow of a cunning archer; he neede not feare doing her much harme except he hit her on the head, for by reason of a strong backe-bone and fleshy parts, shee will abide as great a stroke as a dogge; yea, I have scene one removed from a bough with a shot to the ground. If they be driven to the ground from the trees to creepe into hedges, it is a token of their wearinesse; for such is the stately mind of this little beast, that while her limbes and strength lasteth, shee tarieth and saueth herself in the toppes of tal trees, then being dis-cended, shee falleth into the mouth of euery curre, and this is the vse of dogges in their hunting. They sleep a great part of the winter, like the Alpine mouse, and very

soundly, for I have scene when no noise of hunters could awake them with al their cries, beating their nests on the outside, and shooting bolts and arrows thorough it, vntil it were pulled assunder, wherein many times they are found killed before they be awake.'

The concluding paragraph records a faith in the torpidity of the squirrel which, from the time of Aristotle, has never been disturbed. It is therefore both of venerable antiquity and of universal acceptation. Now I am sorely perplexed whether to give you an account of this torpidity on the authority of authors, or to skip it altogether, or to attack it tooth and nail. I will take a middle course, and recite under the fashion of queries a few doubts that have occurred to me. We commonly see squirrels every month in the year—on the shortest day equally with the longest; when, therefore, does torpidity begin, and when does it end? Again, the hoarding of provender; that fact is potent: what is the object?—is it devoured during torpidity? Are not these hoards rather an evidence that during the winter the squirrels are not only awake, but hungry? Again, squirrels migrate in this island; we see it in a small degree, and rather as an exception than a rule; but on the continents of Europe and America it is the rule. Vast multitudes move southwards at the approach of winter, northwards at the approach of summer: this is perfectly notorious: why should not squirrels become torpid in New York and Massachusetts?—why should they enter Florida before assuming torpidity?—why should the squirrels of Russia pass the Balken before they doze? I believe a squirrel may sleep more soundly on a cold frosty night than a house-dog stretched before a comfortable fire, but I have yet to learn the exact point where sleep ends and torpidity begins. If torpidity means a sleep enduring for weeks, or even days, I still doubt whether there is positive evidence of it among our squirrels.

There is another point in the squirrel's history which rests on no lighter authority than that of the grave Olaus Magnus, and with Topsell's version of which you must be satisfied, as I have not the original at hand. Having already been so rash as to question the sleeping powers of the squirrel, I will not commit to paper my scepticism as to his knowledge of navigation, but give the passage in all its beautiful simplicity, as a note conclusory to my little essay on the Ways of the Squirrel:—

'The admirable witte of this beast appeareth in her swimming or passing ouer the waters; for when hunger, or some conuenient prey of meat constraineth her to passe ouer a riuer, shee seeketh out some rinde or smal barke of a tree which she setteth vpon the water, and then goeth into it, and holdeth vpper her taile like a saile, letteth the winde drive her to the other side.'

CIVILISATION IN THE PACIFIC.*

Few phenomena in the history of civilisation are more remarkable than the retrograde movement in power and influence of those societies which our early navigators found established in the Pacific. By the state of things which presented itself, the imagination was thrown back to the infancy of the world. In every island you discovered chiefs of large resources and authority; a vigorous, numerous, and thriving population; and a system of ideas which in its development seemed calculated to lead to extraordinary results. Their intercourse and traffic were very considerable; their canoes and prahus performed long voyages; they were accustomed to the ocean; and though incapable of always struggling with it successfully when vexed by storms, they would appear, upon the whole, to have been fortunate in their enterprises, and to have multiplied steadily their experience and their wealth.

As soon, however, as our civilisation was brought in contact with theirs, the latter began to dwindle away. Left to itself, it might, through innumerable vicissitudes,

* Four Years in the Pacific in H. M. S. Collingwood, from 1844 to 1848. By Lieut. the Hon. Fred. Walpole, Royal Navy. 2 vols. Bentley. 1849.

have become at length flourishing, availed itself of those inexhaustible resources which nature in those fortunate climates supplies, and overcoming one by one the obstacles thrown in its way by barbarism and ignorance, have proved in most respects equal to our own. At least there is nothing unphilosophical in this view of the subject. But when societies in an advanced stage of refinement are precipitated by circumstances upon infant communities, they almost invariably overlay and stifle them. We behold everywhere in those young societies symptoms of premature decay. The chiefs have become powerless; the people indolent and unwarlike, or rather, we should perhaps say, wanting in that devotion to the public welfare which induces men to hazard everything for their country. With our dogmas and some tincture of our manners, they have not acquired our industry or our energy. On the contrary, listlessness has in too many cases taken the place of vigorous application; because a mischievous contentment has superseded that wholesome craving after the possession of novelties, which may be regarded as the greatest of all incentives to civilisation.

Much the same appearances present themselves on the great continent which bounds the Pacific towards the east; for there the social and political systems of the Incas have been utterly extirpated, to make room for others which have not yet been able completely to take root. We consequently everywhere behold new social practices and manners timidly growing, and diffusing their feeble growth slowly amid the ruins of a former civilisation. All that is new is fitful, fluctuating, indicative of a highly-imperfect faith in the destinies of humanity. A practical Epicureanism pervades the entire mass of society. Eager for present enjoyment, intent on economising the passing hour, softened and rendered effeminate by the climate, and betrayed into a fatal security by the absence of any great apprehensions on their immediate frontiers, men live perpetually from hand to mouth, without assiduously cultivating the arts either of peace or war; without devoting their leisure to literature or science; in one word, without experiencing any desire to distinguish themselves by the pursuits of an honourable ambition.

To foretell how and when this state of things is to merge into another, and, we may hope, a better, we confess to be beyond our power. But we may in general terms observe, that whenever the necessity for self-defence shall become urgent, and when the increasing population shall demand a rigid application of the laws of civil society, the states of South America will be compelled to make a forward movement. At present, the native exertion appears to be wanting—

‘To be content’s their natural desire.’

And pride, the invariable accompaniment of ignorance and sloth, induces them to look with something like aversion on the casual representatives of superior races found among them, whose habitual sobriety and industry might otherwise act upon them with the beneficial force of example.

Of the truths we have been just stating, numerous illustrations will be found in the narrative of Lieutenant Walpole’s voyage, which, though deformed by incessant attempts at wit and smartness, contains much useful information. The author devotes much space to a tracing of the progress of decline under the Spanish rule, and the troubles which have since repressed the genius of the country. He gives many curious traits of the republic of Chili. Its arts and industry he describes as almost extinguished, and its trade of the rudest kind. The commerce carried on in the interior of the country is thus described:—At the fall of the year the Buenos Ayres merchants flock into the town with immense trains of mules; these are of a smaller breed than the mules of Chili, but provided at Buenos Ayres at a much lower rate than they could be here. The merchants purchase their goods, and return by the

mountain passes, some extending their trade even to Buenos Ayres itself, but generally spreading about among the vast regions between the Andes and the coast of the Atlantic. They pay a small export duty on leaving the Chilian frontier, and give a receipt on entering the Argentine Republic, on which a certain duty may be charged when the exigencies of the government require it. Sometimes they wait, holding back for the market to fall, and are thus so late on their return, that the storms of winter overtake them in the passes of the Andes. When this occurs, they bury their merchandise in the snow; and leaving their beasts to escape how they can (for to wait the tardy operation of driving such numbers of animals, proverbial for obstinacy, would be death), they press on; and returning with the first break-up of the frost, find their goods undamaged, and bear them away to their destination. Some of the merchants whose acquaintance I made in April, not having quite completed their bargains, spoke confidently as expecting such a disaster. They said the gain was worth the risk, and that the expense of keeping the mules through the winter months would be greater than the total loss of them. They travel across the Pampas in large numbers or in small parties—the former to overawe, the latter to escape the notice of, the Pampas Indians, the most cruel and unsparing of savages.

Of course the ideas of the people are at the same level with their condition. No conception have they of the science of politics, of the art of ruling men so as to promote their happiness, of the engendering and diffusion of wholesome opinions, of the elevation of the masses, or indeed of the enlightening of those by whose efforts and example the masses can alone be elevated. Whatever influence is possessed by the church, is exerted to preserve the slight and doubtful foundations of her dominions. All fervour and enthusiasm are fled. A few pageants, a few gorgeous ceremonies, keep alive the melancholy reminiscences of former days. Trivial superstitions, sometimes amalgamated with those of the Indians, sometimes fabricated with the materials supplied by Catholicism, fill the minds of the rural inhabitants, while the populations of the city verge towards a rude materialism. In the country, among rich and poor, all the truths current are inculcated by legends and traditions. We subjoin a specimen related by a guide, who of course religiously believed every syllable of it:—In former times, he said, three men were traversing the mountains; and evening coming on, they lighted a fire, and sat round it. It was a nasty, dark night. “Well,” said one of the men, “I don’t care for the leones” (puma)—the Chilians always call them by the name of the nobler beast, though they are infinitely inferior in size, courage, and strength, being only about the size of a large mastiff, and of much the same colour, standing perhaps somewhat lower on the legs—“I don’t care for the leones for I have a sword.” “Nor I,” said the second “for I have a lance.” “Nor I,” said the third “for I have my good faith.” Now a lion was listening all this time. “Ah,” says he to himself as the first spoke, “I don’t fear your sword. If I spring quickly, it will be of no use to you. Nor your lance” (as the second spoke): “I am active, and can avoid it: so, as I am hungry, here goes!” and he crept forward. But when the third spoke, he paused. “The sword and lance I know, and do not fear; but this good faith, what is it? It may kill or wound me. I will wait and see it.” So he trotted off, resolved to discover what this weapon was. Presently he met an old woman. “Good,” said he; “here is my chance: first I will find out from her, and then I’ll eat her. She will be tough perhaps, but my teeth are good, and my appetite very keen.” So he accosted her, saying, “Good mother, last night I sat listening to three men. One said he had a lance to defend himself with, another a sword, but the third said he had his good faith. Tell me, mamita, what is this good faith?” She with great presence of mind said, “My poor dear, you ran a great risk indeed.

It is a new weapon just introduced, of so fatal a sort that only to wish ill to one who has it occasions a lingering death. Here, take this, my child"—offering a loaf—"and thank your stars you did not attack him or intend evil to me." The lion, never thinking that a poor old woman would gull him, ate his loaf, and scampered back to his family. From that day to this the lion has never preyed on human beings: he fears the good faith. Such, senior, are the miracles the blessed Virgin performs for us her humble servants who dwell in the wilds.'

Throughout South America, as well as in every other country where a heterogeneous population has been promiscuously huddled together from the four winds, the love of gambling is among the most prominent vices. Wandering creates an appetite for excitement. He who has been long accustomed to see new things every day, soon becomes satiated with novelty itself, and requires something still more exciting than the prospect of new lands and seas to gratify his craving appetite. He naturally, therefore, resorts to gambling, the last resource of minds naturally unintellectual, or exhausted by the indulgence of the passions. Extreme excitement, long continued, dulls the moral sense, and obliterates all the fine distinctions between good and evil. This indeed is the case with all absorbing passions, which hurry us on towards an object much too impetuously to allow us to reflect by the way. Mr Walpole fell in with an individual of this description at Callao. Visiting an ancient and neglected estate of the viceroy, where there was a chapel and a burial-ground, he observed a man enter, and proceed into the cemetery. It was a Frenchman, well known at Callao as a gambler, who led others into play, and consequent ruin, whose transactions were equivocal, whose conduct was loose, and whose conversation was not a little atheistical. Anxious to know the object that could have attracted such a character to this place, sacred to religion and the dead, Lieutenant Walpole followed him at a distance. He passed into the cemetery, proceeded to a little grave evidently much cared for; and kneeling down by the small headstone, first took some flowers from his bosom to scatter over it, and then bent himself in prayer. Our author left him so engaged, and the incident appears to have impressed itself strongly on his mind. This was perhaps the last link between that man and the deeper and truer feelings of our nature. In all other places and situations he was a gambler, and behaved as such, but here he seemed once more to give way to the charities of the heart.

We now transport ourselves at once to California, omitting all notice of the author's intermediate visits to various islands of the Pacific. Too much has already been written of this golden region for us to think of enlarging upon it here; but our readers will not perhaps be displeased to be introduced to a specimen of that rough militia with which the United States undertake to keep in order their outlying territories. While at Monterey, Mr Walpole came in contact with this strange legion:—"During our stay, Captain Fremont and his party arrived, preceded by another troop of American horse. It was a party of seamen mounted, who were used to scour the country to keep off marauders. Their efficiency as sailors, they being nearly all English, we must not question; as cavalry, they would probably have been singularly destructive to each other. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources. They were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence, in long file, emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead—a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt-hat. After him came fierce Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with

him through all his wanderings. They had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers, picked up lately. His original men are principally backwoodsmen from the state of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy high reputations in the prairies. Kit Carsons is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deerskin tied with thongs in front, trousers of the same, of their own manufacture; which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of various fashions; though these, and a large drove of horses and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. The rest of the gang were a rough set; and perhaps their private, public, and moral characters had better not be too closely examined. They are allowed no liquor—tea and sugar only. This no doubt has much to do with their good conduct; and the discipline is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man—a doctor, six feet six high—was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!'

Of the various islands of the Pacific visited by the Collingwood, we have little room to speak. But wherever we land, whether in the Society, or Navigators', or the Sandwich Islands, the same proofs of rapid degeneracy meet us on all sides. At Tahiti the French are greatly accelerating the process which the missionaries, with all their kind and benevolent intentions, were not able to arrest. Proofs of native vigour of character are occasionally met with, but, as a rule, the population has become languid, unenterprising, and prone to effeminacy. Even the opinions imported from Europe, which have here been found to amalgamate so readily with industry, courage, vigour, and the spirit of independence, would there appear to have contributed to extinguish the little patriotism that was left. The same causes have produced the same effect among the inhabitants of the Navigators' Islands, once among the boldest and most enterprising of the whole Polynesian race. Again, in the Sandwich Islands, the intrepidity and scorn of death which once led to great actions, now only enable the natives to perform tricks which astonish civilised visitors; while astonishing visitors render themselves more degraded and corrupt. In itself, however, the display of fearlessness, made for the most part by young women, in plunging from the tops of precipices, and committing themselves to the waters of a cataract, cannot fail to excite our admiration:—"It needed not the feats done there to make the River of Destruction worth looking at. The river ran for some hundred yards or so in rapids over rocks and stones—the banks, crags, and precipice 200 feet high, whose rudeness was softened and refined by tendrils and creepers, that hung down to the foaming water, which ill-naturedly jerked them as it rushed by. A huge rock divided the stream, one half of which dashed petulantly on, and met a noisy fate down the fall; while the other, of a milder nature, ran along a channel of sand, and fell in one heavy stream a depth of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough waters below. A little turmoil succeeded the junction; then they flowed quietly on like brothers, arm in arm, till they fell again, and soon were lost in the salt waters of the ocean.

'The great delight of the natives is to go down this fall. They sit in the channel I have described; they utter a shout, a scream of joy, join the hands gracefully on the head, and, one after another, the girls descend, emerging like sea-nymphs from the eddies below. The figure, as it gleams for an instant in the body of the water, appears to those standing below quite

perfect; and the gay shout and laughing taunt to follow has led to the death of many; for there is some secret current that not only drowns, but carries away the body too. The feat was attempted by three of our men, but none, I think, did it twice.

'The descent of the lower fall is a lesser feat, and the sensation of going down it headforemost delightful. Even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay there a man was lost merely through making a false step from the bank. The surprising agility of the women especially baffles description. One will sit by your side on the high bank, and remain so till you throw a stone into the water with all your force, then down she jumps, straight as an arrow, her feet crossed one over the other, and emerges with a laugh, holding up the stone. On first attempting to rise to the surface after going down the fall, the water seems, from the force of the current, to be matted overhead; and it is only by striking out into the eddy that you can rise: this the girls manage to perfection. They kick out their feet both together, and replaiting their hair with their hands, they float about with a grace that is beautiful to see. There the water is clear and blue, but cold, frosty, half-thawed. As lazily one watched the stream, down dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut the bright water, what soon appeared a man or woman. These ledges are fifty or eighty feet high; yet none seemed to regard it as a feat; and a merry laugh told you it was to surprise the European.'

It would be rash to conclude, from the indications of decay we have pointed out, that native society must speedily come to an end in the islands of the Pacific. Probably the European element may there at least mingle surely though slowly with the indigenous races, and lead to an intellectual and moral development of which we know of few examples elsewhere. In its present aspect no population in the world is more extraordinary. The Pacific seems to be the great point of confluence at which all the families of mankind amalgamate, for there we find Red Indians from North America, Yankees from the New England States, Spaniards and half-castes from every region south of Mexico, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, New Zealanders, Chinese, natives of Japan, Malays, Papuans, and Arabs. Sometimes you discover hints of singular adventures, notices of which remain on record; as, for example, where an anchor, and a skeleton with shoes on its feet, were met with on the summit of a mountainous isle: who deposited them there no one can tell. Mr Walpole apparently made no inquiries, though he states that the shoes were immediately applied to their proper use by one of the sailors. From the make of these, it might perhaps have been possible to ascertain the country of the deceased, towards which the construction of the anchor might likewise have assisted. But here the author's speculative spirit deserts him, and he does not so much as indulge in a suggestion.

In one of the islands he encountered a North American chief, who described himself as the last of his nation. Having fled, as he related, before the white men, he got on board some vessel bound for the Pacific, where he had wandered for many years, passing from island to island in the character of a minstrel, playing on a strange instrument, and relating tales of his fatherland. When old, he married a native woman, but as he had no children, his race would become extinct with him. Our readers will probably remember the story told by Ledyard of a sailor who escaped from Captain Cook's crew, allured to desertion by the beauty of a native girl; how he retired with her to the woods of the interior; and how he was pursued and captured in his retreat by the old navigator, who, though not without sympathy for the young man, was afraid, if he exhibited leniency in his case, that not a sailor would be left to navigate the ships. From that day to this, however, deserters have been numerous, so that in almost every island their families or descendants may be found. Thus is a force infused into the native character that

will probably enable it at some future day to take rank with civilised nations. Otherwise, as our dominions spread, it is evident, however melancholy may be the prospect, that they must become extinct, and leave their lands to be possessed by others.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

SCENE: A DRAWING-ROOM IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Mrs Lalor. I AM SO SORRY for you, my dear kind friend. Your pretty boy! The fine, gay, good-natured child that every one in the country takes delight in! Is he really going to leave you?

Mrs Wright. He is indeed, poor little fellow, and very shortly.

Mrs Lalor. Now what in the world makes Mr Wright that he can never be easy till he gets shut of all his children? Why, he never leaves one with you! First one, and then another, till there won't be e'er a son at all about the house to do a hand's turn for you.

Mrs Wright. That is just the loss of having only boys. My five dear sons must each in turn leave their happy home to enter on the battle of life, and I assure you I do feel the having to part with them very acutely.

Mrs Lalor. I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't give in to any such things. It's a cruelty, Mrs Wright. And if Mr Lalor were to propose to me to part any of the children, I'd stand out against it to the last.

Mrs Wright. But what should we do with them all at home?

Mrs Lalor. Do? What do you want to do with them, but to have them about you, and to see them, and to keep them with you, and to be all happy together?

Mrs Wright. We shall not live for ever, and we must prepare our children for a future without us: think of what is for their ultimate good, and not merely indulge our own selfish affection. When we are gone, what would become of a house full of young men, poor and idle as they would then be?

Mrs Lalor. Sure Mr Wright must leave them an independence?

Mrs Wright. He will not. Not what they would call an independence. He will leave them something—a help—but not a fortune.

Mrs Lalor. Now, begging both your pardons, my dear friend, there's the mistake you've made—rearing those boys above themselves, I may say. You'll excuse me, only as we're on the subject, I'll just say out what Mr Lalor and me often say to one another—that you made gentlemen of your sons.

Mrs Wright. I am sure I hope we did.

Mrs Lalor. You did. The best of schools, a private tutor to read them through college, jaunts in the summer-time, foreign travel, trips to Dublin to see sights, a fine library collected, and frequent company. You know, my dear Mrs Wright, when there was not fortunes apiece for them, and the money wasted this way, young men with such notions will have a hard card to play with the world.

Mrs Wright. I hope not: we believed we were preparing them for the world by thus introducing them to it—filling their minds with what will hereafter be useful to them, and raising their ideas as much as possible beyond mere animal gratifications. We thought it wiser to do this than to leave them larger fortunes.

Mrs Lalor. Now, Mr Lalor and me, we gave our children a good school-education certainly; but see how we lived—scarce ever a creature within our doors, no fine servants, no extravagance of any kind, no jaunting here and there, only just laying up for those children; and very comfortably circumstanced their father will leave them.

Mrs Wright. Doing what?

Mrs Lalor. Just all living in happiness together. Ours is a most attached family, Mrs Wright. They delight in one another, and have no desire in the world, any of them, to go a foot's length from their home.

Mrs Wright. That may be very well just now. But by and by how will it do? Sons' wives, and daughters' husbands—are they all to go on living under the one roof?

Mrs Lalor. Indeed we must expect the girls to marry some day; but in the neighbourhood I hope. They'll have enough, thank God, to entitle them to the best of matches. And the boys, after a time of course, must be doing something. We've good friends, and there's little places will be casting up among all those new commissions that the country is provided with, which might be had with Mr Lalor's interest and votes in three counties, and that would keep them near us, and be a comfortable settlement. That's what we're looking to. And wouldn't it, now, be better for you to strive and do something of that sort at home for your boys, better than to send them all off this way, perhaps never to see them again? It is a duty for people to be on the look-out for their families, and not let those strangers get all the good things going. You have friends in high quarters that would push your sons on for you.

Mrs Wright. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. But I don't think my sons would be content to be pushed on by friends.

Mrs Lalor. Oh, that indeed!

Mrs Wright. Nor should we like them to accept these little, half-life situations. We prefer them to pursue their professions; and if they succeed in the different lines they have made choice of, it is very probable they may find friends of their own making who will then assist them for their own sake.

Mrs Lalor. You're a queer woman, and Mr Wright's a queer man, and I suppose you've reared your boys in your own ways. Other people are too glad to catch at the help of a friend in these dull days. Professions require such an expense to educate for them, and take such a length of time before a guinea can be earned in return; and then there's fees, and one thing or another, and but a bad chance of success after all maybe: it's almost impossible to make out what to do with a young man, if one was ever so desirous to send him out upon the world, every sort of business is so overstocked.

Mrs Wright. Mr Wright and I don't believe in that. A large crowd, indeed, set out together on the various roads through life, but so many faint by the way, that the company thins very fast as they travel. Only the steadily industrious get well up the hill; and they are so few in comparison, that they are pretty sure of earning a comfortable provision if they proceed. When abilities are added to perseverance, an opportunity for their employment is sure to offer itself; and then good fortune, even high fortune, will be attained by the deserving—the good workmen generally finding work, you know. We have brought our children up to depend on their own exertions; and we have thought it better and wiser to devote all we could afford to what you have called a foolishly-expensive education, than to leave money behind us among those ill-fitted to employ it well. We consider that, by acting thus, we give our boys the best kind of fortune—one that they have been rendered capable of improving to any amount, and that will not melt away.

Mrs Lalor. I'll engage that none of our money will melt away either. Our children have been carefully brought up too. There's not one of them but well knows the value of a shilling. No fear but they'll keep a good account of all they get.

Mrs Wright. Will they give a good account of it? That has always been to me the momentous question. We are to answer for what we leave undone as well as for what we do. An idle life can therefore never be innocent. We have it in commission, each of us, to leave this world, as far as we are concerned with it, better than we find it, and so, to consider ourselves but as stewards of all we possess in it. Money, time, abilities, temper, are all to be used for the benefit of our kind—the *Talent* intrusted to us for increase.

Mrs Lalor. Well, I never heard such strange notions. What have we to do with other people, meddling and making? Never fear, they'll look well after themselves.

Mrs Wright. When my father was a young man, he had occasion to cross over into England. It was not then, in the days of sailing packets and contrary winds, so easy a matter as it is now. In his travels he came upon an old man busy planting trees near his cottage. Stopping to speak to him, he found that this old man was childless—alone in the world, without even a near relation to inherit his cottage, and watch the growth of the newly-planted trees. 'I am surprised,' said my father, 'that at your age you take pleasure in sowing where you cannot expect to reap, when you have no one belonging to you to see that oak-sapling in its prime.' The old man looked up, and in a slightly-surly tone replied, 'An Englishman will.' The story made an impression on me as a child, but of late it has seldom been out of my mind as the key to the secret of English prosperity. We have no such *Irish* feeling: 'I for myself, and God for us all!' is our miserable motto. How can we thrive as a nation without nationality? Number one is all with us.

Mrs Lalor. Where on earth are you going on to? I know nothing of your politics, and don't wish it. All I have to beg is, that you won't be putting any of these out-o'-the-way fancies of yours into Mr Lalor's head, for he's beginning to give in to curious notions of his own, and thinks a deal of what you and Mr Wright say, and I'm determined upon this point—not to part with one of my children.

THE FRENCH POLICE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

No modern institution presents a more curious subject for observation than the police of Paris. At the same time a political and civil body, it possesses an importance which no similar establishment ever perhaps attained elsewhere. Devoted to public order and salubrity, watching over the thieves and refuse population of a great capital, it is also the pillar supporting every government which has existed in France, military, monarchical, or popular. A king, an emperor, a president, a dictator, a director, is nothing without his police minister. It is therefore really interesting to have an idea of the workings of this complicated and influential machine. We find traces of it in the very earliest pages of French history; and though Louis XI. gets credit for having founded it, we discover hints about police in laws far anterior to those of this monarch. Under Louis IX., Estienne Boileve promulgated a police code which lasted until the famous Tristan—whom Scott has immortalised in 'Quentin Durward'—improved it, and laid the foundation of all the atrocities which soon were to make the institution a terror and a scourge. The post-office was invented by Louis XI. and Tristan, simply as a more sure and rapid mode of spying over the nation. This alone paints the character of their improvements, which were again added to by Catherine de Medicis. From that day until the reign of Louis XIV., the institution, demoralised and broken up by the League, remained without power or respect. Some miserable *archers*, acting solely from interested motives, hunted up or protected robbers, just as they were paid or not. The state of Paris and the country generally became dreadful. 'The citizens were regimented, elected captains, and practised arms. At the corner of every street were heavy chains, which were spread across at the first alarm. Loopholes for defence were made in every house, while the people had banners, pass-words, and places of meeting.' And this was not against a foreign enemy, but against mere malefactors. The Court of Miracles still existed—a kind of 'Alsatia' which Victor Hugo has made well known. No commissary or policeman dared enter it. All its vast population lived by beggary and crime. Marriage was

unknown in this quarter, where no authority was recognised but that of the King of the Beggars.

The first Lieutenant-general of police was selected during the reign of Louis XIV. He was Gabriel Nicolas de la Reynie. His advent was wanted. Despite the greatness of the monarch, his taste for the arts and literature, and the general prosperity of France, Paris was full of barbarism. The Cour des Miracles, the darkness, the dirt, the daily and nightly street murders and robberies, justified the saying of Boileau, 'that the most dangerous and isolated wood was a place of safety compared with Paris.' Three hundred gambling-houses, and the corporation of valets and pages who made the Pont-Neuf and the Place Dauphiné unsafe during the day, were first closed and dispersed by La Reynie. The masters grumbled. La Reynie hanged a page of the Duchess de Chevreuse and a valet of the Duke de Roquelauro for killing a student, and the murmurs ceased. A hundred fencing-shops, where men learned to commit murder at twopence-halfpenny an hour, were walled up; but the great invention of La Reynie was that of lighting the streets. The opposition of the parliament prevented his carrying this fully into effect; but he was allowed, by means of 3000 lamps, to illumine the more dangerous and obscure corners. In ten years Paris was so changed as to be unrecognisable. His mode of purging out the Court of Miracles is too original not to be recorded.

Most of the places called Courts of Miracles had gradually been destroyed; but one still held up its head in the very centre of the city, proud of its rage, of its vast population of vagabonds, of its Gothic privileges, and, above all, of its pestilential *miasma*, which kept the police at a respectful distance. Three times had La Reynie sent commissaries with detachments of horse and foot to clear the court; but each time they had been driven back. At last he went himself, determined to make an end of the intolerable nuisance.* Preceded by a company of sappers of a Swiss regiment, by 150 soldiers of the Watch on foot, by half a squadron of the soldiers of the marshalsea, by a commissary of police and some exempts, the lieutenant of police presented himself at the break of day at the door of the Court of Miracles. At the sight of the soldiers the whole of the population, women, old men, young men, children, began to yell; in an instant sharp spits, iron-shod sticks, old daggers, blunderbusses, and long knives, rose above the heads of this sinister population, in whose countenances debauchery, drink, and fury were alone visible. The soldiers, unused to such enemies, presented their arms. 'Fire not,' cried La Reynie; and then addressing the furious crowd, he said, 'I might punish you for your revolt; I might catch you all, and send you to prison or to the galleys; I prefer forgiveness, believing you to be more miserable than guilty. Listen, and be grateful: I shall make three holes in your wall, through which you may escape; the last dozen shall pay for all the rest; six shall be hung on the spot, and six sent to the galleys for twenty years.'

Terror and alarm were depicted on every face: the sappers went to work, and three holes were soon made in the dirty wall. The sappers then fell back. 'Now go!' cried La Reynie, 'and heaven defend the twelve ladders!' Never was such a rush seen before as that through the three breaches: the blind recovered their sight, the paralytic ran, lame men threw away their crutches, and in twenty minutes the whole population had vanished. An officer approached La Reynie, looking very foolish as he told that they had not caught the twelve. 'So much the better,' said the lieutenant of police; 'and lest they come back, raze the walls, and burn the huts.'

Voyer D'Argenson succeeded La Reynie, and introduced many novelties. He founded, it may be said, the secret police, the spy system, and that violation of private correspondence which has been carried on until

this day. His spy system was tremendous. He had agents everywhere, and was so successful, as to astonish the king, who asked him where he took his servants from. 'Sire,' said D'Argenson, 'from all classes, but principally among dukes and lacqueys.' The king gave an incredulous smile. 'Sire, some people cost me ten louis an hour, some ten sous!' The king laughed; and D'Argenson, piqued, promised to give his majesty a proof. A few days afterwards, the king, while dressing, and surrounded only by five noblemen of the highest rank, ventured a somewhat lively joke about an illustrious court lady. Next morning D'Argenson waited on the king.

'What is the news?' said Louis.

'Scarcely anything, sire—that is to say, at court; for at Versailles you take little interest in Paris. But, sire, I had forgotten; the retirement of Madame the Maréchale de — to a convent excites much remark.'

'Ah, ah! And what is said?'

'Faith, sire, they say, with much reason and justice, that — and the lieutenant of police repeated word for word the joke of the king at his *levée*.

The king laughed, and promised to place implicit faith in the information of M. d'Argenson for the future. The successor of this talented individual was Michault D'Amonville, whose history is too romantic to be passed over. The Maréchal de Luxembourg was examining the brilliant lines of his army preparatory to a battle with the Prince de Walden, and was receiving with pleasure the impatient wishes of the soldiers for an engagement. Presently he reached the splendid regiment of Picardy, when a young and handsome officer, with downcast eyes, and sword bent on the ground, quitted the ranks, and demanded permission to leave the army for a few days to visit his dying father. 'Go, sir,' said the marshal with a smile—'go, and may Heaven spare your honoured father.' He then added, with a sneer to his followers, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.'

The request and the answer flew along the ranks; and after the review, quodlibets fell in showers upon the young officer. He saw his mistake, and retired to his tent to think over some means of regaining his reputation for courage. A musketeer, his best friend, joined him. 'You are going home,' said he, 'at a good time. Take my power of attorney, and as you are so good a son, present my regards to my mother, that people may not say you are the only observer of the prudent commandments in our province.' A box on the ear, and five minutes afterwards a sword through his breast, was the reply which the musketeer received. 'Nocé,' said Michault, 'heaven knows I would have given my life to have avoided this; but you can now say that Michault D'Amonville is not a coward, but that he loves, before glory, before the king, before what is called honour, his father, his old father, his first and only friend. I now break my sword for ever; but count eternally on my friendship and esteem.'

Some years afterwards, Nocé became captain of the horse grenadiers, aide-de-camp and knight of St Louis. A troublesome adventure nearly stopped his career. Therese, the lovely daughter of a respectable merchant of the Rue St Denis, was the object of universal admiration. Nocé fell in love, and resolved to carry her off. One night, aided by friends, he placed a ladder beneath her window, broke a pane, entered, wrapped the young girl in her bedclothes, and descended to the street. Struggling violently, Therese succeeded in freeing her head, and shrieked. The Horse Watch came up, and Nocé was arrested with the girl in his arms. In an hour after he was at the Bastille. Nocé tried to make good his influence; but the king, guided by Madame de Maintenon, stood firm, and the parents of Therese were allowed to prosecute. Michault, now a leading man at the bar, heard of the affair, and rushed to the Bastille, where he was received with open arms by the young count. Nocé had no hope, but he gave up his case to Michault. The lawyer hastened to the Rue St Denis, and ad-

* This Court of Miracles was near the Porte St Denis, where now stand the Rue St Foie, and numerous other streets.

dressed the parents of Therese thus:—'The Count de Nocé is in the hands of justice; he merits his fate, and I neither come to defend his insolence nor his crime. But what are you about to do? To aggravate a scandalous fact by a scandalous trial. A verdict will be yours; but will this verdict repay the shame of a public examination of your child before the judges. Withdraw your prosecution. Content yourself with receiving the excuses in open court of Count Nocé before ten nobles and ten citizens.' The parents seemed moved. Michault continued, 'I am a lawyer, acting for a friend who wishes to give reparation. M. Perier,' addressing the father, 'you shall be *cohevin* at the first vacancy. Here is the written promise of the provost and the governor of Paris. You have a nephew *cure* of the little parish of St Pierre-aux-Bœufs; here is his nomination as *cure* of St Gervais. Besides, I beg to present to you your brevet as embroiderer to the House of Orleans.' Before Michault withdrew, he had their withdrawal of the prosecution in his pocket; and next year Therese became Countess-Palatine Stanislas-Lubomiska de Bandonier: she lived universally admired in Poland for sixty years afterwards. In 1715 Nocé proved his gratitude—Michault became lieutenant of police. He was, however, very incapable, and was speedily replaced by Pierre-Marc Voyer D'Argenson.

This lieutenant did much for Paris. The depraved manners of the upper classes he was compelled to wink at, encouraged as the bad state of morals was by the regent. But while the aristocratic vagabonds of the Palais-Royal and La Muette were allowed to beat the watch, insult women, and break lamps, Voyer D'Argenson made pitiless war on the thieves and poor rogues. Thousands of sham marquesses and counts went to prison, and all the scum of the capital found themselves under strict regulations. The splendid Boulevards were then dismal muddy ramparts, unsafe after dark: D'Argenson lighted them from the Porte St Honoré to the Porte St Denis, and built guardhouses every 1500 yards. The result was great. More severe than his father, he punished a fault similar to that committed by Nocé with two years' residence in the Bastille. Teschereau, his successor, had a mania for knowing all that was going on in every house in Paris. He hired regular spies, he bribed barbers, coachmen, porters, servants, clerks, and persons of the lowest description; he authorised gambling-houses, fencing-schools, and every other receptacle of vice, and spread corruption while pretending to use the means of repression. His great object was to know the secrets of families, and to have stated haunts for vagabonds, that he might easily find them. Ravot d'Ombrevail, an austere, classical student, who followed him, endeavoured to introduce rules copied from the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. Some were failures, and only served as matter for the jokes of the court. But one was admirable. A gentleman was killed in a hired carriage. Ravot at once made a regulation by which no carriage could ply for hire without having a number and a license. This was the commencement of the present excellent cab system of Paris. But the ridicule of the court caused Ravot to resign, after having closed every house in which gambling was carried on. Herault de Vaucresson, his successor, began well. Until about 1730, Paris was a labyrinth of streets without written names. Vaucresson was the first who placed names at the corners of the streets and numbers on the houses. His plan was to cut out the words in a stone tablet; and many old streets still retain durable evidence of the excellence of the plan in the presence of the very tablets placed on them by this lieutenant. He then removed all the receptacles for the filth collected in the streets to outside the city, and put an end to the stealing of bodies for the surgeons from the cemeteries: he almost cleared Paris of sturdy beggars and vagabonds; and died, after fourteen years of admirable administration, regretted by all classes of citizens save rogues and malefactors.

Feydau de Manille, who followed, began by starting

cheap and amusing theatres for the people, to draw them from the religious disputes of the Sorbonne. He then endeavoured to remove the slaughter-houses from Paris, the population of which objected both to the existence of these nuisances, and the driving of animals through the streets. But the ardent opposition of the butchers retarded this reform, which was carried out by Napoleon in 1805. After clearing many quarters of Paris, he built a splendid hotel and new quarter still called Feydau, and paved for the first time the quarters St Germain, the Faubourg St Martin, St Denis, and St Marceau. He so perfected the regulations relative to public vehicles, that not one robbery or murder was charged to the coachmen during his time of office.

Paris has always been disgraced by a vast number of carts and trucks drawn by men, which adds much to the mortality of the capital. Feydau tried in vain to abolish this system, and none of his successors have cared to try it again. Berryer de Ravennolle was too much of a fine gentleman to imitate his predecessor. The creature of Madame de Pompadour, he cared only to serve her. All the energies of the police were devoted to discover plots against the favourite, and to furnish her, from private letters broken open, stories to tell the king of his courtiers. Robbery increased; murders were committed in the open day; bands of thieves were organised; and yet the police took no care, until, in 1752, the nuisance had become intolerable. Berryer seemed suddenly to awake, and he resolved to clear Paris of its vagabond population. Men, women, and children, were seized and carried off to the Temple, and then sent off every day in bands of two hundreds to Louisiana without any form of trial—a peculiarly French system of justice and colonisation, two things even yet little understood on their side of the water. This summary process caused an *émeute*, beneath which Berryer fell. The disappearance of so many children created an absurd report that they were killed to make a bath for the Dauphin, attacked by paralysis. The people became wild with rage, rose *en masse*, attacked the hotel of the lieutenant of police, and were only prevented from killing him by his timely escape. Bertin de Bellisle was his successor. He made some good regulations, amongst which was that which prohibited milkwomen, mountebanks, and others, from using drums and trumpets in the streets. Sartines was the next, and under his rule vast improvements were made in Paris. He used to describe his duties in three words—safety, cleanliness, light; and he went seriously to work to carry out his motto. He reorganised the watch; he established street sweepers; he replaced the little lights by large lamps; he ordered all doors leading to courts to be shut at nine o'clock; purged the commissaries of all the idle and lazy; reformed the theatres; and made Paris, indeed, safe, clean, and light. Sartines carried his spy system to a vast extent. Not only did he profess to know all that was going on in Paris and France generally, but to be aware of all important things in every European capital. One day he received a letter from Vienna informing him that a famous brigand, who had long desolated Carniola and Carinthia, was in Paris, and requesting that he might be arrested. Sartines replied that the brigand was not in Paris, but in Vienna itself, in such a street, such a house, and at such a number. The German police made the proper researches, and found the robber hidden in the place indicated.

A servant of the pope ran away from Rome, after having stolen from the *sacristie* of St Peter a great number of sacred vases and pontifical ornaments, worth a considerable sum. The papal government supposed that the thief had embarked in a French merchant vessel, and passed into Provence. The apostolic prothonotary sent a courier to M. de Sartines, in order that he might stop the malefactor at his entrance into France. The lieutenant of police at once sent back the courier, after writing on the back of his despatches, 'The robber sought for by the Roman police has not entered France. He is hidden at Civita-Vecchia in a Sicilian

bark, whose master is called Bartholomew Fraudi; his intention is to go to Messina, thence to pass into Turkey. Be quick, and you will catch him at sea.' The pope, on receipt of this laconic missive, armed a brig and a galley, and succeeded in catching in the waters of Messina the Sicilian bark of the master Fraudi, which bore the robber and the rich spoils of St Peter. And all this wonderful information cost Sartines less than a bad management of the police, simply because he was honest.

Sartines employed repentant thieves and reformed convicts for purposes for which no one else would have proved efficient. Many persons reproached him with this, but he replied, 'Tell me of one honest man who will be a police spy?' He had particularly about him four ex-thieves—the cleverest—whom he called his aides-de-camp. One evening during a conversation at Versailles, much was said about the cleverness of robbers, when the Prince de Beauveau contended that no man who was careful could be practised on by a thief. 'If you will dine with me to-morrow,' replied Sartines, 'I will convince you of the contrary.' 'I bet you three hundred louis that you will not succeed,' Sartines accepted, and the prince laughingly observed that perhaps he would take his purse or his snuff-box, but that that would be nothing very new. The lieutenant of police informed him that he intended his cross of the St Esprit should be taken off his breast without his knowing it. The prince, somewhat startled, still expressed his doubts, and then invited all around to witness the winning of his wager. The dinner was splendid. More than a hundred guests were present. Courtiers, distinguished foreigners, authors, poets, crowded round the board. Opposite the Prince de Beauveau sat a Chevalier de Calatrava, attached to the embassy of Spain. The conversation was general—fine arts, literature, philosophy, were treated with tact and good taste by the brilliant assemblage. The prince, enthusiastic about Italian literature, entered into a warm discussion with the Chevalier de Calatrava, who quoted largely from Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, and other Spanish writers. At last both the prince and the chevalier got warm, and their discussion was degenerating into a dispute, when Madame Sartines held out a purse, saying, in a gentle tone, 'For the poor, my lord, if you please.' De Beauveau looked at his breast: the cross of the St Esprit had disappeared. The prince smiled, and glided a bill of five hundred louis into the hands of the fascinating lady of the minister of police, who himself handed back the decoration. Everybody now asked how the thing had been done? 'I should keep my secret for myself,' replied Sartines, 'but I cannot resist so general a demand. The task was difficult, tied, as the cross was, in so tight a knot. While Monsieur the prince was discussing with the amiable and learned De Calatrava, whom you will never again see at my table, another of my aides-de-camp under the table thrice drew his napkin off the prince's knees. Three times M. de Beauveau stooped to pick it up, and three times my rogue was master of the cross. But I wanted it, ribbon and all, uncut. At the fourth fall of the napkin the thing was done.'

This kind of police is so different from anything in English manners, that another anecdote of the same lieutenant can scarcely be passed over in silence. A magistrate of Lyons once said that he was sure he could enter Paris without the knowledge of M. Sartines. 'Don't be too sure,' said the lieutenant. Six months after, the magistrate had occasion to visit the capital. He recollected his conversation. He left Lyons mysteriously, entered Paris at night, and took a lodging in a false name in an obscure quarter. At dawn of day a livery-servant awoke him. In his hand was a letter. It was an invitation to dine that day with M. Sartines! But Sartines had other qualities besides having a hundred eyes. He was bold and humane, firm and charitable. A terrible *émeute* held possession of the Place Maubert. He marched upon it with a powerful force; and after presenting arms, whispered to a young

officer, who advanced to the crowd. 'Gentlemen,' said he, using the words whispered by his chief, 'we come here in the name of the king; but we have orders to fire only on *la canaille*. I beg all honest people to retire before we act.' In five minutes not a rioter remained.

Paris owes to this eminent individual the corn market, and a gratuitous school of design for the poor, fourteen fountains, the paving of half the streets, and many other things which testify to the utility of a good police. Lenoir, his successor, occupied himself with improving the prisons and hospitals, in the latter of which, despite the wealth of the corporations, four slept in a bed. Lenoir ordered that only two should henceforth occupy one couch, which was a great improvement. He regulated the food, which was too rich and abundant, and suppressed in the prisons chains and dungeons. Before Lenoir's time, six prisoners out of twenty-eight died every year; after one year of the new régime, only twelve in one hundred died. Cleanliness and wholesome food produced the change. In Paris nearly every child is sent into the country to be nursed. Before Lenoir's time, women went about from door to door seeking babies, and carried them off to far distant parts. As often as not they brought back a child of their own when the one confided to them died. Lenoir established a regular office, with strict surveillance over the nurses. He created a body of firemen, and stopped the abominable usury imposed by Jews on the poor, by the formation of the Mont-de-Piété, which lent money on pledges at moderate interest.

Andre-Albert did much, and was succeeded by Du Crosne, who was the fifteenth and last. To this man Paris owes one great improvement. From the time of Philippe-le-Bel, the cemetery of the church of Saints-Innocent, Rue St Denis, was a burying-ground. A dark gallery, with on one side shops of fashion, on the other a wall of bones taken from the cemetery, was a dismal feature of the scene. The cemetery was the fertile source of disease to the whole crowded neighbourhood. Du Crosne obtained from the king power to destroy this nuisance, and the remains of 1,600,000 bodies were so carefully removed under the auspices of able chemists, that no evil result followed. The church was pulled down, and the splendid fountain, which still adorns the spot, erected in its place.

The police, before the Revolution, it will be observed, did, on the whole, more good than evil. They were, it is true, the instruments of very bad acts; but had the government always chosen such men as Du Crosne and Sartines, there would have been little to blame in the institution. Like most French organisations, its faults lay in its arbitrary character. There was no legal line of conduct, no bounds to the will of the chief, who was always quite as powerful for bad as for good. In a future paper, an examination of the police since the Revolution will show that the change has not been for the better.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

COLONISATION AIDED BY LIFE-ASSURANCE.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, the first living authority on assurance, has said of it, that 'though its theory has as yet only been applied to the reparation of the evils arising from storm, fire, premature death, disease, and old age, yet there is no placing a limit to the extensions which its applications might receive, if the public were fully aware of its principles, and of the safety with which they might be put in practice.' Two companies have just been formed in London to employ this grand principle, which has made arithmetic the best friend of humanity in advancing colonisation. How can this be done? The company purchases lands in the colonies. A proposing settler, with a small capital, takes out a policy of life-assurance with the company for, we shall say, £100. He settles on (say) one hundred acres of the company's lands, on the proviso of paying the company a certain annual sum till a certain period of his

life, when it becomes his in fee-simple, or till his death, when it will be the property of his representatives. If (say) thirty years of age, and he wishes that the farm should be his own in fifteen years, if he lives so long, he pays L.11, 8s. 11d. per annum; if he desires that it shall only come to his heirs, he pays L.7, 4s. 1d. per annum as long as he lives, and, though he die in the first year, these heirs will inherit the property without farther charge. The payment, as will be understood by those conversant with life-assurance, includes a rent for the land, to reimburse the company as landlord, and a premium of assurance for the sum assured, by which the purchase of the land is ultimately effected. The benefit of the system is, that a settler gets upon land without the necessity of laying out a large sum at once in purchasing it. He is enabled to reserve the bulk of his little capital to stock his acres, and to support him over the first difficulties—a matter of vast consequence to him. At the same time, as we presume, the company makes a profit upon both the land and the policy of assurance in requital of its outlay and its risk.

There can be no doubt that the scheme of the two companies, whose prospectuses we have seen, is theoretically correct and equitable; and that, with energy and good intention, it may be worked out to the vast benefit of the class of intending emigrants whose capital is limited. Recognising some names of high respectability in the lists of directors, we are inclined to look hopefully for results. One advantage, entirely incidental, will flow from the plan. The companies being presumably careful in the selection of their lands—for this is strictly their own interest—intending settlers will be able to go at once to their allotments, thus saving the large and often ruinous outlay which individuals now incur in choosing lands for themselves. In fact, by the simple expedient of a life-assurance company being brought to bear upon colonisation, it appears that we shall at length obtain, what has hitherto been so desirable, the help of intelligence and wealth to that business, free of any risk that the poor man may be victimised in the choosing of his land.

THE LOVE OF THE MINUTE.

Women certainly are fortunate in a turn for the microscopic or minute, and for those occupations which can be performed while sitting still, or which require movement in a limited circle only. Their Clarissa-like genius for weaving page after page of letter-writing, or, in other words, for that interminable piece of chequer-work, dark and formidable, the crossed-letter—ever extending it unsparingly in whatever corner the white surface of the paper shows itself, down to the crossed line of the last page—is quite an immediate blessing of Heaven; while their talent for forming friendships with birds and gold-fish—their craze for administering slop and flattery to the young of animals, as if they were young children—their incredible patience under an infliction of plants or flowers, over which they will sometimes meditate and regard as if they were endeavouring to pass the bounds of human knowledge, and to enter the mystery of vegetable life—and their great instinct for making themselves endlessly happy with the vast subjects of dress—are endowments which must be referred to the same category. These resources are their salvation in many strange situations, in which it would go hard, we suspect, with male faculties.—*British Quarterly Review*.

CALVIN IN GENEVA.

The most trifling slights and insults, such as most men would have overlooked with contempt, Calvin pursued with bitterness and acrimony. The registers of Geneva abound with instances, which grew more frequent and more severe as his power became more consolidated. In 1551 we find Berthelier excommunicated by the consistory because he would not allow he had done wrong in asserting that he was as good a man as Calvin. Three men who had laughed during a sermon of his were imprisoned for three days, and condemned to ask pardon of the consistory. Such proceedings are very numerous, and in the two years 1552 and 1559 alone, 414 of them are recorded! To impugn Calvin's doctrine, or the proceedings of the consistory, endangered life. For such an offence a Ferrareso

lady, named Copa, was condemned in 1550 to beg pardon of God and the magistrates, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on pain of being beheaded.—*Dyer's Life of Calvin*.

LINES WRITTEN AT KESWICK IN JUNE 1849.

NATURE awakes! bleak winter's reign is o'er,
The voice of joy is heard from shore to shore;
A thousand odours on the gale are borne
From blushing fruit-trees and the snowy thorn;
The calm blue lake is whispering to the beach
In tones more eloquent than mortal speech;
And where the sun sheds his most ardent rays,
Bright stars of gold dance in an airy maze;
And where the shadows of the mountain rest,
A tiny sail lies slumbering on its breast.
Woods fringe the lake in every green arrayed,
And I sit musing in their welcome shade.
The earth is decked with flowers of varied hue,
Gay as the dreams of hope, as transient too!
The wood anemone—that nun of flowers!—
Loves shady woods and unfrequented bowers;
Primrose and violet, gay furze and broom,
Scatter from out each chalice rich perfume;
The azure bluebells bend their graceful stems,
The fragrant cowslip every meadow gems,
The starry stitchworts 'neath each hedge abound,
And golden buttercups spring all around:
In sheltered spots or mossy bank is seen
A slender stem, with three bright leaves of green:
The flower a cup for fairies well may be,
When blithe they dance beneath the greenwood tree.
White, pencilled o'er, the sorrel: pale but gay,
Which—leaves, or flowers—are fairest who can say?
While oft we see in many a shady spot
The turquoise of the field—forget-me-not;
And pleased I watch that messenger of spring,
The gorgeous butterfly, on painted wing;
Black spangled o'er with scarlet, blue and white,
Its wings from leaf to flower its mazy flight.
Sounds, too, are there—the hum of insect life;
With happy creatures earth itself seems rife.
The gush of streams, the ripple of the lake,
The ringdoves cooing in the woody brake,
Mixed with the dulcet cuckoo's voice, they float,
And every warbler adds a tuneful note—
A clear warm mist tumbles o'er hill and flood,
And scarce a zephyr whispers through the wood—
My mother earth smiles as she smiled before—
But bounds my heart with rapture as of yore?
Where is the thrill with which I used to meet
Young spring's advance, and trace her fairy feet,
When I, like nature bounding from the birth,
Tasted pure pleasure, shared the joy of earth?
Gone the elastic step, the joyous start;
The memory of its echo chills my heart:
The landscape seems unreal, sounds a dream,
And tears burst forth to mourn what I have been.
But still these tears are soft, this sorrow brief;
These are the tears which bring a kind relief.
A thousand soft emotions crowd my soul:
Alone with nature, far from man's control,
Who could be sad who looks on scenes like these?
Light in each sunbeam, hope in every breeze,
I learn to tread the dusty path of life,
Despite its sameness and its heartless strife:
Trees, flowers, and birds rejoice; then why be sad?
They whisper, join us! and I too am glad!

E. M. M.

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IDEAL BEAUTY.

THE numerous hypotheses of beauty that have been submitted from time to time to the world have not yet resulted in any undoubted theory; yet each attempt to penetrate the mystery which hangs over the subject must serve more or less to refine and elevate. Anything that withdraws us, in our reflective moments, from the materialism of circumstances, must aid the advancement of civilisation; for civilisation does not consist in the *perfectionnement* of the mechanical arts of life, but in the cultivation of the higher faculties of which the senses are but the agents and ministers. The splendid inventions and endless applications of the present age would obtain for it merely the praise of ingenuity; but the simultaneous diffusion with these of a taste for poetry, music, and art, stamps the epoch as a period of indubitable progress.

The analysis even of so ethereal a thing as beauty is no more impossible to one class of philosophers than that of light has proved to another; and the former, in all probability, depends upon laws as simple as those of the latter: for the principles of nature are few and universal. The time has gone by when the mystery of beauty was committed wholly to the researches of the metaphysician, and some inquirers seem now inclined to revert even to those earlier dogmas which placed the secret in the keeping of the exact sciences. It has long been known that the Egyptian sculptors reduced proportion within such definite rules, that the parts of a single statue might be executed by different artists; and the school of Pythagoras—who studied in Egypt—taught that the foundation of proportion, both in sculpture and architecture, was geometry. This is a question, however, too weighty and too curious to be entered into parenthetically, and we shall reserve it for a future occasion, when we propose examining at large the contributions of D. R. Hay to the philosophy of art.

Ideal beauty, a higher branch of the same subject, was still farther removed from the grasp of the judgment. Its discussion was supposed to be the province of the poets and transcendentalists; and when actually met with in high art, it was set down as the result of a special inspiration which had nothing to do with the vulgar laws of nature. Ideal beauty, however, is now pretty generally acknowledged to be a real existence, in which the efforts of nature in the creation of the perfect are merely concentrated by the master in a single figure. The same thing, we would remark, occurs in landscape painting, and is there considered no mystery at all. The artist in this case does not copy, but select from nature. He imagines such a combination of circumstances as never occurred in union, though all real in themselves, and thus produces out of actually existing materials a scene of ideal beauty.

Let us only suppose what the result would be of the introduction of a feature that was *not* natural into the ideal of the human form. The piece would be at once condemned as 'out of drawing'; in other words, it would be stigmatised as wanting in the first principle of art. Such views of the question would seem to imply that the great artist must be deeply learned in the arcana of knowledge, and it may be asked how, in this case, it happened that the ancients—of a time when learning, such as it was, was confined to a few—have been the masters of more generally enlightened generations, and that their unapproachable works are still the objects of the 'fond despair' of the modern world? The answer is easy: That inborn genius is the teacher, or rather inspirer of art. Thus Homer had no education in the common sense of the word—and neither had Burns; yet both, in certain departments of the sister art, stand unrivalled and alone. These, however, are the cases of individuals, occurring with an interval of 3000 years; and the collateral inquiry remains—under what circumstances was this divine quality developed among a whole people at one time, and what led to its decay and final extinction? At this point the work which has suggested the train of thought we are indulging comes to our assistance, and—though not without some precautions—we put ourselves under the guidance of a masterly writer, but occasionally an incorrect thinker.*

The climate of Greece is supposed to have had some influence in forming the happy disposition of the people. 'Here,' says Winckelmann, 'where a temperature prevails which is balanced between winter and summer, nature chose her central point; and the higher she approaches it, the more genial and joyous does she become, and the more general is her influence in producing conformations full of spirit and wit, and features strongly marked and rich in promise.' In such a climate physical man acquires his fullest development, and physical beauty its richest character; and in such a climate the powers of depiction and imagination would be in equal proportion with the glorious materials they had to work with. But too much importance, we think, is attached to this idea. Climate does not in other countries generate genius, although it may develop form; and, as regards the fine arts, our author forgets that the palmy period of sculpture, if we begin with Phidias, did not last for more than fifty years; and that the painting of the early Greeks, exemplified in the works of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and Apelles, of which not a fragment has been preserved, exists only in the traditionary praises of Lucian, Pliny, and Ausonius.

But the climate of Greece was not too cold to repress

* The History of Ancient Art among the Greeks. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by G. Henry Lodge. London: John Chapman. 1830.

the animal spirits, nor too warm to enervate. The people did not, like more western nations, shroud their forms in heavy clothing, nor, like more eastern, commit the manly and graceful exercises to slaves and hirelings. The richest, noblest, and wisest strove in the public games, and the taste for beauty in the human form grew by what it fed on. In their histories, they mention with applause those whom this quality distinguished as favourites of the gods; women contended publicly for the prize of beauty; the Spartan matrons placed in their sleeping-rooms the images of the most graceful deities; and even men were known by a name derived from some perfection of shape or feature. Of these last one received an appellation which has been transferred in meaning, by the different genius of English poetry, to the fairer sex:—

—‘A thousand graces sat
Under the shadow of her even brows.’

This love of beauty was conjoined with gentle hearts and joyous dispositions. Kindly in peace, and humane in war, they formed a remarkable contrast to their future masters, the Romans; and when it was first proposed to introduce the gladiatorial exhibitions of the latter at Corinth, some horrified Greek observed that they must first throw down the altars of Mercy and Pity.

The attention of this beauty-loving people was early turned to sculpture as a means of perpetuating the memory of the charms they almost worshipped. Statues became the universal expression not only of admiration, but even of family affection. Mothers set up the images of their children in the temples; and whole towns and provinces joined in honouring in this manner the victors at the public games. The sculptors were the sole bestowers of that enduring fame which mortals call immortality. Philosophy and literature were subordinate to art; and to obtain a prize beyond what these could give, Pythagoras contended at Elis, and Plato appeared among the combatants at the Isthmian and Pythian games. Such statues were always portraits, and so likewise were the representations of the successful horses at the chariot-races. Even the superstition of the Greeks contributed to dignify art. The early images of the deities, whose authors were unknown, were supposed to have fallen from heaven; and even those by known artists were understood to be filled with the godhead they represented. How sensibly must the honour in which art was held have acted upon the artists! The contentions for the prizes of beauty and skill must have been tame in comparison with those of genius.

Let it be understood that the praises bestowed upon a successful artist, universal as they were, were no vulgar and ignorant outcry of fashion. The learning and wisdom of the time were comprised within a small compass, for there were few books to study, and a brief space, therefore, sufficed for all necessary culture. Men did not require to grow gray in thought before they were considered competent to lead the nation; and thus we hear of mere lads gaining battles; of a commander-in-chief of the age of twenty-four; and of the chief of the Achaean League—Aratus—being scarcely twenty. It is curious to remark the recurrence of this phenomenon in our own day in England, though arising from a very different cause. The present is the age of extraction and simplification. The multitude of books that have inundated the world are all robbed, by a process of distillation, of their actual spirit; and the result is presented to the new generation in a cheap, attractive, and intelligible form. It is almost as easy now to be wise and learned as it was in ancient Greece; and thus we see every day young men stepping forward into public life, from the most uncongenial positions, and displaying a readiness and familiarity in business which were formerly supposed to be the exclusive attributes of mature years and prolonged study.

We now come to the crowning influence which carried Grecian art to perfection. This was the lofty spirit of independence which secured in most ages the freedom of the country. ‘The freedom,’ says Winckelmann, ‘which gave birth to great events, political changes, and jealousy among the Greeks, planted, as it were, in the very production of these efforts, the germ of noble and elevated sentiments. As the sight of the boundless surface of the sea, and the dashing of its proud waves upon the rocky shore, expand our views and carry the soul away from, and above, inferior objects, so it was impossible to think ignobly in the presence of deeds so great and men so distinguished.’ So long as Greece was free, or even underwent brief vicissitudes of tyranny, art continued to advance till it attained to perfection; but when the country fell permanently under the Roman yoke, art gradually expired. It is a plant to which light and air are necessary, and if transferred to a dungeon, it withers and dies.

It must not be supposed that the period of perfection of which we have spoken dawned all at once. The germ of genius was in the national mind, but it required time to develop itself; and manifold were the efforts of sculpture in the interval between the representation of Castor and Pollux by two wooden posts with a cross-beam at the top, and the production in marble of ‘the statue which enchants the world.’ The statues of the victors in the games, as we have observed, were portraits, and so likewise may have been those of the priests and priestesses of the temples; but the images of the gods were creations of ideal beauty, or that perfection of beauty which surpasses nature, inasmuch as it concentrates her scattered gifts in a single form. But the fine imagination of the Greeks did not stop here. They revelled in beauty with a kind of intoxication; and in the images of certain gods, such as Apollo and Bacchus, as well as in the Hermaphrodite statues, they blended the forms of the two sexes, and thus composed out of nature’s own materials an imaginary being peculiarly their own. But let us hear the description of our German enthusiast of one of the ideals of the Greeks: ‘I could wish in this place,’ says he, ‘to describe beauty the like of which can hardly have had human origin. It is a winged genius in the villa Borghese, of the size of a well-made youth. If the imagination, filled with the single beauties everywhere displayed in nature, and occupied in the contemplation of that beauty which flows from God, and leads to God, were to shape during sleep a vision of an angel, whose countenance was brightened by the divine effulgence, and whose form was seemingly an effluence from the source of the highest harmony—in such a form let the reader set before himself this lovely image. It might be said that nature, with God’s approval, had fashioned it after the beauty of the angels.’

This high and holy quality of beauty has been long the subject of controversy. Men have sought to embody it in a definition, and numerous theories have been propounded, by which the authors imagined that they had solved the problem. It is natural that we should wish to know *what* it is we unconsciously admire, and *why* it is that we do so; but no explanation has as yet been made public that can satisfy the judgment or engage permanently the attention. One of the latest adventurers in this difficult field is Winckelmann himself; but although his premises are indisputable, and his sketch of the history of the beautiful in art both striking and correct, he has been no more successful than his predecessors. Indeed the question of ‘*what* is beauty?’ seems to have been abandoned as hopeless, and both Winckelmann and Haydon, after floundering from obscurity to obscurity, have been satisfied with telling us *where* beauty is. The former supposes it to reside in the youthful form, ‘in which everything is, and is yet to come—appears, and yet does not appear,’ and where ‘the conformation is, as it were, suspended between youth and maturity.’ He does not deny its existence in other periods of life; but youth is the grand central

point, and the farther from this the rays of beauty diverge, the fainter they become.

To this dogma it has been objected, that in the works of the ancients themselves—more especially in the Venus, the second daughter of Niobe—the palm is clearly seen to belong to maturity. But we venture to impugn it on wider grounds. Even supposing beauty to be confined to the human form, it belongs to all ages and states—even to declining years—even to death itself. In the latter it perhaps reaches its acmé, and the 'rapture of repose' we see in the coffin before the commencement of decay, is more lovely than the brightest flush of youth. But beauty is not confined to the human form: it is a universal principle, which pervades all nature; and the dogma which assigns it to a particular period of man's life must be tried by its application to every other object and condition which exhibits the phenomena of youth and decay. Winckelmann's idea, therefore, we condemn as unphilosophical; and for the same reason that of Haydon, who declared that beauty resides only in the female form; and that when seen elsewhere, in any individual of the whole animate world, it is in exact proportion to the resemblance of that individual to woman.

The most curious, however, of all theories of beauty is, we believe, the latest—the one propounded by Dr Knox, and now reproduced in an appendix to his translation of Dr Fau's work on anatomy.* 'All those beautiful and perfect external forms,' says he—'this decorated exterior, which nature intended man to see, concealing from him the machinery lying beneath the surface—owes its beauty to many circumstances, which I need not here further refer to, but chiefly as a *sine qua non* to the cellulose-elastic layer interposed between the integument and the aponeurotic sheaths and muscles.' Here are words to conjure with! But lest the reader should turn over the leaf in dismay, we shall explain that our author means simply to say that beauty mainly consists in the concealment of the internal structures of the human frame. This theory, he says, 'is based on transcendental anatomy, and on an analysis of human feelings and instincts. Apply it to the living model, and test its truth; apply it to modern sculpture; above all, to the antique, from a profound study of whose sculptured forms I first drew the materials of this work.'

Such are the notions of a professional anatomist, to whom the play of a muscle in the graceful attitudes of youth, or the course of a blue vein over a virgin bosom, recalls the horrible mysteries of the dissecting table! But to the uninitiated such muscular movements, even when unplanned from their extravagance, suggest nothing to disgust; and such meandering veins are, and always have been, nothing less than poetical. When a blush rises into the ingenuous face, we do not associate it with a determination of blood; a smile receives no illustration in our fancy from the demonstrations of the knife; and a tear suggests to us no hint of the analysis or organs of the secretion. Dr Knox, however, though wrong in theory, is right as to practice. In youth, the muscles and sinews are far from being obtrusive, either in the living model or the statue, and they are but little obvious in the ideal beauty of the ancients even when it refers to maturity. The reason is, that tranquillity and repose were the grand principles of the old sculptors' art. Even the dancing nymphs do their spiriting gently; Laocoon's sufferings, though agonizing, are mute; and the daughters of Niobe are as still as the death they dread. This was one of the most remarkable characteristics of Grecian art, and it is the one most commonly disregarded by the moderns, with whom all is excitement and extravagance. In Greece it arose out of the national manners, at a

time when hasty walking or hurried speaking was reckoned a vulgarity, and when a calm, self-possessed manner indicated high-breeding.

Dr Knox having told us what beauty is, proceeds, like his predecessors, to show where it resides; and here he agrees so far with Haydon, although giving it a more limited range. 'The absolutely beautiful,' says he, 'I place in the full-grown woman only, in that figure whose fully-developed proportions satisfy the most fastidious taste for form; whose expression no language can describe, yet is understood by all; in whom the emblems of ever-blooming youth—that youth so cherished, so loved, so adored—still remain, thus combining all possible attractions.' If such mean and restricted views could be accepted at all, this one is certainly the most natural and probable.

It will not be supposed that where so many men of genius have failed, we shall hazard an opinion with any confidence, or with anything but hesitation and humility. It strikes us, however, that the cause of the failure may lie in the want of elevated views both of nature and art—views apart from the enthusiasm, real or pretended, of connoisseurship; and we may venture, therefore, to offer a suggestion which has but little reference to learning or study.

The writers we have mentioned, as well as others who preceded them, describe the chief component parts of beauty as consisting of proportion, colour, and expression. But if you detach from a thing any one component part, you leave it imperfect: in the chemistry of nature, for instance, such withdrawal, in the case of the gases that compose air and water, would destroy the whole animated world. How does this apply to art? The masterpieces of the ancients, the exponents to all mankind of the idea of beauty, are generally in discoloured marble, sometimes in bronze—where, then, is colour as a component part? If expression were detached from them, is it not obvious that this would change merely the moral character, without affecting in the smallest degree the physical beauty? What remains is neither marble nor bronze: it is proportion. If so, Proportion is Beauty. If the living model, however finely formed, were, by some caprice of nature, to appear of a green colour, it would still be beautiful to the eye of taste, however abhorrent to the natural instincts. We have a strong suspicion that it is the confounding of taste with instinct which has restricted the views on this subject of so many talented men, and which, more especially, has imprisoned beauty in the youthful and female forms.

That the Greeks possessed mathematical rules of art—a supposition which is sneered at by Dr Knox—we have no doubt; and the fact is rendered probable by a circumstance adverted to by himself as well as others—namely, the absolute identity, in feature and character, of all the statues of the same god. This identity is so remarkable, that if the whole of one of these sculptures were lost with the exception of a portion of the hair, the deity represented could be at once distinguished by a connoisseur! But setting aside this question, which, as we have said, will be the subject of a future paper, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that mathematical rules could enable the artist to give the Vatican Apollo his cloudland step, or the Atalanta her gliding motion. Such rules are, as it were, the body of beauty, but genius breathed into it a living soul. We have seen by what happy combinations and coincidences this genius was able to develop itself in the Greeks; but with nations different from them in climate, constitution, religion, manners, and freedom, the process will not be the same. The feeling of ideal beauty is not an instinct. It must come by study, by meditation, by abstraction from low desires. It must come with the great truth that beauty, so far from being confined to persons and places, is universal and ubiquitous. It must come with the power to separate it from the association of a passion with which it has no necessary connection—the passion of love.

* The Anatomy of the External Forms of Man, intended for the Use of Artists, Painters, and Sculptors. By Dr J. Fau. Edited, with Additions, by Robert Knox, M.D. With an Atlas of Twenty-Eight Plates. 4to. London: Baillière. 1849.

We cannot conceive how any person capable of appreciating high art can contemplate the masterpieces of the ancients with any reference to earthly passion, or look upon the beauty with which they are clothed as any other than a portion of the beauty with which God has clothed the universe—the beauty which marks it as his own, by the consanguinity there naturally exists between the master and his work. The educated and enlightened African may comprehend this beauty, but he will not love the less fondly his dusky wife and the dark imps she has given him. Among ourselves, the lover and his betrothed may gaze enraptured, and together, upon the Medicean Venus, but no thought will arise in the mind of either as to the possibility of a dangerous comparison being suggested between the woman and the goddess. It is possible, in the progress of ages, that as the population of the world becomes more and more intermixed, the style of beauty may approximate more and more to the Greek model; but in each passing age the various races and countries will be governed in their sympathies, as at present, by laws of their own. Thus in England the chiselled face may be an object of delight and admiration, but love will far more readily be inspired by the moulded features of the Anglo-Saxon physiognomy.

To conclude: ideal beauty is simply the highest beauty in nature; and although it may be comprehended intuitively by genius, we must approach it in ordinary circumstances through the cultivation of taste. In making this approach, we rise in general refinement and enlightenment; for nothing mean or base may draw near that divine presence. Governments would do well to understand this. They would do well to familiarise the million with the works in which beauty resides. They would do well, with views analogous to those of the Spartan matrons—who set up in their sleeping-rooms an Apollo, a Bacchus, a Nereus, or a Narcissus—to place as many of the masterpieces of art as they can collect before the people, to the end that they may bring forth great thoughts and noble deeds.

L. R.

THE REJECTED HEIRESS.

It is a commonplace saying that truth is frequently more wonderful than fiction; and few persons who have lived long in the world are unprepared to admit this from their own experience or observation. Yet when one of these out-of-the-way episodes actually occurred in the retired village of Sunnyside, the good folks exclaimed, 'Well-a-day! who would have believed it possible?'

Old Mrs Armitage had succeeded to a large fortune; and the Witch of Sunnyside, as some called her, was whisked away from among them in a carriage-and-four, accompanied by a man of law, to take actual possession of a grand house, situated in a distant part of the country. This was one of those extraordinary windfalls which we sometimes read or hear of. Mrs Armitage had been advertised for, and proved to be nearest of kin to a deceased miser, of whom she had scarcely ever heard in her life. She was the widow of a petty government officer, and a trifling pension was all she had had to subsist upon—her only daughter, rather more than twenty years previously, having married a farmer about emigrating to the new world. All the neighbours pitied Farmer Smith for the burthen he had voluntarily imposed on himself—the burthen of such a wife as Ellen Armitage—who inherited from her mother the shrewish propensities and scolding tongue of a handsome Shaksperian Kate, though it seemed highly improbable that her gentle, submissive husband, would ever attempt to 'tame the shrew.' Moreover, Ellen Armitage had married against her mother's consent, and they parted in violent mutual anger, never to meet again in this world; for the first accounts that reached Mrs Armitage were, that the ship in which her daughter had embarked had foundered within sight of its distant destination, and nearly all on board were lost.

Amongst the passengers who perished were Mr and Mrs Smith. The mother's grief at first was extreme; for she remembered only the part she had acted towards her only child, without thinking of the part that child had acted towards *her*—for so it often is when death cancels wrongs.

Nevertheless, when her grief abated, Mrs Armitage was just the same as ever—notorious for her unkindly disposition and ungovernable temper. She dwelt in a small cottage on the outskirts of the village, where she had only two fine black cats for companions; and in former days it is very certain that this circumstance, coupled with her unsociable habits, might have aided the suspicions entertained against her as a dealer in forbidden arts. The young Mrs Armitage detested; the old she quarrelled with; and she had not a friend in Sunnyside, if we except little Rollo Lilligood, the shoemaker and cobbler. But who on earth *could* have disliked or quarrelled with Rollo?—the merriest, kindest, best, most single-hearted soul in the universe! He was the sole privileged visitor at Mrs Armitage's solitary cottage; he read to her on a Sabbath; he bore her animadversions and scoldings with unshaken fortitude and philanthropy; and though constantly ejected from the inhospitable roof with ungracious vituperations, he always found his way back again, meek and gentle, as if sure of a loving welcome. And Rollo Lilligood did all this because, he said, Mrs Armitage was to be pitied—that we ought to return good for evil, bear with one another, and visit the widows in their affliction. 'And was not an evil temper an affliction?' said Rollo. The worthy little shoemaker of Sunnyside was a widower; and though only about forty years of age himself, he had a son—his sole treasure—who was now in his nineteenth year. Rollo had married early and improvidently; but when he lost his young wife four years after their union, he looked upon her obscure grave, and felt that life was now a weary pilgrimage indeed. The village shoemaker mourned as sincerely for *his* lost love as any 'gentleman' of the land might do for his; and placing all his hopes on a future reunion, Rollo devoted himself to his calling, being thereby enabled, by unflinching diligence and perseverance, to give his son a decent education. The village schoolmaster was a man of good ability and judicious management; and young Rollo amply profited by both, inheriting some natural capacity and the blessing of a sweet disposition.

The attachment of this father and son was beyond that usually evinced even by such sacred and near relationship. Young Rollo resembled his lost mother in personal appearance—being tall, fair, and delicately formed, with a winsome countenance and a sunny smile. Many a village maiden looked after the handsome young cobbler with a sigh, for he was perfectly impervious to all their charms and allurements. Serious far beyond his years, thoughtful far beyond his station, caring only for books and rambles amid the beauties of nature when the day's work was ended, he neither frequented the dance, the revel, nor the alehouse, and yet gave offence to none: for Rollo was the most generous, brave, yet resolute and mild youth ever bent on having his own way. Young Rollo was a frequent visitor also at Mrs Armitage's; but his reception was even more equivocal than his father's. Mrs Armitage seemed to have a peculiar spite against the comely, as well as against the youthful, and taunted him about his 'love-locks' and 'book learning'; but Rollo patched the crabbled old lady's shoes gratuitously in return, fondled the cats, and oft-times trimmed up the neglected garden before the cottage.

There seemed little outward alteration in Mrs Armitage on hearing the astounding tidings which created such a sensation throughout the village; her black eyes twinkled more brightly, and she planted her stick more firmly when hobbling about; but when the neighbours dropped in—gathering courage from curiosity—she vouchsafed no information, and snappishly cut short all inquiries. Mr Temple, the lawyer, whose client Mrs

Armitage had now become, was, fortunately for the ignorant and foolish old woman, a man of the highest worth and probity; the affairs of the miser deceased were entirely in his hands; and the vast wealth passing over to Mrs Armitage was under his superintendence and jurisdiction. Mr Temple soon found that he had no easy matter to manage, for the old woman was self-willed and dictatorial in the extreme, and baffled all the lawyer's tact and prudence, in his endeavours to gain her confidence and good-will, by sharp and vulgar suspicions and retorts. But ere her departure for her new residence, Walsley Hall, Mrs Armitage was made aware that she had it in her own power entirely to will away her wealth to whom she pleased. On hearing this from Mr Temple, she struck her staff violently on the ground, and compressed her lips, as if forming an unalterable resolution, at the same time requesting Mr Temple to keep the knowledge 'to himself.' When the chaise containing the lawyer and his client disappeared on the winding road above Sunnyside (which basked in a pleasant watered valley), there was not one left behind to lament the old woman's departure, or to rejoice in her singular good fortune, except the little shoemaker, Rollo Lilligood; and perhaps he felt somewhat as a doctor may do on the loss of a fractious patient. Mrs Armitage had spoken kinder words when saying 'adieu' to Rollo Lilligood than might have been expected from her general demeanour: 'I'll send you a good round order, neighbour, when I get to Walsley; and you shan't patch and cobble for *nothing* now,' she screamed after the little man as he left the cottage, where for so many years he had ministered with patient Christian love.

Many months passed away, and the inhabitants of Sunnyside had almost forgotten Mrs Armitage and her singular history; the cottage she had inhabited was tenanted by tidy, cheerful-working folks, and no trace remained either in the aspect of the habitation or in the hearts of the villagers to recall the cross and disagreeable old woman to their memories. Rollo Lilligood had not received the promised order, and he was disappointed; for, truth to tell, the humble, disinterested creature had built some castles in the air—not for himself, but for his dear boy—the extent of his hopes being limited to perhaps receiving a present of books, or something of that sort, through Mr Temple's instrumentality, that gentleman having taken great notice of young Rollo when sojourning at the Sunnyside Arms.

But Rollo was a contented man, nevertheless, and he diligently attended to his business; settling in his own mind that prosperity had had the not unusual effect of making his former neighbour forget the associates of her poverty. But he was mistaken in his surmises, for Mrs Armitage, with all her unamiable qualities, yet retained a recollection of his kindness, and had speedily evinced that she did so by notifying to Mr Temple her desire of making Rollo *senior* her sole heir! The will was drawn out in due form, Mr Temple being handsomely remembered in it for his valuable services, and Rollo Lilligood, shoemaker of Sunnyside, appointed sole residuary legatee. Mrs Armitage determined that he should not be made acquainted with his good fortune during her lifetime—he must work, and his delicate son must work: but Rollo had been her only real friend, and she had no one else in the wide world to care 'one brass farthing for,' as she expressed it. Whatever were Mr Temple's feelings on the subject, he did not disclose them—his honour was chivalrous; and had the obstinate old dame selected *him* for her heir, he would probably, in the circumstances he stood in towards her, have scrupled to avail himself of the advantage.

Mr Temple had an ample private fortune besides his professional gains: he was a widower, with an only child (a fair and amiable daughter), and when he undertook the management of Mrs Armitage's affairs, no idea of self-aggrandisement entered his honest head. His client had a vast deal of low cunning—that kind of cunning which is often apt to look upon lawyers as over-

reaching and unscrupulous, simply because they are *lawyers*; and Mrs Armitage watched all Mr Temple's movements most narrowly, little thinking that her scrutiny was observed by him, and that he was greatly amused by this development of character, making much allowance for her ignorance and consequent prejudices. He felt glad that she had sufficient gratitude in her nature to propose rewarding the tried friend of former times; and when the worthy shoemaker's son came before his mind's eye, Mr Temple determined to interfere thus far—to leave no stone unturned in trying to persuade Mrs Armitage to enable this promising young man to prosecute his studies under competent tuition, so as eventually to fit him for adorning that station to which the wealth she proposed bequeathing his father must raise him. Mr Temple had a hard battle to fight. Mrs Armitage contended that Rollo *junior* was 'learned enough already;' she wanted no 'would-be gentleman' to succeed to the inheritance; and it was to *his father*, not to *him*, that she left it.

Still, Mr Temple persevered; and beneath the magical sway of his urbanity and good management, something almost resembling equanimity began to exhibit itself in his client's sour demeanour, while order and propriety reigned at Walsley. Suddenly, however, all Mr Temple's plans were frustrated by the unexpected arrival of a stranger on the scene of action, whose credentials admitted of no dispute, and whose influence became all-predominant. In the meantime Rollo Lilligood, fortunately perhaps for his peace of mind, was wholly in the dark as to all these proceedings and arrangements in his favour, consequently disappointment reached him not; and when he received a letter desiring his immediate presence at Walsley alone, he had no doubt that Mrs Armitage was on the point of death, and wished him to read those pleasant words of comfort from the Holy Book which he used to do on the quiet evenings and Sabbaths at Sunnyside.

Very much hurried and abashed was Rollo Lilligood, on arriving at the Hall, to find himself received as a guest in so grand a mansion, and to be ushered into a sitting-room instead of a kitchen. But far more hurried and flurried he was when he found himself in the presence of two females—one of them his old friend Mrs Armitage, looking healthy, and full of spirit and vigour. She was not dying, that was clear; but why he was sent for in such haste was *not* so. During the whole course of the evening no allusion was made to the motive for so sudden a summons; as far as regarded eating and drinking, Rollo was made most comfortable; but he was ill at ease notwithstanding, and the presence of the second unknown female added unaccountably to his tremors. Mrs Armitage had named her as her daughter Mrs Smith, supposed for many years to have perished by shipwreck, but providentially rescued, and turning up 'just in the nick of time,' added the dame laughing; but it was a hollow laugh, and made Rollo shudder.

Mrs Smith was apparently a woman of middle age, much sunburnt and weather-beaten, but, excepting a pair of large black eyes, by no means gentle in their expression, it was difficult to guess what her appearance might *once* have been, owing to the disfigurement of a deep scar or wound on her face, reaching across one cheek—full of wrinkles and seams in consequence. Her voice was harsh, her manner repulsive, yet she evidently tried her utmost to be pleasant, and to appear to the best advantage; but it was when she said 'mother' that Rollo started, for the word grated on his nerves; and when the old woman was irritable and peevish, 'Ellen' looked daggers, but *spoke* honied words. Mrs Smith's eyes followed all Rollo's movements with inquisitorial curiosity; she seemed to be reading his character, or endeavouring to do so; and he, worthy little soul, grew quite abashed beneath the unwonted scrutiny, and had not the courage to respond except by monosyllables. Next morning he was closeted with Mrs Armitage at her desire, and listened to an explanation

and strange recital; ending with her expressing a wish and making an avowal which caused Rollo Lilligood to recoil in amazement and dismay. The substance of the conversation on Mrs Armitage's part was this:—It was not Ellen and her husband who had perished in the wreck, but another Mr and Mrs Smith; Ellen had been left a widow in the new world, but managed her farm alone, as well or better than with her husband's help; and on seeing in the newspapers from England the wonderful account of her mother's inheritance of a large fortune, she had come home at once. Her long silence, her long neglect of her mother, she explained by assurances that she had really written, although the letters miscarried; but then receiving no answer, she had concluded her parent's anger unabated.

'I do assure you, Rollo Lilligood,' continued Mrs Armitage, 'that if Ellen had not brought the certificates of her marriage and birth which she took away with her, I should have hardly been able to identify my own child, for even twenty years could scarcely have altered her so much. The mole on her cheek, too, is destroyed, for that deep gash is right across it: it came from an accident, she says, in felling a tree. Mr Temple behaved very oddly I thought, and was not satisfied for a long time that Ellen was my daughter; till I told him that I *knew* she was so, from proofs indisputable, because she knew things that none save Ellen herself could know. After making a good deal of fuss, looking at the certificates, and what not, he was satisfied as well as myself; and Ellen soon told him that his absence would be better than his presence.' Here Mrs Armitage lowered her voice, and looked round with a timid air, which Rollo had never seen her display before: she continued almost in a whisper, 'I don't know how it is, Rollo Lilligood—perhaps I am going to die—but I don't feel like a mother to Ellen. When I thought my child was dead, I mourned and fretted desperately; but now she is restored to me, I don't feel the old love—for I did love her, though she offended me, Rollo.'

Mrs Armitage then, with much circumlocution, proceeded to prepare Rollo for the tidings she had to communicate, which were to the effect that she desired his marriage with her daughter, thereby securing to him the wealth she had already bequeathed. Rollo was not wanting in sense, and he immediately said with a smile, 'You mean kindly, Mrs Armitage, ma'am, I am sure; but do you think it likely that your daughter Mrs Smith, who *must* have your money anyhow of course, would take such a little ugly fellow as the Sunnyside shoemaker for her husband, when, with such a fortune, she might pick and choose?'

'She will take you, Rollo Lilligood,' answered Mrs Armitage: 'I told her my will was already made in your favour, and that I wished her to marry you. She is a good obedient child I must say for her in this respect; for before ever she saw you, she promised to do just as I liked. I wish you to be her husband, Rollo; you are a good, honest man; I wish you to have my wealth; I wish her to have it too; and though I must say I am astonished at Ellen agreeing to my proposal so easily, yet, as she has done so, all that remains for you is to ask her to marry you at once, when you are the master of Walmesley, and I shall die happy.'

'Mrs Armitage, ma'am,' answered Rollo decisively, 'if your daughter inherited all England, and all the palaces in it, I would not be her husband.'

It were needless to repeat the violent discussions on the part of Mrs Armitage—on the determined refusal on Rollo's: one thought, and one only, he gave to his beloved son; but the father felt sure that that dear son would never wish to purchase wealth at such a sacrifice on his part. To become that woman's husband! Impossible! thought Rollo. Other thoughts, which he buried in his inmost heart, also crept forward. His rejection was final and decisive. Mrs Armitage discarded him for ever—he should not have a stiver unless he married Ellen Smith! And Ellen herself, what said she on hearing that she was rejected by the shoemaker

of Sunnyside? She said nothing; but her look so thoroughly alarmed and petrified the nervous little man, that he took French-leave of Walmesley instantly, nor felt himself secure till he stood beneath his thatched roof once more with young Rollo beside him. The latter, on hearing the Arabian-Night like details, was at first serious and attentive; but when his father came to the proposal of marriage, and his terror of the lady, and rejection of the fortune and honour together, Rollo junior indulged in the loudest and longest laugh that he had ever known since his birth. His father's flight seemed to tickle his fancy immensely; but when they talked over the matter soberly, both father and son came to the same conclusion. What that conclusion was, they religiously kept to themselves, nor did either of them indulge a regret for the wealth thus lost when almost in their grasp.

'Rollo,' said the elder, 'that woman Ellen Smith is'— Here he paused.

'What, father?' said his son, looking on the pale speaker.

'A fiend in woman's form, or I am much mistaken. But we'll "bide our time;" and be thankful I have escaped, my son!' ejaculated poor Lilligood, heaving a deep sigh—a sigh of relief. 'And we will keep all these matters to ourselves, my dear boy; for it is women only who love gossiping, and you and I are wise men, though we be but poor cobblers.'

It was nearly twelve months subsequent to Rollo Lilligood's visit to Walmesley when, on a tranquil summer evening, an aged man, with venerable silvery locks flowing on his shoulders, arrived at the quiet village of Sunnyside. He was a missionary from distant lands, and the best years of his life had been devoted to the conversion of the heathen in the new world. Now worn out, he came home to die, and to rest his bones in the churchyard of Sunnyside beside his kindred. Rollo's deceased wife had been the aged man's grandniece, and Rollo was the only one of his family left with whom the pious labourer could claim affinity. In his society—shared by the whole village—the newspapers at the Sunnyside Arms were now neglected; and it is probable that the parties most interested might not have heard the tidings they conveyed, had not the landlord happened to glance his eye over them, and being aware of Rollo's visit to Walmesley, he bustled with the intelligence to his friend the worthy little shoemaker. The country-side rang with the horrible story—a daughter had been arrested on suspicion of attempting to poison her own mother, whom she had already almost killed by a course of ill usage. Fortunately the attempt had failed, but 'Ellen Smith' was in custody, and Mrs Armitage of Walmesley Hall was her intended victim. The article entered into further particulars concerning Mrs Armitage's succession to the fortune, her daughter's unexpected reappearance, &c. concluding with an explanation of the means through which the atrocity was discovered—two of the servants appearing as witnesses against Mrs Smith, who, it was known, was to inherit all her mother's wealth, the latter having made a will to that effect.

Much was said on all sides concerning the wickedness of the world in general; and the reverend missionary, who had caught part of the conversation, desecanted amply on that subject. But when Rollo told him of his own deep interest in the particular 'wickedness' in question, Mr Peckham, with ready sympathy, requested to hear the full details. Accordingly, when they were alone, Mr Lilligood commenced his narrative, leaving nothing out from first to last except his former kindness to Mrs Armitage. Mr Peckham listened attentively; but when Rollo described Mrs Smith, he inquired with evident agitation from what part of the new world she had come. On Rollo informing him, the missionary solemnly said, 'Wonderful are the ways of the Lord, and how he maketh darkness light! My son, although my memory is failing me, yet I have at this moment a perfect recollection of being

sent for to pray by the sick-bed of a fellow-countryman; and in that distant land the ties of country are almost as strong as those of affinity. He was a farmer, of the name of Smith, a man of weak intellect, and his horror of approaching death almost forced upon me the conclusion that he had led a particularly sinful life. But this was not so, I found, for he had been more sinned against than sinning; and I endeavoured to lead him to the knowledge of our only refuge for the just as well as the unjust. He was closely attended upon by his wife. Now, mark me, Rollo; he told me she was his second wife; that she had been a servant to his first wife and himself for some years, but a convict before then. He called her "Eliza;" I am sure of that. I remember her brutal manner to the dying man, the gash on her cheek, and her dislike to my being left alone with her husband. It was only at intervals that Smith snatched a moment here and there to speak to me of his past life; for when she was by, he appeared cowed and terrified. The last time I ever saw him in life—his wife (who appeared unusually harsh even for her) being called away for a few minutes—he began lamenting his "ill-luck," as he termed it, in having been the husband of two such viragos; for, said he, "My dead wife, Ellen, threw a pruning-knife at *this one*, and gashed her cheek as you see. Ellen was a shrew, but not so bad as 'Liza' neither. Ah, sir! if you ever go back to our dear native land, I wish you would find out poor Nelly's mother, and tell the old soul that her daughter named her kindly when she was dying, for they had quarrelled." I promised willingly to do so, if spared, and requested to know the name of Ellen's mother and her place of abode. "Her name is Armitage, and she lives at"—But here Mrs Smith's return stopped our conversation; and when I returned next evening to the farm, the husband was dead.

"Oh, my dear sir," exclaimed Rollo, "my prophetic instincts were not in vain; this is wonderful indeed! I will off to London at once, and find out Mr Temple."

"But Smith is a common name, my son," said the placid missionary, "and there is a possibility that there may be a mistake in our suppositions, though I confess the coincidence is startling."

"We will leave all to Mr Temple, uncle," exclaimed Rollo. And in two days' time he was in Mr Temple's office, and telling his wonderful story.

Mr Temple speedily confronted the accused, quietly saying, "So, Mrs Smith, you have duped us all, it seems; and as Eliza Smith, formerly the deceased Ellen Armitage's servant, you stand convicted of an attempt to poison the said Ellen's mother."

Quite as quietly, and with imperturbable boldness, Mrs Smith replied, "Well, I thought I should be found out some day, and that is the reason why I consented to marry that fool the shoemaker; for if he was lord of Walmsley, I should have been lady."

"Now, madam," said the lawyer, "I think it possible you may have to prepare for a second trip beyond seas. Your unhappy victim—poor old Mrs Armitage!—has, I believe, received her death, or at least its acceleration, at your hands?"

"If I had managed better," cried the violent woman, "she would have met with it ere this. Do you think I ever forget that her daughter Ellen *did this*?" pointing to her cheek, livid with rage. "Once I was handsome as herself—people said we were like twin sisters; but I saw her die: I took her place: but oh that I could be revenged in full!"

Mr Temple stayed to listen to no more ravings, but making his best speed to Walmsley, laid before the miserable Mrs Armitage the facts of the case, and through whose instrumentality they were brought to light.

Miserable no longer, but lightened of a heavy load, the poor creature cried, "Thank God for this, that she is not my child: the *old love* never came back to my heart: I told Rollo Lilligood so. Ellen, with all her faults, never would have used her old mother as this

woman has done. Poor Nelly!—poor Nelly! So she thought of her own mother when she was a-dying?"

But Mrs Armitage's days were numbered: her spirit was utterly crushed. And once more Rollo Lilligood came to visit her, and to read the words of consolation, which she would listen to from none but him. The second Mrs Smith was transported for life, after having made confession of her fraud and imputed crime. She said that an old English newspaper, containing the account of Mrs Armitage's singular good fortune, had accidentally fallen into her hands; the scheme occurred to her, and seemed so feasible and easy, that she entertained no doubt of being able to carry it out successfully.

In process of time Walmsley Hall was well filled with Rollo's grandchildren. These fair little darlings called Mr Temple also 'grandpapa;' for Rollo the second, now a rising barrister, had espoused Miss Temple: he made himself quite sure of not being rejected by his heiress ere he ventured to offer his hand.

A picture of the good missionary, Mr Peckham, hangs in the dining-room; opposite to which is a full-length of Mr Lilligood the elder, engaged in the business of his calling. 'For I am as proud of my father,' said Rollo, 'as I hope my sons will be of me; and may my descendants never suffer those pictures to be removed!'

They were to be seen at Walmsley Hall a few years ago—the owner, a great-grandson of Rollo, bearing a wonderful resemblance to the portraiture on the canvas, while in uprightness and kindness of heart the likeness is still more perfect.

CURIOSITIES OF ROGUERY.

AUCTION GANGS—'ESTABLISHED BUSINESS' SWINDLE.

Auction Gangs.—It would appear to an uninitiated observer that property of any description, which has been consigned to an auctioneer for disposal by public sale, which is submitted to public competition, and which can be sold only with the auctioneer's consent and complicity, is pretty sure of producing, if not something like its actual value in the commercial market, at least its value to the parties present at the sale, minus that fair retailer's profit which it ought to be the effect of general competition to reduce to its minimum amount. However reasonable such an expectation, nothing is more uncertain than its realisation in the numerous auction marts in the metropolis. There exists a system of wholesale theft and robbery so widely diffused, and so universally carried into execution, that it is impossible to form any estimate of the plunder, which must be enormous in its aggregate amount, and which forms the daily and hourly booty of a set of heartless and unprincipled harpies, who grow rich and fatten upon the domestic misfortunes of their fellow-men. By the operation of this nefarious system, the apparently fair and honest procedure of sale by public roup is utterly vitiated; and the auctioneer—who in a case of unreserved sale, such as that in which the property is adjudged to the hammer under a distress warrant, has no power either to protect the rights of the unfortunate owners, or to save himself from the degraded position he is forced to occupy—is made the unwilling tool of a set of scoundrels, to whom he is compelled to assign, one after another, articles frequently of high finish and sterling value, for sums paltry in the extreme, if not merely nominal.

Those who have noticed the rapid, almost sudden, growth and expansion of certain brokering chapmen and dealers in articles of furniture, pictures, musical instruments, curiosities, bronzes, vases, and objects of *vertu*, must have been often struck with surprise at their miraculously speedy prosperity. The small front shop soon bursts into the back parlour; it then creeps up stairs;

then the proprietor buys out his neighbours, and overflows first on one side, then on the other, with his fast-increasing stock, till at length half the street, or the whole of it, is one huge repository of everything domestic which necessity, luxury, or vanity can demand and industry supply. The course of knavery we are about to describe may serve to moderate the surprise of the observer.

Be it understood, then, that there exists a species of federal union, never talked about, yet open to all whose trade it is to buy by auction for purposes of retailing. The primary object of this union is, to suppress and prevent that competition which it is the purpose of public sale to elicit. As a general rule it may be affirmed that of this union every broker, dealer or buyer by trade, whose principle of integrity is not sufficiently strong to resist the temptation, is, tacitly at least, a member. And indeed, however honest a dealer may be, he is often compelled in self-defence to wink at the proceedings of the gang, even though he refrain from participating in their vile gains. We must not be supposed to infer that this iniquitous confederation is organised upon any regular system—that it boasts of any rules or written documents of any kind. Such a tangible embodiment of its principles would of course be fraught with peril to the parties concerned, and is therefore avoided. The phrase 'honour among thieves' expresses the sole law by which the proceedings of its numerous members are regulated; and though they often quarrel bitterly over the division of the spoil, and have been seen to fight furiously for their imagined rights, they are never known to have recourse to the law for protection. From all we can gather concerning the origin of this foul conspiracy—and we have taken some pains in the investigation—it would appear that it has been of slow and gradual growth, and that it was, in the first place, the spontaneous offspring of the cupidity and dishonesty of a very limited group of confederated rascals. It is affirmed—with what truth we know not—that it was first detected in operation among the Jews of a certain locality, and that it was immediately imitated on all sides, instead of being suppressed, as it might have been by the strong arm of the law and the force of public rebuke, had the infernal machinations of its members been made known. However this may be, it is pretty certain that since its first rise, which might be dated at less than a score of years back, it has spread like a pestilence to every part of the metropolis; and that, at the present moment, it cannot be predicated with absolute certainty of any auction-room situated between Knightsbridge west and Mile-end east, or Highgate north and Peckham south, that on any given day in the year there shall be a fair sale of any specified kind of portable property. If the gang be present—and they are always present if the property to be disposed of offers them any considerable advantage—they will be sure to accomplish two things: in the first place, they will get most of the lots they desiderate knocked down to them at a low bidding; and in the second place, they will prevent any stranger who is not a professional buyer from obtaining any article for a sum much less than double its value.

On a certain day in the year 1847—we do not choose, for certain reasons, to be more particular as to date—we attended a sale, where, among other valuable species of property, a pretty large collection of pictures was to be sold. Our object was to purchase a clever production of Fuseli's, should it fall within the limited range of our pocket. Being pressed for time, we had not leisure to change an old office coat in which we had sat all the morning, and consequently made our appearance at the saleroom in somewhat seedy trim—to which accidental circumstance may be doubtless attributed the revelation we have to make. It should be mentioned that the property was that of a defunct dealer, and that his widow was then in the house awaiting with anxious heart the result of the sale, upon the proceeds of which her prospect of future comfort depended. We found the rostrum of the auctioneer surrounded by the *auction gang*, among whom, all unconscious of their honourable fraternisation, we with considerable difficulty shouldered our way, and obtained a standing position in front of the

revolving easel upon which the paintings were then exhibiting to the crowd of bidders.

'Are you in?' said a greasy, grizzly-bearded face, reeking over our shoulder.

'Yes, thank Heaven, we are in,' said we, mistaking the purport of the question.

'Oh, it's all right,' said the questioner, turning to those behind him: 'he's in.'

We need not detail the whole of the conversation we overheard—enough to say that we soon discovered something of the nature of the conspiracy, and saw its profitable but villanous operation in full swing. Most of the pictures of greatest value were knocked down at wretched prices to three or four members of the gang; and once when a stranger endeavoured to secure a piece of some merit, the biddings were run up against him to an amount far beyond its utmost value, until he ceased to bid, when the lot was knocked down to one of the gang, who immediately repudiated his bidding, and swore that he did not intend to bid more than a certain sum. After some squabbling, the lot was put up again, and bought by the gang against the stranger for far more than its worth. Once when we hazarded a bidding for the lot we came to purchase, we were stopped with, 'Shut up, you fool; that's —'s bidding: hold your mouth—you'll get it for nothing if you want it at the knock-out.'

'At the knock-out!' we mentally ejaculated; 'what upon earth is that?' We had heard the expression before, though casually, and it had escaped our memory; but we resolved this time, if possible, to penetrate the mystery, and learn whether it really was what we already began to suspect it to be.

'And where,' said we in as careless a tone as we could assume, 'does the knock-out come off this time?'

'Oh, at the old place; at —'s back-room up stairs.'

'What! C—— Court? (This was a leading question, as we knew no one at C—— Court.)'

'No; at W—— Street.'

'To-night of course!'

'To be sure—half-past eight or nine.'

We did not fail, shortly before nine o'clock, to ascend the stairs to the back-room of the house indicated in W—— Street. Before the hour had struck, the whole of the gang was present, and comprehended a much larger number than we had expected to meet. Among them we recognised several owners of first-rate shops, men of property and capital—one especially, who had recently portioned his daughter with thousands, along with others of *undoubted* respectability. Seating ourselves near the door, and calling for grog on the principle of doing at Rome as Romans do, we awaited with interest the result of the proceedings. A number of the smaller and more valuable paintings—gems of the Italian and Flemish schools—a few English specimens, and several finely-wrought vases and bronzes, had been already 'cleared,' and deposited in the old-fashioned window-recesses, and upon tables in the room. As it was now past the hour, and all were supposed to be present, the door was closed upon the ejected waiter, and the 'knock-out,' which, as we had suspected, was nothing more or less than the *real sale* of the property, commenced. An individual, whom we shall designate Smash, whose raiment-looking physiognomy is too well known to the frequenters of certain salerooms, was the unlicensed auctioneer of the evening. Catalogues being produced, all the lots bought by the gang were gone over seriatim, and now for the first time put up to serious competition. One by one they were knocked down to eager purchasers at prices varying from double to ten times the sums for which they had been obtained but a few hours before. Cash was paid down for each lot as it was sold, and deposited in a small tray in front of the seller, the lots, or an order upon the auctioneer for such lots as had not been cleared, being delivered to the respective purchasers. When the whole of them had been disposed of, the mass of gold and silver in the tray had accumulated to a considerable size. Smash then resigning the hammer, reimbursed from the heap before him the parties who had cleared the lots present—those who had purchased lots yet in the custody

of the auctioneer having of course paid to the heap the difference only between the final biddings at the sham sale and the real one. These payments concluded, a considerable sum, the produce of that day's diabolical robbery of a forlorn and widowed woman, remained to be divided among the wretches who had thus successfully combined to plunder the helpless. When the sale was over, we could not help remarking that the whole of the property rested finally in the hands of three or four persons—Smash being one of them, as he had bid pretty freely, and consigned several good lots to himself. A few of the articles which had been run up to a high price, in opposition to parties who, not being in the gang, had presumed to bid against it, hardly realised half the sums they had cost; but the loss upon these was compensated tenfold by the gain upon the remainder. And now came the division of the spoil, which was eventually managed upon a principle too complex to be fathomed by a casual observer. We noticed, however, when Smash read over the schedule, which occupied some time in preparing, that the individuals who had paid most money were to receive the largest share; and that those who bought nothing, and most probably never intended to buy, were to be paid at a lower rate. We did not witness the final distribution of the cash. Having no desire to pollute our fingers by the touch of such ill-gotten gain, we feigned a sudden excuse for quitting the room; and requesting our grizzly-faced friend to take charge 'for two minutes' of our untasted grog, we quitted in sovereign disgust this den of ill-doers, who wanted only the virtues of personal courage and outspoken sincerity to elevate them to the level of the burglar and the highwayman.

It is some years since we became thus aware of the existence of this atrocious system of plunder, and we have since frequently detected it in operation where we little expected to meet it. At book-sales it is a perfect nuisance. There are several scores of petty scoundrels who pass their lives at book-auctions, rarely bidding, and never buying if they can avoid it, and whose sole means of subsistence is this meanest of all possible modes of plunder. From inquiries we have cautiously made—for it is not an easy matter to obtain reliable information from the parties implicated—we are induced to believe that the majority of the real buyers would be glad to abate the practice, or put it down altogether, if possible. They find that where, as is generally the case with regard to books, the separate purchases are rarely of any great value, the trouble and inconvenience the practice entails are not compensated by the profit it affords: but the miserable wretches to whom such stolen scraps are daily bread, stick too hard upon their skirts to be readily got rid of.

It is a melancholy thing, and one that speaks volumes upon the demoralising effect of bargain-hunting upon the character, that among these plunderers of the weak, the friendless, and the prostrate in circumstances, should be numbered names of respectable standing in commerce—names well known and trusted among connoisseurs and collectors of works of art, relics of antiquity, or objects of vertu. But there is unhappily no margin left for doubt upon the subject. It would be in our power, on any given day, in the course of a few hours' visit to some of the finest collections of the first-class dealers in such matters in the metropolis, to pitch upon a score or two of valuable specimens which have come into the possession of the present owners through the scandalous medium of the 'knock-out.*' These men, be it remembered, have not the plea of necessity to advance in mitigation of their acts: they are surrounded with the materials and appliances of luxury, and have wealth at command, and might reason-

ably be expected to set an example of honesty in the pursuit of a profession which is sadly in want of it.

The 'Established Business' Swindle.—Just on the same principle as the American backwoodsman locates upon a plot of savage territory, fells the forest timber, burns the lumber, ploughs and sows the reclaimed land—then sells the whole clearing, stock, lot, and coming crop, to some wandering emigrant in search of a settlement—so in London there is a class of men (and, we may add, of women too) whose favourite occupation it is to open new shops, and dig out, as it were, new channels for the currents of commerce, in the yet untried neighbourhoods of the ever-increasing metropolis; selling their newly-formed establishments so soon as they are set a-going, and in a fair way of success, either to new-married couples, country immigrants, or other parties whom they may suit. Against such a mode of gaining a livelihood, however singular it may appear to some, nothing can be justly said. These parties are often of essential service to the community, to whom they frequently introduce the conveniences of retail trade in localities which, without their speculative enterprise, would long remain strangers to them. They are the pioneers of traffic, whose mission it is to clear the way for the commercial host which has in due time to follow in their footsteps. They owe their success (and most of them are successful) to the possession of a rare tact and discrimination in reference to business matters, as well as to a considerable amount of that constitutional energy and restlessness which so remarkably characterise their prototype of the 'far west.' But as everything successful in London is sure to give birth to its counterfeit, so in this peculiar walk of life there are hundreds of unprincipled knaves who make a prey of the stranger and the inexperienced by the sale, under lying pretences, of mock establishments, whose pretended returns have no existence save in the records of a set of plausible account-books, artfully made up for the purpose of defrauding the unwary.

We shall more effectually expose the *modus operandi* of this sort of swindlers by a brief recital of what actually occurred to a friend of our own who unhappily fell into their clutches, than by any formal description that could be given.

In the year 184-, Walter S— found himself, at the demise of his last surviving parent, under the necessity of seeking a livelihood. With youth, health, and a tolerably good education, and with £600 in his pocket, he left his native place, and came to London to prosecute his fortune. After pushing his inquiries in town for near three months, without finding anything to suit him, he began to turn his attention to the morning papers, and to con the advertisements with a degree of interest which can only be appreciated by those who have been in similar circumstances. At length, lured by the prospect of a good income in return for very moderate exertions, he applied personally at the office of a house-agent in Oxford Street, who had advertised his business for sale. The office was a sort of semi-shop on the ground-floor, at the west end of the street; and though bearing a remarkably neat and genteel appearance, had withal a somewhat worn and business aspect. This he thought looked well. Having made his purpose known to the single clerk, that functionary touched a bell, which brought out the principal from an inner chamber—a sober, rather sad-visaged, well-dressed individual, of about five-and-thirty, in deep mourning. Upon making known the object of his visit, and referring to the advertisement in the 'Times' of that morning, the advertiser demanded whether it was the intention of his visitor to purchase the business for himself, or was he merely making inquiries on behalf of another person? S— replied that he was acting solely on his own account, and that, if the business bore out the terms of the advertisement, it was his intention to make him an offer.

'I could easily satisfy you,' said the other, 'that this business would have justified me in employing much stronger terms of recommendation; but the fact is, that although I have doubled the returns since I bought it myself, I have no wish to recover more than the money I paid for it—the death of a relative having released me

* We have this day seen a very valuable painting, bought by one of these gangs at a late sale of the property of a deceased proprietor, for a sum hardly covering the cost of the frame and the materials used in painting. What it realised at the 'knock-out,' and what was consequently the amount of plunder shared among the gang, we were not able to ascertain. One thing we can state with certainty, and that is, that the present custodian of the picture (it would be an abuse of language to call him the proprietor) demands above a thousand guineas for it; and, considering its rare quality and transcendent merit, seems not unlikely to obtain the sum he demands.

from the further necessity of any business occupation at all. But I fear you are too late; I parted with a gentleman not an hour ago who has all but decided upon taking it. It is a pity you did not apply before: I cannot say anything decisive on it at present. Good-morning, sir.'

'Good-morning,' and S— had already reached the door, disappointment in his face, when the other cried, 'Stop; you may give me your address. It is possible the first applicant may not conclude the affair. It strikes me, from some remarks he let drop, that he may not have the cash at hand, in which case I will let you know the day after to-morrow. By the way, we may as well understand each other—you will allow me to ask you if you are prepared to pay cash down, or at what date, supposing we should do business together?'

'Why,' said S—, 'I had not resolved to offer you the exact amount you demand; but I will say this, that if, after full investigation of the business and returns, we should deal, it will be for cash.'

'In that case,' said the agent, 'you shall have the preference if the party who has just left does not conclude the purchase. Perhaps you will look in at eleven the day after to-morrow, and thus save time.'

S— promised he would do so punctually, and departed, not without hopes of becoming yet the proprietor of so snug a concern.

At eleven precisely on the day appointed S— opened the office door. The principal was standing at the desk in earnest, almost angry discussion with an elderly man of gentlemanly garb and manners. He nodded to the new-comer, and motioned to his clerk to show him into the private room, which was so situated that S— could not avoid hearing every syllable that was uttered in the office. He soon became aware that the stranger was the first applicant whose rivalry he had so much dreaded; and he heard with secret satisfaction, that though eagerly desirous of securing the business, he was not in a condition to pay down the required sum upon taking possession. He pleaded hard to be allowed to make a deposit of part of the purchase-money, by way of binding the bargain, offering three hundred pounds in cash, and the rest in bills of short date. This the agent would by no means allow, and upbraided him with having deceived him in that particular at their former interviews. The stranger retorted, and the discussion grew almost into a quarrel, both parties becoming less ceremonious as the dispute waxed warm. It ended at last in the agent bowing out his would-be successor, who departed muttering his dissatisfaction in no measured terms.

The coast was now clear for S—, with whom, after apologising for the warmth of his language to the stranger, and remarking that it was a singular coincidence that S— should have arrived just in time to witness their disagreement, an arrangement was entered into for examining the books and testing the present state of the business. References having been exchanged on both sides, that same afternoon the books of the last two years were gone over cursorily, but carefully, and checked with the annual audits, in a manner, and with a result, perfectly satisfactory to the incoming proprietor. During the examination two parties called and paid L.5 as per-centage on houses let by the agent. Before leaving the premises, at sunset, S— had agreed to spend the ensuing fortnight in the office, as well to test the average returns, as to learn the simple routine of management. The fortnight passed pleasantly enough. The books were left in the hands of S—, who conned them carefully, and never conceived the slightest suspicion of their genuineness. The clerk proved a rollicking out-spoken fellow, fond of cigars and bottled ale, and made no scruple of abusing his employer for not having raised his salary beyond a paltry hundred—affirmed that to his exertions and attention the success of the office was mainly due—and hoped that S—, on assuming the government, would have the liberality to do him justice. There was no lack of business during the period of probation. Parties dropped in with notices of houses and premises to let, for the registry and exhibition of which on the office show-boards they paid willingly, according to a liberal scale of charges. The

principal was absent for hours together every day, and once for two whole days, during which S— had the luck to let a mansion in a neighbouring square for L.180 a year—accompanied the incoming tenant in the examination of the premises, and received from the landlord 5 per cent. upon the first year's rent. In addition to this, business was transacted of a less important character, but which yet yielded a comfortable profit to the agent. As the fortnight drew to a close, it appeared plainly enough that the profits averaged altogether, after paying expenses, nearly L.10 a week; and S— began to think it was a pity that he had not struck the bargain before, and pocketed them himself. When the time was up, and the agent asked him if he was satisfied with what they were doing, and was disposed to conclude the affair, he was but too ready to do so; and the next day a lawyer was called in, an agreement drawn up in due form, and signed by both parties; L.450 was paid down by S—, and bills at short dates were given for L.150 more. The 'agreement for a lease' of the offices, and the landlord's receipts for rents, together with all books and documents connected with the business, were made over to the new purchaser; and before starting for the north to 'take possession of his newly-bequeathed property,' the agent secretly advised S— to get rid of the clerk. 'You will find that you can easily manage the whole affair yourself,' said he; 'and you may as well save the expense of such a fellow, who is likely to prove an annoyance to any one who does not know how to manage him as I do.' This recommendation proved in the result quite unnecessary. S— took up what he now considered his permanent quarters on the ensuing day, and hired a sleeping-room close by for the better convenience of business. But no clerk made his appearance. This did not at first trouble the new proprietor, who attributed his absence to some convivial irregularity, and felt pretty sure of his speedy return. Two, three, four days—a whole week passed, and no clerk—and what, alas, was a thousand times worse, not a single customer! S—, now a prey to awful suspicions of foul play, lived upon tenter-hooks. Another and another week elapsed; and though the stream of population rushed incessantly past the office door, there were hardly more signs of business in the deserted rooms within than in the silent mummy chamber of an Egyptian pyramid. At length, when nearly two months had passed away without the realisation of a single shilling, and S— had become gradually awake to the completeness of his victimisation, a stranger called with a demand for two quarters' rent, and threatened to seize if it were not paid immediately. S— produced his receipts up to the last quarter, which proved to be mere fabrications, signed with a name the same in sound, but differing in spelling from that of the real landlord. From explanations that ensued, and from reference to neighbours, and to the inmates of the upper part of the house, the whole machinery of the abominable fraud, which had been brought to so successful an issue, was made fully apparent. The agent himself, the clerk, the 'prior applicant,' the customers, the gentleman who had taken the house in the square (which house, by the way, belonged to the landlord of that of which the office was a part, and was still unlet), the pretended landlord, who had paid the per-centage on letting—the very lawyer, or supposed lawyer, who had drawn up the agreement—all were partners or creatures of one swindling gang. The books were a set of documents cooked up for the purpose of delusion. Among the scores of notices exhibited on the show-boards, only one was genuine, and that one was in reference to the house in the square, which had been made to play so important a part in the swindle. The others, it is true, indicated houses, shops, and chambers which were actually to let; but they had been copied from similar announcements displayed in other parts of the city, without the sanction of the owners of the premises, and for the purpose of carrying out the fraud. As a termination to this villanous affair, poor S— was fain to evacuate the theatre of his delusion, resigning the furniture and fixtures in consideration of a discharge in full of the landlord's claims for rent, and

to recommence his researches in London for some career upon which he might enter with empty pockets and a little dear-bought experience.

The above is an 'ower true tale,' and is but one of a thousand which might be supplied from the private histories of multitudes who have fallen victims to conspiracies of the same class more or less extensive. Every recurring week brings to the metropolis adventurers from the country in search of a location in town, and desirous of investing their hardly-earned savings, or long-expected inheritance, in some established business, or fair speculation, which may offer to honest industry the prospect of competence and respectability. Such will do well to remember that the land-sharks are here on the look-out for their prey, which they will be prevented from gorging only by the exercise of the utmost vigilance and precaution on the part of their intended victims.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BUN-EATING.

An Englishman is considered, in foreign countries, as a sort of philosopher of every-day life. He is supposed to be cold, calm, self-possessed; to pass along the stage of the world with the imperturbable gravity of a Red Indian; to be able to stand up to be shot at, or even married, with the most solemn decorum; and to carry off even his blunders and simplicities with a lofty air of good faith which sets ridicule at defiance. Such is the Englishman as he is commonly represented, for instance, on the French stage; but, although we are by no means disposed to challenge the general resemblance, we conceive it to be a point of honour to admit that in one particular it is defective: it does not truly characterise the Englishman in the act of eating a bun in a pastry-cook's shop.

Every one who is accustomed to resort to such places for something to stay the appetite, which otherwise would rage or languish by dinner-time, must have observed the singular embarrassment betrayed by the customers. It is painful to detect the expedients they are obliged to have recourse to in order to carry off some portion of this awkwardness. One gentleman, fortunate in being near the door, scans curiously the crowd passing along the street, as if he were looking for some one whom he wished to see. Another, farther in, feels a profound interest in a lemonade advertisement hung over the counter, which he has read fifty times before in similar circumstances. A third finds something demanding careful attention in a row of sauce-bottles or preserve-jars on the opposite side of the shop, till, having at length finished his regale, he all at once revives to a sense of the utter worthlessness of his object, pays his bill hastily, and rushes out into the street, delighted to have escaped from so humiliating a position. Dashing young dogs who come in for a shrimp sandwich and a glass of sherry and lemonade, may carry off matters by a gay conversation with the nymph of the counter, whom they rally about the sparkle and effervescence of the beverage, which they wittily conceive to bear some resemblance to the female character. Young ladies, too—usually taking care to enter in pairs or groups—have it in their power, while they absorb their respective jellies, to keep up a colloquy among themselves, rushing into a critical discussion of the merits of the last new novel, or the last miracle of the Opera, or something else intensely abstract and irrelative to the matter in hand. It is all very well with such fortunately-situated persons; but for the stranger, the unit—the Englishman—who comes in alone to allay a craving appetite, the situation is a trying one.

The pastry-cooks, for their own sakes, should look to it. If they wish to cultivate the stand-up line of consumption, they should get their shops furnished with

something better than lemonade advertisements and rows of pickle jars for the study of their customers. A continual stream of new pictures hung up in proper situations within gazing distance of the lurching public, would, we are convinced, prove an immense attraction. They should not be pictures of single figures or small groups which tell their story at once and away; they ought generally to contain a multitude of figures, and to carry out a somewhat elaborate narrative, as is the case with the works of Hogarth, Callot, and similar geniuses. Not one should be capable of complete perusal in less time than is necessary for the demolition of a common-sized bun. The necessity of a considerable number of such pictures, and of their frequent renewal, must be evident, for a gentleman would soon feel the awkwardness of appearing before the public as taking an ever-fresh interest in one or two particular works of art, however excellent, every day of his life. There must be at least a dozen, and these ought to be changed at least every two months. Many artists would be glad of the opportunity of exhibiting their pictures in this manner, and therefore there could be no great difficulty in effecting the desired alliance between the rival powers of pastry and art. We can even imagine picture-dealers glad to pay a rent to a fashionable bunnist for the privilege of hanging up their wares with prices affixed in such a situation. On this point, however, we do not profess to speak oracularly. All we aim at is, to impress the necessity of something being done for the relief of distressed bun-eaters.

ADDED BY ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR.

The plan here suggested may be very good as a temporary expedient, but I believe that the only right and thorough remedy for the evil complained of is to be found, where the remedies of so many other things are looked for—in education and the progress of the national mind. We entertain a firm conviction that, with good management, the awkwardness itself will disappear by and by, and the Englishman will be able to eat his bun with all the nonchalance which distinguishes him in the other predicaments of life. Why should this not be so? What is there in a bun, philosophically speaking, which should not be as surmountable to an Englishman as to a Frenchman? In the meantime, however, the Frenchman has the advantage. Look at him, as he enters the shop, sweeping the counter with the severe and lofty glance of a connoisseur! Having made his selection, he goes deliberately to work. He divides his attention between his bun and the company, scrutinising each in turn. He does not stare, however, but look; he does not bolt, but munch; and it is easy to see, by the approving air with which, ever and anon, he turns his eyes upon the diminishing bun, that he is satisfied with the mental analysis he has formed of its composition. He finishes with a gentle sigh of content; smoothes his moustache with the gravity which this act demands, and invariably receives; pays his *trois sous* politely; draws on his gloves with deliberation; touches his hat to the lady of the counter with an *empressement* proportioned to the charms of her face or dress; poises his cane majestically; and walks slowly out into the street.

The cause of this national distinction is, that in England eating is a vulgar necessity, while in France it is a fine art. In the latter country it is associated even with ideas of the soft passion; for when a lover treats his mistress, it is always to something to eat. In the class lower than the gentry (if there are any lower classes in the French Republic), when the gallant walks out with his lady-love, he inveigles her tenderly into the restau-

rant. If they have anything to drink, it is merely a little *vin ordinaire* and water, as an accompaniment to the fricassée. If the day be Sunday, which is the most probable day in the week, it is à *rigueur* that the promenade ends with a quadrille; and this likewise takes place in a restaurant, and a restaurant, too, à *cent couverts*, where the master, even when asked only for a little hot water, to sophisticate the English stranger's *petit verre*, summons his head cook by shouting in a voice of proud command—'Chef!'

With us, on the other hand, eating has no grace, elegance, or dignity—drinking taking its place as the first of social exercises. When promenaders of the same rank as those just mentioned go forth to enjoy themselves, *solus cum sola*, they may walk for miles and hours without any other refreshment than beer or spirits and water. If they break bread at all, it is merely a stale biscuit as an accompaniment to the drink. As for a sister signalling the visit of her brother, who resides in a neighbouring town, by preparing some miraculous piece of cookery for him, to be eaten in an arbour in the garden, with the children round the table—that is a scene we smile at as so like the mounseers! Last holiday we met a couple of Modern Athenians, male and female, going forth into the country for a day's pleasuring. They were genteelly dressed: the lady, more especially, was very lady-like—

'They both were young, and one was beautiful!'

The gentleman, we saw, had prudently provided against the casualties of travel, for a quart bottle protruded undisguisedly from the breast of his handsome coat like a black nosegay!

But look at honest Mr Bull as he goes into a tavern to refresh the inner man, and tell us whether you detect any of the awkwardness you have just witnessed at the pastry-cook's? He surveys the room with the air of a monarch. He establishes himself with quiet majesty in his seat; he sips deliberately, critically, and perseveringly; and looks the world in the face the while like a man conscious of the performance of a meritorious action. Does not this show that Mr Bull has the pluck in him, if it were only properly directed? Are we too sanguine in thinking that the day will come in the progress of this onward-moving age, when he will be able to dispense with pictures at the pastry-cook's? Is there anything wild or visionary in supposing—as we do—that by and by, when called upon to perform publicly the munching of a bun, he will acquit himself with the philosophic calmness he exhibits in the other exigencies of social life?

AN EASTERN INTERIOR.

THE late Mr Charles Heath persisted for about a dozen years in sending an author and an artist to rummage continental Europe for materials, literary and scenic, for one of his splendid annual volumes. One great difficulty was, that the author and artist, having other matters to attend to at home, could not make it convenient to travel together; but even if it had happened otherwise, it is hardly probable that two men of different characters and professions could have seen the same objects with the same feelings, so as to give the requisite harmony to the descriptions of the pen and the pencil. Here is a volume, however, equal in interest as well as appearance to any of the bygone annuals, and written and illustrated by a single individual, skilful to the same degree and in the same way, both as an author and an artist.* Mr Bartlett would have been a

treasure to Mr Heath, and his saving of treasure even in travelling expenses might have prolonged for many years the prosperity of the 'Picturesque Annual.'

The 'Nile-Boat' is one of the most agreeable of all literary picture-books. Its information, though not new, is well selected, and conveyed in a way that gives it the value of novelty; while a brief historical introduction enables the reader to understand the subject without the trouble of study. In short, whether as regards the literature, or the numerous pictorial illustrations, this is emphatically a drawing-room book, and presents an excellent specimen of those intellectual luxuries of the age which are now brought within the reach of families of very moderate means.

We have said that the information conveyed by the book is not new; but this must not be rigidly understood. The author himself, indeed, disavows all claim to originality; but in point of fact the work is a volume of travels, and written by one too intelligent and experienced to follow blindly in the steps of his predecessors. There is, more especially, an 'interior,' as the artists say, which forms a very novel as well as agreeable picture. We have been told much of the difficulty, and, till very recent times, of the danger of a European gentleman visiting the harem of a Mohammedan; but a revolution would now appear to have taken place in Oriental manners, of which Mr Bartlett has been among the first to experience the advantage.

'My visit,' says he, 'had fallen on good, and not on evil times—upon an era of change indeed remarkable and momentous, not only for its immediate, but for its far-stretching consequences, and distinguished for the first insertion into the old Mussulman fabric of the wedge of European civilisation. The Turkish power was broken; the Egyptian flag waved upon the walls of Damascus; planted there, too, far less by the brute valour of the troops of Mehmet Ali, than by the tactics of those French generals (an ominous circumstance, and well deserving the closest attention of our statesmen) who had originally formed, and who in reality commanded them.

'When the rapid victories of Ibrahim Pasha had made him master of Syria, and given him the sudden possession of Damascus, and when he came to establish there his impartial system of administration, by which the Christians could no more (as by immemorial usage had been their lot) be trampled upon by the haughty Mussulmen, it was deemed a fit season to establish, if possible, an English consulate in so important a station. After much opposition, Mr Farren at length entered upon this post with every mark of honour from the local authorities, and by his conciliatory manners, soon contrived to render himself extremely popular among the higher classes. Still, the state of Syria was uncertain, and convulsed; a reverse of the pasha's success would bring back into fierce reaction all the Mussulman intolerance; and sudden reprisals on the Christians were apprehended, in whose fate Europeans would naturally be involved. They were thus in a constant state of jeopardy; and although the consul had a town-house, he lived in the suburb of Salaheyih, whence, in case of a popular outbreak, he might easily make good his escape to the mountains. The day after my arrival we visited the city. As our horses clattered through the narrow streets, the crowd sullenly made way for us, and curses, not loud, but deep, were no doubt muttered in the choicest Arabic. Many a filthy dervish, pale with suppressed hate, looked daggers as we passed him by.'

* The Nile Boat; or Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett, author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1849.

There was not much to hope for, it might appear, from this state of affairs; but our author found that while the prejudices of the lower ranks seemed to have increased, those of the upper had sustained a change in an opposite direction. 'While such was the sullen fanaticism of the populace, only restrained by the arms of Ibrahim, another spirit was gaining ground among certain of the higher classes. The notorious indifference of the pasha himself to the Moslem institutes, and the liberalism of his European officers, which had infected also the native ones, began to influence certain of the Mussulman aristocracy; and, as extremes commonly meet, while the populace were ready to tear to pieces the Giaours who dared to insult their streets in the odious hat and European dress, some of the higher illuminati took a secret pleasure in showing their emancipation from the prejudices of their forefathers. Of this class principally were the visitors to the consul's house. I was on one occasion engaged in drawing the costume of a native female servant, when a man of some distinction entered—a Moollah of high descent, claiming as his ancestor no less a personage than the father of Ayesha, the favourite wife of the prophet himself. His demeanour was exceedingly grave and dignified, and, as I afterwards remarked, he was saluted in the streets with singular respect. His amusement was extremely great as he saw the girl's figure rapidly transferred to paper; he smiled from time to time, as if occupied with some pleasant idea, of which at length he delivered himself, expressing his wish, to our infinite surprise, that I should come to his house in company with the consul, and take a drawing of his favourite wife.'

This extraordinary invitation occasioned of course great expectation and excitement, and the trust was anxiously kept. 'At the appointed hour we repaired to the old Moollah's abode. Externally, unlike the houses of Cairo, it presented nothing but a long dark wall upon the side of a narrow dusty lane; within, however, everything bore testimony to the wealth and luxury of its owner. The saloon into which we were ushered was spacious and splendid, marble-paved, with a bubbling fountain in the midst, and a roof supported on wooden beams, highly enriched, and gilt in the arabesque fashion. A large door, across which was slung a heavy leathern curtain, which could be unclosed and shut at pleasure, similar to those adopted in Catholic churches in Italy, opened on the court, from which another communicated with the mysterious apartments of the harem. We seated ourselves on the divan: our host shortly entered, smiling at his own thoughts as before; he doffed his turban and pelisse, retaining only his red cap and silk jacket; he rubbed his hands continually, his eyes twinkled, and he seemed to abandon himself entirely to the merry humour of the moment. A few words had hardly passed before the curtain was gently pushed aside; the lady, like a timid fawn, peeped in, then closing the curtain, advanced a few steps into the room, watching the eye of her husband, who, without rising, half laughing, yet half commanding, beckoned her to a seat on the divan, while we, our hands on our bosoms in the Oriental fashion, bent respectfully as she came forward and placed herself between the old Moollah and Mr Farren. Speaking Arabic well, the latter was enabled to commence a conversation, in which, after some slight hesitation at this first introduction to mixed society, the lady appeared to bear her part with much ease and vivacity. This delighted her husband, who could hardly help expressing his satisfaction by laughing outright, so proud was he of the talents of his wife, and so tickled with the novelty of the whole affair.'

In an Eastern harem, however, there are usually more than one lady of the house; and the reader is doubtless impatient to know what has become of the other members of the family. 'While this was going forward, I observed that the curtain of the door was drawn aside by a white hand, but so gently, as not at first to attract the attention of the Moollah (who sat with his back towards it), and a very lovely face,

with all the excitement of trembling curiosity in its laughing black eyes, peered into the apartment; then another, and another, till some half-dozen were looking over one another's shoulders, furtively glancing at the Giaours in the most earnest silence, and peeping edgewise at the old fellow to see if they were noticed; but he either was, or affected to be, unconscious of their presence, while the consul and myself maintained the severest gravity of aspect. Emboldened by this impunity, and provoked by the ludicrous seriousness of our visages, they began to criticise the Giaours freely, tittering, whispering, and comparing notes so loudly, that the noise attracted the attention of the old man, who turned round his head, when the curtain instantly popped to, and all again was silent. But ere long, these lively children of a larger growth, impelled by irresistible curiosity, returned again to their station: their remarks were now hardly restrained within a whisper, and they chattered and laughed with a total defiance of decorum. The favourite bit her lips, and looked every inch a sultana at this intolerable presumption; whereupon the old man gravely arose, and drove them back into the harem, as some old pedagogue would a bevy of noisy romps. Delivered from this interruption, the lady, at a sign from her liege lord, proceeded to assume the pose required for the drawing. She had assumed for this occasion her richest adornments: her oval head-dress was of mingled flowers and pearls; her long, closely-fitting robe, open at the sleeves and half way down the figure, was of striped silk; a splendid shawl was wreathed gracefully around the loins, and a rich short jacket was thrown over the rest of her attire; her feet were thrust into embroidered slippers, but the elegance of her gait was impaired by her walking on a sort of large ornamented pattens some inches from the ground. It may be supposed I did not keep the lady standing longer than was absolutely necessary. When I had finished, our host, with a smile of peculiar significance, directed her attention to a small carved cupboard, or cabinet, ornamented with pearl, from which she proceeded to draw forth—*mirabile dictu!*—a glass vessel containing that particular liquor forbidden to the faithful; and pouring it out in glasses, handed it to us all; then, at her husband's suggestion, helped herself; and as we pledged one another, the exhilaration of our pious Mussulman entertainer seemed to know no bounds. At the loud clapping of hands, a female slave had entered with a large tray covered with the choicest delicacies of Arab cookery—chopped meat rolled up in the leaves of vegetables, and other and more *recherché* dishes of exquisite piquancy of flavour; this was placed before us on a small stool, together with spoons for our especial use. To complete our entertainment, we were favoured with a specimen of the talents of an Almech, or singing-woman, confounded by so many travellers with the Ghawazee, or dancing-girls. In long low strains she began to chant a lugubrious romance, probably some tale of hapless love and woe. Her monotonous cadences would have driven Hotspur mad; worse than

"To hear a bruzen cunn'stick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;"

but as the story proceeded, the lady appeared rapt, the tears filled her eyes, and she exhibited every sign of the deepest emotion; so different are the modes by which the same universal feelings may be affected.'

Such was Mr Bartlett's peep into an Eastern interior, and it will be admitted that it represents the whole ménage in rather an interesting light. What seemed specially odd to him was, that the favourite wife was by no means equal to the others in those personal charms which are supposed to be all-important with an Oriental. It proved, however, from the information received from the Moollah, that among the Mussulmans, as elsewhere, talent takes the precedence of mere beauty. The hostess *par excellence* was the only individual among them on whom her husband could rely for the invention of amusements to fill up the otherwise dreary monotony

of hours that must be passed without intellectual companionship. She alone could converse with him; and she, therefore, was the wife in the only rational meaning of the word.

LONDON GOSSIP.

'HOMAGE to the mercantile genius of Great Britain!' thus exclaims a French writer in a recently-published article on the export provision trade from the channel ports of France. 'Cargoes of apples were ready to be shipped for London, when orders came to pack them all in chests of uniform dimensions. So, with seven boards, a stroke of the saw, a few nails, and sundry hammer blows, chest after chest was made; and the stowage on board became as rapid as regular. In all this there is nothing that strikes you as beyond the comprehension of continental apple merchants. But John Bull has ordered his fruit-boxes of such dimensions as are required for a corpse of average stature. No sooner are they emptied, than he hands them over to the undertaker; the latter shapes them, makes the old nails serve again; and 300 per cent. is gained in the matter of cheap funerals. Provisions from all parts of the coast are now forwarded under this ingenious envelop, and each season of the year bears to the consumers of London its tribute of entables and of dead-boxes.'

One would almost fancy this a compliment paid to some of Sam Slick's clever compatriots, rather than to the plodding and unimaginative race who respire under the shadow of the British lion. But it is true, nevertheless, as I have seen with my own eyes; and as the relaxed tariff brings us thousands of rabbits and heaps of cherries from Ostend, tons of butter and cheese from Rotterdam, millions of eggs and bushels of apples from Dunkirk, so there is no lack of coffin-wood to be put underground, and dug up again a few months afterwards by enterprising sextons for firewood. And in this way, as you see, the business connects itself with the question of burial in towns; and this must not be dismissed without a word or two on the Report just issued by the Board of Health 'On a General Scheme for Extramural Sepulture.' This document contains 172 pages, with a map, the latter showing the relative positions of the several metropolitan cemeteries, and indicating some of the remedial projects. The evidence on which the Report is based is similar to what has been before given; no one dreams now of disputing it, except here and there a sprinkling of obtuse entities. The pith lies in a small compass. 'There are,' say the Board, 'in London, situated at various distances from each other, and each differing in extent, 200 centres of more or less pollution, each pouring off unceasingly, day and night, its respective contribution of decaying matter; but the whole together, reckoning only the gases from decomposing human remains, amounting, as we have seen, in one year, to upwards of two millions and a-half of cubic feet.' So much of this deleterious gas remains to be inhaled, that the Board 'submit, therefore, that a case is made out for the total prohibition of interment in the metropolis, on account of the injury resulting from the practice to the public health.' This brings us to the conclusion, that 'if interment in the metropolis is to be wholly discontinued, provision must be made for the removal of 52,000 corpses a year, or of 1000 a week and upwards, to considerable distances from the places at which the deaths occur. Provision must also be made for the decent, orderly, and impressive interment of this number of the dead.'

The Board are entirely of opinion that the present system of funerals, where the undertakers' cry is, 'first come, first served,' should also be suppressed, and the whole management intrusted to one responsible committee of five members, of whom one to be paid. Then it is recommended that it shall be declared 'unlawful to bury in any other place than the public burial-grounds within the prescribed precincts;' 'that the chief metro-

politan cemetery should be in some eligible situation, accessible by water-carriage;' 'that it be unlawful to inter in any burial-ground more than one corpse in one grave;' 'that the price of funerals be regulated according to a series of scales or classes; and that the whole expense of each funeral be included in the charge fixed for its class, and be paid for in one sum.' A most eligible spot (said to be at Erith) is pointed out for the chief cemetery. It is on a dry sandy soil, and can be readily approached by railway or steamboat. Then, to insure speedy removal of corpses from dwelling-houses, it is proposed that 'reception-houses' should be built on both sides of the river, so as to include the parishes from Wandsworth down to Deptford and Blackwall. In these houses the bodies would lie under proper care until the time fixed on for burial. Of course there are details about hearses, coaches, funeral-steamboats, &c. and compensation to the clergy and others who may be exposed to loss by the change. One result of it would be to prevent infanticide, which prevails to some extent under the present system; as infants said to be 'still-born' are buried under cover of night, 'and no questions asked.' The new project presupposes a stringent registration of all births, whether dead or alive; and devoutly is it to be wished that parliament will give the measure the authority of law.

I don't like taking up your time with these sanitary matters, of which you must be well-nigh weary; but so much depends on them, that it is not easy to forbear; and there is a part of the subject which has generally escaped without due attention. It is that of the cow-yards, or 'dairies,' as they are called, so numerous in London. Each one of these is a Smithfield in miniature, a focus of noxious exhalations in quarters where you would least expect it, from courtly St. James's to Bethnal Green. Mr Rugg, a surgeon, has lately published 'Observations on London Milk,' and traces many of the evils which afflict poor metropolitan humanity to the adulteration of that essential aliment. What would you think of keeping cows in underground vaults constantly lighted with gas? Yet such is the case. No wonder that London milk is said to give people consumption. Cowhouses generally are dark and ill-ventilated; the insufferable odour of a London dairy is but too well known—a compound of animal and vegetable effluvia of the most noisome kind, with the sour smell of distillers' waste. The adulterating substances are whitening, flour, starch, treacle, anatto, sugar of lead, and brains. Mr Rugg says—'When they (the dairy-keepers) cannot procure sheep's brains, they get those of the ox or cow, and others even from those hotbeds of disease—the knackers' yards. The way they use them for this detestable purpose is by rubbing them up with their hands (which are not the cleanest one would wish to see) with some warm water, and a white, milky-looking emulsion is the result. This is stirred up with the quantity of water which they intend to add to the milk.' This account is enough to make one forswear milk for ever. It appears that the process was imported from Paris, where, as well as in London, rich and luscious cream is prepared in the way here described. The bringing of milk by railway, which now prevails so largely, ought to have the effect of checking this evil. The price paid to country graziers by the town dealers is twopence or twopence-farthing per quart; they retail it at fourpence; so that, when the adulterating diluent is considered, their profit is enormous. I met a farmer in Berkshire lately who sends milk to London daily by the South-Western Railway; he told me that the charge for carriage was ninepence a hundredweight, and that he had opened a retail dairy in Leicester Square. On my asking him whether he put water into his milk, his reply was, 'I am obliged to do it, because if I didn't, it wouldn't be fair to the other dealers;' so that unfairness to the consumer appears to be no part of the question. Mr Rugg proposes to 'register' every milk supplier 'in town or country;' whereby, 'taking London to contain 2,000,000 inhabitants, and supposing

each individual to consume, on an average, half a pint of milk per day, it would require 50,000 cows, producing ten quarts per day each, to maintain the supply of 500,000 quarts per day, or 182,500,000 quarts per year; the rate on the 50,000 cows, at 2s. 6d. per head, would amount, independent of the registrations of the sheds and retail dealers, to £6250 per annum. Interference with trade is always objectionable, but it is a question whether some attempt might not be made to put an end to this system of fraud by appointing government inspectors of milk as they have in Holland.

Craving your indulgence for enlarging on this grievance, I pass now to the Astronomer-Royal's lecture at the Royal Institution, on the 15th. The subject was terrestrial magnetism, and most luminously was it discussed. It would indeed be hard to find a lecturer to match Mr Airy in this respect; he makes the matter so clear, that it is your own fault if you do not understand it. He showed the present state and prospects of magnetism as a science, defining science to mean, not a knowledge of facts, but a knowledge of the causes—especially the mechanical causes—of observed phenomena; and commented on the simultaneous movements of magnets at observatories widely separated—at the foot of the Ural Mountains, at Greenwich, in Van Diemen's Land; and on the various theories of Hansteen, Gauss, and others, by which the different phenomena are to some extent accounted for. Mr Airy considers that no more expeditions for magnetic observation are necessary; that we have a sufficient collection of facts; and that the most likely means to arrive at a knowledge of causes would be to take any one of the sudden disturbances which occur in the movements of the magnets, and endeavour to trace it to its source, to find out its starting-point, and thus by a tentative process discover what is now so great a mystery. Here terrestrial magnetism rests for the present: the attempts hitherto made to reduce its extraordinary effects to distinctness of form and order, reflect the highest credit on all concerned, and the ascertaining of its causes will be one of the most startling and pregnant discoveries that could well be made.

Among miscellaneous matters is the invention of an 'Air Screamer,' to be fitted in ships, for use as signals in foggy weather, and thereby avoid those fatal catastrophes of running down at sea, one or two appalling cases of which, as you will remember, occurred last year. This instrument can be heard at a distance of four miles. Besides this, it is said that red glass is eminently serviceable in enabling a gazer to make out distant objects in a fog, and may thus become available in the prevention of accidents. The statements on this point require further testing; the explanation offered is, that the bright or white light of fog which wears the eye, is relieved and neutralised by the coloured glass, so that the full power of sight remains for the examination of what is remote. The North Kent Railway Company are building carriages which will contain ninety-six passengers; according to theory, large vehicles can be moved with less expenditure of power than small ones. It is to be hoped that the comfort of passengers will not be lost sight of; for on some of our lines the space allowed between the seats is so cramping and confining, that it is a misery to travel on them. Your north of Tweed carriages are more conveniently constructed in this respect—in those on French lines you can sit with some degree of comfort. Besides these domestic items, there are two or three from the United States: a railway suspension-bridge over the Niagara river close to the Falls; it is to be hung on 16 cables, of 6000 wires each, laid straight, and 'served,' as sailors say, with thinner wire. The supports will be stone piers, and the structure, when completed, is to carry 6000 tons without flinching. Jonathan will then have something to boast of, as well as we of our Britannia Bridge. Next: the great national hero Washington is to be commemorated in a granite and marble monument, to be erected at Richmond in Virginia, for which

the state legislature has voted 100,000 dollars. Besides this, there is the elaborate and costly monument to the same personage now being erected at the central seat of government—Washington. Good opportunities for transatlantic sculptors: meantime chisellers here talk about them, and wonder what they will look like. And last; rumour is again busy with a discovery said to have been made in New York—that of producing light and heat by the decomposition of water at so trifling an expense, that the cost of warming a house would amount to less per week than to supply its mistress with gloves. I would not advise the English public to give credence to this rumour just yet.

Further accounts have come from Africa of the lake which I have already mentioned as discovered by Mr Moffat junior and some hunters. It is situated in longitude 24 degrees east, and latitude 19 degrees south, and its limits appear to have been undiscernible. According to the natives, however, it takes twenty-five days to travel round it. The vegetation on its banks is tropical, and palms are abundant, but it contains no crocodiles, alligators, or hippopotami. It is approached by a river, which for some distance is of small size, and which, as it nears the lake, becomes as large as the Clyde. There are no islands, except at the mouth of the river, and these are thickly inhabited by a race differing from those on the mainland. Fish is said to be abundant, pelicans also, and a breed of small elephants. Will it be safe to predict that steamboats will be running on this lake before ten years are over, and emigrants busily cultivating its shores?

Among other scientific gossip is the report presented to the Académie by three French chemists on the existence of lead, copper, and silver in sea-water, though in very minute quantities. They find the latter metal also in vegetable tissues; and being desirous to know whether vegetables of the ancient world contained a similar proportion, they experimented on coal, and came to the conclusion that its presence is most clearly demonstrated in modern vegetables. From plants they went to animals, and detected silver in the blood of oxen. Professor Unger, of the university of Vienna, has published 'Physiognomic Pictures of the Vegetation of Different Periods of the Primitive World.' This is 'not a series of systematic tableaux, but real landscapes of great beauty, in which regard is had to all the known and presumed circumstances in relation with the subject; due attention is paid to the species of vegetables, to the atmospheric and climatologic conditions, and to the character of the lands and seas of ancient periods, as well as to the terrestrial and marine animals of each epoch.' Such a work as this, passing from the chiaroscuro of the carboniferous period through all the changes up to the tertiary, will be acceptable to general as well as scientific readers; especially to those who are best instructed by the eye.

But I must hasten to a conclusion, or I shall exceed my limit. Another poet has spoken, and we have new poems by Robert Browning, a writer less popularly known than he deserves to be. Tourists, who will begin to be on the alert with the advent of spring, will be gratified to know that the repairs at Caernarvon Castle are complete, and that several others of our favourite Welsh ruins are to be similarly restored at the royal charge. Visitors to London, too, will learn with pleasure that a talk is again brewing about the obnoxious high prices for viewing St Paul's. And apropos of visitors—working-men's clubs are being formed in some of the provincial towns, to raise subscriptions for a trip to town in 1851 to see the much-talked-of National Exhibition—a very praiseworthy project. Not less noticeable are the 'Penny-Banks.' In the one at Hull, 5541 depositors lodged pence in the bank to the amount of above £1200 in 182 days; at Greenock, too, there has been equal success. Artisans and operatives could not lay out a portion of their sayings better than in travelling a little, and so enlarge their knowledge and experience. And here a passage

so much to the point occurs to me, that I quote for the winding up: it is taken from the recently-published reports of Mr Airy's lectures on astronomy at the Ipswich Museum. The lecturer had arranged that 'persons concerned in the mechanical operations of the town' should be present; and he especially invited the attention of working-men to his remarks, stating that 'the subjects of the lectures would not be beyond any working-man's comprehension. Everybody who has examined the history of persons concerned in the various branches of science has been enabled to learn, that whereas, on the one hand, those who are commonly called philosophers may be as narrow-minded as any other class, and as little informed; so, on the other hand, those who have to gain their daily livelihood by handicraft, may associate their trades or businesses, whatever they may be, with accomplishments of the most perfect and the most elevated kind.'

THE SENSES AND THE IMAGINATION.

It was about this time that coffee began to be generally introduced. Instead of adopting the new beverage, Mr Chalmers invented one of his own—an infusion of burnt rye—which he not only used constantly himself, but urged upon all his guests, strenuously affirming its equality with the best Mocha coffee. Upon one occasion, at Kilmany, Mr Duncan, who had no great relish for his friend's beverage, so stoutly denied this position, that Mr Chalmers declared that the next time he came to Dundee he would subject the matter, in Mr Duncan's own presence, to an *experimentum crucis*, and triumphantly vindicate his own invention. The time for the experiment soon arrived. Mr Chalmers appeared in Dundee, bringing with him a quantity of rye coffee, as he called it, of his best manufacture. The trial between it and its rival was made at Dr Ramsay's, to whose sister the performance of the important experiment had been committed. It was agreed that a select company of connoisseurs should assemble; that Miss Ramsay should furnish each, first with a cup of her best Mocha coffee, and then with a cup of 'the genuine Kilmany;' that each guest should announce his opinion, and that by the verdict of the majority the question of their respective merits should be decided. In the meantime, however, before the trial commenced, Miss Ramsay received certain private instructions, upon which she acted. In due time the company assembled. The coffee being handed round, met with general approbation. The second cup was next presented; by one after another an adverse verdict was pronounced, till it came at last to Mr Duncan, who emphatically exclaimed, 'Much inferior, *very much inferior!*' Mr Chalmers burst into laughter as he replied, 'It's your own Mocha coffee; the second cup is just the same article as the first.'—*Memoirs of Dr Chalmers.*

STRANGE TASTE IN ANIMALS.

It is singular to find, that while in animals each peculiar species has its distinguishing characteristic—as speed in the greyhound, courage in the bulldog, intelligence in the shepherd's collie, and acuteness in the Highland terrier—that there are now and again strange aberrations met with in their tastes, and such as are totally opposed also to natural habits and dispositions. I had a French poodle which would drink grog until he got drunk; but in his latter days he became reformed, for a stupid scoundrel gave Philip a glass of undiluted whisky, scolded his mouth, and from that moment he turned a teetotaler. In 1799, at the Angel Inn at Felton, the landlord had domesticated a hedgehog so completely, that he came when he was called 'Tom,' and made an excellent turnspit. Forty years ago, when Mr Allgood hunted the Tindale country, a guinea-hen, which had lost her partner, took to fox-hunting to kill grief. She regularly went to a field with the pack, kept a respectable place throughout the day, and always was in at the finish. It was believed that a conjugal bereavement, such as generally drive widows to the altar again, influenced the sporting bird.—*Maxwell's Hill-side and Border Sketches.*

GOODNESS OF NATURE.

Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. 'This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin.'—*Bacon.*

EYE-MEMORY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

When the present all around me
Forms a picture of fair things,
That awake bright thoughts within me—
Fairy shapes and seraph wings—
Then I quench my thirst at fountains,
Fountains of eternal springs.

Fancy sheds o'er all the sunshine
That is bred of pleasant thoughts;
And with pulse that beats unfevered,
Fancy every object notes,
Till each individual aspect
In a sea of beauty floats.

Then the present is before me,
Standing in its field of power,
Till at last the past steals o'er me
As from clouds the falling shower,
While its memories restore me
To another scene and hour.

One brief glimpse at things familiar
To the visions of our youth—
One quaint view of objects common
To our early sense of truth—
One glance at the alien corn-fields
Bringeth back our boyhood's ruth!

Oh it is a mystic wonder
This same memory of the eye,
That with no loud sound of thunder
Pierceth our humanity,
But with force that keeps time under
Rouseth up old sympathy!

One small flower, whose shape and colour
Noted to all others is,
Brings a vivid recollection
Of some bygone vale or bliss:
Here a tier, and there a bridal—
There a tear, and here a kiss!

Even upon yon wall the shadow,
As it falleth, calls to mind
Shades of woods where I, a truant,
On the thick green boughs could find
Joys that had no taste of sorrow
With their fruitage intertwined.

Often, as we linger idly
O'er new paths, we come upon
Something—field, or hill, or streamlet,
Windmill, glittering in the sun—
That we knew by frequent visits
Long ago, ere youth was gone.

Yet these scenes are strangers to us,
Though their forms are old and dear;
And Eye-Memory, through and through us,
Runneth like some liquid clear
That is poured from jewelled chalices
By a spirit hovering near.

It were well if recollections
Of the past were always drawn
From the eyes, whose retrospections
Have no tempest in their dawn:
Happy he whose calm reflections
Pass not the paternal lawn!

Happier still if our Eye-Memory,
After travelling far, bring home
Sweet experiences—telling
Of the sadness and the gloom
We have aided in dispelling
From some fainting neighbour's room!

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SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

A COUNTRY TOWN—A BATHING-PLACE.

MADAME LA COMTESSE DE SOLMANIE, one of the many who lost all by the first Revolution, came to live with us when I was four years old, under the pretence of being governess to me; the only mode my parents could devise, without hurting her feelings of sensitive delicacy, to induce the kind-hearted being, from whom, in happier days, they had received much attention, to take up her abode in their house. She spoke her own language with purity and elegance, and every motion was grace; but more than this she could teach nothing, except perhaps embroidery, inasmuch as, beyond reading and writing moderately, and spelling very incorrectly, she had been taught nothing herself. She and her daughter Caroline, however, remained as part of the family until the Restoration, six years afterwards, enabled her to return to France, and die where she first drew breath. We two children, much about the same age, loved each other like sisters, and parted in despair; and Caroline's first action, after her marriage to a young employé of noble family who had obtained a very good place in a town I shall call Tourloville, was to beg and implore of me to come and stay with her. This at the time I could not do; but a few years afterwards, Colonel and Mrs Mellerton, who were travelling by a circuitous road to Paris, dropped me *en route*, and we had the happiness of meeting once more.

Madame de Vorinfort was a thorough Frenchwoman, while upon me, ignorant of everything French but the language, the impression made by customs and manners so unusual was so great, that I think I can call to mind even the slightest circumstances distinctly. The house in which the De Vorinforts lived was at the lower and more fashionable end of the principal street, which was narrow, paved with painted pebbles, and *sans trottoir* of course—Paris itself in those days (though not very distant) being equally ill off in this respect. Lamps 'few and far between' were swung across on ropes; and the gutter was in the middle, where the inhabitants every night deposited in heaps all things that the want of proper drainage prevented from being carried off in a manner less conspicuous and more agreeable to the senses. After eleven in the day, however, nothing of this last nuisance was very perceptible; and the picturesque forms of the irregular old houses much delighted me, as did also the quaint, old-fashioned appearance of everything around. M. de Vorinfort's house, *entre cour et jardin*, made rather an imposing appearance from the street, owing to the length of the front; in depth, however, it was so deficient, that a corridor and a room, neither of them very wide, were all it could contain. The numerous windows, with their espagnolettes of clumsy woodwork, the ill-seasoned, shrinking,

skirting-boards, and the ill-fitting doors, made it very cold in winter; for the elegant folds and festoons of the side draperies were more thought of than the comfort of ample curtains of more homely stuff; and as for carpets, there were none. In my progress down the *grande rue*, followed by two porters with my luggage, I met a diligence; and while I was staring at the enormous wagon-like vehicle, covered with the dirt that had adhered to it from the day it was first used, drawn by strong, shaggy, ill-groomed horses, three and two abreast, piled up to the clouds, and thatched (a sight never to be seen now), a gentleman's carriage, with an earl's coronet and a common rope harness, passed. The loud smacking of the whips, the shouts of the respective postilions, in jack-boots and queues, so confounded my weak mind, that I did not observe a donkey with huge panniers on either side, upon which sat a lady with her feet in one of them, who, bowing politely, apologised for pinning me up tight against the wall, while some rude children called out 'Ah ha, Madame G—— D——n! c'est une Anglaise, bien sur—regardez son chapeau!'

This chapeau, of the shape called a French cottage, had originally come from France, in consequence of which I had had it cleaned, turned, and trimmed to travel in, by this ingenious proceeding hoping and expecting to escape observation. I did not then know that fashions four-years old were with our volatile neighbours as little worn or remembered as those before the great revolution; and as the humbler classes do not wear bonnets at all, they are as much surprised at an unusual shape as their betters. At the present day, however, fashions change less rapidly, and the difference between the costumes of the two nations is also much less observable than it was then. I gazed with interest at the shops, many of which had no windows at all; the goods being displayed on a sort of stall, over which was a wooden or canvas awning, to the former of which shutters were attached at night. The shopkeepers seldom wrote their names above their doors, as ours are obliged to do; but painted upon the walls of the house the articles they principally dealt in, as was, I believe, formerly the custom in Scotland—of which country, indeed, I was continually reminded. The tones, some of the words, and many of the habits, were completely Scotch; and I have also, in some of the out-of-the-way villages, seen old women whose caps closely resembled 'mutches,' carrying 'stoups,' and screaming to one another as like my own dear countrywomen as possible. The appearance even of the interiors of many country cottages was quite what I had often seen at home, and *soupe à la graisse* and 'kail' are surely cousins-german—both equally bad. I have been a long time travelling down the *grande rue* with two tall porters at my heels, so I must not keep my readers long at the door. It was promptly opened by a *valognaise* in the high peacock-

tailed cap, which is so becoming individually, as well as collectively (not the case with all Norman caps). She wore also the long dangling gold earrings, and heart and cross, called now-a-days a 'Jeannette,' and instead of the gay-coloured handkerchiefs which I had observed in the streets adorning the necks of the women, a lace tucker of frill reached to her collar-bone.

'Montez,' said she unceremoniously; 'madame y est.'

'Pay the porters,' answered I, putting my purse into her hand, and commencing my voyage of discovery. The first door I opened led into a long lofty room with yellow damask chairs ranged close to the wall on one side, and the same number of crimson ones upon the opposite. It contained, moreover, a *cunapé*; two handsome mirrors; a chandelier, which hung from the centre of the ceiling; and on a sort of sideboard, as also upon the chimney-piece, were bunches of artificial flowers in China vases, covered with glass shades, and a pendule representing Cupid sharpening his arrows. The light-brown painted and waxed floor shone like a looking-glass, adding to the cold, uncomfortable appearance of the whole; but as this was evidently *not* the apartment where madame was, I opened the next. The floor here was of brick, like the stairs and passages. A common deal table stood in the middle, and under it circular straw-mats for the feet. White cotton window-curtains, with red cotton borders, an *armoire*, a *secrétaire*, a buffet, more flowers under glass shades, another mirror, and another pendule. What could this be? Not a gentleman's dining-room certainly, yet scarcely a servants' hall. My third attempt was the right one. There sat Caroline—I remembered her perfectly, as she did me, although I had arrived two days before I was expected; for in an instant we were in each other's arms; and after we had cried heartily, and begun a great many unfinished sentences, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, our national language coming naturally uppermost, we drew our chairs close to the fire, and commenced some more coherent inquiries.

In a short time Mariette called her mistress out of the room, and I had then leisure to glance around at its furniture. The fireplace was lined with white Dutch tiles; an enormous *bûche* reclined against a high bank of ashes; and one or two bits of wood, like stakes cut in three, rested on dog-irons, giving more heat than one would have imagined, but constantly requiring replenishing, and consequently as troublesome as dull, for I soon found it not good economy to be perpetually keeping up a blaze, and wood is not now to be had for a trifle. Two very high, very broad, very uncommon-looking sofas next attracted my attention, having never before seen anything that resembled them. A drapery of yellow silk, appended to a huge gilt ring fixed to the ceiling, hung over both; two round, hard, bolster-shaped cushions of the same material were at each end, over what appeared to me something very much like a yellow silk counterpane, trimmed, like the curtains, with handsome brown and yellow fringe, and hanging nearly down to the floor, only *just* showing a carved mahogany board, that all but touched it. At the further end of the room was a large gilt angel, holding a circular looking-glass, to which the expanded wings formed a sort of outward drapery, if I may so express myself, whilst folds of the richest lace were festooned immediately below; a *secrétaire* and *commode en marqueterie* with yellow marble tops, and two elegantly-formed tables, supporting alabaster and China ornaments, were against the walls; while the everlasting pendules and

flower-globes ornamented the chimney, and completed the furniture of the room, the floor of which was waxed, and presented nothing nearer a carpet than a wolf-skin-rug. An ivory workbox stood upon the *commode*, a knitting-table by Caroline's chair, and I was busily examining the progress she had made in a shawl when she returned. I expressed my admiration at the several things I had been looking at, particularly these 'curious sofas.'

'Sofas, ma chère amie! They are beds. You will occupy one of them to-night, for I am not satisfied that the couch destined for you is yet sufficiently aired, and monsieur's room is undergoing repair, so he will sleep at the Cheval Tricolor. I don't allow the embroidered pillow to be placed on them, being too much of a Parisienne to admire anything so provincial; but now I recollect that in England the beds are all *lits à quenouilles*, I don't so much wonder at your mistake.'

'We have,' answered I, 'what are called French beds in our dressing-rooms, and in all small rooms in newly-furnished houses; but they are not exactly like these. How do you manage at night?'

'Look here,' said she, lifting up one of the before-mentioned silk coverings, and displaying underneath a well-made bed all ready turned down. 'And now, come this way,' opening, as she spoke, a dark closet, where square plain pillows, common tufted quilts, wash-stand, towel, &c. were seen. 'When I have done dressing, and gone to breakfast (we breakfast at twelve, and coffee will be brought to you at eight), these things are all removed, beds made, windows opened, floors sponged or waxed, and all is ready to see company. I receive twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—although my day is properly Tuesday; for Madame Charenton has taken Friday, and as she almost always has dancing, no one comes to me but in the morning.'

'But, Caroline, do you always sit in your bedroom?'

'Always, except sometimes upon Tuesdays, and when we give our two annual dinners and *bal prié*. People of our fortune all do so—it is much more comfortable and economical. Mariette would grumble sadly if we used more rooms.'

'Is Mariette your own maid or the housemaid?'

'We have just two servants, ma belle: Louis, who is cook, footman, valet, and chambermaid; and Mariette, who dresses and sews for me, dusts my valuables, makes my bed, and opens the door.'

'How different from England!' exclaimed I.

'And from English fortunes,' answered Caroline. 'We have just 15,000 francs a year (L.600), and one house. Little Philippe, who is already ten years old, is at college (I wish it had been Philippine, but one child is enough with our income), and we are pinched enough, I assure you, to make a proper appearance. But I hope Auguste will be promoted soon, for he has the promise of at least a good *sous-préfecture*. Ah, here he comes!—how pleased he will be to know my dear Dora! Dinner will appear in five minutes.'

'But,' cried I, 'we are not dressed!'

'Dressed, ma bichette!—no one is coming to-night!' answered Madame de Vorinfort with a look of surprise.

From the low bows and elaborate compliments and speeches with which M. de Vorinfort greeted me, I should never have guessed him to be the affectionate, warm-hearted creature I afterwards found him; and I half wondered to see Caroline upon such familiar terms with so fine-spoken a gentleman, of whose face I could only distinguish a pair of black eyes and the end of a

high nose, so completely was the remainder of his countenance buried in a profusion of dark hair.

'Diner est servie,' announced Louis, opening the door, attired like a very respectable butler. Half an hour ago I had caught sight of him in a white suit, with a tufted nightcap on his head, busily pounding in a mortar.

'We have had no time to make any addition to our family fare, Dora, so you must pardon a very bad dinner. Your journey will have provided you, I hope, with that best of sauce—a good appetite.'

We sat down in the brick-floored apartment before described at a round table, upon which was laid, on the cloth, a very long loaf. A tureen stood in the middle, with the cover inverted, containing a cabbage. The soup was clear, light-coloured, well-tasted enough, but poor; and I declined my portion of cabbage, which looked, however, hard and round, about the size of a large apple, and of a pinkish colour: not at all like the vulgar English vegetable bearing the same name. Then came the *bouillie*, which I was told always to call *bouf*, as the word *bouillie* was provincial, and vulgar in the extreme. A *civet de lièvre* followed, and then a beefsteak from the fillet, lightly done, touched with *Luca* oil, and surrounded by bits of fried potatoes the size of hazel-nuts. Afterwards appeared whittings, with a very nice sauce; and four bits of feathery paste and a Savoy cake formed the dessert, and finished the repast. Each dish was served separately, in order to be hot; but cold plates were set down for us to eat from, which seems a strange contradiction. I may mention here that, generally in unpretending houses like the *De Vorinforts*, the same knife, fork, and plate served for two or three things, *bread* being used to wipe the two first upon, and to gather up every vestige of gravy or grease left upon the latter; but upon my second visit, some years later, I rarely perceived such habits practised by any respectable people. The universally-prevailing one also of pocketing sugar, legs of fowls, rolls, &c. which happened to be left after the travelling-breakfast or dinner at inns, is now quite on the decline, although not yet entirely abandoned: for I have even observed it practised at Paris, so late as 1847, by people whose exterior would not have led one to expect such a thing. Caroline drank *eau rouge*, but the sour, astringent *vin ordinaire* I thought quite weak enough to be swallowed undiluted; and in hot weather it is neither unpleasant nor unwholesome, although I consider it to be both when the glass is below 60 degrees Fahrenheit. After partaking of a small cup of coffee, very strong, without milk or cream, additions which are never given but at breakfast, we returned to Caroline's room, where we sat chatting until bed-time sent M. de Vorinfort to the hotel, and brought Mariette to prepare matters for our couches, by conveying the ornamental pieces of furniture to the dark closet, and substituting the more useful ones I had observed there in the morning.

Madame de Vorinfort, although young, and possessing a very tolerable complexion, thought it necessary to rub well into her face, neck, and arms, for the purpose of softening the skin, a pomade composed of *beurre de cacao*—white wax and almond oil—which was washed off next morning with *lait virginal* to strengthen it. For the benefit of economically-disposed female readers, I will describe how this pomade is made. Gum benzoin, storax, nutmeg, and cloves, all reduced to powder; put two ounces of this to a pint of the strongest spirits of wine; keep it exposed to a gentle heat for a fortnight, shaking it every day; then let it clear, and bottle it. A pint of good white-wine vinegar added to this turns it into *vinaigre de toilette*, which is said to be still more efficacious, as it prevents or cures sunburn. This cosmetic ceremony almost every Frenchwoman goes through night and morning, especially when she nears that time of life when saucy young men begin to count our ages as they do at piquet—eight-and-twenty, nine-and-twenty—sixty; and many, as time further advances, add an issue on the left arm for the benefit of

their *teint*, which fact I record for the benefit of such of my fair countrywomen as are fond of following French fashions. No other washing did I ever see, a bath once a week being thought sufficient. I myself heard an exquisite, greatly admired in second-rate circles, say to a friend as he left the bath establishment at Cherbourg, '*Me voila degreaisse pour la semaine!*' The nightcap Madame de Vorinfort slept in was exchanged for another clean one, of the same form and material; a piece of 'unnecessary and unusual extravagance,' Mariette said—'*Quand on ne voit que son mari et son amie*'—['When there was nobody to see but one's husband and one's friend']: no stays; the feet were thrust into slippers; and a dressing-gown was worn, until, as it was receiving-day, Caroline attired herself with simple elegance, and led the way to the dining-room, where the breakfast was served, while Mariette prepared her room. *Café au lait* and rasped rolls, but no butter, were upon the table; a bottle of wine, sweet-bread *en fri-cassée*, pears, apples, omelette, and a very nice dish made from the entrails of a pig, the name of which is illegible in my journal, were what was served up: and every day it was much the same sort of thing. I declined being presented to Caroline's friends that morning, in order to unpack my things and make my room comfortable; and as, I found, we were to go to Madame Charenton's in the evening, where there was to be dancing, I had my dress to arrange.

The carriage being announced, I hastened down stairs, and was astonished to find Caroline in the same violet silk dress she had worn in the morning, nothing in her beautifully-dressed hair, and gold bracelets and brooch her only ornaments. She looked for an instant at me, I thought, with a vexed expression of countenance, but said nothing. Judge, ye ladies, of my feelings of shame and annoyance when I found myself the only person *en toilette de bal* in the room, the only one having bare arms, low dress, white shoes, and flowers in my hair—for even the youngest girl wore long sleeves, pelerines, black shoes, and hair without ornament, although evidently arranged by an experienced coiffeur. But although I must have appeared very absurd and over-dressed, such was the politeness of all present, that no one seemed to see I was different in any way from themselves. They complimented my dancing; the materials of which my unfortunate dress was composed—it being thought not rude, but the contrary, to remark what your friends wear; and all present seemed to try how they best could show their kindness to the foreigner: no smiling, no staring, no whispering, even from the youngest. The girls, after dancing, returned to their places beside their chaperone, and every one appeared to keep the place she had at first taken or been handed to. No flirting, walking about, or sitting apart, did I perceive; no introductions took place; every person admitted was supposed to be upon an equality for the time being. Any gentleman asked any lady, although no one spoke if not previously acquainted, at least to an unmarried girl. This acquaintance, however, did not sanction a bow in the streets—in France, by the by, it is invariably the man who bows first; and indeed, unless a gentleman is very old, or infirm, or ill, it is not even thought quite proper for a demoiselle to make inquiries after him. Every two dances or so, *eau sucrée* was handed round; and this, by the way, is not the vapid, insipid stuff people find it when they merely put three or four lumps of sugar into a glass of water. You must fill your tumbler nearly half-full of sugar, with a dessert-spoonful of treble-distilled *eau de fleur d'orange*; fill it up with fresh water, and let it stand quiet until nearly melted; then stir it briskly round, and drink it off, and I think you will vote it a spirited, agreeable draught. During soirées of course it is made previously, and is carried round with almond milk, and *negus* made from *vin ordinaire*, little light cakes, *marrons glacés*, or some such slight confectionary; and near the end of the evening, hot, sweet, strong punch, which the exhausted dancers

(and we really *do* dance in France) find very invigorating.

The music at Madame Charenton's was contributed by ladies on the pianoforte, and gentlemen who accompanied them on the flageolet, flute, or violin. We broke up about twelve—many having disappeared quietly before. No form, no ceremony, no trouble: everything seemed an every-day affair; for it is in their manners and address that the French—the provincial French particularly—are so ceremonious: in their *habits* they are easy—very different from our stiff English mode of labouring through our amusements, even in the best society. Madame la Comtesse de la Buntalrie was there, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Rochecourt, La Marquise de la Tellerie, the Comtesse de Quincampoix, and several others really noble—an important distinction, for mere titles were in France constantly assumed on not only loose grounds, but frequently on no grounds at all. But I should never have discovered, from their behaviour to others, or that of others to them, that there was any difference of position between them and the townspeople, many of whom would not have been permitted to enter a drawing-room *chez nous*.

Almost every lady here had her day for receiving, and saw company morning or evening, but upon no other day. Then house, hostess, and *bonne*, were all dressed out in their best, and it was marvellous how well people contrived to look, for that one day at least, on their poor five thousand francs a year (L200). However slight the material of which their dress was composed, it was fresh, and fashionably made; however ceremonious the *abard*, the matter and the manner of the phrases were all *selon les règles*, for which there are manuals published and studied; and there was among them, in spite of this appearance of being got up for the occasion and the day, an absence of pretension to be greater than their station, which formed a pleasing contrast to the manners of little people in our own land. At few of these Tourloville soirées was there any dancing. We took our work, and sat in a circle, while *ces messieurs* played at *écarté* apart. Sometimes there might be a little music, vocal or instrumental. Every person did what he *could* when asked, and all were thanked and complimented, as well as listened to. Society was made a pleasure to those who composed it, and a few candles, cakes, and glasses of eau sucrée formed all the expense. No one dressed, according to our acceptance of the word, except for *bals privés*; and then the new toilettes made the often-worn, smart dresses of *les Anglaises* who were invited look very ill-fashioned. Freshness and simplicity are the chief aims of the French, richness of material and expense that of the British; and where both cannot be had united, surely the former is preferable.

At last 'rosy May cam' in wi' flowers,' and most of the higher classes visited Paris for a month or so before betaking themselves to their country-houses or farms, some of which were situated not much above a mile from Tourloville. Others, especially during the heats of July and August, repaired to a small bathing-place about seventeen miles distant. Among the latter were the De Vorinforts, who engaged the upper flat of a cottage, containing three tiny rooms, for two months. We dined at the table-d'hôte, where the cookery was exquisite; danced at the Ranelagh, where the music was good; sat knitting or netting under the lime-trees, or in some of the arbours erected on the promenade, *always* in public. This love of society foreigners carry to an extent that is inconceivable to us home-keeping islanders; but the following manner in which it was manifested at the time I am attempting to describe is now I am happy to say, upon the decline everywhere. Being ordered by my medical adviser to bathe, I went to order a gown and cap.

'Madame has forgotten the trousseau.'

'No, it was not a forget, for in England we do not wear them; but pray make me a pair.'

'French ladies,' said the *conturiere* with a look of stern morality, 'would be shocked at the very idea of bathing without them.'

At Penne de Piedford there were no machines; but little wooden buildings on the shingles served to undress in. The first time I went I was early, and the beach was without visitors on my arrival; but when I opened the door of my *baraque*, I saw, to my horror and dismay, two gentlemen in the costume of New Zealanders (to speak modestly), and three ladies muffled to the throat, their heads covered with square black oil-skin caps, edged with blue binding, all dipping and diving, whilst others were proceeding to join them. I stood irresolute; but Madame Charenton, taking my hand, drew me into the water, whilst M. Charenton, an enormous aldermanic figure, followed in the costume described with his young daughter in his hand, laughing, and both in the highest spirits.

'Ah, you are sadly timid!' cried Madame Charenton. 'Monsieur Agamemnon will take care of you.'

'Avec plaisir!' exclaimed M. Agamemnon. 'I will make a courageous bather of mademoiselle, and teach her to swim!'

There was nothing for it now but to dip once or twice, and affect a terror I did not feel; and this Caroline helped to make public, promising to keep my secret, and not expose me to the derision of her country-people, who could not be made to comprehend my feelings of disgust at the primitive appearance they made. To my dying day I shall never forget M. Charenton as he ran down the declivity; indeed during the whole exhibition I was speechless: but no one ever found out that my conduct did not proceed from fear or illness. A young lady, and the gentleman to whom her parents had arranged she was to be married in six weeks, formed part of the above company; and yet it would have been considered quite *inconvenant* had they been left in a room together for five minutes. She knew no more of his habits, disposition, way of thinking, or character, than she did of those of her new footman, who had been recommended as honest, sober, and civil; and until the marriage was over, he never approached her without low bows, addressing her as 'mademoiselle,' and treating her altogether with more ceremony than is practised in England to a properly-introduced new acquaintance. I was present afterwards at her marriage, which was delayed a little time, in consequence of M. le Curé not finding Monsieur May in a fit state to receive absolution, which is necessary before taking the sacrament, an indispensable part of the marriage ceremony. To every one of the acquaintances of either family printed letters are sent, announcing that Mademoiselle Mélanie Alphonsine Charenton is about to contract an alliance with M. Hercule Emile May; and also from M. and Madame May, and their nearest of kin, *all named*, informing you that their son, Monsieur H. E. May, is going to espouse Mademoiselle Mélanie A. Charenton. Similar letters are written to announce death, invite to funerals, and to anniversary masses; and sometimes the list of relatives is very long. We went to see the *trousseau* and *corbeille*; and many were the compliments and expressions of admiration they gave rise to, the intended bride and her mother sitting in state to receive visitors. The wardrobe displayed appeared to me rather extravagant for the position of the parties—a sugar-manufacturer's daughter and a timber-merchant; but such, it seems, was the custom.

'Well, Mademoiselle Mélanie,' said I, 'allow me to congratulate you; you are full of hope and happiness, very much in love, and'—

'In love!' interrupted the young lady, greatly shocked. 'No, not at all; and were I so, I hope I have been too well brought up to show it. But indeed I should have preferred Monsieur Duval; and I certainly liked Monsieur Auguste Farrier quite as well, and he is much better-looking; but neither of these gentlemen could have allowed me to live *près de maman*; whereas, by

marrying Monsieur May, I am just next door. It will be so nice, won't it, maman? particularly when we have a *poupon* to play with!

The bride was a pretty, innocent-looking creature, barely seventeen, and on her wedding-day looked truly beautiful. Her dress of white satin and muslin, richly embroidered, and trimmed with expensive lace, set off her fair skin and unchanged bloom to advantage; and her veil, falling behind, was fixed in her exquisitely-arranged hair by a coronet of orange blossom. This, when taken off in the evening, is always placed under a glass-case, and never resumed until fifty years have passed, when the old couple (in the lower grades of middle life) go to church in their wedding paraphernalia, and a family feast is held. They very much ridicule our fashion of wearing orange flowers for a month—a custom, too, of recent origin; and no English bride who goes to spend her honeymoon *abroad* should ever practise it, unless she is indifferent to being made the subject of coarse jests. Mais revenons à nos moutons. The wedding finery, boots, shawl, fur even, should it be winter, ornaments, prayer-book—everything the bride wears is white, although the other ladies of the *noce* dress in colours and morning costume, wearing bonnets, &c. Mademoiselle Charenton, with the exception of her cherry lips and cheeks, like the inside of a shell, or the outside of a new-blown rose, was as white as what she wore—too beautiful for real flesh and blood. I felt so irresistibly inclined to touch her—to make sure of its being a living woman, not a wax-doll!—that I feared I should do so *malgré moi*; and in order to resist the temptation, fell behind. She put me in mind of a swan; while little Hercule, by her side in black, looked as if he had already put on mourning for the fate that awaited him.

Their names and ages had previously been put up at the *mairie*, and papers attesting their birth, the marriage of their parents, and fifty unnecessary pieces of information besides, were to be seen there, for three weeks before the ceremony, by every boor who could read. The civil marriage, in this instance, took place five days before the religious ceremony; but in good society you are not considered as properly married until the church has blessed the rite, so that the lady usually continues under the roof of her parents till then. At the religious celebration there is a great assemblage of friends and neighbours, and much to be done: happy are the beggars who watch at the church-door, for they invariably get liberal alms; happy are the children, especially the two who support the *poêle* over the heads of the devoted victims who kneel under it, for they come in for bonbons enough to disorder their stomachs for a year; happy the brothers and sisters, and the *gens d'église*—they all get presents; but unhappy 'the husband, who has to pay all.' It requires some courage to be married in England; but in France I really wonder any one is intrepid enough to go through the business from first to last. After the Mays returned from church, there was the dinner, the ball, the supper to be endured; and then the receiving and returning the bridal visits. It was strange to see one who, as Mademoiselle Charenton only a week before, never ventured even across the street unaccompanied by her mother or her *bonne*, never spoke, was seldom spoken to, and passed as a person of no consequence—three days afterwards, as Madame May, going where she pleased, seeing whom she fancied alone, spending money, giving her opinion unreservedly, and scarcely noticing her former companions, who were indeed sedulously kept from her by their parents.

When the *poupon* did make its appearance, Caroline's husband was the godfather; and the presents to the mother, godmother, child, nurse, *gordé*, the curé, beadle, suise, and the beggars even, exceed belief; he had even to provide the carriage, neither the Mays nor himself possessing one; and all the time he was supposed to consider himself a highly-favoured person in being selected to answer for the little urchin. Surely this must be altered; and indeed already several people of

distinction have made their servants present their child at the font, to save their friends from so much unnecessary expense.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FROG AND TOAD FAMILIES.

The Batrachians, notwithstanding some unreasonable prejudices against them, form a most interesting order of the Reptile class. In them we have an animal which at one period of its life is a fish—an animal whose organs of respiration are formed solely for breathing water, whose circulation precisely resembles that of a fish, whose digestive organs are exclusively adapted for the assimilation of vegetable substances; and anon, by a gradual and almost imperceptible change, it has become a true air-breathing creature, endowed with limbs fitted for crawling or leaping on the land, and with a most voracious appetite for flesh.

In the spring-time these changes are daily going on in every ditch or shallow pool beneath our eyes; and yet in how small a degree can we explain or comprehend a metamorphosis which so intensely excites our admiration. We see, indeed, the little tadpole, urging his way through the water with a wriggling and fish-like motion; and we watch him as he slowly loses his long tail by absorption, while his limbs as gradually protrude from his sides. We know that all this while a far more wonderful alteration is taking place in his internal structure; and we see him leave what *was* his native element, and become a denizen of ours. In some instances, as in the newts, we find that the fishy tail is only absorbed in a very slight degree, and the development of the limbs is proportionally feeble; hence we know that these creatures are intended to spend a greater portion of their time in the water, and to visit the land but seldom. Here, however, our knowledge stops, and we must in all humility acknowledge the inability of the human intellect to follow the inscrutable ways of Him 'who doeth great things and unsearchable—marvellous things without number.'

The frog is the prettiest and pleasantest of his order. Notwithstanding his cold blood, he is very capable of attachment; and will, when he has once lost his fear of man, become one of his quaintest and most familiar companions, and hop and frolic in his presence with as much glee and as much awkwardness as if his human companion were merely one of his fellow-frogs. Dr W. Roots had one which domesticated itself in his kitchen. Every evening, when the servants went to supper, froggy would peep out of his hole, as if to reconnoitre, and presently he would hop out, and bask on the warm, bright hearthstone, until the hour at which the family retired to bed. What makes this circumstance still more singular, is the fact, that a mutual friendship sprang up between the frog and an old cat, who shared the fire-side with him, and appeared most solicitous to avoid disturbing her little friend.

The frog has a curious way of showing his emotions, whether of fear, pleasure, or pain; namely, by means of his chameleon-like power of changing—not, indeed, his hue, but its intensity: becoming pale with terror, or displaying his spots and markings in all their brightness and distinctness when he is well and happy. He never appears so handsome as when, in a cool and dewy autumn evening, he hops forth for his evening walk. Then he may be seen in the damp grass, occasionally darting forth his long and folded tongue, and seizing some hapless insect, which he instantaneously devours, though in an off-hand way, and as if he did it accidentally while thinking of something else. Then perhaps he will sit for some moments, apparently in a most philosophic state of thought, which is interrupted by his suddenly executing three or four frantic and ecstatic leaps, ending probably in a headlong plunge

into some neighbouring ditch, where he exhibits swimming powers which might excite the envy of a Leander.

Nor, if we seek him in the early spring, shall we be disappointed of our anticipated interest and amusement. We know that he lurks in the marshy pool; but ere it has dawned on our sight, we hear a dull, though not unpleasant, croaking sound. At first the noise seems so ubiquitous, that we scarcely know on which side to seek the croaker; presently, however, a louder, more defiant croak becomes our guide, and cautiously advancing, we descried about two hundred staring eyes, and half that number of tuneful mouths, in our immediate vicinity. But we, too, are discovered by these watchful eyes; and by a simultaneous movement the marsh seems deserted, and we are almost tempted to believe that our eyes and ears have been 'fancy led;' yet we pause until we can assure ourselves of the fact, and presently discover first one pair of the staring orbs, and then another, just peeping and dipping down again; then one tremulous and inquiring croak is heard, but still we remain immovable; this gives confidence, and the croak is answered. In a short time all the heads once more emerge, and all the throats are once more strained for croaking. And thus the chorus continues, until by moving—nay, almost by breathing aloud—we again reduce it to silence.

Professor Bell well describes this croaking as being, 'when heard in the calm of a still, mild evening, far more pleasant and soothing than many a more fashionable and dearly-bought musical entertainment'—words written in a spirit very different from that which made the feudal lords of the ancient régime of France employ their vassals in beating the waters of their castle moats, when the evening drew nigh, in order to terrify the frogs, so that they might not disturb their evening repose. This custom continued in some districts, it is said, up to the period of the first Revolution.

The frog has been much distinguished in literature; as examples of which we may adduce the celebrated Frogs of Aristophanes, and the various fables of Æsop and others, in which he sustains the part of the principal character. Then Homer himself, having sung the wars of Achilles and Agamemnon, thought it not beneath his dignity to record in verse those of the Frogs and Mice. And last, though not least, we may point to the pleasant and well-known history which tells us how 'Froggy would a-wooing go.' We should like to ask the giants of natural history, and the great physiologists of the day, if they would *gravely and honestly* say that they had ever written a more characteristic and descriptive portrait of the animal than that contained in the line—'a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog?'

Nor is the frog without its superstitious associations. Among the ancient Egyptians it was a sacred animal, probably for the same reason that it is still considered by the Virginians as a kind of genius, to whom their fountains are sacred—namely, on account of its purifying the waters. One of the ingredients in the witches' caldron in 'Macbeth' was, as our readers will recollect, 'toe of frog;' while Soane, in his 'New Curiosities of Literature,' gives us a charm which consists in tearing out the tongue of a living frog, taking care that no other part adheres to it, and then throwing the poor wounded creature into water. This tongue you are then to lay on the heart of a sleeping woman, who will thus be compelled to return a true answer to whatever you ask her. We would recommend the charmer in this instance to inquire of the sleeper what she thinks of the kindness of his disposition.

The old stories—scarcely yet extinct—of showers of diminutive frogs originated, as is well known, in the myriads of young ones sometimes seen, whose metamorphosis has just been suddenly completed by the genial moisture.

A correspondent of the 'Zoologist' gives a very interesting account of some frogs which gathered round his window, crawling up the sun-blind, and peeping into

the room, each in his turn. Fancying, however, that they were merely attracted by the light, he took no notice of their movements; but on the following morning he discovered that all their anxiety was caused by the accidental imprisonment of one of their companions between the window and the blind. Many instances are given of the occurrence of the frog in trees, blocks of stone, &c. but the evidence is not so conclusive in these cases as in those relating to toads; yet it is well ascertained that, in addition to the power of respiring through the lungs, the frog—like the toad—obtains air, or aerated water, through the pores of its skin, so that atmospheric moisture will keep it alive for a considerable time, even when all access of air to the lungs is prevented.

Professor Bell, in the year 1839, described two species of the frogs as natives of Britain—namely, the common frog (*Rana temporaria*), and the larger Scottish frog (*R. Scotica*), which is recorded as occurring in Forfarshire, and in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as well as near Loch Rannas in the Isle of Arran. This frog was for some time regarded as the edible frog (*R. esculenta*), though that animal is scarcely so large as the common frog, while it presents a striking difference of appearance from either of the above. In September 1843 Mr Bond discovered the true edible frog in the fens of Foulmire in Cambridgeshire. This announcement caused a warm discussion; which, however, we must regard as decided, when we find that in the following year Professor Bell, the highest authority, stated that he was 'enabled to designate it positively as the true *Rana esculenta*.' And the only question now remaining seems to be, whether or not these frogs were originally introduced into the country by some fricassée-loving monks of old. That they have been long known to the peasantry of Cambridgeshire, is proved by the names—descriptive of their shriller croaks—bestowed upon them, of 'Cambridge nightingales' and 'Whaddon organs.'

We do not mean to describe the *Hyle*, or tree-frogs, none of which are British; but we cannot resist a passing glance at the exquisite construction of their webbed feet, which are furnished with cushions, forming suckers, by means of which they firmly adhere to the under side of the smoothest leaf—just as the fly walks, head downwards, on our ceilings.

The common frog, notwithstanding an existing opinion to the contrary, is as much eaten in France and Germany as is the true edible frog. The taste for frogs does not appear to have been general until a late period, as the author of 'Devis sur la Vigne,' writing in the year 1550, describes his amusement at seeing them brought to table; and Palissy, thirty years after, says that in his time few were found who were 'willing to eat tortoises or frogs.' The ancients, however, ate them, and, moreover, valued them in an extraordinary manner, as specifics in a list of diseases much too long to be inserted here.

The toad is a hapless animal, which has been most ungenerously treated by man; for, not contented with deriding its ugliness, he has associated it with all vile things, and condemned it, for its want of beauty and grace, to become the emblem of evil; and he has, furthermore, endowed it with a poison so intense, that Aelian declares that it can—basilisk-like—slay by the very power of its eyes. 'It is a serious misfortune,' says Buffon, 'to resemble detestable objects;' and carrying out the spirit of his own observation, he has loaded the poor toad with every epithet which disgust and misapprehension could dictate.

We have handled many toads, and we know that they are not poisonous; ugly we will grant them to be, but beautifully adapted to their office in creation; and, moreover, personally useful to man in keeping in check the insect legions which, even in this mild climate, would, if unmolested, speedily become a positive evil. If gardeners knew their own interest, they would by every means in their power encourage a reptile which devours their

slugs, worms, and wood-lice, and saves many a tender plant from destruction. We have seen them kept in greenhouses or frames with the greatest advantage.

*This reptile is, as is well known, very easily tamed; and Pennant's history of Mr Arscott's affectionate toad must be too familiar to our readers to be here repeated. We once knew a toad which came every evening after sunset, throughout a summer, to saunter leisurely up and down our veranda, though he not unfrequently found it already occupied by the children, whose presence, however, did not appear to annoy him in the least. He was somewhat of a sentimentalist; and when the silver light of the moon fell, like an angel's path, on the sea, he seemed more intent on the picture before him than on procuring his evening's meal; however, when lights were brought into the drawing-room, the moon and the sea were alike forgotten, and he turned to gaze on the brighter and nearer light. Before rain he was unusually active and gay, and bustled about in a remarkable manner.

Mr Bull had a toad which would sit in one of his hands while it ate out of the other. Like all its congeners, this animal refuses food which is not living; and, moreover, requires the ocular demonstration of seeing it move before it seizes it. Like them, too, the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*) sheds its skin at stated periods; but its hybernaculum is different. Instead of nestling in the mud, it retires alone to some sheltered hole or hollow tree, and there sleeps until the spring sun once more renews its activity.

We cannot quit our subject without alluding to the accounts of living toads which have been discovered in stoues, trees, or coal-beds, though the possibility and probability of the case have been so amply discussed, that it must be familiar to all. Jesse mentions one which he found in a mulberry-tree, which by its annual layers of wood was fast enclosing the poor animal. And we could cite instances innumerable—and apparently well authenticated—of toads which must, if they were enclosed at all, have been enclosed for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. From these instances we cannot altogether withhold our belief; yet we must receive them with caution; for though a toad will live for months in a box enclosed in plaster of Paris, it will do no more: yet even in this caution we must bear in mind what has been already said of the cutaneous respiration of the frog, and which perhaps applies in even greater degree to the toad.*

The toad was fabled to bear in its head a precious jewel; yet it was deemed so malicious, that even when dying, it would, if possible, swallow the gem, in order to prevent any one from profiting by it. This jewel afterwards degenerated into a simple stone, which, however, was still valuable on account of its medicinal properties; but even these have faded away, and the much-sought stone has turned out to be merely the fossil tooth of some species of shark or dog-fish. Yet we can forgive the superstition, and also the ugliness of the animal, for the one beautiful moral—

* Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

The limbs, the juice, and indeed every part of the toad, have at different periods been employed medicinally. And 'though few,' says Griffiths, 'would knowingly eat a toad,' great numbers of their hind-legs are annually sold in France to eke out the supply of those of the frog.

Our only other British species of toad is the natterjack (*B. calamita*), which, curiously enough, is placed by Buffon amongst the frogs. It varies in very many particulars from the last kind; but perhaps the most conspicuous difference may be found in the bright

yellow line along its back, and in its movement, which consists of a quick run; the eyes are also much more prominent. It is not a common species, but abounds in some districts.

A PLOUGHMAN'S FORTUNES.

'SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,' says Malvolio. The hero of the following sketch, by a union of energy and good fortune, fulfilled literally the two last clauses of this sentence. In the church at Bunbury, the tourist is attracted by an exceedingly beautiful monument and effigy, both of the purest white marble; remarkable also for the exquisite neatness and care with which they have been preserved—'Owing,' the sexton will tell you, 'to the generosity of Dame Mary Calvely of Lea, who, in 1705, left the interest of a hundred pounds to be distributed annually among the old women of the parish, on condition that they attended divine service while they were able, swept the chancel, and *cleaned the monument*.' He who sleeps beneath this magnificent tomb was born of free, but poor parents, in the neighbouring hamlet of Calvely. I say *free*, because his birth occurred at the period when England was still a feudal country—that is, in the reign of our third Edward (the precise date is unknown)—and he might have chanced to be a serf: as it was, he was not bound by other ties than those of habit and poverty to his native place; and the spirit of adventure soon caused him to break these in order to 'seek his fortune,' like the heroes of those romances and legends which the wandering minstrels had made popular throughout the land. It would take some effort of the imagination in these days of locomotion to conceive the difficulty with which the boy Hugh effected a journey from Calvely to London. He walked, and worked, doing every now and then a day's labour for the refilling of his wallet; occasionally receiving hospitality from the female peasantry, who were touched by his youth and good looks, and amazed at the marvellous daring which was leading him to distant London; or accepting thankfully, and without shame—because the church gave it—the dole of food daily distributed at the gates of the monastic buildings he passed. At last the bells that proved of such good augury to Whittington greeted his ear. He had arrived at the great city of which such marvellous accounts had reached him in his distant birthplace.

The ploughboy's imagination had perhaps conjured up a vision of greater splendour and beauty than London in the olden time presented; still, there was much in the scene around him to awake his rustic wonder. The booths, far exceeding those of Bunbury Fair; the number of people moving about; the stately procession of monks bearing the host, that glided past, followed shortly afterwards by a knight and his attendant lances, excited to the full his boyish admiration. He wandered for three days about the capital—getting a meal daily at the gates of the monasteries—with still unsatisfied curiosity, but with hourly-decreasing hopes of making his fortune in a place where he was totally unknown, and where his rural skill could be of no avail to procure him employment. On the fourth morning he found himself in Southwark, before an inn bearing the sign of the Tabard. A band of pilgrims, bound for the shrine of Thomas à Becket, was in the act of issuing from its courtyard—we may fancy it the very same of which Chaucer has left us such an animated picture; but if so, one personage was omitted by the poet—we mean a tall, stalwart man in armour, well mounted and armed, who rides last in the procession: not a reflection of the 'courteous knight' in advance, but a grim soldier with a scarred brow, and the look of one accustomed rather to the camp than the court. This worthy is struck, as he passes him, by the powerful figure but juvenile countenance of the young spectator of their departure; he pauses, asks him in a brief, quick tone of command some few questions, and on learning from the simple lad that he had come to London to 'seek his fortune,' laughs aloud and heartily. Hugh looks not only confused, but angry; and the soldier, becoming

* In an article in No. 369 of the Journal, old series, it is suggested that the frogs may have been enclosed in the forming rock when in a torpid state, and retained in that condition during many ages, there being no circumstance to revive them, no waste in their bodies, and consequently no need of nutrition.

suddenly grave, assures him that it is in another land men of mettle win their way to wealth and power. In short, he offers the ploughboy a place in his own bold company of 'Tard Venus or Milendrins,' a species of banditti then existing on the continent, formed of the disbanded soldiers of different nations. He was, he said, on his way to fulfil a vow at the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury, from thence he should proceed to Dover, and then to France; if Hugh liked, he might accompany him. The proposal chimed in with every wish and fancy of the wanderer, and was eagerly and gratefully accepted. Thus our hero became a Free Companion, and speedily added to the skill he already possessed in wrestling, quartersstaff, and archery—horsemanship, and the perfect use of the weapons of the age. Old Fuller speaking of him, says, 'It was as impossible for such a spirit not to be, as not to be active,' and accordingly we find that he was soon distinguished above his companions. The Free Companies of English, though living by plunder, preserved in a remarkable manner their love of their native land and their allegiance to their sovereign: they were always ready to espouse the national cause against France, and at Poitiers served under the banner of England, and did good service; amounting in number then to 40,000 veteran troops.

The extraordinary military skill and prowess exhibited by Hugh of Calvely in this battle procured him his knightly spurs, and the command of a large company of the Free Lances. We next find him at Auray under the Lord Chandos, turning, by his individual valour, the fortune of the day, in which the great Du Guesclin was taken prisoner. The captivity of the French leader led to an intimacy between him and Sir Hugh; and after Du Guesclin's liberation, his influence induced the English knight to join him in his expedition into Spain, to dethrone the tyrant Peter the Cruel, and place his brother Henry in his stead. The enterprise was successful, and the favour of the new monarch promised to assure the fortunes of the adventurer; but our hero's high sense of loyal obedience appears to have always outweighed that of his own interests, and on receiving through Lord Chandos a positive command from Edward III. to forbear hostilities against Peter of Castile, he deserted the quarrel he had espoused, and joined the Black Prince as soon as he appeared in Spain. The battle of Najasa followed, and the valour of Sir Hugh de Calvely is said to have greatly contributed to the victory obtained by the English, which replaced Peter on the throne of Castile. On the recall of the Black Prince by his father in 1367, Sir Hugh was consequently left in command of all the Free Companies. Thus far he had 'achieved greatness;' now he was 'to have greatness thrust upon him,' and in the very manner of which Malvolio dreamt.

There dwelt not far from the head-quarters of the Free Companies in Spain a royal widow, Donna Leonora of Arragon. This lady had heard much of the courtesy and valour of the English commander, and honouring the qualities then held in the highest esteem, invited Sir Hugh to her castle. He went, and probably for the first time in his adventurous life mixed in the society of ladies. It was no marvel that Leonora of Arragon, though many years his senior, engaged the fancy of Sir Hugh de Calvely, especially as her avowed partiality for himself flattered his vanity. Her exalted rank placed but a slight barrier between them, for it was the period when

—'A squire of low degree
Marrying the king's daughter of Hungary,'

was no impossible occurrence. So Sir Hugh de Calvely took heart of grace, and wooed and won the Queen-Dowager of Arragon, obtaining thus a royal bride of mature years, and an immense fortune. From this period he ceased to lead the Free Companions, but dwelt in all honour with Donna Leonora at her Spanish castle, till her death, which took place some few years afterwards. In the last year of Edward III. he returned, a wealthy and honoured knight, to his native land, and was appointed governor of Calais. Two years afterwards, he plundered and burnt Le Bas Bretagne, and destroyed

several vessels that lay in its harbour: he also retook the Castle of St Mark, which had been lost by neglect.

In 1379 he resigned the government of Calais to the Earl of Salisbury, and was appointed by Richard II. *admiral of the fleet!* Surely the wildest fiction never invented a tissue of more wonderful changes of fortune than those which marked the real existence of Hugh of Calvely.

During this period of active service to his country he found time again to woo and win a bride. This lady was young, fair, and wealthy, the daughter and heiress of Lord Mottram of Mottram. 'By her his line was continued.' In 1382 we find him governor of Guernsey and the adjacent isles, from whence, at the end of his appointed period of lordship, our adventurer returned to dwell in the neighbourhood of his former home, towards which, doubtless, during all the vicissitudes of his wonderful life, his heart had often yearned. How years must have changed that quiet hamlet since he had left it! There was the same armourer's forge, the same village green and maypole, the same mill, and trees, and fields, and stiles, as of yore, but the old people were all gone—the middle-aged grown hoary—the children become men and women, as busy and as self-important as the generation gone by. We cannot, however, suppose that the leader of the Free Companions was a man given to sentimental regrets. He doubtless thought with gratitude of the good Providence which had actually granted him the fortune he idly sought, and with some pride of the exertions and energy which had (humanly speaking) secured it. We know he built a lordly home near his humbler one, and proved a kind lord to his dependants, and a good father to his children, to whose filial piety he owed after his death the beautiful monument in Bunbury church. He lived to extreme old age, even into the reign of Henry IV., for Rymer mentions his name in a suit at law then to be determined, but observes that he was 'weak of body,' after which history and tradition are silent respecting this favourite of fortune. The marble tomb tells us the rest.

CHLOROFORM.

ITS TESTS AND MODE OF PURIFICATION.

[This paper, which has been obligingly furnished by a very high authority—Professor Gregory of Edinburgh—we take leave to recommend to general attention, as it may assist in removing those objections to the use of a drug truly dear to humanity, which have arisen solely from the failure of the southern pharmacopolists to produce a pure article.—*Ed.*]

CHLOROFORM may be obtained either from alcohol or from pyroxylic spirit, by distilling them with chloride of lime (bleaching powder) and water. As the pyroxylic spirit of commerce is a variable mixture of several liquids, one only of which yields chloroform, there is necessarily obtained from it a variable amount of chloroform, mixed with several of the original impurities of the spirit, and with some new oils containing chlorine, which are generated in the process. With alcohol the chloroform is obtained in nearly uniform quantity, and contains no impurities except oils, analogous to, but probably not identical with, those formed from pyroxylic spirit. When derived from either source, chloroform *must be purified*; and although that from pyroxylic spirit is at first much more impure, yet when both are fully purified they are absolutely identical in all respects.

Chloroform is commonly purified by rectification, by washing with water, or by the action of sulphuric acid. These methods are employed by different makers, but the purification is rarely if ever complete, and has often been most imperfect. This is extremely dangerous, because the oils above-mentioned are very deleterious when inspired, causing migraine, sickness, and vomiting. These effects may be produced by chloroform containing but a small proportion of the oils—the vapour of

which comes in contact with the internal surface of the lungs—and even when the chloroform is of a quality much better than has often been used, especially in London and other parts of the country. A larger proportion of oils, such as is sometimes found, may produce very serious results; hence the absolute necessity of perfect purification, which, as we shall see, is easily effected.

It is essential that every medical man should be enabled to ascertain readily whether any given specimen of commercial chloroform be pure. The specific gravity was formerly recommended as the best test, and that of 1.480 was considered a guarantee for its purity. But this is too low a standard, our best Edinburgh makers having for some time sold it of density 1.494 to 1.497—the highest then known. We have lately ascertained, however, that pure chloroform has the density 1.500, and it is now sold of that density by the Edinburgh makers. For common use the specific gravity character is rather too troublesome, from the necessity of attending strictly to temperature (since *one degree* makes a marked difference), and of having delicate instruments. We therefore recommend two tests, which are easily applied, very delicate, and give, when combined, positive certainty, although even one alone will in most cases suffice:—

The chloroform should be well shaken in a closely-stoppered (not corked) dry phial, with from one-fourth to one-half of its bulk of oil of vitriol, colourless or nearly so, and of density not under 1.835, better 1.840. One-fourth is usually quite enough. If any trace of oils be present, the acid becomes immediately more or less yellow; and when allowed to stand, a darker line often appears at the junction of the liquids. When, after shaking, this no longer appears (and by this time the acid is more or less brown), the chloroform is poured off into another phial, where it is again shaken with a new but smaller portion of acid. If this, after a time, remain colourless, the oils are destroyed, and it only remains to remove from the chloroform the sulphurous acid formed by the action of the oils on the sulphuric acid. This is easily done by pouring the chloroform into a third dry phial, and there shaking it or allowing it to stand with a little peroxide of manganese, till its smell is quite free from that of sulphurous acid, which is very soon the case. It is then of specific gravity 1.500, and absolutely pure.

It will be seen that, for the sake of brevity, we have here combined with the account of the first test that of the application of it to the perfect purification of chloroform. In fact these are joined in practice, for until the chloroform no longer discolours the acid, it is not pure; and out of twelve recent specimens of commercial chloroform recently examined by us, only one stood this test.

The other test is perhaps still more delicate. If a little chloroform be allowed to evaporate from the hand, it leaves, when pure, *no smell*. But if a trace of oils be present, they, being less volatile, remain, and present their disagreeable aromatic odour. This odour is generally in proportion to the effect in colouring the acid; but the test is more delicate, inasmuch as, besides all the others, even that specimen which did not colour the acid left a barely perceptible odour, showing that even it was not absolutely pure, although for use it is to be regarded as pure. We have obtained chloroform which left no smell whatever on the hand; but the test is so delicate that it is difficult to procure the drug of this quality. When of a quality at all below first rate, chloroform leaves a strong and distinct smell of the noxious oils, and of course colours the acid.

These tests are so easy, that we expect every purchaser to try one or both, and we advise him to reject all chloroform which decidedly colours the acid or leaves a strong smell. This is no hardship to the maker, for we have given him as easy a mode of puri-

fication. But no consideration of this kind should be allowed to interfere.

Here we may state that rectification, after the first distillation in which the chloroform is produced, is, at least as far as our experience goes, unnecessary. The first product is simply washed by shaking with water till it no longer diminishes in volume. It is then treated with oil of vitriol as above, and no rectification is required.*

Pure chloroform produces none of the distressing and persistent sensations that may be caused by that which is impure (even although only slightly impure); at least, in numerous trials on ourselves and others, we have never seen those symptoms which often occurred in similar trials with unpurified chloroform of different qualities. We find from the information supplied by Dr Simpson, that even pure chloroform occasionally causes vomiting, but we believe this to depend on the fact, that it is administered on a full stomach; and we understand that, as in our experiments, its use is not followed by persistent migraine and sickness, or febrile acceleration of the pulse, all of which effects we attribute, when they occur, to the oils present in the chloroform of commerce.

But the effects of decidedly impure chloroform are very disagreeable. As no absolutely pure chloroform has yet been sold, so far as we can ascertain, by any maker out of Edinburgh, while a large majority of the makers have sold a very inferior article, it is not surprising that its use should have proved less satisfactory, for example, in London than here. To give an idea of the fact, we may state that we have examined recent specimens which contained only 3.4th, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1.4th, 1.5th, and even so low as 1.20th of their volume of chloroform. They were charged with the poisonous oils, and generally also with the original impurities of pyroxylic spirit. Nay, one specimen, labelled 'Pure Chloroform,' hardly contained a trace of that liquid, and did not even possess its smell! It was so full of free hydrochloric acid as to corrode the cork. What evil effects might not be anticipated from the use of any of these kinds of chloroform! We do not publish the names of the makers, because we believe they acted ignorantly, knowing neither the danger, the presence of impurity, nor how to get rid of it. But we cannot acquit them of want of due care and inquiry as to the properties of the drug. The specific gravity varied from 1.365 to 1.475 in the better sorts of those just mentioned, while in the worse it was far lower. It is not creditable to our country that persons so destitute of chemical and pharmaceutical knowledge, as some of these makers must have been, should be permitted, without let or hindrance, to set up as makers of such potent drugs.

Fortunately for Edinburgh and for chloroform—we may add, fortunately for suffering humanity—the Edinburgh makers have always taken the best means and the greatest pains to produce good chloroform; and have always kept pace, as they do still, with the progress of our knowledge of this remedy. This is one, perhaps the chief cause, why fatal cases from the use of chloroform are here unknown.

To illustrate the bad effects of a small amount of impurity, we may mention that on one occasion Dr Simpson received a bottle of apparently good chloroform from a maker—not in Edinburgh—who, to our knowledge, did his utmost, according to his information, to purify it. As long as Dr Simpson used this chloroform all his patients suffered from persistent acceleration of pulse and other febrile symptoms, so as to keep him and his assistant for a week or more in a state of continual anxiety. At last he suspected the cause; and returning to the best Edinburgh-made chloroform, was no more annoyed by these troublesome symptoms. Now

* Distillation or rectification with sulphuric acid is not effectual, because the chloroform distils from its surface, as it would from mercury, and is not purified, from want of contact. If well agitated with the acid, the purification is complete, without rectification, after the removal of the sulphurous acid.

we are also told, that during the whole time of using that chloroform, the handkerchiefs employed were quite offensive from the smell left upon them, which even washing did not remove! We know that that chloroform was not purified by sulphuric acid, and these facts prove the importance of what we have stated above. Yet that specimen was considerably above the average in quality.

But there is another cause why chloroform in Edinburgh has not been attended, in so many thousand cases, with fatal effects: it is the care and judgment with which it is used, and the great experience which the Edinburgh practitioners, with Dr Simpson at their head, have acquired in this matter. It would be invidious here to specify cases, but we know that elsewhere chloroform has not always been judiciously or cautiously employed. When this is attended to by an experienced practitioner, it may be used, and is used, with great freedom and boldness; but a trifling neglect, or ignorance on the part of those who assist, of the signs which indicate that enough has been given, may easily lead to very distressing results.

As medical men, however, will generally use so powerful an agent with due caution, we are inclined to believe that, had only pure chloroform been used in London, there would by this time have been no prejudice against its employment there; and that, as we have now put it in the power of all to procure it absolutely pure, chloroform will soon be as extensively used as it deserves to be.

WHAT I SAW ONE NIGHT IN INDIA.

THE annual inspections and reviews being over, I had obtained a month's leave of absence from my regiment, at that time occupying the lonely fort of Chanda, the capital of a district of the same name subject to the Maharattas, and some eighty-seven miles distant from Nagpore, which was indeed the nearest station to us where the sight of a British face or the sound of a British voice could delight our eyes or ears. Chanda, situated amongst jungles, and overlooked by the remote Goand hills, continued but a short time to be garrisoned by the Honourable Company's troops; prevailing fever made it unhealthy, and frequent visitations from cholera of a singularly fatal character led to its evacuation. But in 1820, when we were sent there to protect the surrounding country from the aggressions of migratory bands of marauders—the remnants of the broken-up Pindaree and Goand armies—prosperous was that officer deemed who, by any circumstance apart from death or dishonour, was prevented from joining his corps within the seven miles of walls that enclosed the old straggling city and fort of Chanda. The produce of the district consists principally of rice, millet, pulse, and some sugar-cane; but the agricultural classes possess also large flocks of goats and sheep; and from the milk of cow and buffalo great quantities of *ghee*, or clarified butter, are prepared for the market. This *ghee*, which, in its best condition, and when fresh, is white and firm as curd, and perfectly inodorous, is far superior to the rancid butter and lard of European kitchens, and is carefully packed into huge *dubbers*, or kegs of hardened leather, and thus conveyed for sale to the towns and villages in the neighbourhood. Scarcely knowing whither to direct my course, in the total want of any objects of interest within a convenient distance, I resolved on making a shooting excursion towards Nagpore; and if wearied of myself and my gun, I decided on remaining at that gay station for the full period of my leave. About twelve miles from Chanda there was a small village called Basim; thither, then, I forwarded my tent and regimentals over-night, intending to ride out there the next morning with two comrades, who, like myself, were anxious to verify the reports that had reached us of the prolific nature of the adjacent jungle in the provision of game. We accordingly reached Basim to breakfast, and found it very prettily imbedded in a

series of woodland tracts rather than jungle; nor were our sporting expectations baffled, for we found so many birds—from the pea-fowl that supplied the *fond* of our soup at a late dinner, to delicate floriken and stately bustard—that when, on the following morning, they bade me 'God speed,' I made up my mind to remain where I was for another day or two.

The beauty of those woodland tracts, as, in the diminished glare of a July sun I wandered amongst them that afternoon, could not be surpassed in the whole range of sylvan scenery. On leaving my tent, pitched in a little grove of mangoes near the village, I told my domestics not to expect me before dusk; and having ascertained that no tigers lurked amongst the fastnesses of the *near forest*—in which, here and there, large patches of cultivated land, redeemed from the jungle, proclaimed the gradual progress of agriculture—I fearlessly plunged into a tract of *bush*, which, having neither the density of large trees nor the intricacy of close-creeping underwood, was in nowise sombre or menacing. It was, in fact, more like the long-neglected park of a gentleman's residence in some woodland county; and frequent open glades of grass, whose verdant hues were becoming renovated from the first showers after the hot months, were beautifully, if irregularly intersected by tiny brooks; rocks of small size, but of quaint shape, fantastically covered by parasitic plants; and snug little dells, whence now an antelope, and next a hare, and again a scowling, cowardly hyena, darted out. I carried a fowling-piece, as in duty bound, but truly I made little use of it at any time, and on this occasion rather considered it an encumbrance, for I felt a greater inclination to scramble about in search of wild plants and their fruits and flowers, than to attack the peaceful inhabitants of the wild wood.

At length, fairly wearied, I flung myself down beneath a glorious tree of the wild fig, or *Ficus glomerata*, in the axilla of whose dependent branch grew clusters of crimson fruit. Alas! like the apples of the Dead Sea, they but feasted the eye; for though they turned not 'to ashes on the lip,' I found them pregnant with 'insect life;' they were, in fact, nests swarming with little black-winged flies, to whom Acheta Domestica, in his charming 'Episodes,' could have assigned a category and a name. However, contenting myself with a few ripe jujubes that grew near me, I drew out my pocket-book, and, in the act of pressing into it a little unknown flower of exquisite beauty, fell fast asleep.

My awakening was not of the most agreeable nature, for I was roused by a painful blow of something on the bone of my leg. At the instant I neither remembered where I was nor what had led to my situation there; but gaining a sitting position, beheld with a start of terror a harpy-faced creature stooping towards me, and fixing a pair of red menacing eyes upon me. Again it struck me with its beak, and then I uttered a loud cry, which had the good effect of infecting my assailant with my own fears; for it receded, and I saw what it was. A few paces backward had fluttered a huge bird; one of those ghastly, bald-headed vultures of Hindoostan which are found congregating wherever garbage and carrion spread out their fetid banquets on the face of the land. Peering at me, its fishy eyes imbedded in red sockets of what seemed raw flesh, its dingy-white wings extended and flapping, as if preparatory to attack, it gave a harsh scream, and, as I imagined, was about to pounce upon me. Whether such was its intention, who can say? However, I seized my Manton, which lay beside me, and levelling it at the gluttonous-looking creature, shot it through the head. It was at anyrate the only bird I had shot that day, and immense was the excitement my success seemed to create around me. A flock of noisy green parrots, and chattering, dark-feathered minas from the tree above me, spoke discordant plaudits as they burst from its green recesses; while two squirrels darted frantically past me with sharp chirrupings, and from a neighbouring bush sneaked out a sly crouching creature, which I took for a civet cat.

At all events I had now leisure to observe that a change had crept over the face of the heavens; the sun was at its setting: I must have slept more than an hour. I had no watch, but the lengthened shadows and the purple and golden haze which clad the woodlands apprised me of a fact that was at least probable: I might chance to be benighted in those woods, which, if safe and pleasant for day-pastime, were not enviable for night repose. In some hurry and confusion I started up and away, and had walked a considerable distance straight forward ere I was aware that the sun, or rather its declining radiance, was still in my face, as it had been when I set out, and that consequently, if I wished to return to Bassim, I should now turn my back upon it. I did so, but got quickly puzzled; and soon remarked, from the increasing size of the timber, that I was getting more deeply into the forest. I could distinguish no path, though hitherto there had been perceivable several of those tiny, well-worn tracks that pierce through and intercross each other in most of the jungles near a town or *steading*, and which are so aptly named, in the dialect of the natives, *chow-rusta*—that is, thief-tracks. Again I turned back, striving as much as possible to keep the sun behind me; but the sudden gloaming of Hindoostan fell upon me as I hurried on through brake and brier, and there was scarcely a gleam of daylight left to direct me, when all at once I saw in front of me a little tank, or lake, I knew not which, on the borders of which arose the dark walls of an edifice.

Hurrying up to it, my disappointment was at the full to find it to be the ruins of an old pagoda, evidently long neglected, and almost entirely covered in by long trailing lianas. A solitary idol crumbled in front of it—the mouldering janitor to the dismantled temple! No floral offerings of mogra or chrysanthemum evinced recent devotional visitor; no benzoin, no scented gum, announced sacerdotal presence. As I stood, plunged in reflections that were not very exhilarating, a loud growl from the jungle was heard; and at some distance from where I watched their advent, two creatures—a she-bear and her cub—trotted towards the water. I was now fairly 'in for it!' Should I wait their approach, or take flight in the darkness? My ammunition was not of a description to protect me from such assailants if attacked. Meanwhile they seemed perfectly unconscious of my proximity, and drank very peaceably of the water, playing a hundred clumsy antics, which the increasing obscurity made dimly visible to me. At length, however, they retreated as they had come; and as to my left the jungle appeared more thin and low, I began to look about for a path. None could I find; and at last I really deemed that the best thing I could do would be to remain where I was until the first dense darkness of night receded before the coming stars, and the moon, which I knew must ere long make its appearance.

The front of the pagoda facing the tank was a heap of ruins; but as I carefully reconnoitred it, I found that to the rear, where it looked upon the jungle, an archway and a few pillars remained in tolerable repair. Here, then, I seated myself on a fragment of stone, and waited with what patience I could muster for Cynthia and her train. As I sat there, all the various and strange sounds of night grew and grew, until I could have guessed the season by my ear alone, even if I had been blind. There was no wind, but the whirring of myriad insect beings, aroused from day-sleep, caused a sort of under sound akin to air. Mosquitoes from the woods and the water fastened on my face, and kept my handkerchief in constant play to drive them off. Night birds—the owl, that ever and anon hooted by, and then pounced down upon some shrew, mouse, or rat; the rice bird, snapping its bill as it caught at the fetid green bugs which careered around; and presently, deep in the brush, the bark, short and sharp at first, of a jackal, speedily taken up by another, and then another, till a whole pack gave forth the fearful howl, prolonged

as it proceeds, that so often startles the silent watcher of the night in India. Hisses, too, were in my ears; and more than once I fancied that a whole legion of snakes was approaching me; and then from the tank ascended a concert—the harsh and many-toned voices of a million frogs, those enormous bull-frogs whose discordant utterance makes itself heard for more than a mile in the silence of the night. Most welcome sound of all came at last the piercing tones of a Kulera horn, and then the beat of tom-toms—for I knew they must proceed from Bassim. They were right behind me, so that, in fact, my path lay beyond the tank; but more light was absolutely necessary to search for it with any chance of success.

And light, too, I soon had in front of me; but a light so fairy-like, so fleeting, so spiritual, that I gazed on it with an admiration the same spectacle had never failed to excite. At the foot of a range of bushes I first beheld what seemed to be a spark of fire, the glitter of a gem; presently there broke out another, which rose in the air, and thereupon a whole host of gleaming note-sized cressets leaped up and down, and whirled over the tree-tops, and twisted in mazy dance through the boughs, and gemmed every leaf with all the most dazzling tints of red, and topaz, and amethyst. Oh those beautiful fire-flies! Yet almost as suddenly as they had come they vanished; or, by some mute confederacy, did they but put out their body-lamps to reserve their lustre for some future occasion? Scarcely had they disappeared, ere a real star shot out into the heavens; a faint, but no longer dubious light, like the first errand of dawn, stole over the sky; and by and by I could see that the moon was about to show herself.

At that instant voices from the jungle struck upon my ear, so near at hand, that I was on the point of hailing the owners, when a presentiment—men use that word so vaguely!—a sense of caution came over me, and I remained silent, retiring behind the pillared archway just in time to conceal myself from the comers. They were two men, in the ordinary costume of respectable Mahratta travellers, wearing white garments and turbans, with swords stuck in their belts, and each his shield. But their hands were engaged in dragging what to me appeared to be a dead animal. Within a few yards of me, but round a corner of the pagoda, to view which I found it necessary to leave my recess, and lean across a dismantled fragment of the building, they halted; and then—for now the moon was actually up—I saw that their burthen was no animal, but a dead man. It was a large and heavy corpse, dressed in rich raiment, for I could plainly distinguish the brocaded trousers, the gold-hemmed robes, the silver-mounted cresset in the burnished belt. And then one of them spoke in the common *rekhta*, or mixed dialect of Hindoostan—at which I rejoiced, for I understood neither Persian, nor Mahratta, nor Telogos, nor Tamul.

'Take off the *roomal* (handkerchief), Kahoo; it has done its duty once more: it is the seventh time, and must therefore be now discarded. Burn it we must, and place it before the idol of Kallee. This fat unwieldy hog's son must be disposed of. Now for his girdle and turban.'

I saw them untwist a long noose-like piece of linen from the corpse's neck, on which the bald head fell loosely back. He had been strangled by Thugs, and the Thugs were close to me! They divested him of his girdle, which made a clinking noise as it struck the ground.

'Do not rip it open, Kahoo; said he not that he had a hundred ashrabies of gold, and four dozens of earrings and nose-rings about his person? Look to his turban; they are safer where they are.'

They undid the windings of the turban, from which I saw them take many jewels; which, with the girdle, they stowed away amongst their garments. I raised my Manton: a strange desire came over me to kill those wretches; but I remembered that what might kill a vulture, might but scratch a man. Had I slain those

murderers of the murdered, would it still have been murder? Be sure that it is God's to punish! And when, many years thereafter, I saw at Guntvor, in the Northern Division, no fewer than 160 convicted Thugs working in chains, I thought that it was very possible those two men were amongst them.

Presently one of the men withdrew into some nook of the ruins, the other dragged the body nearer to the tank, and I heard him tell his comrade to fetch the *kodali*, or pickaxe. I could now no longer see them, but I heard the stroke of the pickaxe, and knew that they were digging a grave; and by and by I also knew, by the sound of trampling, that they were pressing the earth compactly over their victim. A crackling noise succeeded, and from the bright reflection that shone all around, I guessed that they had lit a fire over the grave—their common practice.

A complete silence, that lasted for more than an hour, convinced me that they had either departed, or had fallen asleep; and I was on the point of stealing from my hiding-place, when loud voices in the distance beyond the tank reached me. I heard the shouting of men; and amongst the advancing voices there was one that was familiar and most welcome to me.

'Sahib azeez! Sahib, kehan hue toom?'—'Master, dear master! where art thou?' Yes, sure enough it was the voice of my faithful Sooliman! And then gliding cautiously from my retreat, I looked for the Thugs. They were not visible; but a large fire lay smouldering near the lake, and some burnt rags were strewn before the hideous idol. Were the Thugs sleeping in the temple? I knew not, neither did I care; for now flashing across the water I perceived the glare of many torches, and with a loud voice I hailed my servant. In a few moments thereafter he was at my side, kissing my hands, and thanking Allah and the Prophet that I was found.

It may be as well to say that although information was given to the head man of Bassim, as well as to the proper authorities in high places, as to what I had witnessed, no discovery of the murderers was made; nor were any traces of them found in the ruined temple. There was a buried body, and that was all.

Tales for Young People.

HILDA'S SECRET.

HILDA was very busy indeed. She sat on her stool at the window with her French book in her hand, and a dictionary on her lap, studying hard. She allowed nothing to distract her attention. The kitten could not understand what was the matter. It put up its little paw and patted her, and mewed, and then scampered off, and came back again, rubbing its dark face against her knee; but it was of no use, and Puss had to roll herself up, and sing her sleepy song at her young mistress' feet. At last Hilda jumped up, and clapping her hands, ran to a lady who was sitting at the other end of the room writing. 'I can say it now, mamma,' she cried. 'I have found out every word, and can't think how it was so difficult yesterday.'

The lady, whose name was Mrs Mowbray, smiled and took the book, whilst Hilda first repeated a short French fable, and then translated it into English. 'You are a dear good child,' said her mamma when she had finished. 'You do not know how much I love you when I see you so industrious and anxious to please me: I, too, am anxious to please my little, dutiful child. I will take you with me in the carriage to-day wherever you choose. Tell me where shall it be?'

Hilda thought for a little, and then said, 'Well, mamma, if a fairy were to come and say, "Hilda, you are a good girl, and I will give you what you most wish for," I should answer, "Thank you, Mrs Fairy; take me, if you please, to the Pantheon Bazaar, and give me whatever I choose to ask."'

'Whatever you choose to ask!' said her mamma laugh-

ing: 'why, then, Miss Hilda, I suppose you would wish every pretty thing you saw?'

'No, no, mamma,' answered Hilda gravely. 'I am not greedy or covetous; I only meant *one* thing—any *one* thing, you know.'

'Oh, that is very different: I think I may manage to afford that. Ring the bell, dear, and then make haste to get dressed, as you generally take so long.'

Hilda joyfully hurried away, and with the assistance of her maid was very soon ready. The day was beautiful, the carriage was comfortable, mamma was pleased, and Hilda was happy, so that everything went on well. They first drove round the park, and as it was in the height of the season, Hilda was very much amused by seeing so many different carriages and such a number of beautiful ladies. Then they left the park, and driving down Oxford Street, soon reached the bazaar. Although there were many beautiful things to choose from, Hilda had no difficulty in fixing. Her mind had been made up long ago, and she had been only waiting for an opportunity of darting upon poor papa some day when he appeared capable of being melted. She led her mamma to a stall near the door which generally attracts the notice of little girls. It was covered with the most beautiful wax dolls of all sizes and descriptions. The one which Hilda's heart especially warmed to was the Princess-Royal in a glass-case.

'Is it not lovely, mamma?' she whispered. 'See, it is just like a baby: it has real hair on its head, and real eyelashes and eyebrows; and just look at the dimples in its beautiful arms!'

'It's a real model, miss,' said the person who kept the stall: 'it's the most perfect thing of its kind that has ever been made.'

'What is the price?' said mamma, who began to be afraid.

'One guinea, ma'am, without its clothes; twenty-six shillings if dressed.'

One guinea was a great deal of money, mamma thought; but Hilda had really been a very good child lately, and mamma had been long thinking of giving her a present, so she decided that Hilda should have it. 'I will have this doll,' she said to the stall-keeper, who had been watching her face as anxiously as Hilda. 'Put it up carefully, and take it to my carriage if you please.' Hilda was inexpressibly delighted, and pressed her mamma's hand gratefully. 'I am now going to call upon Lady Harewood in Cavendish Square,' Mrs Mowbray said. 'You will find a young friend there, for Selina is home from school at present.'

'Oh that will be delightful, mamma; it is so long since I have seen Selina, and she is such a clever, funny girl.' To Cavendish Square they drove. Lady Harewood and Mrs Mowbray had not seen each other for some time, so that they had a great deal to talk about. Selina accordingly drew Hilda away to her own little boudoir, and they were soon occupied in talking too.

'What book were you reading, Selina, when we came in?' asked Hilda.

'Oh it is such a delightful book,' Selina answered. 'I have finished it now, and was only reading one of the stories over again. It is called "German Mysteries," and is full of all kinds of horrors—ghost stories particularly.'

'Ghost stories! How I should like to read it!' cried Hilda.

'I will lend it to you, dear, if you like.'

'But I am not sure, Selina, if mamma would like me to read it: she never would let my maid tell me any ghost stories, although I have always wished to hear them more than I can tell you.'

'But you need not tell your mamma, you know, Hilda. If you don't show it, nobody will ever suspect.'

'But, Selina, I never have any secrets from mamma,' said Hilda hesitatingly.

'Is it possible you are such a baby?' cried Selina laughing. 'Why, you are nearly eleven years old; but any one would think you were about three and a-half. Oh, my dear girl, you have no idea of the secrets I have had in my life. At school the scrapes I got into when things were found out—Oh, you never knew anything like them! In my room, where the best girls slept, we used to have suppers every night—fires, too, in the winter, and everything comfortable. We often had books, too, from the library, and—'

'But were you never found out, Selina?'

'Oh yes—once; but we promised never to do so again; and no more we did, till Helen Ames persuaded us to

begin again. But one night, as ill-luck would have it, Helen let a dish fall, and it made such a noise, that Miss Swift came flying up stairs to see what was the matter. Helen was very impertinent, and said she didn't care a bit, and so she was expelled. Oh she *was* a girl indeed! Since she left us, we have had no fun at all.

Of course Hilda was very anxious to hear more about school-life; and Selina, who was delighted to have so interested an auditor, told her everything she could think of, mixing plenty of fancy with fact. At last Mrs Mowbray rose to go away, and Selina stuffed the book hastily into Hilda's pocket. 'We shall be sure to call next week,' she said, 'and then I can get it, you know. In the meantime, be sure you don't let your mamma see it, as she would tell my mamma, and then there would be such a business!' Hilda was rather frightened, but she gave the required promise, and I am sorry to say she rather liked the business on the whole. The fact was, she had long been desiring to have a secret to keep, and one of her own if possible. She had two cousins, a good deal older than herself, who generally spent a few weeks every Christmas with her. Now when Amy and Agnes came, they were continually talking together confidentially; and if their little cousin happened to be in the room, they retired to another part of it, and whispered. Of course Hilda did not like this exclusiveness; but when she used to ask them what they were speaking about, they used always to answer, 'We are talking secrets, Hilda. We can't tell little girls like you what we are saying. You could not keep a secret, you know.' Therefore Hilda had always longed to have a secret of her own. She felt it would make her a person of importance.

When Hilda reached home, she immediately flew to her own little room, and taking the book from her pocket, began eagerly to read it. It was a very improper one, indeed, for her or any other young person, being full of stories which would have terrified a much wiser person than Hilda. Hilda had never in her whole life had an idea of such fearful things. She was quite paralysed with horror, and was now of course more afraid than ever of her mamma seeing the book, knowing how very much she would disapprove of it. Then a new fear occurred to her—where should she conceal it? She had neither lock nor key to any of her boxes or drawers, and she knew that her mamma frequently came to see if all her things were tidily put away. The only thing to do was always to keep it about her person; but as it was not a very small book, that would be, to say the least of it, inconvenient. Hilda began to find out that to have a secret was not so agreeable after all. For the first time in her life she was afraid to sleep alone. The moon, which was shining full upon her bed, was for the first time unpleasant. It cast such fearful shadows upon everything, that Hilda became afraid to move. When she at last fell asleep, her dreams were disturbed, and one time she awoke with a scream, which brought Mrs Mowbray in to see what was the matter. Instead of being soothed, as usual, by a caress from her dear mamma, Hilda was in an agony in case she should, by accident, discover the book, which she had placed under the pillow. She was even thankful when her mamma kissed her and left the room.

In the morning it was all she could do to keep the book hidden from the prying eyes of her maid. She seized an opportunity, when her back was turned, of pulling it from its concealment, and pushing it into her pocket. When she went down stairs, she was afraid to take her usual place at the breakfast-table, close to papa's side, for she thought, 'What if he should feel it in my pocket, and should ask me what it was?—I could not tell him.' However, she artfully contrived to get upon his other side, and then she felt safe. During her hours of study she tried all she could to attend to her lessons; but it was impossible. Strange figures seemed continually flitting before her, and she became afraid of having the book about her, feeling as if a whole world of spirits were confined in her pocket. Mrs Mowbray was not pleased with her. She did not know a word of her French verb, although she had frequently repeated it before without a mistake. Geography was still worse; and she quite forgot whether Queen Elizabeth was the mother or daughter of Henry VIII.

'I see you are thinking of the Joll, Hilda, and not of what I am saying to you,' said Mrs Mowbray; 'therefore I will put it away, and you must not see it until you pay more attention to your lessons, and are perfect mistress of them.' Hilda was very sorry to see her mamma so dis-

pleased, and she had almost a mind to confess the whole; but then she felt that would implicate Selina, and get her into a scrape, and, besides, she had promised not to tell.

Hilda was to go out to a party of young people that evening, and she was in the greatest perplexity as to where she should hide the now detested book. Take it with her she could not, for of course her thin white muslin dress had no pocket. To leave it was dangerous; but that she must do. Accordingly, when the time came, she wrapped it carefully up in a handkerchief, and laid it at the very back of her linen drawer.

The party was a very gay one indeed. It was the birthday of the little son of the house, and everything was in grand array. The garden, which was very large, and exquisitely laid out, was decorated with coloured lamps, hung on the trees and shrubs; and as it was in the middle of June, and a very lovely evening, the children were able to enjoy themselves as much out of doors as in. There were fireworks too, for which the little son had especially pleaded; and, in short, everything was charming, and every child but one was perfectly happy. This one I need not say was Hilda. Although she had looked forward to this party for a month at least, she could not enjoy herself at all. Every now and then she said to herself, 'Suppose mamma should have gone to see if my drawers were tidy, and discovered the book: what *should* I do?' This made Hilda very unhappy. She was continually wishing to be at home, to see if all was right. The lady of the house was quite distressed to see her so dull, and came up to her, saying kindly, 'My dear Hilda, are you quite well to-night? Won't you join this quadrille? Alfred is very anxious to dance it with you.' Alfred in the meantime standing a little behind, and looking uneasily, as if he didn't know anything about it. But Hilda's heart was too heavy to allow her to feel any pleasure in dancing even with the fascinating little Alfred; and she was unspcakably thankful when the carriage was announced, and she found herself seated next her maid driving rapidly home. She was quite in terror, however, as she got near Bayswater, where her papa and mamma lived, and began to sound the maid, in order to get an inkling as to the state of affairs at home.

'Is mamma quite well, Susan?' she began. Susan looked surprised.

'Quite well, miss?' she said. 'Why, miss, she's just the same as when you left.'

'I mean does she seem happy and pleased, Susan?'

'Happy and pleased, miss? Yes, I think so. But what have you taken into your head now, Miss Hilda?'

'Oh, nothing, Susan; I only thought mamma would be dull without me.' This was not true: Hilda's secret had led her into falsehood.

A glance at her mamma's face convinced her all was right.

'Have you enjoyed yourself, my darling?' she said.

'Yes, mamma.'

Another falsehood—Poor Hilda! Again the book was the companion of her pillow, and again her sleep was disturbed. The most frightful figures seemed to be constantly moving about her, and she suffered very much. Cordially did she detest that burthensome secret now; and no one knows how ardently she longed for Selina's coming to take the book away.

Next morning Mrs Mowbray said to Hilda, 'I wish you to be very nicely dressed to-day, my dear child, as I expect your godmamma; and as she is very particular, you must be neat. I think you had better wear the pink dress she sent you lately. It will please her to see you have kept it well.'

Hilda said, 'Yes, mamma,' but wished she had fixed upon any dress rather than that. The fact was, it had no pocket; and as Hilda could not leave the book for a minute, as she knew Susan was of a prying disposition, she was quite puzzled to know where to put it. At last she bethought herself of tying it in a handkerchief, and fixing this handkerchief to her side under her frock. This she did, and then went and sat on her stool at Mrs Mowbray's feet, waiting for her godmamma's arrival. In due time godmamma came, and was very much surprised indeed that Hilda did not, as usual, run to the gate to meet her. She did not know that Hilda was obliged to move as little as possible, as, whenever she walked, the book kept bumping in a most tell-tale manner against her knee.

'Well, how has my little Hilda been since I saw her?' began godmamma kindly. 'A good child, I hope, eh?'

Hilda blushed deeply, which godmamma perceived; and

thinking it was a 'sweet bashfulness,' she drew her close, and was going to take her upon her knee, when Hilda hastily drew back.

'Oh, you think you are too old now, Miss Hilda? Well, perhaps you are.' But Hilda saw, to her sorrow, that the old lady was evidently vexed. 'Perhaps you are not too old, however, to take a present from your old friend? Mamma wrote and told me how good and industrious you have been lately, and I have got a book of beautiful tales here, written expressly for good amiable children.'

Hilda blushed deeper than ever, and feeling how unworthy she was of such kindness, she could not hold out her hand to receive it. This time godmamma was really angry, and looked so: mamma was amazed; and Hilda, looking from one to another, got bewildered, and at last burst into tears.

'My dear Hilda, I am afraid you are not well?' said her mamma. 'She has not looked well for a day or two,' she continued to the old lady, who was really distressed; 'but she will not confess it.'

'Confess what, mamma?' said Hilda, drying her tears, and looking frightened.

'That you are ill, my child.'

'But I am quite well, mamma; only I couldn't help crying just now: godmamma is so kind.'

Godmamma looked convinced, but Mrs Mowbray was far from being so. She saw there was something upon Hilda's mind, but she felt it would be better to wait for her confidence rather than ask for it.

A walk in the garden was proposed; but this, which was generally Hilda's especial delight, was now no pleasure at all. She did not care in the least to show off her own little garden, of which she was in general so proud. The weight on her mind prevented her finding enjoyment in anything. She wondered where her peace of mind had fled. 'I was happy before I had that horrid secret,' she thought. 'Oh I never, never, so long as I live, will conceal anything from my dear mamma again. How miserable I am!' Godmamma at last went away, wondering what blight had come over the usually gay spirit of the little Hilda.

Next week came, but did not bring Selina. Hilda was gradually working herself into a fever: she was now quite afraid to go to bed, and lay trembling in the dark every night. She knew she durst not tell any one, for never before had she felt the least afraid in the dark; and she felt certain that her mamma would think there was something very wrong indeed if she heard Hilda had become so silly all at once. Her lessons were no longer well done, and accordingly the Princess-Royal was kept locked up. She had also a habit of forgetting what was said to her; and Susan could not understand how 'Miss Hilda was always tearing of her frocks just at the pocket.'

'Well, Hilda, what do you think?' said Mrs Mowbray when Hilda came into the breakfast-parlour pale and spiritless one morning: 'a letter from godmamma—such a kind letter, with an invitation in it. I will read the part about you, dear:—"I hope you will allow my little goddaughter to come and spend the whole of next week with me? I thought she looked pale when I was last in London, and I am sure a week of good country air will bring back the healthy colour to her cheeks. I do not mean that she should pine alone in my ancient castle with an old woman like me, as that would do her no good; so I have invited a party of young friends to meet her, and I have no doubt they will all be very happy together, if they will not quarrel. All I require of Hilda when she comes is, that she will wear a pinafore, be kind to my dogs, and not break my old china. I shall expect her on Monday."'

Hilda's eyes brightened. 'Oh, mamma, how kind—how delightful! May I go?'

'Certainly, Hilda; I see no objection: only I hope you will be more industrious than you have been lately in return for so much indulgence.'

Hilda's eyes fell again: she recollected that, till she got rid of the book, she could not give her undivided attention to her studies. She felt she would have given everything she possessed to have seen Selina at that moment.

It was arranged that on Monday morning Mrs Mowbray should take Hilda in their own carriage to Walthamstow in Essex, where godmamma lived; and Hilda had arranged in her own mind that she would ask her mamma to call upon Lady Harewood on their way, and then she could give Selina the book which had so much disturbed her peace of mind. So when Monday came, Hilda asked her mamma

if she might call upon Selina on their way, as she wished to see her very much. Mrs Mowbray consented, and with a lightened heart Hilda took her place in the carriage by mamma's side, and they drove to Cavendish Square. Hilda's heart beat as the footman opened the door. Suppose Selina should be out!—what could she do then?

'Lady Harewood is not at home, ma'am,' said the servant, returning; 'and Miss Selina went back to school last Saturday.'

'That is a pity,' said Mrs Mowbray. 'Now to Forest Castle, Walthamstow, John; but stop for a moment at Houbigant's in Regent Street. You must have some gloves you know, dear,' she continued, turning to Hilda.

'Mamma,' cried Hilda passionately, 'I don't want gloves, and I won't go to godmamma's! If you knew how naughty I have been, you would not take me there I know. I wish to go home.'

'Hilda, what do you mean?—what is the matter with you?'

'Here, mamma; this is what I mean,' and Hilda took the book from under her *visite*, and put it into Mrs Mowbray's hands. 'Selina lent me this book, and told me not to show it to you. I promised. I read the book, mamma, although I knew well you would not have allowed me if you had known of it, and now I was going to return it without telling you at all. Say what you like, mamma, I do not care. You cannot make me more miserable than I have been.'

'You do not care? Hilda, you are rude,' said Mrs Mowbray coldly. 'I beg you will not forget yourself in that manner again.'

Hilda burst into tears; her passionate tone fled, and she said imploringly, 'Mamma, I am shocked at having spoken to you so rudely. Do say a kind word to me. I am so unhappy.'

'Tell me all about this, my child?' said her mamma gently. Just then the carriage stopped at Houbigant's; and after Mrs Mowbray had purchased what she wanted, she ordered the coachman to drive home again, and then sat down to listen to Hilda's story.

'Oh, mamma,' said Hilda after she had finished, 'I thought it would be so delightful to have a secret all to myself, but I do not think so now. No: I never, never will keep anything from you so long as I live. How very unhappy Amy and Agnes must be, for they are always having secrets, and how silly I was ever to wish to hear them! But, dear mamma, you have not said you forgive me?' continued Hilda tearfully.

'I do forgive you,' said Mrs Mowbray sadly; 'but I shall not be able to place any confidence in you for a very long time. What will godmamma say too? You must write whenever we reach home, and tell her exactly why it is you cannot join her happy party.'

Hilda did write to her godmamma, and a very miserable letter it was; but what made her more unhappy than anything, was the having lost her mamma's confidence. She determined to set to work to regain that, and accordingly applied herself vigorously to her studies. It was surprising how much better she could work now when her mind was relieved from 'the secret'; and she felt astonished at the progress she made. Moreover, she obeyed with cheerful alacrity her mamma's every wish, and even tried to find out what was wanted before the wish had been expressed. She listened attentively to what was said to her, and was so obedient and anxious to please, that she became a favourite with everybody. Every morning she came to her mamma and said, 'Have I your confidence now, mamma?' And one day Mrs Mowbray, instead of replying, 'I cannot tell yet,' said, 'You have, my darling Hilda!' Then Hilda was happy indeed, and kissed her mamma over and over again. 'I will never lose it again,' she said joyfully. 'I will take such care of it.'

About the beginning of the pleasant month of August godmamma had another party of young people; and this time there was nothing to prevent Hilda from going and enjoying herself as much as the other children. Little Alfred was there too, and Hilda danced and played with him on the lawn as much as he wished, to make up for the quadrille she had disappointed him in on the night of his birthday. The Princess-Royal too, who had long been released from her confinement in mamma's drawer, accompanied Hilda to Forest Castle for change of air. Hilda valued her beautiful doll more than anything she possessed. It was a painful as well as pleasing reminiscence it brought back to her mind; for she could not see

it without recollecting that on the day it had been given to her, she had burthened herself with her first and last SECRET.

J. G. C.

WORKING-MEN'S ADDRESSES.

At a recent soirée of the Mechanics' Institute, Annan, two working-men present, in addressing the meeting, gave the following account of an effort made by themselves and others to establish a reading-room in John Street, Carlisle, which had proved eminently successful. The particulars will be read not without interest, and may furnish a valuable example:—

'Less than two years ago,' said Mr O'Neil, 'many of the working-men earning small wages felt their inability to pay a subscription to the Mechanics' Institute, and yet were anxious to learn the stirring news of the day, and improve their minds on general subjects. Some of them clubbed together, got a newspaper, without being under the necessity of going to a public-house for one, and at length obtained a daily paper. By and by several gentlemen took notice of them, and aided their efforts. They got a room to themselves in which to read the papers, procured books, and though their reading-room had not been two years in existence, their library now numbered 500 volumes. They then commenced classes for the instruction in reading, writing, and accounts of the young, and the old too, who required it, and in this their success had been great. They had had a soirée lately, attended by the leading men of Carlisle, including the members for the city; and thus encouraged and aided, they had obtained increased means of doing good, and were progressing satisfactorily.'

Another speaker (Mr Burrow), a fellow-labourer in the same cause, added, that 'he would tell them something more about their reading-room and school. They considered they had done not so far amiss in starting the former, but it was soon seen there was something wanting in regard to primary instruction. In the immediate vicinity of the room there were two large factories, and the children, relieved sooner from their work by the operation of the 'Ten Hours' Bill, had more leisure than before; and when children or adults have leisure on their hands, it is generally employed for evil, unless preoccupied for good. They made a great noise running about the streets, and the supporters of the reading-room thought that if this was allowed to continue, a few bad companions might soon infect the whole children, till they were all bad alike. So one began to say to another, "Could we not start a school?" "Ay, but how is it to be done?" was the response. Well, the thing, once suggested, was talked over and deliberated upon. Their means were slender. They had only one room, and that could not be used for reading in and teaching at the same time, and a second room they must have before ever they could move a step. With some difficulty a room near the other one was obtained, and then a school was set a-going for the old as well as the young. The rules adopted were, that each member of the reading-room should have access to the school for a penny per week, each of their children being admissible for a like sum. In about a month's time it was crowded; and so much eagerness did the children display, that many of them would sometimes be found lying on the stairs long before the hour, because, as they said, they had been unable to obtain admission on the night before, and they were determined this time to be sure of getting in. It had been said by some that the working-classes and their children would not appreciate education when offered to them; but here was a refutation of the statement—children who had been all day occupied in factory labour pressing eagerly forward to obtain the blessings of education. What was to be done under these circumstances? A meeting was called to consider how additional premises could be obtained, and with no small ado they got another room, and opened it also; and thus the working-men of John Street Reading-room had established two schools, one for reading, writing, and spelling, the other for arithmetic; and both were in a high degree prosperous. There is nothing used in the school but a New Testament, a slate, and a ruler. The master dictates the lesson from the Testament, and the scholars imitate on their slates, as well as they can, the printed characters of the lesson, which, in addition to having it from the lips of the master, is placed before

them. They see, by a reference to their book, what is read; and after copying it, the teacher asks them questions regarding each separate word, and its meaning, and thus they obtain reading, writing, spelling, and signification all at once. The teacher had informed him that some of the pupils who had entered the school lately, unable to read or write, were, in the course of a month, able to write the words, and read their own writing. 'His class is open four nights in the week; and the other class, for arithmetic, taught by two brothers of the name of Latimer, is open the other two nights. In the latter, the higher as well as the simpler branches of accounts were taught, and many of the children who had been there a few months were in the rule of three, while there were two of them in mensuration, and one in algebra. Such was a brief statement of the origin and progress of their schools. Then as to the library: it now numbered, as had been said, 500 volumes, most of them donations. Libraries were springing up almost everywhere; and why? because the age required them. And whatever the spirit of the age asked for, that it would have. He had a few words to say to the working-men, and they were to this effect:—They would not be able to reach a higher position unless they were first prepared for it, and unless they were trying to raise themselves. When a child stumbles and falls, a person would perhaps say to it, "Come here, and I'll lift you!" and the little fellow, cheered by the words, would lift himself whilst running to get the promised aid. Now, however laughable this might be in a child, it was most lamentable in a man. He would say to the working-men, try to raise yourselves, and those in a higher sphere of life would reach forth the hand of fellowship, and you will be sure to be lifted up. Do not trust to others, but to your own efforts; and if you do so, the aid of others will be superadded to your own. Had not the working-men of the John Street Reading-room acted thus, their institution would have assuredly not existed two years. He would advise the Annan mechanics, then, to meet often. Let each contribute a penny a week, and by a fund thus raised they would be able to work wonders. In Carlisle they had two Discussion Classes, where what they had heard delivered to them was taken to pieces and criticised. They had no right to swallow anything addressed to them without first doing this. They had a right to think for themselves. They had been endowed by the great Creator with intellectual faculties, and this was a proof that He designed them to be no idle gift, but meant them to be freely exercised.' Mr Burrow concluded his excellent address with the following lines, composed, he said, by Henry Armstrong, a member of the Botchergate Reading-room:—

'Educate us, and Britain then
Will find her treasure in her working-men;
Vice will diminish; virtue will increase,
And spread her glory through a land of peace.'

QUIN.

The witty sayings and repartees of Quin would fill volumes, and some of them are excellent. Dining one day at Bath, a nobleman said to him—'What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!' 'What would your lordship have me to be?—a lord?' was his reply. A young gentleman, who had lately become acquainted with him, volunteered one day a specimen of his talents for the stage; intending, as he said, to turn actor if Quin approved of his performance. He had, however, scarcely concluded the line, 'To be, or not to be—that is the question,' before Quin started up, exclaiming, 'No question at all, sir; not to be, upon my honour!' Lamenting one day that he grew old, Quin was asked by an impertinent young fellow, 'What he would give to be as young as he was?' 'I would even submit,' said Quin, 'to be almost as foolish.' Being ironically complimented by a nobleman upon his happy retreat at Bath, he replied, 'Look ye, my lord, perhaps 'tis a sin-cure your lordship would not accept of; but I can assure you I gave up £1400 a year for it.' An officer, not remarkable for courage, came one day to Quin to ask him how he should act after having had his nose pulled. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'soap your nose for the future, and then they'll slip their hold.' The first time he was invited to dine upon turtle, the host, a West Indian, burst into a loud laugh because he did not understand the *callipash* and other niceties of such an elegant dish. 'It may be an elegant dish,' said

Quin, 'but if it had been fit for Christians, we should have been acquainted with it as soon as the wild Indians.' To an author, whose play he had lost, he apologised, saying, 'Here is a drawerful of both comedies and tragedies; take any two you please in the room of it.'—*Dublin University Magazine*.

OLD YEW-TREES.

Decandolle finds as the result of his inquiries, that of all the European species of trees, the yew is that which attains the greatest age. He assigns to the yew (*Taxus baccata*) of Brabourne, in the county of Kent, thirty centuries; to the Scotch yew of Fortingal, from twenty-five to twenty-six; and to those of Crowhurst in Surrey, and Ripon in Yorkshire respectively fourteen and a-half and twelve centuries.—(*Decandolle, de la Longéité des Arbres*, p. 65). Endlicher remarks that the age of another yew-tree in the churchyard of Gresford, in North Wales, which measures fifty-two English feet in circumference below the branches, is estimated at 1400 years, and that of a yew in Derbyshire at 2096. In Lithuania, lime-trees have been cut down which were eighty-seven English feet in circumference, and in which 815 annual rings have been counted.—*Humboldt's Aspects of Nature*.

THE QUALITY OF GREATNESS.

The first universal attribute of truth is its greatness; this quality it is which has mainly fascinated the hearts of those who have most devotedly pursued it. It is the more worthy of our observation, since it is through this quality, amongst others, that we see the moral and intellectual worlds, which are so generally distinguished, and have been so often contrasted, mingle their nature, and pass into each other. For if greatness be an attribute of something which is sensibly or intellectually impressed, still it discloses itself as such by the mode in which our moral, as distinct from our intellectual, nature is affected by it. All greatness expands, elevates, commands, and tranquillises. We know the feelings with which we look upon the starry heavens, the silent outspread mountains, and the ocean. We are conscious how the eye fails to span them, and how the overflowing and incapable sense fixes itself to receive what it cannot contain; scanning, and again scanning, the object which at once invites and baffles, satisfies and eludes it. Such, we all know from experience, is the manifestation of greatness when approaching to the sublime, and disclosed to our bodily senses. But whether it address itself directly to our senses, or whether it be revealed at once and simply to our imagination, as in poetry, or to the imagination as ministering to the intellect which compares, combines, and generalises, as in the higher departments of knowledge, the effect is in kind and character the same. We confess its presence by the same mode of feeling, the same attitude of attention, absorption, submission, and repose. Whether our eye be fixed upon the sublimer scenery of nature, or our fancy be filled with the first and second books of the 'Paradise Lost,' or our intellect contemplate the highest and vastest subjects of human thought, we are in all these instances affected by the same quality disclosing itself in a different way through different objects.—*Vaughan's Inaugural Lectures on Modern History*.

COAL TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

There are upwards of 3000 coal-mines in Great Britain, which employ nearly 250,000 men, women, and boys, underground and above, termed hewers, putters, trappers, overlookers, bankmen, &c. &c. The capital invested in working-stock, tramways, staiths, and harbours, altogether exceeds £30,000,000 in value! and the 'get of coal,' as it is technically termed, amounts to 34,000,000 tons annually; the estimated value of which, at the 'pit's mouth,' is £10,000,000. Of this enormous quantity of coal, one-third is raised in the Northumberland and Durham districts, from whence the chief exports of the kingdom are made by the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees, both foreign and coastways. The chief points of home consumption are in the iron works of Staffordshire, South Wales, and the West of Scotland; which, together with the lesser works of North Wales, Shropshire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, consume nearly one-third of the whole. The residue is consumed in smaller manufactures generally, such as those of cotton and woollen, the salt works, &c. and by the populations of large towns for domestic purposes.—*Report on Coal Traffic, by Brailmont Poole, Esq., F.S.S.*

THE PEDLAR.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

'Men of genius can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them.'—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith*.

A PEDLAR hawked his wares for sale,
Through crowded streets, o'er hill and dale,
And modestly, with gentle voice,
Arrayed them for the people's choice;
And said, 'A loaf is all I ask.
And, by the winter's fire to bask,
A roof above, and garments plain,
Express my greediest thirst for gain.'

The People turned his wares about,
And shook their heads in solemn doubt;
With tinsel goods made his compete,
Yet called his Gold a 'copper cheat.'
Then with a smile, and yet a sigh,
He said, 'Though you refuse to buy,
My wares away I will not take,
I give them—for the children's sake!'

The little children grew in time
To life's most eager, early prime;
And seeking here, and seeking there,
For wealth deserving of their care,
The youths and maidens, fair and brave,
Have found the wares the Pedlar gave.
And loud their voices now are heard,
By generous indignation stirred:—

'Oh shameful sires—to thus despise
The Poet's priceless melodies!
To tread beneath a scornful heel
The source of our exalted weal—
Celestial truths which seem to rush
O'er heart and soul, like morning's flush
In southern climes, that quick up springs,
And charms aside night's clouding wings!'

And then among themselves they spoke,
And soon one grateful feeling broke;
They cried, 'Oh, let us journey forth
From east to west, from south to north,
And take no rest until we find
This uncrowned Monarch of our Mind;
He must be old, and may be poor
Who left those treasures at our door!

'A palace home we'll build for him,
And gold shall all his coffers brim;
Ambrosial food shall deck his board,
And nectar drinks be freely poured,
Such as like melted jewels flush;
A thousand looms shall creak and crash
To weave him raiments, fine and meet,
For winter's cold or summer's heat!'

From north to south, from east to west
They journey long, and take no rest;
Foot-sore with stony roads they've passed,
They come upon a grave at last!
A humble grave, but yet they know
The Poet's dust is laid below.
Too late—too late the wreath they've wove
To crown the monarch of their love!

Yet as they bend with reverent mien,
And pluck for relics grasses green,
A haunting voice floats through the air,
And softly cries, 'Beware—beware!
The Poet takes, to common eyes,
In every age a different guise;
Beware lest ye such Pedlar meet,
And call his Gold a "copper cheat!"'

COAL-PIT MACHINERY.

In a late article, 'Visit to Sunderland,' it was stated that the cage apparatus for descending coal-pits was not usually applied in Scotland. We now learn that the apparatus has been introduced in the west of Scotland, and are also glad to find that the ingenious application of Mr Fourdrinier, for saving lives in the event of accidental breakages of the apparatus, is coming into use amongst us.

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SPORTING FISHES.

From the north-west point of the island of Sumatra, which forms one of the sides of the Malacca Straits, a line of islands and islets stretch several hundred miles into the Bay of Bengal. This line is broken into two series, the one being the Nicobar group, and the other the Andaman group; the islands varying in character from low flat cocoa-nut groves to lofty mountains, rising in one case—that of the Great Andaman—to the height of 2400 feet, and clothed with the majestic trees of the tropical forest. The whole of the Indian Archipelago is usually considered as the summits and plateaux of submarine mountains, continuing one of the great chains of Asia; and in like manner these islands appear to have once formed portions, now insulated by the sea, of the vast island of Sumatra, which is even now not less than a thousand miles long. The Nicobars, when viewed on the map, are comparatively small patches of land; while the Andamans, expanding in large areas, form a majestic termination of the island-continent.

These two groups, however, though so nearly related in physical geography, present the most extraordinary moral contradictions. The inhabitants of the Andamans are Oriental negroes, of dwarfish stature, with woolly hair, hideous physiognomies, and untameable dispositions; while those of the Nicobars are of the Malay race, with brown complexions, tall, well-formed figures, and minds susceptible to the influences of civilisation. It need hardly be added that these races are deadly enemies, and that the area of sea between them is the theatre of a continual war. Both live chiefly by fishing; but the Andamanians tumble in their rude canoes among the surges without ingenuity enough in their hunger to extort from nature more than a niggard meal; while the Nicobarians familiarise themselves with the secrets of the deep on which they depend, become acquainted with its inhabitants, and seduce into treachery against their kind, and bring over to their own service as agents and ministers, the very fishes themselves.

The cause of this ingenious people being driven to depend so much upon the sea, is not the scantiness of the land that has fallen to their share, for in reality their islands are in some instances of considerable size and great altitude; but the tyranny of tropical vegetation has driven them to the very margin of the water. A narrow strip of land is cleared round the sea—all else is impenetrable forest. The sun itself cannot enter these abodes of silence and gloom; and even the wild beasts, so common in these latitudes, find no harbour where there is neither light nor air. The stillness of this jungle is not merely solemn, but terrible; and it is not surprising that the imaginations of the inhabitants

of the coast should have peopled it with demons, and that their religious services should consist of sacrifices and incantations. In the year 1756 the Danes attempted a settlement on these islands, but in vain. They perished to a man before the pestiferous breath of the jungle growth; and subsequent settlers, some apostles of Mammon, and some of Christ, had not better fortune. Their domestic cattle, however, still live in a wild state on the edges of the forest; and the descendants of their swine, fed on the pulp of the cocoa-nut, are a valuable article of barter with European ships.

The natives, thus confined to the shores by nature herself, are true men of the sea. The women cultivate the strip of land between the water and the jungle, which produces cocoa-nuts, and areca-nuts, pine-apples, plantains, lemons, and other fruits; while the men give themselves up to fishing. They live not only by the sea, but in the sea. Their huts, resembling a circular rick of corn, are perched upon long stakes, and at high-water the tide flows beneath them. They are thus secure from reptiles and insects; and when they draw up their ladder at night, the solitary family sleep in safety, lulled by the murmur of the waves. Ten or a dozen such huts are congregated near each other, and form a village, presided over by a sort of chief, who has no other privilege than that of caring for the public good, and no other reward than the pride of high station. The dress of this primitive tribe is a sort of petticoat for the women, and for the men a piece of narrow cloth wound round their loins, and hanging to their heels. This last particular gave rise to the report of the Swedish navigator Kiöping touching men with tails, which Lord Monboddo confirmed by anatomical and philosophic reasonings.

But in these islands man in his amphibious habits is only an imitator of the lower class of their inhabitants—alligators, turtle, crabs. The woods are too dense to harbour tigers and other wild beasts; but the shores teem with all kinds of creatures that belong jointly to the land and the sea. The crustacea are peculiarly abundant and splendid; but the turtle is the most important to the islanders, serving as an article of barter with European mariners, whether living, or represented by its valuable shell—for all species are found here. Turtle-hunting is at once the business and pleasure of the Nicobarians; and in this department of the chase their ingenuity is exercised in a strange and interesting manner. Your turtle is a difficult customer to deal with. During the day he betakes himself to the sea, where his pasture is among the tender algae at the bottom; and although not fish enough to remain below for any very considerable time, he requires only a short visit to the surface to recover his wind. The sea-hunter may dodge him long enough, with his spear poised, before finding him sufficiently near to present a reasonable mark; and it is only when the huge creature, tired

with flight, or sport, or the labour of diving, lays himself flat upon the surface to take a nap in the sunshine, that his pursuer has any chance. The sea at this time appears to be clear for the animal's repose. The air is silent; for the deep jungle on the land is as still as death. His soft pillow undulates with a dreamy motion; and there he lies, never thinking that the watchful man of the sea, cowering in his tiny canoe at a distance, is preparing to steal upon his slumbers.

These slumbers have been known to be so deep, that a fisherman has fastened his boat's line to the paddles of the prize, and caught—a Tartar; for the turtle, starting in wonder and alarm from his sleep, has fled like a race-horse over the surface—unable to sink—carrying with him line, boat, fisherman, and all. But even when the hunter comes prepared for his capture, and is able to strike him with his spear, the instrument may glance from the hard shell, or it may wound too slightly to do more than awaken the sleeper. The object of the spear is not to kill, but to fasten—its handle being connected with the boat by a cord; and unless it sinks deeply into the creature's back, the blow has failed. Our Nicobarian, therefore, would in most cases take nothing by his motion but the amusement of the sport, were it not for a strange ally he has contrived to press or coax into his service. This ally is a fish which he has become acquainted with in the course of his submarine adventures. It belongs to the Remora family, the same distinguished race which, according to the notion of our mariners, has given a pilot to the shark. The pilot-fish, however, so far from being the accomplice of the shark, is said by some naturalists to hunt that sea-murderer on his own account; and fastening to him by his sucker, which acts on the principle of a cupping-glass, to subsist on the juices of his body. The author of 'Memoirs of India,' notwithstanding, mentions, as a fact that had come within his own observation, that the shark, who refuses no other kind of food, will not attempt to harm this remora. Mr Wallace, indeed, saw the comparatively little creature swimming fearlessly through the monster's mouth when he opened it to swallow a bait.

However this may be, the remora of our turtle-hunter is the enemy of his friends' enemies, and is as useful in the chase as a dog, and, moreover, resembles pretty closely in figure our common *dog-fish*. He is about two feet in length, and is furnished with a large oblong sucker on the upper part of the head. To prepare him for the attack on his unwieldy prey, a long cord is attached to his tail by means of a ring passing round the root of that organ, while the other end is fastened to the canoe. The cord is plaited from the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, which, being light, strong, and elastic, answer the purpose admirably well. The hunter, accompanied by the sporting fish, paddles slowly and silently towards his quarry, and when near enough, he directs his friend caressingly to the intended object, and sets him off at full speed, paying out the cord as he flies. The trained animal makes straight for the turtle's back, and once there, his sucker is affixed in an instant, and the affray begins. The sleeper awakened plunges in headlong terror, unable to conceive what fiend it is he is carrying on his back. But the remora no more moves than the Old Man of the Mountain, and presently a haul upon the cord informs the turtle that he is wanted up stairs. Having as little peace under water as security above, the victim soon gets exhausted, and must needs rise to draw breath, when an opportunity is afforded to the fisherman to use his dart. Turtles, it may here be observed, are by no means long-winded, as is well-known to such seamen as have been engaged in their capture among coral lagoons; for,

by keeping them in constant motion with a long boat-hook, they soon get so exhausted as to become powerless, when they may be hooked up like a stone. Although the Nicobarian is pretty secure of the game in the long-run, there is much excitement and plenty of tumult in the chase. The smooth sea is broken with the headlong paddles and the convulsive splashing of the victim's flappers; and the moral beauty and repose of the picture, like the mirrored face of the waters, are likewise shivered into fragments. The tenacity with which the remora adheres to the object on which it fixes is so great, that some knowledge is required to detach it hold otherwise than by its own special consent. The sucker must be moved in a particular direction, or the disunion can only be effected by the destruction of the fish. This tenacity of hold was strangely confounded by the ancients with general muscular strength. Thus they say that at the battle of Actium, Antony's ship was kept motionless by a remora pulling against the efforts of the whole crew; and that 400 sailors tried in vain to move the vessel of Caligula till a remora was detached from the helm.

The same sporting use of the animal was formerly made by the islanders of America, more especially those of Jamaica and Cuba; but certain periodical visitors of the Nicobars, improving perhaps on the hints obtained there, exhibit still greater ingenuity in training to their service the inhabitants of the deep. These are the Chinese, who come hither once a year for ambergris and birds'-nests. The latter, our readers know, are the production of a species of swallow, which builds in rocky caves far from the habitations of man. They consist of a gelatinous substance resembling isinglass, and only differ from the nests of some other sea-birds in being composed of this substance alone, and free from hairs, straw, feathers, &c. Their most valuable quality is said to be their innoxiousness; and yet they cost the Chinese traders with the Archipelago an annual sum of about £300,000.

The only reason we have, however, for thinking that the Chinese islanders at the northern end of the Archipelago may have taken the hint of taming fishes from the bird-nesters at the southern end, is, that nature always works upwards. The turtle-hunting of the Nicobars exhibits the rudiments of fish education, while the decoy-fishes of the Ladrone Islands are graduates in the most refined arts of civilisation. The Ladrone is a line of islands which run out from the southern extremity of China, a distance of 450 miles into the North Pacific. Magellan calls them the *Islas de Ladrones*—Islands of Thieves—because the natives stole everything they could lay their hands on; but Anson describes them as being an earthly paradise. The latter navigator visited them soon after the industrious inhabitants had been expelled by the tyranny of the Spanish colonists, and before the traces of human labour had been obliterated by the impetuous vegetation of the further east. Sick of their long voyage, the weary mariners would have found any land delightful; but here, where the tropical temperature was allayed by the trade-winds, where the bread-fruit was first seen to grow, and where the fresh soil and genial climate produced all things pleasant to sight, taste, and smell, they could have imagined themselves in the Islands of the Blest. Byron next came, and all was changed. Fields, gardens, meadows, all were swallowed up in a rank vegetation that almost excluded the daylight, and this Eden of the Pacific was pronounced to be an uninhabitable wilderness. And nearly such it remains to-day, although with occasional tokens that recall its earlier beauty: lands rescued from the waste, yet bounded by overhanging woods, and here and there patches of verdure in the midst of still and lonely waters.

The islanders, like the others we have described, depend upon fishing; but their prey is far down in the quiet depths, and not of a kind to be mastered by the fierce, headlong, straightforward remora. Their capture demands stratagem rather than force; and an intelli-

gent fish, accordingly, is trained in the arts of decoy, and sent down by his master to entrap his unwary fellows of the deep. The singularity of this fact is owing to the wide line of separation there is between human beings and the denizens of an element in which man cannot breathe; but in reality there are other fishes as open to the influence of humanity as the remora and the parrot-fish. Carp come up to be fed as readily as poultry, and hold their aldermanic shoulders to be scratched and tickled, and we have no doubt would give vent to a regular guffaw if fishes were not proverbially mute. This, however, is all fun and frolic, with some self-interest at the bottom; but it is curious to notice the pride with which many of the inferior animals lend themselves to the purposes of man, more especially when these are wicked and bloodthirsty. The hawk, the dog, and the stalking-horse, are familiar instances; but none of them surpasses in sagacity, duplicity, and patience, the parrot-fish of the Ladrone Islands.

This is a great, stout, lumpy fish, with red scales—like a sharper passing himself off for a bumpkin in a scarlet waistcoat—and his mouth is shaped like a parrot's beak, which gives rise to his popular name. He is lodged by his master in a pond within the reefs, and is carefully tended and fed, and trained for the duty he is expected to perform. A hole is made in the cartilage near his mouth, and when there is work for him to do, a cord is passed through this, and he is led to the field of action. This must be on a soft still day, when Anson's paradise may be supposed to be slumbering within its circle of hoary woods. The station is on the outer edge of one of the coral reefs which almost surround the islands. The sea below is as clear as the sunny air above, and the fisherman peers from his light canoe several fathoms down into the secrets of the deep. He is provided with a large landing net, kept open at the mouth with a hoop, and to this he attaches the cord of his tame fish, and sinks all into the sea.

The intelligent animal knows what he is about: he knows that it is his business to inveigle his own kind into the net, and he acts accordingly. When he sees a brother fish worth entrapping, he rises above the mouth of the net, and makes believe that he is eating something dainty. If this will not do, he begins to bounce and play in so innocent and inviting a manner, that the stranger feels his shyness wearing off. There are pirates, however, in these latitudes, and he must mind what he is about; and perhaps Red-waistcoat overdoes his part a little, and is too vehement in his gambols. He is curious to know, however, what kind of an odd fish this is, and sails round and round him till he is fairly within the influence of the innocent-looking decoy. They determine on a game at romps, or perhaps a sham fight; but Parrot-beak pretends in his turn to have his doubts, or on some other pretext sinks down into the net. The stranger follows; they soon become friends and playfellows; and the unhappy dupe is too much absorbed in the game to observe that by some curious contrivance of nature he and his companion are rising gradually to the upper world. How can he doubt with a friend in his company so fearless and confident? Should a suspicion, however, at length cross his brain, it is too late. The net is already close to the surface; and by a jerk of the fisherman's stalwart arm, the betrayer and betrayed find themselves floundering together in the canoe.

Perhaps the moralist may find fault with the parrot-fish for his treachery; but we would suggest, in mitigation of blame, that he may himself have originally lost his liberty by the same means, and that the seductions and evil training of his human master may thus have received added force from a vague feeling of revenge against his own kind. But hold!—we are now plunging into a sea of metaphysics, not so clear as the sunny waters of the Ladrone. All we shall say further is, that the decoy-fish is stimulated by success to fresh exertions, and that he multiplies his trips to the

bottom, till the rising wind or falling shadows send the solitary fisherman home to his hut, and his faithful and intelligent ally to his tranquil pond and luxurious supper.
L. R.

THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

It was on a fine hot day—84 degrees in the shade—that we started from the bustling Valetta (Malta) to visit that city of empty houses called Citta Vecchia. We were glad enough to escape into the open country—if I dare employ that word to designate a series of undulating fields of stones, intersected by a perfect network of white dusty roads and lanes, bordered by glaring walls. Our joy was not, as will be imagined, caused by what we found, but by what we escaped from. Valetta is a dull, handsome town, peopled, it would appear, by beggars from the Bastion Promenade to Nix Mangiare Stairs, where the sympathies of the tender-hearted are kept ever alive by awful tales of stout-looking fellows who have eaten nothing for forty days! Next in number to the mendicant herd are soldiers and guides, through a cohort of which latter we had to run the gauntlet from our hotel door to the fortifications. If Valetta contains any other classes of inhabitants, I did not see them. They remain unobtrusively at home, or glide unnoticed along the shady sides of the streets; whilst the beggars and guides surround one with almost menacing-vociferation at every step. Nearly all I noticed of the city was caught in glimpses between the brandished arms and inflamed faces of these solicitors. I regretted their importunities less than I should otherwise have done, because, when the crowd opened for a moment, I saw nothing but red-coated Englishmen and kilted Highlanders.

We breathed freely when we had passed those vast moats, which I have recently seen somewhere very aptly compared to valleys; and in spite of the tremendous heat, trod it gaily down the road. Those who have never felt the influence of a dry hot climate like that of Malta, can scarcely understand the exhilarating effect of such a walk. We seemed to imbibe sunshine by every pore. Our eyes brightened, our cheeks glowed, our chests dilated, our step grew lighter and freer. The conversation was naturally without sequence; but it reflected the gladness of our hearts. Joyous sallies and pleasant anecdotes conducted us in unobtrusive forgetfulness of time, of the aim of our expedition, and even of surrounding objects, to the door of a little roadside public-house, recommended to passers-by under the attractive name of 'The Rosemary Branch.'

An open door leading into a clean-sanded parlour, that looked cool and refreshing, suggested to us the idea that we were thirsty; and we mechanically entered. There was nobody at first to serve us, and we thumped in vain upon the table. At length a soft feminine voice, with the true island accent, cried, 'Coming, sirs;' and presently a young girl ran quite breathless into the room.

'Beg your pardon, gentlemen,' said she, with a Maltese curtsy; 'but mother is putting on father's leg, which is why you were kept waiting. What is there for your service, gentlemen?'

We asked for some ale, and a bottle was soon put before us; but we had almost forgotten our thirst in admiration of the charming face of that young girl. She was dressed in a black gown, and wore the hooded mantle which makes all Maltese women look like hired mourners. But her motions were easy, graceful, and gay, and her delicious features sparkled with youth and happiness. She did not notice the attention with which we regarded her, for whilst going rapidly through all the forms of politeness which the rural hospitality of an inn requires, her thoughts were evidently far away.

'Probably,' said my companion smiling, 'the marriage-day is fixed.'

I looked at him with envy, for he felt, I thought, not

one particle of the melancholy regret, which may be a form of jealousy, experienced by some sentimental natures at beholding the bright, the pure, and the lovely, leaping with careless merriment into the turbid stream of life that is to hurry them they know not whither.

A respectable-looking old man with a wooden leg came stamping into the room to see if we were served. 'Cica,' said he, perceiving that all was right, 'go to your mother. She has something more to say to you before you set out.' Her joy, then, was caused by the prospect of a walk or a journey.

'Parblen!' said my companion in French, a language little understood in Malta, 'the girl is glad because she is going to the great town which we are so delighted to escape from.'

'No, sir,' observed the old man, mingling with simplicity in the conversation; 'my daughter passes the week at Valetta, and she has come out to see us, as she does nearly every Sunday. Her joy, if you wish to know, is caused by the news we have given her that her brother is going to preach to-day for the first time at Citta Vecchia. She is on the point of starting to be present.'

'We are bound thither likewise,' replied I.

'Then she will act as your guide. Cica—Cica—make haste! Here are two gentlemen going to Vecchia, and they will be glad of your company. Good-by, sirs, good-by. Don't forget the Rosemary Branch.'

'Never!' said I, following Cica and my companion out into the glaring road.

The remainder of the journey was more delightful than the beginning. Cica walked with a light and graceful step between us, looking up now to one, and now to the other, and keeping alive our attention by a stream of innocent prattle. I scarcely knew what age to give her; sometimes she seemed quite a woman; at others a mere child. Her form was tolerably well developed; but she had the unimpassioned eyes of an infant—deep, blue, and limpid like the heavens they reflected.

The road, after many undulations, began to ascend the steep hill upon which the half-deserted old city stands, and we obtained wide views of the stony slopes of the island—splashed with spots of green vegetation—and of patches of the indigo sea. The majestic Valetta rose in almost magical grandeur, with its forts, and bastions, and terraces, towards the blue skies, and seemed to sparkle and tremble in the sunshine as if about to dissolve 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.' To the left, as we looked back over the garden of San Antonio, was the wide sweep of St Paul's Bay, where the apostle and his guards were shipwrecked on their way to Rome; to the right, our view extended sometimes as far as the populous Casals of Tarxien and Zeitun.

The scene, as I have said, possesses few of the charms which vegetation gives to a landscape. The imported soil of Malta is scanty and hungry, the trees are stunted, and the herbage is gray and parched; but here and there, in some more favoured spot, down at the bottom of some zig-zagging valley, or on the well-irrigated northern slope of some hill, were bright emerald streaks or patches, showing in gay contrast to the stony expanses around. Besides, the sun and the sky seemed to throw down vivid colours on every object, and to bathe the whole island in a kind of dancing glow of light, that collected in particular intensity round the numerous Casals, each with an imposing church, that stud this extraordinary island.

We did not stop often, for Cica pouted at every moment of delay, and threatened to run away and leave us. There was no resisting her; she led us as if by a string. Even my matter-of-fact companion, who professed to be proof against the magical influence of beauty, puffed bravely up the steep road in his endeavours to serve the impatience of little Cica, who on her part did not seem disposed to quit us.

'You must hear him preach,' said she. 'He is so pretty: it will be very amusing.'

These words, which filled us with surprise, were scarcely out of her mouth when a buzz of small voices attracted our attention, and a crowd of rosy little beggars, showing a vast number of pearly teeth, came dancing round a corner, singing out the eternal 'Nix mangiare!' (Nothing to eat). It was a flood of fluttering curls, chubby faces, and tiny hands, that rose not much higher than our knees. Cica, who seemed well known to all these urchins, tried to look tall and grand; but a sturdy little ruffian, about two years old, toddled up to her, and familiarly caught hold of the skirts of her gown; a girl, just escaped from the cradle, hung on by the tail of her mantle; another leaped up to seize her hand—all vociferating the comical falsehood, 'Nix mangiare—nix mangiare!' Cica could not resist the appeal, and after distributing two or three smart boxes on the ear to the most uproarious, began to search her pockets for some small coins. We came to her aid, and soon succeeded in satisfying the merry group of infantine mendicants.

We were assailed by older applicants a little higher up. 'Ought we to give?' said I to Cica.

'To be sure,' she replied, looking surprised; 'if you can afford it.' We were indiscriminately generous, and were rewarded by an approving glance.

'It strikes me that we cut a sad figure for two political economists,' whispered my companion, wiping his streaming forehead. 'I am afraid that one of us is in love with Miss Cica!'

We did not determine which, but followed our charming little guide through the gates of the city, and were soon moving along a labyrinth of cool, shady, and deserted streets. I now asked Cica why she expected the sermon to be amusing, and why she told us that the priest was pretty? The only answer was a silvery laugh, and an injunction to make haste.

'She is poking fun at us,' said my companion.

I scouted the heretical idea, for I had already invested my Cica—the word is written; let it stand—with well-nigh every virtue under heaven, frankness especially. It would have cost me too much to believe that this child-woman was keen enough already to divine the impression she had produced, and heartless enough to make it a subject of sport. The good and the true never receive respectful admiration but with gratitude.

We walked behind her, sadly resigned; for she seemed no longer to have any thoughts to spare for us. Her whole soul was projected forward to taste by anticipation her brother's triumph; for it was evidently in a worldly point of view that she regarded the matter. The performer was to be 'pretty'; the performance 'amusing!'

On arriving before the gate of the Jesuit's College, Cica made a gesture of farewell, and glided hastily beneath the sombre archway. I confess that I was not prepared to part in this manner, though what other parting could I have expected? She had waved her hand, had thrown a too impartial smile towards us, had rested her golden glances upon us for a moment, and had disappeared. Words could not have expressed her sentiments better. But still, I know not why, when I saw her dark, little form melt like a shadow in the distance, a feeling of solitude came over me—something akin to that of a child abandoned in a gloomy wood by its mother. As my companion drew a long breath, which might be called a sigh, I supposed that he shared my impression.

We learned from the porter that Padre Eamonde, the superior, was engaged for the time; but Father Connell, a pale, ascetic-looking personage, who happened to pass, gave orders to conduct us to the chapel, where service was going to commence. They led us through a garden filled with ladies from Valetta, among whom our eyes in vain sought for Cica, and through a series of vast echoing halls and corridors and staircases to the chapel, fitted up with the luxury of ornament common to Ca-

tholic places of worship. It is unnecessary to describe the ordinary ceremonies; but judge of our surprise when we saw a boy, a child of not more than eleven years old, dressed out as a priest, and preparing to address the congregation! We now understood that in this college, probably in order to give them a taste for a holy vocation, the pupils, either in turns, or as a reward of merit, actually perform the part of priests in a consecrated building. On this occasion Cica's brother, after having blessed the assembled people, delivered in Italian an impassioned oration, consisting principally of fervid addresses to the Virgin Mary. Nothing was wanting to render the exhibition complete. He now clasped his hands—now pointed to the cross, and the images, and the paintings around—now appealed to the altar, illumined in broad daylight with a row of pale tapers. He was a remarkably clever boy; but the whole scene was a disagreeable one. The parody of a solemn ceremony is never pardonable.

I thought sometimes of the innocent joy which Cica must experience at beholding her brother dressed out so finely, addressing so imposing an assembly from so commanding a position. How 'pretty' he must have appeared to her; how 'amusing' must have been the scene! If her mind reverted at all to us, it was doubtless to represent us in ecstasies at this wonderful performance, probably the most interesting she had herself ever witnessed.

We rapidly examined the general arrangements of the college—which, in a sanitary point of view, are admirable—and then took a quiet stroll in the garden. Our principal talk was of Cica, whose charming face we sought beneath every black hood that passed; but though we saw many bright eyes, we saw none so bright as hers. There was no face like her face, no form like her form, no step like her step!

'We must take care,' said my companion, 'not to repeat her name too often, lest we be overheard. The evil-minded are always ready to misinterpret. Let us call her by the name of her father's house—the Rosemary Branch.'

I looked at him, and envied him the delicacy of this idea. He had been slower to move, but was perhaps more deeply moved than I. Already his unacknowledged passion suggested to him to spare an unspotted reputation: he would not allow the breath of rumour to visit her cheek too roughly; the tendency which we all have to isolate the objects of love was developing itself. Any other expressed admiration than mine would probably have seemed a profanation.

So we called her the Rosemary Branch, and she bears that name in our memories even to this day.

We dined at a small inn whither we retired for an hour or so, more to unburthen our hearts in quiet than incited by hunger, and towards sunset went to pay our respectful adieus to Padre Esmonde. That urbane old gentleman shook us cordially by the hand, and showed us to a carriage he had purposely engaged for us. The politeness, considering that we were perfect strangers, was too great to be rewarded with thanks: we showed our sense of it in our manner.

The sun was setting in a purple mist as we rolled gently out of the gates of the hushed city; the sky was immaculate from horizon to horizon; all sorts of fugitive hues were spread over the weary landscape; nature, relieved from the torturing glare of day, seemed to be sinking precipitately into repose; the shadows hastily thickened under the thin branches of the trees; the gulleys began to look dim and gray before the purple and the gold had ceased to tremble on the crests of the hills. I remember being struck by the silence as we descended the hill. One or two lingering beggars, however, who kept in mind our bounty of the morning, saluted us with a cheerful 'Addio!' as we passed; a cow that toiled with steaming back up the steep lazily tinkled its bell; the waters of a half-dried fountain fell in large minute drops into a broken basin; and a man who wandered upon a distant slope drew long melancholy sounds from a reed

pipe. We reclined listlessly back in our seats, inhaling the perfumed breath of evening, and cherishing the prolonged vibrations of the sentiments we had both experienced that day. Suddenly a small voice that startled us, like a summons from the other world, was heard. The Rosemary Branch waved upon a mound by the roadside.

'I was told,' she cried merrily, 'that there was a carriage prepared to take you back; so I ran forward here to ask you for a help to Valetta. It is getting late, and it may not be good for me to be on these lonely roads at night. I am sure my good friends of this morning will excuse me.'

We answered by desiring her to leap in. Each held out a hand to help her, and in a moment there was she, to whom we had already bidden an eternal adieu in our hearts, sitting before us in the expiring light of evening; her long robes rustling amongst our feet; her hood thrown back, so as to allow the fresh breeze to play with the ringlets that clustered round her neck. I never shall forget that form as it appeared looming through the cold twilight; its ineffable loveliness softened down; its reality, as it were, almost effaced by the sober influence of the hour; dim as an old picture, as a friend seen in a dream, as the recollection of the dead that have been replaced. I could have travelled with it round the world!

But the journey was short, though Cica found time to relate to us a good deal of her little history: as how her father was a retired sailor with a pension, and how he still laboured only for his children's sake, and how he called his wife Admiral, his daughter Limpet, and his wooden leg Tom Tough.

'And what does he call his son?' inquired I.

'He calls him Antonio,' she replied gravely; thereby implying that the precocious learning and talent of the boy protected him in that rude but genuine circle from the familiarity of a nickname.

It was quite dark when we pulled up at the Rosemary Branch; but the worthy old host was smoking his pipe at the door by the light of a flickering candle, whilst the Admiral was looking anxiously down the road for the expected one. We were invited, with disinterested hospitality, to enter; but Cica, after giving a brief but vivid account of Antonio's success, insisted on proceeding at once to Valetta.

'Her heart yearns for some one,' thought we simultaneously—for each pressed the other's hand. The remainder of the drive elapsed in almost awkward silence. We on our part felt the anticipated anguish of a separation, in the form prescribed for the breaking-up of a day's acquaintance, whilst we could each have taken her in our arms, and bathed her chaste brow in our tears. She, with the magical intuition of sentiment, seemed to have at length discerned that something more was passing in our minds than what was trusted to our lips. All three made attempts to stir up the flagging conversation, but in vain; and not a word had for a long time been uttered, when we rolled beneath the dreary echoing tunnel that leads through the fortifications.

'It is like going into a tomb, my friends,' said Cica in a solemn voice as she drew shuddering closer to us. We have commented on the expression a thousand times, and interpreted it in a thousand different manners. The sombre comparison was most likely in unison with the other thoughts that occupied her mind. If so, we have the satisfaction of thinking that whilst Cica understood us, she was not offended by our involuntary admiration, and felt an instinctive regret as the hour of parting drew nigh.

The carriage stopped before a large tranquil-looking house in the upper part of Strada Stretta. Scarcely had the wheels ceased to roll, when the door opened, and a bright light streamed forth. The first object I saw was a fairy little head, with scattered curly hair high up towards the lintel. It was a laughing child astride the shoulders of a tall, handsome-looking young man: a

buxom serving-girl held a candle. All three looked eagerly forth.

'Whose is that delightful child?' exclaimed I, anxious to say something at parting.

'It is mine—mine!' she answered with a burst of maternal pride and a glance of gratitude; 'and this—laying her hand with triumph on the young man's head—this is my husband, the Sculptor Minotti.'

The double glories of wife and mother descended upon her as she spoke, and years seemed to thicken round her youthful brow—the girl ripened into the woman before our eyes. Yet we cannot forget the original impressions of that day. Until now, at least, the Rosemary Branch blooms fresh and lovely in our memories, and our sweetest thoughts cluster beneath its shadow. May it never wither; for there is no better legacy to old age than the pure traditions of youth!

THE SCIENCE OF ART.

THE hypotheses which refer Beauty to association of ideas and to expression have been confuted by abler pens than ours; and those which compose it of proportion, expression, colour, and other elements—even when they make proportion the chief constituent part—are, in our opinion, equally erroneous. The cause of such mistakes, as we have elsewhere surmised,* is a certain restrictedness of view, which has not yielded even to the inspiration of the subject, but which confines the beautiful within the circle of our common wants and instincts, and sees in it only the source of sensuous gratification. The same thing, however, is observable even in inquiries of a strictly experimental nature; and thus the superstitions of the Philosophers' Stone and the Fountain of Youth governed the pulses of philosophy throughout the entire world till comparatively recent times.

The conceptions of the elder Greeks regarding beauty were nobler than ours, and for that reason their art was of a loftier character. Their beauty was divine, not human; intellectual, not sensuous; and, like the Jews and Persians, they sought in the loveliness of the human form a type of the perfections of the Deity. A satyr peeping under the drapery of a sleeping goddess—this is a parable of ignorance and misapprehension on one side, and truth on the other. In the one figure there is an uninformed nature misapplying the divine objects of its own vulgar instincts, and in the other reclines the divine itself, untroubled and unconscious, in pure, silent, and passionless repose.

Expression, colour, fitness, association of ideas—all these, singly or united, may excite human love; but all these may and do exist without beauty. They are the talisman concealed in the hair of a hideous slave, which made her an object of passion to an accomplished prince. When the talisman was removed, he turned away in disgust from the woman he had worshipped; and even so does love fly with the qualities that inspired it. But if, instead of deformity, beauty should remain—would love, think you, linger after expression had changed, after bloom had fled, after fitness was lost, after associations were destroyed? Assuredly not. But in this case love would be replaced by admiration; the taste would worship instead of the heart; while the affections would fly away in search of a new object whereon to lavish their devotion. Beauty, then, is not a thing of the passions, but of the intellect; it does not belong to sex, or age, or race, or country; it is universal and divine; it is incapable of tarnish or desecration: the 'beauty of holiness' and 'beauty of God' of the Hebrew

prophets are better imaged in the heathen deities of Greece than in the pictured saints of the Roman church.

Winckelmann has ably described the singular concurrence of circumstances which aided the Greeks in their search after beauty; but he has omitted to give due weight to the lessons they learned in Egypt. It was thither their students went, before the golden age of Pericles, to be initiated in sculpture; and sculpture, it must be remarked, depended with the Egyptians entirely upon *proportion*, for their genius did not lead them to attach any importance to grace and embellishment. This fundamental part of art was known likewise to the Hebrews; and the following passage in Isaiah, who lived between 700 and 800 years before the Christian era, describes the process in his time of making a wooden statue:—'The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house.' The materials, it is added, were cedar, cypress, oak, and ash. This passage, which we have never seen quoted in reference to the subject before us, would seem to imply very distinctly that there was a science of proportion which enabled the sculptor to produce the likeness of a man, independently of the art which taught the refined and accomplished Greeks to endow it with poetical life. The purpose of the prophet is to ridicule the folly of the idolators who made a fire to warm themselves, and a god to worship, from the same material.*

That the science of proportion was known to, and observed by, the Greeks, and that it played an important part in their achievement of ideal beauty, receives corroboration from various circumstances. One of these was mentioned in our former article—the precise similarity of the various statues of each deity; a similarity which could hardly have occurred in the case of works executed by different hands, and at different times, unless through the agency of known geometrical rules. Another is the magical repose of their sculptures, which led Dr Knox to suppose that beauty consisted in the concealment of the inner integuments of the body. We accounted for this repose by the manners and habits of the people;† but as regards high art it had a deeper cause—namely, the necessity for preserving intact the symmetry of beauty. This necessity was lost sight of in modern Europe, even by the best Italian artists. In the illustrations, for instance, to Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on painting, now lying before us, the starting out of the muscles, in the constrained attitudes of the figures, is a momentary violation of the law of proportion, and the taste unconsciously represents the interruption. The statue of St Bartholomew, which we have seen in the duomo of Milan, representing the saint after he was flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulder like a quantity of old clothes, is not so repugnant to the feelings; and the reason is, that the attitude of the figure is tranquil, and the denuded muscles therefore in their normal state. We now come to another and much more remarkable corroboration, which calls upon us to introduce to our readers one of the most valuable and original contributions that have ever been made to the philosophy of art.‡

There is a remarkable difference in the general form

* 'He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth meat, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.'—*Isaiah*, chap. xlv.

† The analogy between Greek poetry and Greek sculpture is perfect. See the article 'Landro's Poetry,' in the last No. of the Edinburgh Review.

‡ On the Science of those Proportions by which the Human Head and Countenance, as represented in Works of Ancient Greek Art, are distinguished from those of Ordinary Nature. By D. H. HAY, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1849.

* 'Ideal Beauty,' in No. 350.

of the head, and in what is more especially obvious, the facial angle, between the human race and the inferior animals. The same difference exists, though in a less degree, between the various tribes of mankind, and between individuals of the same tribe; and it is observed as a general rule, both in animals and men, that the ratio of intellect is in proportion to the approximation of the plane of the face to a vertical line. Nature seems to proceed with effort, either to reach some standard of perfection prescribed by the Great Architect, or to recover some status lost at the introduction into the world of sin and wo. But *where* are these efforts to stop? What is the standard to be attained? In the living model the angle is seen at eighty degrees, and in high art at a *hundred!*—in other words, the nose in the latter is merely a projection of the line of the forehead, and both are parallel with the spine. Why should this difference exist between nature and art? And why should it exist among a whole nation, and to precisely the same degree? The inference is, that the Greek artists took their features from life, but composed them according to geometrical rule; and that this rule gives the line determined by nature, is shown in the fact, that the sculptures so produced some thousands of years ago remain to this day unapproachable in beauty. Mr Hay, in reference to the strangely unsettled state of so interesting a question, quotes the opinion of Hazlitt, that the Greeks found among themselves the beauty of their statues; and that of Haydon, that they were mere men like ourselves, and neither larger nor handsomer. But we would remark, that if beauty had really been common among the ancients, it would not have been exalted, as it was, almost to an object of worship; just as in like manner, if knowledge had been generally diffused among the fair sex, the few accomplished women whose names have come down to us would not stand out, as they do, like personages of history. Nature, however, we always repeat, works upwards, unless disturbed in her course by repelling influences. There are finer women in England to-day than those who graced the court of Charles II.; and Byron's Maid of Athens, described with so much unction in the travels of Mr Hugh Williams of Edinburgh, would have had altars erected to her in the days of Pericles.

Dr Knox, the latest writer on the subject, asserts that art preceded all theory; that the beautiful was discovered and chiselled by those who were ignorant of geometry, of the doctrine of harmonic proportions, and of anatomy; and that the artist, from the observation of living forms, was led on by inspiration to the scheme of nature. When he, however, and the other opponents of the geometrical theory, assume that the facial angle, which is not known to have been as yet attained by nature, was hit upon by the Greeks by the mere inspiration of genius, they forget that the question does not regard a single artist, but several successive generations of a whole people, politically divided into separate and exclusive states. Genius, we may venture to say, without running any risk of being condemned for the dogmatism, does not dispense her inspirations in this wholesale manner. A discovery in geometry may be communicated at once to a whole nation of geometricians; but an example set to the unlearned by one or more men of genius will be followed only partially and gradually. 'That the inspiration of genius, combined with a careful study of nature,' says Mr Hay, with the diffident yet earnest spirit which characterises his labours, 'were essential elements in the production of the great works which have been handed down to us, no one will deny; but these elements have existed in all ages, whilst the ideal head belongs exclusively to the Greeks of the periods of Pythagoras and Plato. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that, besides genius and the study of nature, another element was employed in the production of this excellence, and that this element arose from the precise arithmetical doctrines taught in the schools of these philosophers?' Mr Hay might have added that the artists, the great men of their age,

the dispensers of fame, the familiars of the gods, and the pride and boast of their country, could not possibly have been ignorant of the little learning of the age. The science they were taught they must have applied in aid of the art they studied; and it is the object of Mr Hay's dissertation to determine the principles of proportion thus educated.

Before coming to his theory, however, which seeks the laws of proportion in what would seem a very different matter—the laws of musical sounds—we would remind the reader of the wonderful simplicity of nature, and the extreme paucity of the elements she works with. It was formerly supposed, for instance, that the nerves of sensation were acted upon by different agents in the transmission of what belongs to each to the seat of consciousness; but we are now aware that the same electric stimulus produces in the eye the sensation of light, in the ear that of sound, in the nerves of feeling that of a shock, &c.* In the same way a distinction was drawn between light and sound; the former being supposed to result from infinitely minute particles of matter impinging on the optical organ, and the latter from its quality of producing vibratory motion. All this, however, has been overturned by modern science; and light as well as sound is known to arise 'from the infinitely rapid vibrations of bodies in their molecular structure, propagated through an extremely elastic medium.' Pythagoras had possibly no precise notions of this law; but he established a mystical connection between music and what are called the exact sciences (as if any were inexact), teaching by the former a knowledge of spiritual things, and imagining a harmony which regulated the course of the stars; and applying geometry to the explanation of things cognisable by the senses. The laws of melody (or musical proportion) were studied then and afterwards simultaneously with the laws of mathematical proportion. The age of Pericles was not remarkable for its sculpture alone: it was likewise the golden age of music. It was Pericles himself who built the Odeon, and instituted the musical contests at the Panathenian festival. The music of this time, derived originally from the lofty and religious strains of Egypt, retained a severe and heroic character, till the introduction of the softer Phrygian and Lydian styles—vainly banished by the impassable Plato from his ideal commonwealth.

We cannot do more, in a popular work like this, than give a very general notion of the manner in which Mr Hay traces the laws of proportion to the fundamental laws of harmonic ratio; and indeed it would be impossible for us to proceed further without the aid of such diagrams as enrich his own work. The vibrations of the monochord, however, are the basis of his theory; and by the aid of this simple instrument he appears to have solved a problem which has long been the despair of the learned world. Even Sir Isaac Newton, as Mr Hay mentioned in a paper he read recently to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, expressed his belief in the operation of the laws of numerical harmonic ratio in the composition of beautiful forms, although he did not attempt to explain the principle. 'I am inclined,' says the great astronomer in a correspondence on this subject with Sir John Harrington, 'to believe some general laws of the Creator prevailed with respect to the agreeable or displeasing affections of all our senses; at least the supposition does not derogate from the power or wisdom of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the microcosm in general.' Mr Hay's plan is simply to form a scale composed of the well-known vibrations of the monochord, which are the alphabet of music, and then to draw upon the quadrant of a circle angles answering to these vibrations. With the series of triangles thus obtained he combines a circle and an ellipse, the proportions of which are derived from the triangles themselves; and thus he obtains an infallible rule for the composition of the head of ideal beauty.

* See Journal, No. 323, article 'Sensation.'

The divisions of the monochord which produce the common chord (the 1st, 3d, and 5th of the musical scale), when applied to the quadrant, give the three angles which alone are necessary to impart proportion to the head. The work before us goes no farther than the head; but the author is employed upon another, giving the proportions of the whole figure by the same rule; the division of the quadrant being continued as far as ten angles, and these arranged upon any given straight line representing the full length of the figure.

It might seem at first sight, to persons unacquainted with geometry, that this rule would apply only to a single figure, but in reality it is susceptible of infinite variety. Müller, in his 'Ancient Art and its Remains,' approaches the problem pretty nearly; but he stumbles at the difficulty of the application of any general rule to particular forms. 'The principles,' says he, 'which the ancients followed in regard to proportions (*symmetria numeris*)—and we know that this was a main object of artistic study—are naturally difficult to discern and determine, on account of the manifold modifications introduced by the application of them to different ages, sexes, and characters.' Now, the effect of Mr Hay's discovery is precisely to obviate this difficulty. The governing angle which produces a perfectly-formed woman is more acute than that which produces a perfectly-formed man; the governing angle of a Hercules is more obtuse than that of an Apollo: but in both figures the proportion deduced from these angles is fixed and inviolable. In removing this difficulty, however, Mr Hay does not pretend that his mechanical rules can take the place of genius. He merely presents a vantage-ground to genius for its flight; and where his science ends, high art begins. 'I beg the reader,' says he, 'to keep in mind that I confine myself to such variety as belongs to the permanent form of the anatomical structure, knowing that to impart the variety which results from the action of the muscles, and gives sentiment and expression to the countenance in obedience to mental impulses, requires the highest efforts of genius, and consequently belongs to a branch of art beyond the scope of a treatise the sole object of which is to point out the primary laws of geometrical harmony from which the countenance derives the beauty of its proportions.' It is manifest that the former modes of measuring by so many lengths of the foot, face, &c. can give, compared with this, but a very rude and unsteady approximation; and that the application of the laws of numerical harmonic ratio to the practice of the artist, would impart to his works a more scientific character than they at present possess, and so far from confining the efforts of genius, would tend to facilitate and assist them. 'Our schools,' says Mr Hay, 'instituted for instruction in the arts of design are conducted without reference to any first principles, or definite laws of beauty; and from the drawing of a simple architectural moulding to the intricate combinations of form in the human figure, the pupils have to depend upon their hands and eyes alone, servilely and mechanically copying the works of the ancients, instead of being instructed in the principles upon which the beauty of those works depends. The instruction given in these schools is addressed almost exclusively to the senses, without reference to the judgment or understanding of the pupils; and they are thus made to study and imitate effects without investigating causes. Doubtless men of great genius sometimes arrive at excellence in the arts of design without a knowledge of the principles upon which beauty of form is based; but it should be kept in mind that true genius generally includes an intuitive perception of those principles along with its creative power. It is, therefore, to the generality of mankind that instruction in the definable laws of beauty will be of most service, not only in improving the practice of those who follow the arts professionally, but in enabling all to distinguish the true from the false, and to exercise a sound and discriminating taste in judging of artistical productions.'

Mr Hay is allowed to have solved the great pro-

blem of art, he must also be allowed to have set at rest the question respecting the facial angle of the Greek sculptors, which Dr Oken and others declare to be *unnatural*. This ideal beauty must be the point to which the efforts of nature are directed; otherwise the identity of its proportions with the science of acoustics must be a delusion. This ideal beauty must be the true natural beauty, to which mankind will advance with advancing knowledge and civilisation. 'In regard,' says Mr Hay, 'to this *original* perfection in the form and proportions of the human head and countenance—for such I conceive it to be—innumerable causes have operated, and do still continue to operate, on the one hand, in degrading it, and, on the other, in counteracting this degradation; and to these operations may be attributed that endless variety of countenance by which nations, classes, and individuals are distinguished. Amongst such causes, the effect of climate, and, still more, the degree of civilisation under which a people is trained, seem to be the most effective. There can be no doubt that all the features are affected, to a great extent, by continual exposure to excesses of heat or cold; but their character is more permanently formed by the degrees of moral restraint, as well as by the privations and toil induced by the state of society. In savage life, on the one hand, the want of mental cultivation, and the consequent dormancy of the reasoning powers, must ultimately rob the countenance of its inherent capacity for intellectual expression. The modes also by which the means of existence are procured, along with continual exposure to the inclemency of the seasons, must produce a permanent expression of mere animal desire, and even in some cases of brutal ferocity. In civilised life, on the other hand, the employment of the higher faculties of the mind, agreeable occupations and amusements, refined modes of supplying the wants of nature, and the protection afforded from the inclemency of the weather, must all conduce towards regularity of the features, and impart to the countenance a permanent composure and serenity. As the passions by which the mind is thus moved, and the modes in which the wants of nature are supplied, act upon the muscles of the face, in giving them an enduring character, so must these muscles, in course of time, act upon the bones to which they are attached, producing a permanent effect upon the structure of the skull, which ultimately becomes hereditary in nations and classes. Hence the protruding jaws and high cheekbones of savage tribes, as compared with those of the more civilised races of mankind.' In illustration of this theory, he shows in a series of plates the process by which the anatomical structure geometrically changes from the most perfect development of the science of proportion, as exemplified in works of ancient Greek art, down to the most imperfect of ordinary nature.

In former works, Mr Hay has applied the harmonic theory to colour and form.* As the three fundamental notes of music, the 1st, 3d, and 5th of the scale, when sounded consecutively, produce the common chord, the foundation of all harmony in musical composition, so in chromatics, the three original colours, blue, red, and yellow, form the triad from which arises all harmony in painting. The same analogy is visible in form, where the circle, triangle, and square, being the three simple, primitive parts, give rise, in mathematical proportion, to all the varieties of beauty that delight the taste. In the works referred to, these ideas are illustrated by ingenious diagrams, without which, the system to unscientific readers would appear intricate and mystical.

It will be observed that a suspicion, and in certain instances a belief, in the existence of some hidden analogies of the kind existed long before the present day. Mr Hay's discovery, therefore, consists in the geometrical expression of these analogies—in the numerical

* *Laws of Harmonious Colouring*, 6th edition. 1847. *The Natural Principles and Analogy of Form*. 1842.

value, so to speak, of the relations that exist between the harmonic scale and form, colour, and proportion. He assumes to have brought to light the hidden truth, to have stripped it of its vagueness and mystery, and to have presented it with a scientific exactness and simplicity which, if it is once fairly recognised and established, must exercise a prodigious influence in every department of art, and bring the hitherto unattainable idealism of Greek beauty within the reach of modern genius. On this consummation Mr Hay will be admitted to the chief rank in the procession of æsthetical inquirers.

BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETIES.

MANY start at the word socialism in our day, without knowing, or at least without remembering, that there is an equitable kind of it in vigorous existence and progression amongst us, with the entire approbation of all rational persons. Whatever is to be the fate of this principle in its pretension as a mode for the distribution of the products of industry, it is certainly found highly efficient in the meantime for protecting individuals against many of the direr casualties of life. The most remarkable example of this is afforded by the insurance companies, which guarantee their members, to a modified extent, against the casualty of fire, and their families against the physical evils that follow in the train of death. The dwelling of a man who lives up to the last farthing of a confined income is burned to the ground, and its furniture utterly destroyed; but instead of being irretrievably ruined by the misfortune, he merely takes another house, and furnishes it anew with ready money. The father of a family dies without a shilling in his possession, and his income perishes with him; but his widow and children, instead of sinking to the workhouse, have a capital wherewith to continue alone the battle of life. And how do these things come about? Neither by magic nor by charity, but by the simple means of social co-operation. The timely fund is raised for our neighbours upon no principle of generosity or humanity, but by the mere fact of our taking steps to secure for ourselves the same benefit when wanted. In like manner ships are insured, as it is called, against the dangers of the sea; and even limbs and lives against the casualties of a railway journey; and the insurers exercise these kinds of benevolence as a business speculation, and usually find that their virtue, even in a pecuniary sense, is its own reward.

Such applications of the principle are not new in point of time, yet they are only slowly making their way among the people. Life insurance, in fact, has not yet come down to the poor; for to them it would be too complicated an affair, since the amassing of the premium even on L.100 (a magnificent sum to them) would require a separate and distinct prudential process. The numerous other schemes, however, at present in full operation, proportioned to the slenderness of their means, and adapted to the almost universal system of weekly wages, proclaim that the principle of co-operation is understood. Not to mention 'savings' banks, which are on a different footing—friendly societies, burial societies, clubs for assistance in time of sickness, or want of work, benefit companies of all kinds, attest that the people are awake to the practicability of the great plan of helping themselves by helping one another. Some of these associations, however, are insecure; some waste more in time than they pay in profit; and most of them, leaning upon the base public-house system, turn the very prudence and foresight of the poor into allies of their vices.

Benefit Building Societies are distinct from those we have named. Their object is highly important; their sphere embraces almost all classes of society; and they have taken so strong a hold upon the imaginations of the people, that, rapid as their progress is, it is difficult to say where it will stop. The idea, we are told by a work* which may be considered as the grammar of the system,

was first developed among the people of our own section of the island.

The first Building Society which can be traced was founded in 1813, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk. It was a village club at Kirkcudbright in Scotland. Other institutions of a similar kind were afterwards [previously] established in the same kingdom under the title of "Menages," and the system was soon adopted in England by societies formed in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool, and other parts of the north. After the year 1830 they increased so rapidly, that on the 14th of July 1836 a special act (6 and 7 William IV. cap. 32) was passed for their encouragement and protection, in the provisions of which were embodied certain clauses applicable to their conduct, which were included in the statutes relating to friendly societies passed in the reigns of George III. and George IV. As a proof of their numbers, it may be stated that, up to the 31st December 1848, there had been registered in the United Kingdom upwards of 2000 societies, of which in England alone 160 were added during the past year—a similar increase having taken place in Scotland and Ireland. Of these societies there is evidence to show that from 800 to 900 are yet in existence, the total income of which is calculated at not less than L.2,300,000 a year. In fact there are two or three of them whose annual incomes are between L.50,000 and L.60,000 each.

The theory on which a Building Society proceeds is very obvious—after it is pointed out. Say that A pays B L.20 a year for a house of the value of L.300. At the end of fifteen years A has laid out L.300, with a certain additional sum by way of compound interest, and he is no more the proprietor of his house than at first. Suppose, however, that B was willing to have sold A the house at first at L.300, and to have taken the price in annual instalments extending over fifteen years, a mortgage on the property meanwhile being his security. In this case A pays L.20 yearly as a part of the price, and interest at (say) 4 per cent. on the sums remaining unpaid, till the whole is cleared off. We here set aside the annual L.20 as being a price for the house, and we then find that, at the end of the fifteen years, A has been his own tenant at a rent represented by the interest on the sum unpaid, together with the value of the aggregate money laid out at compound interest. Thereafter he continues to be his own tenant at the amount of the interest on L.300, which of course is considerably less than L.20. He is a gainer on the whole transaction, by the difference between the return for money laid out on house-property which is generally from 6 to 7 per cent., and that for money laid out at interest, which is seldom above 4, except in circumstances inferring risk.

To become proprietor of one's own house, by paying annual instalments of the price, is obviously a convenience to many persons in limited circumstances. So is it likewise to have a house built for them, that they may commence occupying it. Now it is of no consequence whether the house be provided by a proprietor or builder called B, or by a combination of many A's, who, clubbing their various sums of L.20 yearly, cause a certain number of houses to be produced yearly, until all have been provided. It is only doing that by social means which is usually done by individual efforts. Hence arises the Building Society. The economy of being a house-proprietor is approximately like that of being the proprietor of one's furniture. On entering upon housekeeping, no prudent man, if he can possibly help it, thinks of hiring furniture, well knowing that the hire amounts very soon to the whole value; and yet, says a writer in the 'Building Societies' Record,' how many thousands of persons there are in the metropolis only who deem it an unwise extravagance not to purchase their articles of household furniture, and yet are quite content to hire their houses! What numbers occupy hired houses or apartments to deposit their unhired furniture in!

A Building Society is described by Mr Scratchley as a kind of joint-stock company, into which the members pay a trifling sum periodically, according to the number of their shares. It is usually composed of two classes of

* A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies, &c. By Arthur Scratchley, M. A. London: J. W. Parker. 1849.

persons—those requiring houses, and having that object in view solely; and those who merely wish to lend their spare money to the concern, with the view of its being ultimately returned to them, with interest. The payments of the first class—called Borrowers—are so calculated as to enable them to repay by equal monthly or weekly instalments, within a specified period, the principal of the sum advanced to purchase their house, with whatever interest may be due upon it, throughout the duration of the loan. The Investors, as the other class are called, receive at the end of a given number of years a sum equivalent to the amount of their payments with compound interest accumulated upon them. The money thus accumulated is lent out to members desiring advances, and the interest raised making fresh capital, is employed in the same way, again and again, so as to be constantly reproductive. Most of these societies are terminable at the end of a fixed number of years; but the general feeling among persons acquainted with the subject seems now to be, that this is an improper arrangement. Various reasons are given for the opinion, but a single conclusive one is as good as a thousand. This is, that in such a society—say one terminating at the usual period either of ten and fourteen years—the opportunity for investment soon ceases. At the beginning of the term a man might be willing to engage to pay L.30 a year for fourteen years on a corresponding loan; but if only six years of the duration of the society were unexpired before he joined it, he might find L.59, 18s. a year highly inconvenient; and if only four years, L.85, 12s. 6d. a year quite out of the question. In the latter years of the society the business would be at a stand; or if any transactions were made at all, it would be with that wealthier class who are in little need of such resources. In the case of societies terminating in ten years, the evil would of course be greater; and we need scarcely remark that a cessation of business is equivalent to a loss, the calculations being based upon the supposition that all the monies received from subscribers are continuously invested until the winding-up of the concern.

We shall not follow Mr Scratchley closely in his section relating to 'societies on erroneous principles'—which unfortunately form a very great proportion of the existing societies. Several hundreds, for instance, proceed upon the plan of L.120 shares, and 10s. monthly payments, for 10 years. That is to say, an investor who pays 10s. per month—L.6 a year, equal to L.60 for the whole term—is entitled, at the end of the 10 years, to L.120. To realise this profit to the society, the borrower is required to pay for his advance only 7 per cent.—being just about one-half of what would render such a result possible! Another numerous class of societies profess to return L.70 at the end of 10 years for L.30 contributed during that term in monthly payments of 5s.; and it professes to advance to its members at the outset the whole L.30 for the same rate of payment. In these societies, loans on such easy terms are of course in greater demand than can be met, and in the event of competition occurring, they are put up to auction. In the most favourable case for the society, however, it is shown that there would be an annual deficiency of 10 per cent. rate of interest. Other prospectuses promise their investing members 20 per cent. interest for the use of their subscriptions, while borrowing members 'will scarcely pay at the rate of 2 per cent. interest for their loans!' Again, 'It is calculated that those members who allow their subscriptions to accumulate at compound interest till the close of this society, will receive about 25 per cent. annual interest for the same, &c. &c.; and from 80 to 100 per cent. profit will be obtained by those members who purchase property with the money advanced to them by the society.' One grand cause of all this absurdity is the competition of new societies, whose primary object is to fill up their subscription lists—

Get members, members still—

And then, let profit follow—if it will!

In the older societies at Liverpool and Manchester the rates were fixed at L.150, and the monthly payments at

20s. per share, and many terminated successfully; but their successors, improving upon their plan, deduct one-half from the monthly payments, but only one-fifth from the amount of the shares, and so contrive, by some extraordinary locus pocus, that the one class of its members shall receive what the other class does not pay!

A Permanent Society is thus described by Mr Scratchley:—The investors pay a certain monthly subscription during a fixed number of years, calculated as sufficient for the realisation of their shares, at the end of which time the amount due is paid to them, and they secede from the association, as far as such shares are concerned. The investors represent the proprietors of the society. New members can enter at any time, and commence their subscriptions without paying up any arrears or any increase on the original entrance fee, whereas in terminating societies, the fee on entering is increased without sufficient reason year by year, until, from being originally only 2s. 6d., it is in some cases raised to L.6 per share. The duration of a membership is counted from the month of a member's first entrance. This causes every month a fresh series of members to be added to the society, or new shares to be issued, so that, taking an example, if the term of membership were 10 years, or 120 months, and 50 new shares on the average were taken up every month, there would, at the end of the first 10 years, be 6000 shares subscribed, supposing always that if any were withdrawn, the average were yet kept up by an increase in the new-comers. At the end of the first 120 months, or 10 years, 50 would be paid out; but as new members would come in, the number of subscribers would be undiminished, and month by month afterwards, as successive periods of 120 months were completed, old members would go out, and new ones come in.*

In this society a member ceases to be an investor when he becomes a borrower, receiving whatever amount is due to him on his investing shares, with interest up to the time of borrowing. The loan, secured by mortgage on the property purchased, is for an optional fixed number of years, and is repaid, with interest, by a corresponding monthly subscription. The interest is greater than the rate promised to the investors, perhaps by 2 per cent., and the difference forms a management and contingent fund to meet expenses and losses. With regard to the investors, instead of reducing their subscriptions to an amount consistent with the theoretical hopes of the projectors, they are kept sufficiently high to meet any probable disappointment; and the bonus system is adopted, or periodical division of profits, which has been found so successful by the life-assurance societies. Investors desiring at any time to withdraw, receive the amount they have actually paid, with compound interest.

As an example of the working of this society:—Suppose a member purchases a house for L.300, which would return a net rental of L.30 per annum, and he borrows that sum, for which his repayments during ten years, covering principal and interest, would amount, at per annum (by monthly instalments of L.3, 11s. 3d.) to

Multiplied by 10 years, - - - - - L.42 15 0

Making the total repayments, - - - - - L.427 10 0

Deduct 10 years' rent (paid or received), 300 0 0

Leaving the cost, as far as the building society is concerned, - - - - - L.127 10 0

For which sum the member has thus secured to his family a house free of rent for the remainder of its lease. The above example is for 10 years; a party can, however, purchase a house by smaller annual payments, by taking the loan out for 12 or 14 years.*

Thus we see building societies, constructed on safe and respectable principles, do not give us our houses or loans altogether for nothing. We do not purchase a house,

*As we are not acquainted with any district where a house renting at L.30 could be purchased for L.300, we have, in our own ideal example, given a less flattering view of results. The above case, however, serves equally well to illustrate the theory.—Ed.

unless under remarkably advantageous circumstances, by merely paying the usual rent to a building society for ten years; but by a reasonable effort—by the sacrifice, perhaps, of an unimportant luxury—we may attain this desirable object, and become our own landlord. In the case given above, the purchase would cost the borrower only £12, 15s. a year for a very reasonable space.

We cannot follow our author into the working details of such a society, but we are rather surprised to observe that in so judicious a work there is omitted all reference to the very basis upon which the security of the members rests. Building societies are mainly intended for the benefit of persons of very moderate means, and their cash transactions are not upon the footing of public respectability, which gives security, for instance, in a bank. This is the first point to be considered; for even the wild mis-calculations we have pointed out in some terminating societies will merely involve partial loss, or carry on their duration beyond the period specified. There must be security for the intrusions of those who are in anyway concerned in handling the money of the company, or the wisdom with which the scheme may be concocted will be no guarantee against ruinous loss.

PETER MACKENZIE THE NATURALIST.

To readers of the various horticultural periodicals of the present day the name of this naturalist will be familiar. Week after week, and month after month, communications appear in such publications from the industrious pen of Peter Mackenzie on subjects relating to almost every department of natural history and gardening: at one time philosophising upon the obscure birth of storms from the observations made upon a dewdrop, and at another discussing some scheme for increasing the productive riches of our country; now communicating some observations calculated to extend our knowledge of the laws that regulate the local and geographical distribution of organic beings, and again relating in familiar style some of those simple facts in natural history that find so much interest with the lover of nature who has not viewed her objects by the light of science. Long, however, as the gardening world have familiarly known Peter Mackenzie the naturalist, such as he has been mirrored in the *monthlies* and *weeklies*, very few, indeed, know aught of Peter Mackenzie the man. At present it is our pleasing task to disclose something of his private life; and although his is not a history chequered by the exciting incidents of fortune and misfortune, it is nevertheless one likely to prove interesting, as showing, in a thoroughly practical manner, that the purest intellectual enjoyments are attainable in the humblest rank of society; that the labourer, after his hard day's work is done, may calmly sit down by the fireside, and spend his evenings in the prosecution of scientific study, without any sacrifice of domestic enjoyment.

Peter Mackenzie was born in the parish of St Ninians, near Stirling, on 17th July 1802. His parents were in a very humble station, his father being a country weaver; but a scanty income is not necessarily accompanied by poverty and lack of domestic comfort, and through industry and carefulness they spent their days in a comfortable manner, leaving at their death a small portion to their family. Peter was the second of six sons, who all became gardeners. His scholastic education consisted of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic—acquirements that seemed ample, indeed somewhat rare, for one in his humble station of life in the rural districts of Scotland forty years ago. In his early days he used, like all other country boys, to stroll among the woods, gathering the wild berries and the wild flowers that came in his way; and on one occasion, inspired by his father's enthusiastic description of the woods, the streams, and the waterfalls of his native place, he left the paternal roof unknown to his parents, and wandered away to gratify his youthful curiosity by a ramble among these scenes of beauty and sublimity. But this

was more a boyish frolic than a testimony of his love of natural-history investigations. His eyes had not then learned to love and linger upon such interesting beauties of the woodland as *Serratula tinctoria*, and the white-flowered *Campanula latifolia*, which he in after-years detected in the Moonzie woods.

In the spring of 1820 he went to reside for a time with his brother, then gardener to the late Sir George Murray, governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where his taste for gardening and natural history were first evinced. Here he entered, as it were, upon a new world; and the lovely gardens under his brother's care, bursting into life and beauty, lured him often to watch and admire the lovely flowers that adorned them. This soon induced him to begin the study of botany, in such a manner as his circumstances would allow. Many a weary wandering had he in the adjoining woods—lonely, yet not less delightful for that—seeking the many native gems which the district produced; and he preferred culling the heather-bells that crowned the hills of Bagshot Heath, to gazing on the military heroes of the age—from the Duke of Wellington downwards—who were frequent visitors at Sandhurst, and much more likely, one would think, to interest a boyish fancy than the modest flowers of the hedgetops. On his brother's bookshelf he found several standard works on gardening, such as those of Abercromby, Nicoll, Speechly, and Forsyth, through which he gained a pretty intimate acquaintance with the principles as well as the practical details of horticulture; but the books that chiefly engaged his attention were Lee's 'Introduction to Botany,' Donn's 'Catalogue of Plants,' and Thornton's 'Grammar of Botany'—the last of which he committed almost entirely to memory, by learning a few of the terms at a time—a most laborious mode of acquiring the elements of a science, and one which he assuredly would never have pursued had he had the benefit of an instructor to guide him in his studies. By the aid of these works he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Linnæan system of botany, which forms a most convenient key to all future researches in the science, and soon became familiar with the scientific titles of most of the plants cultivated in the garden at Sandhurst; but he still felt the want of a proper acquaintance with the generic and specific characters of vegetables—a deficiency which was not supplied for some years afterwards. While residing at Sandhurst, his enthusiastic attachment to botanical pursuits gained him admission to many of the celebrated horticultural establishments in the surrounding neighbourhood, which were of great benefit to him in extending his knowledge of the floral riches of other lands. The royal garden in the vicinity of Windsor, as well as the gardens of the Marquis of Devonshire, and many others of note, were frequently visited by Peter; and during these visits he was often brought into contact with such eminent horticulturists as Mr Ingram, gardener to her Majesty, and Mr Towers, now overseer to his Royal Highness Prince Albert at Osborne.

After a stay of about two years at Sandhurst, the subject of our memoir proceeded to London; and having previously decided upon gardening as the means of gaining his daily bread, he obtained work in a metropolitan nursery. Although one of the youngest hands employed in the grounds, he very soon distinguished himself, and the plant-houses were committed to his charge, including an extensive collection of Alpine plants, which he experienced great pleasure in nursing with the tenderest care; for those lowly gems that form the scanty Flora of the frigid regions are esteemed above all others by the genuine botanist.

Anxious to improve himself as much as possible in his profession, by gaining an acquaintance with every department of horticultural science, and with the systems of cultivation adopted at different places, Peter left London to take charge of the forcing department in the gardens of the Earl of Limerick, South-hill Park, where he had opportunities of obtaining a practical

acquaintance with the culture of the pine-apple, and forcing in general. His studies of native botany were not, however, entirely laid aside; and when the labours of the day were over, he enjoyed many a pleasant summer evening's ramble over miles of muir and heather, which formerly were part of Windsor Forest.

After living in several other situations nearer London, he left England about the end of the year 1824; and retracing his steps northwards, in the spring of 1825, he obtained a situation in the garden of Tulliallan, near Kincardine. Here he had the advantage of an excellent circulating library, including such important works as the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' &c.; and he made considerable advances in the study of natural history, more particularly botany, which was always his favourite subject. He commenced the study of conchology, but chiefly occupied himself with botany, and now began a thorough examination of our native Flora. For this purpose he made a trip to Edinburgh, to purchase books on the subject, among which was Smith's 'Flora Britannica.' This work being in Latin, he devoted the long winter evenings to the acquisition of that language, and was able to take the field, with Smith as a useful pocket companion, by the time the first primrose of spring appeared. He likewise acquired enough of French to enable him to understand 'Le Bon Jardinier.'

After a short sojourn in the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, he returned to reside with his mother at St Ninian's, and entered the employment of Messrs Drummond and Sons, Stirling, where he enjoyed the advantages of the lectures delivered in the Stirling School of Arts, and other local means of intellectual improvement. While here, he made several excursions to the Highland districts with the view of extending his knowledge of our alpine Flora. In one season he visited various parts of the higher districts of Perthshire, Forfarshire, &c.; and during the next ascended Ben Lawers—returning by Killin, Lochearnhead, Ben Ledi, and Callender. He was frequently to be seen with his vasculum on his shoulder, or his geological hammer and bag by his side, wandering among the Campsie hills and the Ochils.

Peter finally settled in 1828 in the employment of Robert Louis, Esq. of West Plean. Ever since, he has been ardently engaged in his favourite studies during the leisure hours which his employment affords. The kindness of his employer places a day or two of holiday now and then at his disposal; and situated in a local position of the most favourable kind for the naturalist, and in the vicinage of some of the noblest of nature's scenes, he has eagerly embraced these opportunities of exploring the fields and mountains of his native land—at one time gathering the lowly flowers of Ben Lomond, and at another making his bed among the harebells on the mossy banks of Loch Katrine. His observations in natural history he has from time to time been in the habit of communicating to the various journals and magazines of gardening, and has by this means been frequently brought into correspondence and personal contact with distinguished followers of science. He used to write for the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' when under the superintendence of Mr Loudon; and one morning he received from the hand of a special messenger a note of invitation to breakfast with that celebrated naturalist in the Royal Hotel, Stirling, Mr Loudon being then on a horticultural tour in Scotland. Peter justly considered this an honour of no mean kind. What passed that morning was made the subject of a leading article in the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' dated from Stirling, in which Mr Loudon—without venturing to offend the retiring modesty of Peter by mentioning his name—referred to the circumstance that he had been in conversation with one of the most intelligent gardeners he had met with in Scotland.

Thus have we briefly sketched the peaceful path through life, so far as it has gone, of a common working-man, but one who has sought out for himself enjoy-

ments of a more lofty character than are usually aimed at in his humble sphere. He enjoys a degree of domestic happiness and contentment rarely to be met with in such a humble home, and with such a scanty income as has always been his lot. With a loving wife, and a rising family around him, he seeks his evening enjoyments at his own fireside, quietly pursuing his favourite studies of natural history, and now and then communicating the results of his observations and investigations to the world. In perusing the productions of Peter Mackenzie in the horticultural magazines, few may have conjectured that they were penned in so humble a home, and by one so unambitious of fame; or that the love of nature they exhibit is so genuine a transcript of the mind of the writer.

THE CHÂTELAINE OF TO-DAY AND OF OTHER TIMES.

We presume that most of our readers know the meaning of the word *châtelaine* in our modern English vocabulary. They have doubtless seen depending from the waists of our fashionable ladies a huge bunch of steel or golden chains, which gently rustle with every movement of the wearer, and from each of which is suspended some article of household use—a key, a pincushion, a thimble-case, a penknife, a corkscrew, &c. &c. We might imagine this to be a symptom of revived notability among the higher classes of our countrywomen, did not the Liliputian size of these various articles forbid the supposition. No: it is but the whim of fashion, and a very harmless one too. To talk of the uselessness of these trinkets would be but an idle cavil; for who ever supposes that the fairy-wand of fashion is to be stretched out under the guidance of utility or common sense? We only allude to this novelty here by way of contrasting the ancient and modern meaning of the word, and to show how insensibly it has changed its signification. This we can best do by presenting our readers with pictures of some ladies who, at different epochs of modern civilisation, have illustrated the character of *châtelaine* in France, from whose language, we need scarcely say, this word is taken. It is not necessary for this purpose to go back to the early ages of Chivalry, when each manorial house was a castle, and its mistress, in the fullest sense of the word, a *châtelaine*, or castle-keeper. Let us, only for a moment, transport ourselves to the ancient manor of La Louverie, which still stands in tolerable preservation near the foot of the Vosges, and which offers a very fair specimen of the French châteaux of former days.

The edifice forms a long parallelogram, flanked with four small round towers, and stands on an elevated spot above the neighbouring village, which seems as if it rested peacefully beneath its protection. Its parapets, drawbridges, and posterns, have nearly disappeared: upon its walls there is neither escutcheon nor device; but above the principal gate there still appears a wolf salient on a field of gules, with the motto, 'Lupa ridet.' These are the speaking arms of the Seigneurs de la Louverie, at whose dwelling we are about to glance. The ground-floor, which is chiefly occupied by the present proprietor and his family, is simply furnished, and offers nothing remarkable in its aspect; but the ancient adornments of the first-floor have been so religiously preserved, that, on ascending the handsome black marble staircase, and wandering through the apartments, one is transported in thought to bygone periods of castle-life in France. At first the low ceiling, with its ponderous uncovered beams; the deep-set ogive windows; the leather hangings stamped with gold; the sandalwood *prie-dieu*; the state bed, with its twisted pillars, its plume of feathers, its damask curtains embroidered with the family coat-of-arms—all bring the sixteenth century clearly before your eyes, with its rich and stately costliness. But if you penetrate into the right wing of the building, you feel yourself almost in presence of the *grand roi*, whose favourite ebony presses, luxurious *fauteuils*, and mythological timepieces, still bear the name of Louis Quatorze. And again, if we

look into the opposite wing, the eighteenth century is represented in all the coquettish elegance of its Pompadour pier-glasses, its Chinese figures, its Japanese vases, its painted hangings; nor must we forget to notice a *bergerie* of Watteau's, and two beautiful *pastels* of Latour's, representing Louis XV. and the dauphin—*pastels* whose colours have in a most remarkable manner preserved all their original freshness. In this latter apartment are to be found the portraits of some of the most distinguished *châtelaines* of La Louverie; and in accordance with our proposed plan, we go on to give a sketch of three of those who, at different epochs, have the most fully embodied the spirit of their times. First, let us pause before the antique frame in which is encaused the portrait of

IOLANDE D'ASTREL, FIRST COUNTESS DE LA LOUVERIE.

Married at sixteen to a man every way worthy of her, Iolande's tastes remained pure and simple as in the days of her childhood. She quitted her mountains but once to be presented at court: it was in the reign of Henry II. Iolande's noble and independent spirit had but little sympathy with the corruption and the intrigues of Catherine de Médici's Italian court. She hastened back as soon as possible to her beloved castle, where she spent the remainder of her days. It is there that we will contemplate her in the usual course of her domestic life.

The first *angelus* has sounded; it is scarcely daylight, and yet Iolande is dressed. She comes with the little Bertha and Dame Regina, the *intendante*, to attend family worship. Masters and servants meet together on their knees, to ask the blessing of God upon their daily labours. Immediately afterwards each one receives his appointed task—labourers and farmers, knitters and spinners, messengers of town and country, all are sent on their mission of healthful toil. Nor are the heads of the household idle. The count goes to preside at the court of the bailiwick; while Iolande, surrounded by her women, sits in a large apartment, where she diligently embroiders in silver a vest for her lord and master. Her work is only interrupted by the caresses of Bertha, or by a visit of helpful charity to the poorer vassals of the domain, in which she is accompanied by her youthful daughter; and rarely does a day pass without Bertha receiving from her mother this practical lesson of benevolence. But while we are depicting the life and character of our *châtelaine*, let us not forget to give some idea of her person. Iolande's figure is tall and dignified; her close-fitting habit, of a *feuille-morte* colour, reminds one of the huntress Diana; her head-dress, a *toque à la Jeanne* and her *aumônière* always at her side: such is her usual costume.

The castle has, however, its festal as well as its working days; and it is at such times that the courtly farthingale, the costly pearl-necklace, and ruby bracelets, shine forth in all their splendour. This very morning Iolande is adorned with them in honour of Enguerrand d'Argy, who, after attending her lord for four years upon the battle-field as his squire, is about to receive the reward of his faithful services. Already is the procession advancing towards the chapel, which, by the care of Don Anselm, the almoner, has been decorated with Flanders tapestry and a girle of white damask embroidered with the family arms. Placed between his brother-at-arms and his godfather, Enguerrand advances and kneels before the count, who, after the usual oath, invests him with the coat-of-mail, the sword, and the spurs, saying to him at the conclusion, 'In the name of God, of St Michael, and St George, I make thee a knight: be courteous and loyal.' Then Iolande bestows on him a gold-fringed scarf, and the sound of trumpets announces that the ceremony is over.

This martial service is followed by the sport of hawking. Mounted on their finest chargers, the neighbouring barons and gentlemen press around the countess, who, with falcon on wrist, ambles along across the wild uncultivated heath. How eagerly does her glance follow the unhooded bird as it soars proudly upwards, sometimes seizing the innocent dove, sometimes struggling bravely with the kite or the sparrow-hawk! After a few hours spent

in this exciting chase, the whole party return to the castle. On alighting from horseback, Iolande learns that a servant of the count has been thrown from his horse, and severely hurt. She hastens to his succour—for in those days the art of surgery is a feminine accomplishment, and not only do ladies use the lancet, and dress a wound, but also can they compose the celebrated herb-plaster of *Malpighi*. The fair Iolande is followed by her maidens, bearing medicines and bandages, and through her good care the wounded man soon recovers.

But here comes the squire, with his armorial escutcheon blazoned diagonally on his breast: he opens the folding-doors of the grand saloon, and bows twice to the countess, by way of announcing to her that the banquet is served. Nothing is found wanting; neither the wild boar's head stuffed with pistachios, nor the *cel aux andivas*, nor the golden pheasant; and there are also the preserved quinces and pomegranates, recently imported from Italy by Catherine de Medicis; and the delicious wines of Rivesaltes and of Jurançon, which flow freely in honour of the newly-created knight: for whose pleasure also Beranger de Sirvat has been invited to the feast. This celebrated man, the last of the *trouvères*, sings his favourite ballads, some of which are accompanied by Iolande on her sweet-stringed instrument, the *thorba*. Midnight sounds from the belfry, and the feast is over; nor are the guests unwilling to repose themselves after the fatigues and pleasures of the day.

DIANA D'OLBREUSE.

But here comes the beautiful Diana d'Olbreuse, for she, too, has been the *Châtelaine* of La Louverie. Her portrait, so full of great airs, and done by Mignard, might tell us the epoch at which she lived, if this *fontange* of rich crimson velvet, these *engagantes* of Artois gimp, this head-dress à la *Ninon*, did not announce to us still more clearly a contemporary of Louis XIV. Nevertheless the attire of Diana and of her grandmother Iolande differ even less than their lives. For Diana there is no more chase with the falcon, no more knights to honour, no more bards to receive: if she passes a few months at the Château de la Louverie in a sort of rustic exile, her heart and her thoughts are not the less devoted to Versailles, for in that brilliant court alone are centered all her wishes. She, like her cousin Madame de Sévigné, has danced with the great monarch, who has done homage to her fine eyes and to her sparkling wit, and from that moment admirers and slaves have crowded around her. But if we would understand her position, let us just follow her in the employment of a single day. Left a widow at the age of eight-and-twenty, she is the absolute mistress of her time and fortune. She is not averse to ease and pleasure: wherefore, then, is she abroad at an hour when most of the courtly dames are still slumbering on their couches? She has risen with the early dawn, and at six o'clock her coach stands waiting before her hotel. Has she not promised to call on M. Louvois, the earliest of ministers? She has a favour to ask of him for a young relation, the Baron d'Arzac, who is vegetating in the provinces in some obscure regiment. He is dying of ennui. She wishes to obtain for him the rank of standard-bearer in the Gendarme-Dauphin. Many nobles of distinction are seeking for the post, but our Armida pleads so eloquently, so gracefully, that the hardhearted minister at length yields to her intreaties. D'Arzac is named in the Gendarme-Dauphin, which, by a lucky chance, is stationed at Rambouillet—no great distance from Versailles.

'Good deeds bring good-luck:' so says the proverb, and so perhaps thought the countess, when, on her return home, she found her friend Lulli, who came to offer her a box for the first representation of his opera of 'Atys.' Benserade and Chaulieu arrive most opportunely, and are to be of the party. They dine at the countess's hotel. Lulli's *bon-mots* are *piquant* and graceful; the abbé's songs are charming; the repast is so agreeable, that the guests might linger over it longer, if Benserade had not proposed to his fair hostess to go and listen to a very fashionable preacher at the church of St Louis. 'All the court will be there.' The argument is unanswerable:

nor do our friends regret their attendance, for the young Fléchier, in his sermon upon 'La Grâce,' is so simply eloquent, and yet so polished and persuasive, that he kindles the sparks and touches the hearts of his auditory. 'Chaulieu,' said the countess with deep emotion, 'this little abbé will make a noise in the world; remember my prediction.' But however captivating may be the orator, Madame de la Louverie and her friends must make their retreat. It is now six o'clock by Lulli's watch, and in a few minutes his opera will begin. It is his very best performance, he says, and a most happy inspiration. 'We shall see,' replied Benserade coldly.

This is a golden evening for Diana, since, independently of her friendship for Lulli, she is to hear her two favourite singers, Rochois and Baumaviel. Placed in a front seat of the box, she does not lose a note of this music. Baumaviel excels himself in the part of *Atys*, which he performs with so much talent, and such deep tenderness, that the passionate emotion he evinces passes into the hearts of his listeners; and on the name of the composer being announced, the whole audience rise up, and after a prolonged burst of 'bravos!' turn towards the countess, and cry out—'Embrace him, madame, for us all'—a request with which she joyously acquiesces. As for Lulli, he is moved even to tears. This is the most triumphant evening of his life.

As every fashionable evening at Versailles is concluded with play, Diana goes to show herself at the *pharaoon* of Madame de Noailles. Fortune still seems favourable to her, and in the course of a few minutes she wins a considerable sum. Perhaps she might be tempted to linger there much longer, but that she is to be, early the next morning, of a party to *Marly*—a favour so inestimable, as to be the object of desire and envy to all the courtiers. She vanishes, therefore, with regret; for it is midnight, and the court sets out precisely at seven o'clock. This is the official hour named by Louis XIV. himself; and who will presume to keep the great monarch waiting even a moment?

ATHÉNAÏS DE THERMÈS.

Repose in peace, Iolande, and you, noble Diana! She who inherits your name in the reign of Louis XV. upholds its splendour, and the Countess Athénaïs is one of the most attractive women of the pleasure-loving period in which she lives. You both did the honours of your salons most admirably; but she is more winning, more captivating in society. You were beautiful: Athénaïs is pretty. The *crêpe-Pompadour*, the *mouche-assassine*, the jet necklace, set off the brilliancy of her complexion; and if she puts on rouge, it is only in compliance with the caprice of fashion; for her mirror, as well as her *camériste* Florine, assures her she has no need of it. But if we wish to know her better, let us do as we did with the *châtelines* of former ages, and take a glance at her domestic life.

With very little taste for rural pleasures, she reluctantly visits her old castle of the Vosges. To entertain country gentlemen—to distribute *pain bénit*, as lady of the manor—to crown with roses pretty but low-born maidens—this is all very dull work for a woman of rank and fashion: at least so thought the Countess Athénaïs. Therefore, with the first falling leaves of autumn, she flies from La Louverie, leaving the count to enjoy alone the pleasures of the chase, and the occupations of planting, giving leases, settling accounts, &c. Our pretty countess, meanwhile, is enjoying other sort of pleasures in Paris, where, on Monday evenings (being the appointed times of her reception), her door is thronged with equipages, with chairs, livery-servants, courtiers, &c. Outside, her hotel bears a bright and joyous aspect. Let us, out of curiosity, look within for a moment.

The countess has a slight headache this evening, which imparts to her features a certain degree of languor, which adds to their beauty. Like a woman of true taste, she has avoided any display of toilette at her own house: her head-dress, *crêpe-pâté*, without ornaments; her robe, a xizoline, without flounces; such is her attire. Scarcely has she entered her saloon, when M. de Létorière is an-

nounced. He is the most fascinating* man at court, and his fine form and countenance are set off by his costume. What can be more perfect in point of taste than these points of dead gold, this sword-tie à la *maréchale*, or what more costly than this emerald-green coat of the richest velvet, and these shoe-buckles sparkling with jewels? Létorière advances courteously—'In truth, fair lady, I am most fortunate in seeing you this evening, for despite your headache, you look divinely pretty (*jolie à miracle*).'

This phrase is uttered with the graceful nonchalance so peculiar to himself. He then takes up the countess' lapdog, teases it, fondles it. But other visitors are announced. The apartments are soon thronged. Compliments, witticisms, repartees, are heard on all sides. But what attracts the company to this side of the saloon? A *macao* has just been established; a thousand louis are on the table, which sufficiently explains the divers exclamations which are heard, and the passion depicted on many faces, which had previously been clothed with smiles: the love of gold triumphs over all gentler feelings. In the adjoining boudoir, however, the scene is far different: there the buzzing of a fly might be heard, so wrapt is the attention of those who are gathered round St Lambert as he recites the first canto of his poem, 'The Seasons.' Buffon, Diderot, Fontenelle, La Harpe, are among his listeners, and they are not less captivated by the beauty of his voice and the perfection of his intonation and his gesture, than by the merit of a work which was extremely popular in those days. No sooner is the reading ended, than the warmest plaudits are heard on all sides; and then supper is announced. And who knows not what were the *petits soupers* of those days of *gourmandise* and dissipation?

To-morrow, new pleasures, new fêtes. Longchamps† has its spiritual concert: Athénaïs must positively show herself there, although it can be but for a moment; for on this same evening a very fashionable piece, 'Les Fausses Confidences,' by Marivaux, is to be rehearsed at Madame de Poplinière's, and the part of *Araminte* has been assigned to her.

Such was the course of life pursued by the Châteline de la Louverie in the eighteenth century. Need we say that this title had now lost all its significance? The possessor of it no longer valued its privileges, nor attended to its duties; she cared not to welcome the stranger within her baronial walls; she gave no heed to the wants or the sorrows of her vassals; so the hearts of those vassals were turned away from her, and that title which she had despised passed away into an empty name; nor will it probably ever be revived, save in the glittering hauberk which has recently been appended to the waists of our fashionable ladies.

And so will it ever be! For when once any great reality has been allowed to dwindle into an idle 'sham,' then assuredly it is on the eve of fading altogether into oblivion, or else of passing into a shadowy mockery of its former self.

THE EXPECTED COMET.

For some time expectations have been entertained in the learned world respecting the appearance of a large comet. There has, however, been considerable diversity of opinion as to the exact period when it would show itself in the heavens. The reason for this diversity is the difficulty of appreciating and calculating the retardations which comets suffer by being drawn, as it were, out of their ordinary course by the larger planets. Matter attracts matter, and consequently a comet in shooting past a planet is attracted and retarded according to the distance and respective size of the two bodies. That there should be a power of ascertaining and measuring these perturbing influences, gives one an impressive idea of mathematical science. A man

* M. Létorière's history is given in No. 226 of this Journal, under the title of 'L'homme Charmant.'

† See No. 232 of the Journal.

sits down to study, and with pen, paper, and compasses, calculates and tells you where a vagrant comet was hundreds of years ago, and where it will again present itself hundreds of years hence. Such ninety, however, is required in these calculations, that it is not wonderful that errors should occur, and that the predictions on the subject should slightly vary.

The comet now in expectation is that which appeared in 1264, and again in 1556. The length of time between these two periods may be easily computed, but that would not tell us when would be the next appearance; because the causes and degrees of retardation are different in the two journeys through space. Astronomers all over Europe have been for some time busy in making researches in this interesting branch of inquiry; and it may be said to be a matter of pride which country shall furnish the most correct prediction—in other words, which shall show itself most profoundly skilled in mathematics. England, Germany, the Netherlands, and France, are ardously competing. As yet, none can say which is to gain the prize. Meanwhile the London papers have been giving accounts of what certain astronomers are doing in this cometary struggle. One of the most instructive parts of the discussion is a letter in the 'Times' from Mr J. R. Hind, describing the results at which Bomme, a Netherland astronomer, has arrived; and this we abridge as follows, for the sake of extending a knowledge of the subject:—

'I have just,' says Mr Hind, 'received from M. Bomme of Middleburg a very complete memoir, which has been recently published by the Royal Institute of Sciences in the Netherlands. It is the result of a long and laborious series of calculations, performed on the most approved methods of modern mathematicians.

'In order to predict the time of reappearance of a comet moving in an elliptic orbit, with allowance for the attractions of the planets, it is necessary that we should know the precise time of revolution corresponding to some past epoch (as, for instance, the previous perihelion passage), or the period which the comet would require to perform its circuit round the sun, if all planetary disturbances were to cease from that moment. The comet in question was observed in 1264 and 1556, and the interval between the perihelion passages in those years amounted to 106,567 days, or 291½ years; but this tells as nothing with respect to the length of period corresponding to the ellipse described at the instant of perihelion either in 1264 and 1556, since it includes the united effects of planetary perturbations between those years. Therefore, before we can ascertain the epoch of the next return, we must calculate the amount of acceleration or retardation due to the disturbances between 1264 or 1556, which being applied to the above period, gives us the exact time of revolution of the comet at the moment of perihelion passage in the former year, and hence we ascertain the period in 1556. Having found this, we can calculate how much it would be increased or diminished by planetary attraction up to the present time, and thus determine the date of the next arrival at perihelion. This is essentially the method adopted by M. Bomme, and he has performed a great part of the computations in duplicate—first, with the elements of Halley, in 1556, found in all our catalogues of cometary orbits, and, again, with my final elements, published in the "Astronomische Nachrichten" of Professor Schumacher; the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Institute, the "Notices" of the Royal Astronomical Society, and elsewhere: this last set only came to M. Bomme's knowledge when he had nearly completed the first series of calculations, but, as he considered them more exact, he went through the greater part of the work again. With these elements, taking into account the attraction of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, between 1264 and the present time, and of Venus and the Earth in 1556, it is found that the length of the comet's revolution at the time of perihelion passage in 1264 was 110,644 days, or 302.922 years; and in 1556, 112,561 days, or 308.169 years; that the effects of perturbation will diminish this period 2166 days, and therefore the present revolution will occupy 110,395 days, or 302½ years, so that the comet will return again to its perihelion on the 2d of August 1858, and will then be moving in an ellipse of 112,785 days' period. With Halley's elements, the true time of revolution of the comet in 1556 was 112,943 days, and the perturbations should di-

minish the ensuing period about 1797 days, whence we find the next perihelion passage will occur on August 22, 1860.

'Thus M. Bomme concludes, that if the true elements of the orbit in 1556 were within the limits assigned by Halley's calculation and my own, the comet will appear again between 1858 and 1860. The main cause of this uncertainty is the difference between the two determinations of the position of the major axis, or line of "Apsides," in 1556. Halley fixes the perihelion in longitude 278° 50'; while I place it in longitude 274° 15', deviating 4° 35'. Having expended a good deal of time and trouble some years ago on the calculations for my orbit, I believe I may safely state that the utmost allowance that can be made for error in the position of the major axis does not exceed 4°, so that it is probable the time fixed for the return of the comet by my elements (August 2, 1858) must be within two years of the truth, and therefore we have but little chance of seeing it within six years from this time. At anyrate, the supposed delay in its reappearance is fully accounted for through the zeal and industry of M. Bomme, whose calculations as regards extent and intricacy may vie with those of Clairault and Rosenberger for Halley's comet.'

THE HOUSE FLY.

A fly on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing which troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction, most usually forwards, with its back like a bird; but on occasions backwards, with its back downwards, as when starting from the window, and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race-horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of the fly cutting through her third of the same distance in the same time! And what the speed of our steaming giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers—of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may ever follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight, as friendly offerings! But, however, with their game the flies themselves would be most in 'keeping' on the atmospheric line—a principal agent in their flight, as well as in that of other insects, being the air. This enters from the breathing organs of their bodies in the nerves and muscles of their wings, from which arrangement their velocity depends, not alone on muscular power, but also on the state of the atmosphere. How does the fly buzz? is another question more easily asked than answered. 'With its wings, to be sure!' hastily replies one of our readers. 'With its wings, as they vibrate upon the air,' responds another, with a smile half of contempt half of complacency at his own more common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying insects, cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partially to air, but to air as it plays on the 'edges of their wings at their origin, as with an *Æolian* harp string; or to the friction of some internal organ on the root of the wings' nervures. Lastly, how does the fly feed?—the busy, curious fly, that 'drinks with me,' but does not 'drink as I;' his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or suck, the narrow pipe by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk may seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer or sirup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing 'small by degrees' under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into sirup.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

A RIDE IN A HURRICANE THROUGH THE SUGAR-CANES.

As we rapidly traversed the thickest part of the forest, doubting, darkling, and dripping from every pore with rain and perspiration, the hurricane came on in all its devastating frenzy, sweeping with resistless fury through the forest,

and bending with tremendous force the tops of the tallest and toughest trees almost to the earth out of which they grew. The thunder, which in the meanwhile had been approaching, now burst in astounding peals directly over our heads, waking up all the echoes of the surrounding forest, scaring the terrified birds from their nests, which with bewildered flight fluttered athwart the clashing branches of the trees; whilst the other wild inmates of the wilderness, startled from their lairs and hidingplaces, were hurrying to and fro in terror and confusion. The profound obscurity that prevailed was at intervals of two or three minutes broken by the most vivid flashes of lightning, which illuminated, though but for an almost inappreciable space of time, every glade and bole of the forest, reddening distinctly visible by its livid and awful brilliancy the minutest objects. The dire concord, or rather discord, of sights and sounds that took place on these rapidly-fleeting occasions was of the most extraordinary, appalling, yet ludicrous description. The instant the lightning flashed and exposed to view the numberless monkeys squatted upon the trees; the owls, vampire-hats, and other obscene birds of night, perched upon the branches; the vipers twined round their trunks, or creeping about their roots; and the wild animals hurrying to and fro on the ground; at that instant a horrid assemblage of sounds, composed of the hideous gibberings and squeakings of the monkeys, accompanied by the most ludicrous grimaces and contortions, the hootings of the owls, the shrieks of the vampire-hats, the hissing of the serpents, and the cries and howlings of the other wild animals, burst upon the startled ear, and surpassed, in the horror and hideousness of its *ensemble*, all the discordancy and terror of sound imagined by poets of the most heated imagination in their descriptions of the monsters of this world or the demons of the other. This appalling combination of sounds and sights thus momentarily heard and seen by the blue and lurid glare of the lightning, and accompanied by the fierce bellowing of the thunder, gave a shock similar to that which the mind might be supposed to feel if the awful veil that hides the shadowy terrors of the other world had been drawn aside, and the approach to the eternal abodes of misery and pain disclosed for an instant to the horrified gaze of mortal vision.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A MARTYR'S VICTORY.

BY THE REV. JAMES OILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[When Alaric the Goth was defeated at Pollentia and Verona (A.D. 403) by Stilicho, the general of Honorius, and so driven for a time from Italy, the Romans celebrated that event with great rejoicing and magnificence. A triumphal procession and a conflict of wild beasts at once dazzled and gratified the multitude. The shows of gladiators were then for ever brought to an end by Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, whom the people stoned to death in the amphitheatre for attempting to separate the combatants. Honorius was thus reminded of his duty as a Christian emperor, and soon after put forth an edict forbidding all such exhibitions for the future.]

THE streets are thronged in mighty Rome,
The gleaming ensigns spread,
While warriors march in triumph home,
With firm and measured tread:
For, bowed at last, and forced to yield
On rough Pollentia's crimson field,
Stern Alaric has fled,
And left his ruthless Gothic powers
All crushed beneath Verona's towers.

Those who once quailed at that dire name
May now deride their foe,
And boast as if they shared the fame
Of glorious Stilicho—
Of him who felt no craven fears
Ere at the flash of northern spears,
And struck no feeble blow,
But matched, with trophies green and high,
The monuments of days gone by.

But when the clear Italian sun
Pours down its moonlike fire,
The trumpet speaks the games begun
Which idle crowds admire:
And soon, from barred and gloomy caves
Driven howling out by troops of slaves,
In grim and sullen ire,
Beasts, the wild brood of many a land,
Pace with loud rage the level sand.

Gatalla's lion, freshly brought
From scorched and desert plains,
And ravening tigers newly sought
On Parthia's waste domains;
Bears from the frozen Oder's mouth,
And panthers from the burning south,
Bred in old Nubian fane,
Make there a stern and ghastly fray
For tribes more savage far than they.

But hark! the trumpet's warning peal
Is sounding as before,
And bondsmen clear, with staff and steel,
The red arena's floor;
The fainting brutes are swept away—
This saved to bleed another day,
That weltering in its gore;
And men, of martial frame and race,
Take with slow step the vacant place.

Two, chosen from the warlike throng,
Begin a deadly strife:
One a gray swordsman, scarred and strong,
One in the bloom of life;
This nursed where snows on Hæmus shine,
That torn from hills beside the Rhine
From children, home, and wife;
And high-born matrons hold their breath,
All bent to see the work of death.

Their toll was fierce, but short; and now,
Plung bleeding in the dust,
The Thracian waits, with pale cold brow,
The last and mortal thrust;
When rushing forth, till then unseen,
A swarthy pilgrim leaps between,
Strong in a Christian's trust,
And drenched with blood, yet undismayed,
Stays with fixed grasp the uplifted blade.

A light smooth cross of cedar wood
The gentle stranger bore,
Long won in holy solitude
On Syria's palmy shore:
'Romans,' he said, 'for Him whose birth
Gave hopes divine of peace on earth,
Rise, and for evermore,
Servants of God in act and name,
Cast off these works of wrong and shame.'

He ceased; a scowl like noon's eclipse
Spreads fast from seat to seat,
And fourscore thousand hostile lips
Loud words of wrath repeat:
They rave and roar, as groves of pine
Waked on the Etrurian Apennine
When storms the tall crags bent,
Till, heaved and troubled furiously,
Breaks in one surge that living sea.

The German leaves his task undone,
The Thracian creeps aside,
The swordsmen flee like herds that shun
Vexed Arno's foaming tide;
But, as a pharos meets the shock
Of waves on some unsheltered rock
Where seas are deep and wide,
Telemachus looked up and trod
That post of danger true to God.

And when the stony tempest burst
On his defenceless head,
He stood unshrinking as at first,
As free from doubt or dread:
With aspect full of peace and love,
As if he came from worlds above,
And hands in prayer outspread,
He laid him down, nor breathed again,
Whelmed by that host of vengeful men.

Yet deem thou not the martyr died
Warring for right in vain;
His was the price for which he sighed,
And his the eternal gain:
Fierce Alaric shall yet return,
And Rome's fair dwellings blaze and burn,
Filled with red heaps of slain;
But scenes, where man must bleed for mirth,
Shall blast no more the ransomed earth.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

CHANGE IN MANNERS—THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND—A CHATEAU—
—THE CHATELAIN'S FETE—THE CURÉ—WALKS AND RIDES.

I RETURNED to England in November of the same year, in consequence of the serious indisposition of my mother, and did not revisit France until some years after, when M. de Vorinfort, as sous-prefect of Tourloville, occupied a larger house, lived in a more expensive style, and saw more company. Louis was made lord of all the lower regions; and a black cook, called Dubois, reigned in his stead in the kitchen, who, when sober, was certainly not to be excelled in his department: when he had exceeded, however, he could and would do nothing, and then Louis very composedly put on his white dress and nightcap, and unostentatiously sent up the dinner—an example to our Johns and Thomases at home. Even the stairs were now carpeted; Caroline sat no more in her bedroom *en déshabille*, for every day was receiving-day; and, in short, I found a greater change in the habits of all than in so short a time I could have thought possible. Ladies and gentlemen had separate bathing-places at Piedfort; there was a public promenade made at Tourloville; two restaurateurs set up in competition, and served you with ice for nothing; opposition baths contested for your custom, and you could enjoy that luxury and clean linen besides for the small sum of 7½d. Ewers and basins had displaced the cream-jugs and pie-dishes which had hitherto been thought sufficient for bedroom ablutions; small carpets in cold weather were creeping in gradually; a trottoir of asphalt was formed in the Cour du Roi; the shops were modernised; and the streets, at least many of them, better paved. They were still ill-lighted, however; the drainage no better than formerly; and the contrast to England great in-doors and out. Noise still prevailed everywhere: sabots clattered, doors clashed, chairs sounded on the uneven and naked floors, and the clapping of the women beating their linen at the fountain was ever and anon heard above the clack of their coarse voices. The screams of the numerous parrots, who, like their mistresses, lived in the streets, one sitting in a cage, and the other in a tub; the lumbering of the unwieldy carts, and the unnecessary vociferations and execrations of their drivers, swelled the din.

The time I arrived on my second visit was the month of June, when they were preparing the *repasoirs* to celebrate the Fête Dieu. What refined taste did these poor people display in the arches and altars they formed with flowers, and whatever articles of value they could beg or borrow from their richer neighbours!—all the streets were swept clean, and strewn with rose leaves and broom; all the houses hung out bits of tapestry, or carpet, or sheets looped up with bunches of flowers;

everything or person was, as they expressed it, '*propreté*' for the occasion; and as the procession passed, the priests chanting, and the curé blessing the kneeling crowd,* I had no inclination to deride what so many felt to be solemn. But the prettiest part of the display was the little children with wings, or lambs, and innocent faces personating angels and St Johns; while the mothers ran alongside, weeping with delight to see their darlings looking like what they supposed and hoped they would eventually be in a better world. Their elder brothers and sisters, who had lately taken their first communion, walked in order—the latter in white, and veiled, and looking as demure as the meek sisters who attended them.

A little later came the Fair of St Victor, and that was a sight to me quite as pleasing in a different way: no quarrelling, no drunkenness or fighting was there. It was held partly in a large apple orchard, partly on a sloping grassy bank, dotted with large trees and patches of brushwood, and commanding a view as extensive as lovely. The peasantry, in their bright colours and picturesque costumes—the white tents—the bands of music—the clear ringing laugh of young girls and children as they danced on the green, dressing themselves fantastically up with wild flowers, or swinging on the branches, all was like a page in an old poem. All the higher classes in the town and neighbourhood attended, and none, I am sure, saw anything in the rustic mirth around that could disgust a heart not closed to natural feelings by vanity and false refinement. Grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, children and grandchildren, were all there together—happy in the happiness of each other, and content with brown bread and water.

The French are a light-hearted people, ever open to mirth, and ready to forget that sorrow which, when it first falls on them, they seem totally unable to control, as the following little anecdote will show:—A cobbler, who called himself a shoemaker, and occasionally worked in the latter capacity, had a strikingly pretty wife: her lovely face, gentle voice, and perfect, though small and delicate figure, attracted my attention, and as they lived near us, I often stopped to speak to her. He, a short,

* This curé was a very fat man, remarkably so. Those who are old-fashioned enough to read, or are old enough to have read, 'The World,' 'The Idler,' and those bygone periodicals, may remember in one paper the story of a fat Mr Muggy, who was so lethargic, that while talking, walking, eating, and on one occasion while fighting a duel, he fell asleep. I always thought this absurd and overdrawn until I knew M. Vardont, the curé of St Victor's at Tourloville, whom I have seen fall asleep in the pulpit. He was particularly abstemious, eating meat only upon Sundays, and never, any day, breaking his fast till two o'clock; when, and once again before bed-time, he partook of a very slight refreshment. He looked blown up, was very pale, and much, and died at forty-two: it was disease.

broad, red-haired, coarse man, was apparently very fond of her, and all the world allowed that she was virtuous, and the couple perfectly happy: her mother lived with them as servant, an arrangement not unfrequent in Normandy, and the three were a united family. At last the wife became ill, faded gradually away, and died before her husband was aware that her case was hopeless. His despair, I heard, was frightful to witness; so much so, that they had to watch lest he should destroy himself. I went to see him about a week or perhaps ten days after her death.

'Ah, Mademoiselle Dora,' cried he, sobbing piteously, 'you knew my wife—my little wife—my pretty wife—my gentle, good, pretty Perette; but you did not, you could not know how I loved her. I loved her—ah!—so much—ah, oh, oh!—that—that I keep—ah, ah, agh!—I keep her mother still with me—oh!—and I will keep her for Perette's dear sake till—ah!—till—oh!—till—agh, ah, agh!—till—I get another!' Six weeks after he did get another, a great, stout, bold-looking dame; 'who could do her own work,' he said, 'and a far finer woman than poor Perette!' I confess I heard with satisfaction that shortly after she led him a sad life, and that her strength and activity did not make amends for her want of temper.

Among the gayest people at Tourloville was Madame de Fauconnière, whose daughter, married to the Baron de Bois Favort, usually spent four or five months at the Château de Bois Favort; a seat situated six miles nearer the sea than Tourloville, and although in the actual possession of the old General de Bois Favort, so certain to descend to his nephew, that the latter had already laid out a great deal of money upon its improvement. Until it was really his, however, he would not build, but was contented with what remained of the ancient château—an old, black, high tower—the farm-offices, and a lately-added long, low cottage, in which were a good dining-room, and a drawing-room large enough to contain library, billiard-table, musical instruments, and every piece of furniture conducive to comfort. Store-rooms and garrets where the servants slept were above; the family occupying the tower, where, half-hidden under ground, was the large, dark, curious dungeon-like kitchen. Madame de Bois Favort was a most accomplished woman—played, sung, drew like an artist—spoke Italian, English, German, and a little Spanish—and was well read in her own country's literature. Although eminently handsome, and universally admired, she always quitted Paris without regret—nay, rejoiced when the time came for going to Bois Favort, where she could dress carelessly, and do as she pleased—walking, riding on pony-back, visiting the cottages, feasting on the old-fashioned dishes of her childhood—such as *Pois tirés*, *Pois de Prud'homme*, *Crevettes à la Normande*; and all this till her husband, who annually paid a visit to his mother near Nice, joined her after a time, and then more ceremony was necessary.

I wish I had power to describe the long and lovely drive by which I first approached this beautiful place; the slopes, thick underneath with brushwood, and crowned with large high trees; the green meadows; the cherry orchards; the apple-trees, in full blow, lining the narrow lanes; the old-fashioned black and white farm-houses, formed of wood and clay, peeping out from among the fruit-trees under which the cows grazed; the little gardens full of roses, especially large cabbage yellow roses, so perfect this year, that you had to inspect them closely before you could convince yourself that they were real, not artificial; the numerous beehives; the little patches of grass and grain (for here no vineyards marred the view)—all in union—formed a scene of peace and prosperous rustic life which the memory loves to linger on, while the distant sight of the Seine here and there gave life to a coup d'œil which, otherwise without water, might have been what a keen old Scotch lady described a similar prospect in England to be, in answer to an Englishman

who asked her if it was not a 'sweet scene'—'Oo ay, vairy sweet; dead sweet!' The voice of birds, however, was wanting here, as well as in every other part of France I have resided in; the little bird-pies, delicious as I thought them, would, I think, have ceased to gratify my palate, had I known at the time I was feasting that robins, bullfinches, linnets, and all the sweet woodland tribe I had loved and listened to from a child were there entombed. The scene, however, was lovely; and when the black tower of Bois Favort loomed in the distance, backed by the forest of Bois Favort, it only added a kind of grandeur to what before was perhaps too soft. It had been of considerable extent in former times, but at the present day, all that remained habitable was one tall tower, and the farm-offices, which last had been fully kept up and added to, to fit them for the future building which is to restore Bois Favort to its pristine splendour, and for which all the family were then laying by money. This fine old fortress was situated in what had been a park, as one or two gigantic trees and an old cedar, larger than the largest at Fountains Abbey, attested. It was now, however, laid out in a large garden—kitchen and flower garden united—full of healthy young shrubs, and fruit-trees, peas, beans, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, to say nothing of cabbages and turnips.

The garden at Bois Favort contained a profusion of these common légumes, but they were almost hidden from sight by the art with which espaliers and treeroses were placed between the beds where they grew and the broad gravel-walks, that were kept as neat as those of an Oxford college garden. Indeed from one point of view I used to fancy the old tower and offices, screened by the fine trees, in all the luxuriance of the fresh June foliage, very like some peeps at Oxford—a town I never visited without wishing myself a fellow. There was no want of beautiful plants and shrubs—lilacs, laburnums, hawthorns, acacias; or of rare exotics or large orange-trees—oleonches, and myrtles in pots. Decayed leaves, withered branches, or weeds, were never seen; and every vegetable was removed before it could possibly become offensive. A pretty but very tiny brook fed a fishpond or small lake, on which danced a gay little pinnace; and alleys of peach-trees led to a bowling-green, so well drained, and yet so shaded, that it was never either burnt up or damp. Lime-trees, cut so as to form an arcade, fenced it round, whilst behind them rose others which shot up as nature bade them, all alive with bees, wild and hived, and butterflies of every hue. Every turn brought you to something new—a strawberry bank, a fig-tree grove, a green arbour, or a vine-trellis, loaded in its season with purple grapes, the largest I ever saw out of a hothouse.

At the farm-office there were the same neatness and order: everything in repair and in its place; and the poultry of all kinds, horses, cows, and even pigs, looked as if they were washed with soap and water twice a week at least so exquisitely clean were their plumage and skins. Gardeners and labourers all wore white night-caps and clean blue blouses, and the female assistants high caps, and red short-waisted cotton gowns, tucked up to show the striped petticoat underneath. All were fat, rosy, and cheerful in their appearance, respectfully familiar in their manners. They seemed really to serve their masters from love.

Lest this unusual picture of a French château may be supposed drawn from imagination, I beg to assure the reader that it is circumstantially true; but Bois Favort, so far as my experience goes, certainly stands alone. The first time I saw it was at a ceremonious dinner. High-sounding were the names of the guests, various and well-cooked the viands. Instead of the repast being placed on the table, as is the custom in small parties, a dish and its accompaniments at a time, or, as in larger parties, entirely on the sideboard, from whence it is carried round, while the table itself is covered with flowers, ornaments, and the dessert—all was put down at once, which afforded a specimen of French manners I might

otherwise have never met with. Happening to choose a *côtelette* with mushroom sauce, the Marquis de la Tarellerie, near whom the dish was placed, after smiling in a most gracefully-insinuating manner, to intimate how gladly he obliged me, with his lordly finger and thumb placed the nicest upon the plate which was held by the servant. No one looked surprised. No wonder the French of all classes use napkins; for excepting the most refined, everybody fingers what a well-trained footman with us would use his fork to. The enormous quantity these good people devoured was incredible: ladies as well as gentlemen tasted of everything, all the time looking so graceful, dressed with such charming simplicity, and talking so—in short, as Frenchwomen only can talk: a talk that is perfect as far as it goes, though it does not go far we confess.

After dinner, we agreed to return to the garden, and come back late for our coffee. There we found all the workmen of the place ready to assist in the various kinds of amusement—rowing, swinging, bowling, duck-hunting on the lake, cow-milking, and carp-feeding. One carp ate out of my fingers—a personage known to have gone by the name of the Old Carp a hundred and nine years ago. Not only did the peasants dance, but we danced with them. One little man, Petit André, a *tailleur d'arbres*, took leaps that would have won admiration from Vestris himself; and seeing the astonishment he excited, he exerted himself so much, that we were apprehensive he would break a blood-vessel. His face was peculiarly plain; the way he grinned when he shot up most amusing; and when a very handsome young lady complimented him upon his agility, it seemed to me as if his India-rubber mouth, the ends of which retreated out of sight, must have met behind. This was conspicuously the case when the said dame presented him with a five-franc piece as a reward, she said, for being so charmingly ugly. After this *bal à fresco*, a pretty little girl came forward to recite some *complets*, composed by her father upon the occasion of Madame de Bois Favort's fête—that is, not the anniversary of the day she was born, but that on which she was made a Christian, and named after one of the numerous saints in the calendar; for *that* saint's day is the fête celebrated after the manner we keep our birthdays. Then the others came forward without hesitation or shamefacedness. Most of them made a speech in prose or verse, and all offered their bouquets with a grace our honest English labourers could never attain. Lastly, we the guests presented our bouquets; as these little offerings are termed, which may be a bouquet or a brooch, a piece of music, a book, or what you please. One urchin presented a small sucking-pig, which caused great laughter, as he could not get it to remain silent during his speech; and the more sly pinches he punished it with, the louder it squeaked. When it came to the turn of the gentlemen to speechify, I could not help asking myself if an Englishman could ever bring himself to utter such fulsome flattery without blushing, or, indeed, if it could enter his head to frame such compliments as I then heard. I think not; for plain-spoken John Bull, even upon the occasion he feels most and does most, says least.

Afterwards, I passed a fortnight at Bois Favort, a happy, peaceful time, engraven for ever as a green spot in memory's waste. Our rides through the forest upon forest ponies, and saddles that might have been made in the days of the namesake of my pot-bellied Bucephalus, Henri Quatre—our visits to the lone cottages and their simple inhabitants, who, till then, I thought had only lived in the pages of romance—our mornings under the fresh boughs, surrounded by forest flowers—our reading aloud while others worked or sketched—our musical evenings afterwards—on a rainy day, our striking up at five minutes' notice a blazing wood fire, and drawing ourselves close to it as cozily as in winter—our visits to the farmhouses—our church-goings even—the whole is so unlike anything else I ever saw before or since, that sometimes I think I

must have dreamt it all. When M. de Bois Favort arrived and brought a friend with him, our dress and dinners were more *recherchées*, our walks directed to less wild scenes, our rides performed on horses of education and refinement—all very pleasant, but wanting the poetry of my happy, happy fortnight with Aménède de Bois Favort alone. Upon Sundays and saints' days we attended the little old church, and this was always a lovely summer scene. The situation was a little elevated, and from it you could observe the venerable old people and healthy young ones streaming through every wood, across every meadow, along every lane, to the house of God, to which they were summoned by the tinkle, tinkle, of its little bell. There was not much of the 'pomp and circumstance' of architecture there, and the interior was as unpretending as its gray, moss-grown outside, although ornamented, as well as the simple worshippers who attended could afford, by loads of flowers and many a quaint picture and misshapen saint; while the doll which represented the Virgin Mary was attired in what the worthy *comères* no doubt thought very fine, but which anywhere else would have been ludicrous. All was very clean, very well ventilated, and had a fresh perfume from the flowers, which were everywhere in profusion, that was delightful; and the remembrance of which, with the broken voice and benevolent face of its aged priest, answered by the silver tones of the little choristers, often comes back to me, and invariably brings calm and Christian thoughts and feelings. The good man's sermons were suited to the understandings of his audience, but he was, I believe, a very learned man, and in happier times might have been selected to fill a more exalted position; but as it is, the church is kept down, and has nothing to give, so he lived on at Bois Favort contentedly from youth to age, and in noway regretted the state of life to which it had pleased God to call him; on the contrary, he expressed himself grateful for being placed where he had no temptation to *pride*, that besetting sin of all the human race. I took my own prayer-book, and regularly read my own prayers, but attended with pleasure to the sermon, from which I always derived instruction. After mass, Madame de Bois Favort invited the Abbé de Belcostel to dine with her, so he directed the whole of the young ones to come to the château, and show the Protestant lady how well they knew their catechism. There was one little fellow, of eight years old, with a face like a full moon, and a figure like a Bacchus on a barrel, bearing the very appropriate name of Jean Beuze (or Buse *bussard*, as I persisted in calling it), who was pointed out to me as the most perfect in his answers, so I called him, and found that as far as words went, he could reply without hesitation, and so rapidly, that I could scarcely follow him.

'But, mon cher petit perroquet, do you understand all that you repeat so glibly?'

'No, madame; I don't enter the understanding-class till next year.'

The curé solved the problem: as soon as all the words were thoroughly committed to memory, they then recommenced operations, and had every sentence fully explained to them; and Jerome Beuze, who had reached the mature age of eleven, was forthwith commanded to explain, which, according to Roman Catholic ideas, he did very clearly, the first twelve pages. The little class then read a portion of the story of Joseph and his brethren, and the elder ones the 5th chapter of St Matthew's gospel, after which the curé blessed them. Madame la Baronne rewarded them with apples and raisins, and they departed laughing, dancing, and singing. It was a pretty sight; and although they evidently looked up to Monsieur le Curé with great respect, they were quite as much at their ease with the benevolent old man as with a father. My friend Jean Beuze served mass, as it is called, and amazed me much by the delight his rosy countenance manifested when it was his turn to ring the little bell during the ceremony,

evidently agitating it twice as much as there was any occasion for, and stopping at last with a look of reluctance.

We did not always walk or ride in slouch bonnets; we sometimes made calls, and drove *bien chassées et bien gâtées* to several *maisons de campagne*, for I can scarcely call them *châteaux*: they all appeared to me comfortless and half-furnished, the grounds round the house in sad disorder, the servants half-taught, and the inhabitants themselves with a sort of not-at-home look about them that proved how much against the grain is living in the country to the French. They can spend a day there with pleasure, and talk sentimentality about woods and waters, fields and flowers; but to make the country their *home*, take pleasure in country pursuits, and surround themselves at the same time with refined comforts and intellectual amusements, or even with schools, soup-kitchens, &c. for their poor dependents, as many otherwise commonplace country ladies do with us, is, so far as I know, only understood in England, where home feelings and pursuits are cultivated by all. I greatly enjoyed those drives through this lovely country, and the sweet little pictures we often unexpectedly came upon. Here it was a rude image of the Virgin inscribed, 'Etoile du matin priez pour nous,' placed in the hollow of an aged oak, with peasants laden with sticks from the forest, kneeling before it: there a Calvaire, and a mother teaching her infant child its prayers on the steps that led to it. Sometimes, peeping through the leaves, you descried a small gray chapel almost in ruins, telling of days gone by when piety was more common with those rich enough to rear such edifices, lowly though they be, than it is now; and often an image of St Hubert near a sparkling spring-well, holding an inscription which invited *Messieurs les Chasseurs* (that is, shooters of wrens and robins, as well as nobler game) to quench their thirst with the cool pure water, and thank that God who makes 'rivers run in dry places.'

I really found it difficult sometimes to believe I was living in the go-ahead nineteenth century; but all poetry disappeared when we came near a *maison de campagne*, the property of some M. Duval, or Dubois, or Fouché, who always added its name to his own, and very often sunk his own in that of his *propriété*, were it even no larger than a tablecloth. One gentleman, who had no land, ridiculed his neighbour's pretension; and when a retired tobacconist left a card for him as *Monsieur Duval de Rocher*, because he had purchased a *biocroûte* perched upon a rock, returned his own, printed M. Satis de Sans Terre. Simplicity and poetry fled at the sight of a *paratonnerre*, which is always attached to a country-house: there things were backward enough, it is true, but not in an agreeable way, and a most unpleasant revulsion of feeling always ensued when I saw one. At one very good substantial house, the monsieur showed us how clever he was in turning the chimney-place of the dining-room into a meat-safe, where hung—I saw it with these eyes—a leg of mutton, two fowls, and a piece of veal. Another remarked apropos of a new stove for the same apartment, how pleasant it was to heat a *pâté*, or even dress a dish, at the same time that you warmed your room. Almost everywhere, either in the dining-parlour or the ante-room, you saw a *fontaine en toile*—a basin and towel—in order that the gentlemen guests might wash their hands before dinner, if so disposed. There never seemed any one to take care of our horses or donkeys, or answer the door, which was usually wide open; it being expected that you would find your own way to the kitchen, which is always near it, and make inquiries as to madame's being visible or not; and I have really seen this in houses where there was no excuse for such careless habits, and where there was neatness enough in the gardens and shrubberies to lead you to look for different customs.

One grand *château* we visited when the family unfortunately was absent; but we walked about the grounds,

which were truly magnificent. Long alleys of limes and elms, diverging like rays from a centre, closely clipped half-way up, and the rest left to nature, had a very fine effect, and must have involved a great deal of expense; for every grass-plot was smoothed, and the flower-beds well attended to; statues were there in profusion, obelisks, pieces of made-water rock-work, &c.; and the branches were as thick as a hedge, and as evenly cut. I asked to see the house, and it was a very fine one, containing curious and beautiful things, many of which had been there for several centuries. The kitchen was immense; there were three hundred copper saucepans and lids hanging up against the walls, all as bright as gold; but the cheerful English fireplace, so bright and tidy, was wanting; and in spite of the handsome carving, fine mirrors, and pieces of furniture, and even one or two good paintings, there was the want of an air of home comfort, which I never discovered our show-places to have, till I compared them with this, and one or two other fine houses I have seen on the continent. I was very sorry the De M——s were absent on a visit. Had they been at home, I should have been able perhaps to form a more correct judgment. The stairs, halls, and corridors, were entirely without carpets or stoves; but as it was summer, both may have been only temporarily so; and the enormous fortune of the D. de M—— makes it probable that such necessary cold-weather comforts would not be denied, even *à la campagne*.

The *Château de la Tarellerie* was also a fine place, and had fine capabilities; but there was even there a want of order and comfort, and a make-shift appearance about many things, which I never observed at an English nobleman's residence. We dined there twice; the dinner and style of reception were faultless, and the house was like a colony. The mother of the marquis had her apartments, a married son his, an unmarried son his also; and all these lived constantly with the *Tarelleries* in Paris as in the country; as did likewise an old, deaf, cross aunt, who had been a beauty, and had never married, her *fiancé* (whom, however, she had only once seen) having been beheaded in the grand Revolution. A married daughter and her husband were on a visit, and *Mademoiselle de la Tarellerie la jeune*, to distinguish her from her aunt, was to accompany them in a journey to England, and upon her return, to become the wife of the Baron Palamede de Caux, without relinquishing her home; as her *present* portion was a privilege to remain there with her husband. Instead of maiden ladies living, as with us, in a small lodging in a village, or young people taking up house for themselves, it is common in France for them all to have apartments in the *château* or *hôtel* of the head of the family—an explanation of the immense size of the *hôtels* of Paris, which are, in fact, neither more nor less than family lodging-houses. The amenity of the manners abroad renders such a plan less dangerous to domestic peace than it would prove with us, who have a greater love for independence than for society.

THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

A ROYAL whose name has long been familiar with the public, died on the 7th ult. at Bremhill, in the county of Wilts, where he had passed the larger part of his life.

Upon the northern coast of Somersetshire, on a part of the shore which trends round to the west, so as to form a bay open in that direction, a promontory called Brea Down juts into the Severn Sea. In an angle formed by the promontory of Brea, on the west side of the river Axe, stands the village of Uphill. An abrupt eminence rises on one side of this village, and upon its summit is the small parish church. Uphill village beneath is well sheltered by trees on one side; upon the other the hill rises, bare of foliage, but covered with fine turf. The opposite side of the same hill is bounded

by precipitous rocks which extend to the sea. The parsonage, deservedly admired, lies in the valley, and is surrounded by a flourishing plantation, made by the Rev. William Thomas Bowles, the father of the poet, who was the rector of Uphill and Brean prior to 1786. This parsonage is said to have been the birthplace of the poet who has just expired, and who, according to report, had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-nine.

The church may be further noticed, because it was a favourite spot with the poet, commanding a view of a very extensive character; in fact a noble panoramic circuit, including a most interesting combination of land and ocean. It is small, and has a low tower, white-washed, in order to serve as a more conspicuous landmark for vessels. There are some ancient tumuli near the churchyard, which must have added to the associations engendered in the mind of the young poet, locally attached to a spot of no common attraction by the ties of early recollection.

The family of William Lisle Bowles had been eminently clerical. His grandfather, Dr Bowles, was the vicar of Brackly, in Northamptonshire, and his father, as stated, had been rector of Uphill and Brean. The family was originally of Wiltshire stock, and is reported to be of ancient standing in that county. The mother of the poet was Bridget Grey, one of the three daughters of Dr Grey, the author of 'Memoria Technica,' a 'System of Mnemonics,' a 'System of Ecclesiastical Law,' and several other works. Mrs Bowles presented her husband with seven children, of whom the subject of the present notice was the eldest. The name of Lisle was bestowed upon him because it was borne by the old Everley family in Wiltshire, into which family Dr Bowles, the poet's grandfather, had married—a family now, it is believed, extinct.

The poet was placed at Winchester School in 1776. In 1780 he was senior boy, a place he could not have attained without great diligence in study. He was afterwards entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the brother of the master of Winchester School, Dr Thomas Warton, happened to be tutor and fellow. Here young Bowles wrote a Latin poem on the siege of Gibraltar, which obtained the chancellor's prize, and was publicly recited in the university. In 1792 he took his degree as master of arts, but soon after quitted Oxford, in consequence of his father's death, and taking orders, accepted a curacy in Wiltshire. Five years afterwards, he married Miss Wake, daughter of a prebendary of Westminster of that name, and was soon afterwards presented by Lord Somers with the living of Dumbleton, in Gloucestershire, of the value of £360. In 1803 he was made a prebendary of Salisbury cathedral, and in 1805 was presented by Archbishop Moore with the living of Bremhill, near Chappenharn, in Wiltshire. Here he resided until the time of his decease, performing the functions of a parish priest, attentive to the duties of his station, and highly respected as a zealous minister, and a pleasing and accomplished writer.

In the life of such an individual it is not possible that there should be any stirring incident to attract attention; and we have therefore only to consider the biography of the writer in his works.

Bowles did not make his appearance before the public as a poet until three years after Rogers had published his first poems, and five years after the sonnets of Charlotte Smith had attracted so much of the public attention; namely, in 1789. The commendations which his *Fourteen Sonnets* received were well merited. Their

author was twenty-eight years of age—in this respect resembling Rogers, that the earlier productions of both were not the offspring of any remarkable precocity, but rather of the care and study bestowed on their labours by accomplished men of mature years. It is worthy of remark, too, that both poets arrived at a far advanced age, while others—Thomas Campbell, for example—who astonished the world by precocious writings, on arriving at the age at which Bowles and Rogers began to attract public attention, seem to have exhausted their powers, and fallen into premature bodily decay. The sonnets of Bowles are perhaps, of all his works, the most poetical and pleasing. They had the merit of commanding unqualified praise from the best judges of the day in which they appeared. Coleridge spoke highly of the excellent disposition of Bowles, who was his senior by nearly a dozen years. He was justly of opinion that no models of ancient times have the same vivid effect upon the mind as the works of cotemporary genius. He made more than forty transcriptions of the sonnets for others when he was only seventeen; and he ascribed his deliverance from destruction by his study of metaphysics to the effect the sonnets of Bowles produced upon his mind—by 'a style so manly, so natural, real, and yet so harmonious and dignified.' It sounds strangely to us who survive, that a poet who expired only a week or two ago, should have been but a little later in date before the public than Cowper with his 'Task.' They were the only two poets who had as yet combined natural thoughts with natural diction among the writers of that time, for the 'Pleasures of Memory' appeared subsequently. Bowles' sonnets have the merit of greater nature, and less of the artificial mode or mannerism of the day in which they appeared, than those of Charlotte Smith, although the latter is greatly before all preceding writers in this respect. It was the moment when the poetry of the century was shaking off the shackles imposed by the schools upon truth and nature. The four first sonnets are upon localities in the northern counties; the fifth is 'To Evening'—a fair specimen of the manner and feeling that pervade them all:—

'Evening! as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentle blush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and furthest hill
And wood—I think of those that have no friend;
Who now, perhaps by melancholy led
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure faunts—
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen, and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind—
Nor hear the lonely moans of misery!
Ah, beautiful views! that hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!'

In the same year in which the sonnets were published, the 'Verses to Howard, on account of his description of prisons,' were published, inscribed to Dr Warton. These are harmonious and elegant; but there is too much of the personification of the virtues or qualities, 'ghostly quiet,' 'full-furnished agony,' 'pale affection,' 'dark despondence,' and 'hollow-eyed despair.' There is also much alliteration, but the feeling is good and amiable. Another poetical effusion which followed this was entitled 'The Grave of Howard.' It is marked by the mild, equable spirit of its author, but wants force and pathos. The 'Verses on the Philanthropic Society' are superior to those on Howard, but afford a similar picture of a mind wedded to the charitable and endearing virtues rather than to the enthusiastic or energetic. There is none of the severely-faithful portraiture of Crabbe in the descriptions of Bowles. He is more inclined to accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind, than to content himself with painting nature in the nakedness of social deformity. His sonnets went through five editions in eight years—a remarkable proof of their captivating effect, notwithstanding that Charlotte Smith's had passed through four edi-

tions in two years. There is a marked difference between these writers, so as to show, on the most cursory view, that the sonnets of Bowles are more in unison with the canons of poetry established since that time.

'Hope,' an allegorical sketch, is a very pleasing poem in imitation of Collins; but his 'Song on the Battle of the Nile' was a failure, almost as great as Southey's attempts at the celebration of public triumphs. Scenes of peace are best described by those who enjoy them, and who have mingled little on the world's great stage, nor witnessed the din of arms and shock of battles. The mind of Bowles was imbued with the love of tranquil nature—with the peaceful, kind, and beneficent. His verse never soars high: its flight is even. He pleases, but nowhere astonishes. Hence some of his shorter pieces best display his mental tendencies. All was kindness and philanthropy. The unfortunate girl, the ill-used chimney-sweeper, the gipsy, the unpitied mendicant, the unhappy of every age and of all time, seem to have had his deepest sympathy. How should such a writer, who would rather have wept with those that wept, than rejoiced with the happiest—how should he sing becomingly of war and strife, of gory fields, and the exhibition of the passions that make demons of mankind?

Bowles seems to have had a great friendship for Rogers; and he, too, it would appear, is destined to survive almost all the sons of the muses who for the last three-fourths of a century have adorned his country. Is he destined to depart the last of his kind—*ultimus suorum moriturus*? Bowles inscribed to Rogers his 'Melodies of Remembrance.' How full of kindly feeling were his lines to the memory of Byron—how different from the rancour expressed by Southey when the great poet was beyond the region of earth, when there was no fear of the clay-cold hand lifting the pen in reply! It is refreshing to turn to the lines of Bowles, so kind, so Christian:—

'I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died;
Still less Child Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride;
But I will bid the Arcadian cyprus wave,
And pluck the laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave.'

The 'Villagers' Verse Book' consisted of a series of short poems, intended to be got by heart by poor children at Bremhill. The object was to describe in the smallest compass everything connected with the most obvious images in country life, and to inculcate in simple language early feelings of humanity and piety. These pieces all bore simple and familiar titles, and were not calculated to be learned as a task, so much as by the attraction of their easy, simple flow of language and familiar manner.

The 'Spirit of Discovery by Sea,' first published in 1804, was the poem with which the author seemed to have taken most pains. It was nearly recomposed after it was in the printer's hands on the return of the proofs, and, as sometimes happens under such circumstances, the lines in many places were not improved. There is something sharp about the first effort or intention of the pen, which care will not improve in insulated passages, although in the aggregate the labour bestowed is always effective. This poem wants interest with the generality of readers, especially with those who are roused only by novelty, and stimulated to admiration only by extravagance of fancy. The subject, it may be objected, is too historical for poetry, and in this sense there may be some ground for impugning the poet's choice. But he is very dull-souled indeed who does not derive great pleasure from the beautiful passages and charming touches of description which sparkle through the poem. These will be readily appreciated by all who feel an interest in natural scenes, in descriptions of ocean and shore, of daring keels, and of 'cities of the sea' now no more.

The next important poem of Bowles is 'The Missionary,' inscribed to a nobleman whose seat is near Bremhill, and at whose magnificent mansion the feeling of Meccenas towards literary talent seems inherited. The Marquis of Lansdowne, equally the friend of Bowles and Moore, who both resided at no great distance from Bowood, has to lament the loss of the social qualities of both—the former stricken by the hand of death, and the last in a state of health which gives little promise of restoration. The 'Missionary' is a pleasing poem, but it has little to interest; and its allusions to modern scenes and times are somewhat out of place. The 'Grave of the Last Saxon' is likewise a pleasing poem—the subject purely imaginary. In 'Banwell Hill, a Lay of the Severn Sea,' we have a species of polemical dissertation with reflections on the moral and religious state of parishes generally, past and present, which are better subjects for prose than poetry.

But Bowles not only exhibited himself as a poet: he became a disputant, and that not always on the successful side. It was natural that he should defend public schools and their ancient system of discipline and fagging; for he had upheld the principle in his poetry that the barbarism of the darker times of Europe, when joust and tournament settled the question of right and wrong, when trial by battle was the law of the land, and chivalry, as it was called, sustained itself in full glory—he had upheld that this was the foundation of all that was excellent in the present time. An attack he made upon Brougham and the 'Edinburgh Review' for censuring the system of education in the old grammar schools was not very happy. He relied too much upon existing prejudices, because they were those of the day in which he lived, and in which his fathers had lived before him.

Bowles, having in 1807 published a new edition of the works of Pope, in which he hazarded his reputation as an editor by some severe remarks upon the poetry and morals of that poet, became involved in a controversy which drew into its vortex a number of very distinguished personages among the literati. Campbell began the combat by some remarks upon the low scale in which Bowles seemed inclined to place the poetry of that distinguished writer, belonging to what was called the 'Augustan age of England.' Bowles rejoined, but Campbell kept out of the future part of the contest, which has been thus described with curious brevity:—'Bowles wrote a book upon Pope. Campbell abused Bowles' book upon Pope—Bowles wrote an answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book upon Pope—Byron wrote a letter to some people in Albemarle Street in answer to Bowles' answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book upon Pope. Jeremy Bentham wrote upon the subject. Bowles wrote an answer, not to Jeremy Bentham, but to Byron, in reply to his letter to certain persons in Albemarle Street in answer to Bowles' answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book upon Pope.'

The contest which Bowles thus caused related to what were styled by him the 'invariable principles' of poetry. If these, as thus laid down, were admitted, Pope must be degraded from the position he has so long maintained. The interest attached to the question was considerable. None but those denominated the 'Lake School of poets' could have stood their ground in public estimation. Moore took the best view of the matter, and said that neither side was right. The 'principles,' so called, of Bowles were not new: they had been long before canvassed in Italy and Germany. Bowles was too unqualified in the rules he laid down in his criticism on Pope. His argument was, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature are more poetical than those drawn from art; that the passions of the human heart, as belonging to nature in general, are of themselves more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those resulting from transient manners. This is reasonable enough to be admitted even by the party which Campbell led; but unfortunately Bowles pushed

his 'principles of poetry' too far. He gave, in effect, no weight to the skill and power displayed in working up the materials; but said that the presence of the mere images was to determine the merits of the poet. According to him, therefore, the *Venus de Medicis* could not be natural, being a statue composed of the most perfect portions of the female form—too perfect to exist in any one natural being; and because not existing in nature, they could not be poetical. Byron, Bowles, Bentham, Campbell, Roscoe, and Gilchrist, were involved in this controversy, which will constitute a portion of literary history. The contest began in 1818-19.

Bowles conducted himself in this dispute with great temper; but that was not the case at a later period, when Roscoe of Liverpool again touched upon the subject. Bowles, so mild and gentlemanly, then attacked the philosopher of Liverpool with an acrimony that showed he had for a moment forgotten his natural character; especially as Roscoe was, like himself, a man of the most amiable temper, and of the gentlest manners.

The rank of Bowles as a poet is not of the higher order. He is seldom found much above the line of mediocrity; his verses are the production of a virtuous and reflective mind, deeply imbued with sensibility, little excited by passion, and susceptible of good rather than lofty emotions. The 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' are not to be found in his verses. He is tender, but rarely or never impassioned. His path is in the sunbeam or the cloudless moonlight—regular, calm, contemplative. Ever sedate, he has no skill in humorous sallies; he never plays with his subject; he never startles, but he almost always pleases. He enlists the social affections of the reader, and engages on his side the kindlier feelings of the heart; he is ever natural, often graceful, accurate in his descriptions of country scenery and objects, without being tedious; he never falls into silliness in search of simplicity, but is always manly; he deals for the most part in realities; but sometimes, though not very successfully, he has recourse to supernatural machinery, which, in these days of matter of fact, is dangerous ground.

The poet was fond of gardening and planting, for which he possessed much taste; he greatly improved the grounds of his rectory. In all the relations of life he was blameless; his attention to the doctrines of his church and to his clerical duties was unremitting. He rather professed what are called high than low church tenets, and had a particular antipathy to dissenters of all classes, except the Moravians, who won his regard by the mildness and inoffensiveness of their conduct. He was a great reader of controversial divinity, and perhaps went too far into that unprofitable labyrinth—that 'confusatory' of dead labours.

The poet was in the commission of the peace for the county of Wilts, and always exhibited a most assiduous attention to his magisterial duties. He once nobly braved the censure of the rustic bench in the cause of justice and humanity, by openly remonstrating against a sentence of unparalleled severity, which had been passed upon a female by one of his brother magistrates for a trifling theft. The conduct of Bowles on this occasion met the full approbation of Lord Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, as well as of numbers who had never beheld the poet in their lives, and were never destined to do so.

It was a custom with Bowles to pay an annual visit to the metropolis, in order not to drop behind in his intercourse with the great tide of existences, or the knowledge that is continually receiving fresh accessions in so vast a community. He used to observe that he never went back afterwards without some enlargement of mind, some increase of knowledge; but, above all, not without a double zest for those pleasures which he alone who is acquainted with and truly loves a country life knows how to appreciate. Conscientious in all things, he felt that in his brief annual absences he

might be the cause of some omission in his parochial duties, and he never failed to examine scrupulously into all such possibilities upon his return, believing that his calling was only a trust for others. In the same kind spirit in which he lived, he expired.

AGRICULTURAL ENTERPRISE IN SWEDEN.

THE account, in our number for March 9, of the temptations held out to British enterprise and capital in agricultural enterprise in the island of Gothland, has brought us a number of inquiries for further information. To prevent as much as possible the necessity for such applications, we have now to announce that in the part of the Journal for May, we shall print upon the cover as much additional intelligence as we can obtain, probably including a report from an intelligent East Lothian farmer, who, in consequence of our remarks of March 9, has gone to make personal examination of the lands offered in Gothland. These, it will be understood, are gratuitous services towards both the parties offering lands and the British farmers who may desire to know more about this new field of emigration. We profess of course no profound skill or insight as to the eligibility of Gothland; but all who know us will, we trust, believe that we have no object of our own to serve in calling attention to it.

We have meanwhile to bring before our readers some notices of a remarkable effort towards agricultural improvement which has been for three or four years in progress in Scania, the southern district of continental Sweden. This is a lowland district, of the latitude of southern Scotland and the north of England, lying very conveniently for intercourse with Denmark and Hamburg, and within three days' sail of Hull by steamers. In former times, when forming part of the kingdom of Denmark, it was a fertile, highly-cultivated province; but after being, in 1658, attached to Sweden, it became almost depopulated, and was allowed to fall into a state of nature, mainly because of the ascendancy which the mining and timber interests have hitherto had over those of agriculture in the Swedish legislature. It is to be hoped that better principles are now about to prevail in that country. Meanwhile the general appearance of Scania, after passing across a very narrow belt around the coast, is that of a country blessed by God, but ruined by the bad economical arrangements of man. The way is often nothing more than a wagon-track over wide uncultivated fields covered with brushwood, heath plants, and those huge granite blocks which, according to geological speculation, the moving ice of ancient times brought in vast quantities from the north, and deposited here. The thinly-scattered hamlets, consisting of miserable farm-houses, are surrounded with some acres of corn-land, beyond which all is waste, or fit to serve only for pasture.

In 1845, Count Reventlow, son of the eminent Danish statesman who effected such important agricultural reforms in his own country sixty years ago, and brother of the present Danish ambassador in England, bought an estate of 11,500 acres in the midst of this wilderness, fully thirty miles from the nearest seaport. We must here quote from our informant, a Danish gentleman residing in England:—'The soil must generally be described as good, the subsoil being clay, in some parts mixed with gravel, and in a few parts sandy; but agriculture was, at the time of the purchase, in the very lowest state. What the father as legislator did for a whole kingdom, the son as landlord has done for his new property. In only two hamlets on the estate the

tenants had their own arable land around their home, all possessing in common some pasture-land more than one Swedish mile* distant from the hamlets. In a third hamlet nearly the same arrangement had recently been made, so as to give each tenant his separate arable-land around the farmhouse, some separate meadow-land for haymaking in another distant locality, and all the tenants a common field for pasturage. All the rest of the peasant-lands, forming the greater part of the estate, was held by the tenants in community, so that around each hamlet a small field was fenced in and cultivated by the inhabitants in common, each tenant reaping as his part the produce of perhaps from twelve to sixteen different and distant bits of land, each bit often only a few yards broad. Broad tracks led from the hamlets to the common pasturage fields, which were used not only by the tenants of this estate, but of those of several neighbouring estates likewise, so that these commons or heaths extended over several square miles, uninhabited, and looking like a part of a wild country. In those deserts the cattle were turned out; only the milking cows were attended to, kept together, and in the evening brought home by the cow-herds of the several hamlets. Horses and oxen were sent for only now and then, chiefly when they were required to bring the timber from the woods to the seacoast, the plough being used but sparingly. It was often very difficult to find the animals in those widespread tracts, where they wandered about under the oaks and beeches, or were hidden in the brushwood of alders, junipers, and other shrubs. It often occurred that a peasant, having for some days sought in vain for his beast in the vicinity of the hamlets, put a bag with a week's provisions on his back, and set out into the wilderness to search for the missing animal, which sometimes was found alive, but as often dead, having ventured into some unknown bog or moor. All the land cultivated by the tenants for their own use in 1845 did not amount to more than 1250 acres, and the three manors had 470 acres under the plough.

As the tenants, in this wretched state of things, could do little besides raising a scanty subsistence for themselves, the estate was productive of very little to the landlord; indeed the rent consisted solely in a small amount of occasional labour. The chief revenue was derived from the woods, which, after all, were used in a way the reverse of economical. The moral state of the district was also wretched, there being scarcely such a thing as regular education, while all old customs and superstitions were religiously clung to. It appeared from old maps that not the least change had taken place in the disposition of the fields since the beginning of the last century. But it is not to be wondered at, says our authority, that no improvement had taken place in that interval, 'as each tenant in a hamlet (partner of the hamlet corporation) was bound to sow and reap, whether the soil or the corn were fit or not, on the day fixed in the hamlet-law, or by the majority of the corporation. This might prove inconvenient, and seem unjustifiable; but such had been the use and custom of their fathers, and their grandfathers, and the fathers of their grandfathers, and those, they said, "were old and wise people, who had experience, and knew how it ought to be." The clothing and food of the people were most miserable. When they, in the summer, were cultivating the fields or the manors, they often stayed there the whole week, from Monday morning till Saturday evening, passing the nights in the barns, and bringing with them their scanty provisions of bread, cheese, and milk, which were replenished only once during the week; nevertheless, they worked heartily, and with cheerfulness. Their tools were in accordance with the rest, and their horses only ponies: better ones have since been introduced from Denmark.'

In taking possession of the estate, the problem which the new proprietor might be said to have before him

was, how to raise the revenue in proportion to the purchase-money. The first reform introduced was to give leases for life to the tenants of those two hamlets in which each farmhouse was surrounded by its own land, stipulating for a certain yearly rent in money; and to give similar leases, but only for five years, to the tenants of the third hamlet, where the land to some extent was appropriated to single farmers, but in a way which could not be allowed to continue. With a view to educating them for their future destination as farmers, all the other peasants were obliged to agree to do a certain amount of labour in the fields of the manors, and to pay some inconsiderable rent in money.

Meanwhile, during the first summer, the difficult and delicate task was performed of making out from old documents, and fixing by surveyors, the boundaries, first, of the whole estate, and second, of the lands belonging to the several hamlets and manors. The tracts of woodland most fit for real forest culture were at the same time marked out, to be preserved in as regular and compact figures as possible. Finally, the single allotments were marked out to the single tenants of the hamlets, so that each farmer got his own land in one compact piece, in size adapted generally to his skill and means. This was for the most part done by dividing the land of each hamlet into a number of allotments equal to the old number of tenants and farmhouses in the hamlet; but new farms were also formed out of the land, and used only as pasturage, or not used at all. It then became necessary to remove many buildings, to build new ones, and to place others on the waste fields. Many settlers, several from Denmark, were called in, as the allotments generally were small, most of them about fifty acres, but many smaller, and some of not more than six acres.

On the large uncultivated fields, which were sure to become parts of the manorial lands, a commencement had been made in this summer by draining, clearing away trees, shrubs, and roots, and rolling together in a heap, or carrying away, the large blocks of granite scattered over the surface. The whole of these preparatory labours could not be completed in the first summer; but the scheme nevertheless was fully planned out, a great deal of land divided into regular allotments, and contracts concluded, generally for fifteen years, partly with the old tenants, partly with new settlers. The yearly rents, that were to be paid in money, were lowered for the first years, in proportion to the quality of the soil, and to the improvements and breaking of new land stipulated for in the contracts: in some cases the first years were to be free of rent. It was not before the spring of 1846 that the whole might be said to have been arranged in the way described above. But at that time a number of the farmers, who had in this manner risen from labourers or servants, holding their places only at the will of the proprietor, to become farmers, holding their lands for a longer series of years, made a still further progress, by buying their farms, the greater portion of the purchase-money to be retained under mortgage for a fixed period, unless the buyer chose to pay the whole earlier.

With the arrival of this second spring, 1846, an activity and life began, so different from the past, that people believed themselves surrounded by quite another population. Trees and shrubs were cleared away; stones and granite-blocks were blasted, dug up, and removed. The stones were then used for the farm-buildings, and in greater quantities for fences, which for miles and miles were erected around the fields and the forests. The forests were for the future to be regularly attended to, no grazing being allowed in them. Buildings were pulled down in one place to be rebuilt in another; and new ones were constructed. And when, in the fine summer evenings, the sound of hammers and axes became silent, the evening bell of the only church having announced the time for rest and prayer, the air was in all directions seen filled with smoke from the numberless heaps of green turf and roots grubbed up, collected, and set

* About seven English miles.

on fire; the ashes to be spread over the surface as a nutriment for the corn to be sown.

'The results of this activity have been most delightful. Where before nothing met the eye but moors and bogs, the desolate resorts of pewees and snipes, or monotonous fields covered with shrubs and stones, in such multitudes that one might leap from one to another, there the smiling corn-field now yields its rich produce to the cultivator, whose heart is filled with mixed feelings of self-satisfaction and thankfulness. Whole landscapes, enlivened by neat country-houses, have made their appearance.

'The following statistical data will give some idea of the progress made in the first five years of this great undertaking:—On ground hitherto uninhabited, 120 larger and smaller houses or homes have been erected; amongst these two schools, each for 100 children, and each provided with a master trained and examined at one of the public training seminaries. The population has increased 17 per cent., without taking into account the multitude of labourers, who, from the neighbouring districts, are called in at certain periods. Three manors now cultivate more than 1800 acres instead of 470. The revenue in the present year is 70 per cent. higher than that of 1845, and next year it will be 100 per cent., and in 1856 not less than 150 per cent., higher. In this account the revenue of the two of the three manors, which are cultivated by the proprietor himself, is not included, nor that of the woods; but merely the rents and duties, stipulated for in the leases and purchase-deeds.'

These results are the more remarkable, that the Holstein war has considerably enhanced the value of capital in Denmark, raising money to 6 per cent., besides absorbing no inconsiderable portion of the energy of the nation. Such difficulties, however, are of little force in cases of this kind, when the true key to industrial exertion has been found. The enlightened proprietor set out with the design of giving the people a genuine interest in the results of their own industry. With that principle working in behalf of his plan, all has been comparatively easy. He has now the certain prospect of seeing in a few years a beautiful and lucrative estate, where formerly there was only a wilderness. Can we doubt that, by similar means, similar changes could be effected not merely in other parts of Sweden, but in certain equally hapless parts of our own empire?

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE WIDOW.

IN the winter of 1833 I was hurriedly, and, as I at the time could not help thinking, precipitately despatched to Guernsey, one of the largest of the islands which dot the British Channel, in quest of a gentleman of, till then, high character on the Stock Exchange, who, it was alleged, had absconded with a very large sum of money intrusted to him for investment by a baronet of considerable influence in official quarters. From certain circumstances, it was surmised that Guernsey would be his first hiding-place, and I was obliged to post all the way to Weymouth in order to save the Queen's Packet, which left that place on the Saturday evening, or night rather, with the Channel-Island mails. Mr — had gone, it was conjectured, by way of Southampton. My search, promptly and zealously as I was aided by the Guernsey authorities, proving vain, I determined on going on to Jersey, when a letter arrived by post informing me that the person of whom I was in pursuit had either not intended to defraud his client, or that his heart had failed him at the threshold of crime. A few hours after I had left London he had reappeared, it seems, in his counting-house, after having a few minutes previously effected the investment of the money in accordance with his client's instructions, and was now,

through his attorney, threatening the accuser and all his aiders and abettors with the agreeable processes that in England usually follow sharply at the heels of such rash and hasty proceedings.

My mission over, I proposed to retrace my steps immediately; but unfortunately found myself detained in the island for nearly a week by the hurricane-weather which suddenly set in, rendering it impossible for the mail or other steam-packets to cross the Channel during its continuance. Time limped slowly and heavily away; and frequently, in my impatience to be gone, I walked down to the bleak pier, and strained my eyes in the direction in which the steamer from Jersey should appear. Almost every time I did so I encountered two persons, who, I could see, were even more impatient to be gone than myself, and probably, I thought, with much more reason. They were a widow lady, not certainly more than thirty years of age, and her son, a fine curly-haired boy, about eight or nine years old, whose natural light-heartedness appeared to be checked, subdued, by the deep grief and sadness which trembled in his mother's fine expressive eyes, and shrouded her pale but handsome face. He held her by the hand; often clasping it with both his tiny ones, and looking up to her as she turned despondingly away from the vacant roadstead and raging waters, with a half-frightened half-wondering expression of anxious love, which would frequently cause his mother to bend down, and hurriedly strive to kiss away the sorrowful alarm depicted in the child's face. These two beings strangely interested me; chiefly perhaps because, in my compelled idleness, I had little else except the obstinate and angry weather to engage my attention or occupy my thoughts. There was an unmistakable air of 'better days' about the widow—a grace of manner which her somewhat faded and unseasonable raiment rendered but the more striking and apparent. Her countenance, one perceived at the first glance, was of remarkable comeliness; and upon one occasion that I had an opportunity of observing it, I was satisfied that, under happier influences than now appeared to overshadow her, those pale interesting features would light up into beauty as brilliant as it was refined and intellectual.

This introduces another walking mystery, which, for want of something better to do, I was conjuring out of my fellow-watchers on the pier. He was a stoutish, strongly-set man of forty years of age, perhaps scarcely so much, showily dressed in new glossy clothes; French-varnished boots, thin-soled enough, winter as it was, for a drawing-room; hat of the latest *gent* fashion; a variegated satin cravat, fastened by two enormous-headed gold pins, connected with a chain; and a heavy gold chain fastened from his watch waistcoat-pocket over his neck. The complexion of his face was a cadaverous white, liberally sprinkled and relieved with gin and brandy blossoms, whilst the coarseness of his not overly-clean hands was with singular taste set off and displayed by some half-dozen glittering rings. I felt a growing conviction, especially on noticing a sudden change in the usual cunning, impudent, leering expression of his eyes, as he caught me looking at him with some earnestness, that I had somewhere had the honour of a previous introduction to him. That he had not been, lately at all events, used to such resplendent habiliments as he now sported, was abundantly evident from his numerous smirking self-surveys as he strutted jauntily along, and frequent stoppings before shops that, having mirrors in their windows, afforded a more complete view of his charming person.

This creature I was convinced was in some way or other connected, or at anyrate acquainted, with the young and graceful widow. He was constantly dogging her steps; and I noticed with surprise, and some little irritation, that his vulgar bow was faintly returned by the lady as they passed each other; and that her recognition of him, slight and distant as it was, was not unfrequently accompanied by a blush, whether arising from a pleasurable emotion or the reverse I could not for some time determine. There is a mystery about blushea, I was, and am quite aware, not easily penetrable, more especially about those of widows. I was soon enlightened upon that point. One day, when she happened to be standing alone on the pier—her little boy was gazing through a telescope I had borrowed of the landlord of the hotel where I lodged—he approached, and before she was well aware of his intention, took her hand, uttering at the same time, it seemed, some words of compliment. It was then I observed her features literally flash with a vividness of expression which revealed a beauty I had not before imagined she possessed. The fellow absolutely recoiled before the concentrated scorn which flushed her pale features, and the indignant gesture with which she withdrew her hand from the contamination of his touch. As he turned confusedly and hastily away, his eyes encountered mine, and he muttered some unintelligible sentences, during which the widow and her son left the spot.

'The lady,' said I, as soon as she was out of hearing, 'seems in a cold, bitter humour this morning; not unlike the weather.'

'Yes, Mr Wat—— I beg pardon, Mr What's-your-name, I would say?'

'Waters, as I perceive you know quite well. My recollection of you is not so distinct. I have no remembrance of the fashionable clothes and brilliant jewellery, none whatever; but the remarkable countenance I have seen.'

'I daresay you have, Waters,' he replied, reassuming his insolent, swaggering air. 'I practise at the Old Bailey; and I have several times seen you there, not, as now, in the masquerade of a gentleman, but with a number on your collar.'

I was silly enough to feel annoyed for a moment at the fellow's stupid sarcasm, and turned angrily away.

'There, don't fly into a passion,' continued he with an exulting chuckle. 'I have no wish to be ill friends with so smart a hand as you are. What do you say to a glass or two of wine, if only to keep this confounded wind out of our stomachs? It's cheap enough here.'

I hesitated a few seconds, and then said, 'I have no great objection; but first, whom have I the honour of addressing?'

'Mr Gates. William Gates, Esquire, attorney-at-law.'

'Gates! Not the Gates, I hope, in the late Bryant affair?'

'Well—yes; but allow me to say, Waters, that the observations of the judge on that matter, and the consequent proceedings, were quite unjustifiable; and I was strongly advised to petition the House on the subject; but I forbore, perhaps unwisely.'

'From consideration chiefly, I daresay, for the age and infirmities of his lordship, and his numerous family.'

'Come, come,' rejoined Gates with a laugh; 'don't poke fun in that way. The truth is, I get on quite as

well without as with the certificate. I transact business now for Mr Everard Preston: you understand?'

'Perfectly. I now remember where I have seen you. But how is it your dress has become so suddenly changed? A few weeks ago, it was nothing like so magnificent?'

'True, my dear boy, true: quite right. I saw you observed that. First-rate, isn't it? Every article genuine. Bond and Regent Street, I assure you,' he added, scanning himself complacently over. I nodded approval, and he went on—'You see I have had a windfall; a piece of remarkable luck; and so I thought I would escape out of the dingy, smoky village, and air myself for a few days in the Channel.'

'A delightful time of the year for such a purpose truly. Rather say you came to improve your acquaintance with the lady yonder, who, I daresay, will not prove ultimately inflexible?'

'Perhaps you are right—a little at least you may be, about the edges. But here we are; what do you take—port?'

'That as soon as anything else.'

Mr Gates was, as he said, constitutionally thirsty, and although it was still early in the day, drank with great relish and industry. As he grew flushed and rosy, and I therefore imagined communicative, I said, 'Well, now, tell me who and what is that lady?'

The reply was a significant compound gesture, comprising a wink of his left eye and the tap of a forefinger upon the right side of his nose. I waited, but the pantomimic action remained uninterpreted by words.

'Not rich apparently?'

'Poor as Job.'

'An imprudent marriage probably?'

'Guess again, and I'll take odds you'll guess wrong; but suppose, as variety is charming, we change the subject. What is your opinion now of the prospects of the ministry?'

I saw it was useless attempting to extract any information from so cushioning a rascal; and hastily excusing myself, I rose, and abruptly took my leave, more and more puzzled to account for the evident connection, in some way or other, of so fair and elegant a woman with a low attorney, struck off the rolls for fraudulent misconduct, and now acting in the name of a person scarcely less disreputable than himself. On emerging from the tavern, I found that the wind had not only sensibly abated, but had become more favourable to the packet's leaving Jersey, and that early the next morning we might reasonably hope to embark for Weymouth. It turned out as we anticipated. The same boat which took me off to the roads conveyed also the widow—Mrs Grey, I saw by the cards on her modest luggage—and her son. Gates followed a few minutes afterwards, and we were soon on our stormy voyage homewards.

The passage was a very rough, unpleasant one, and I saw little of the passengers in whom, in spite of myself, as it were, I continued to feel so strong an interest, till the steamer was moored alongside the Weymouth quay, and we stood together for a brief space, awaiting the scrutiny and questionings of the officers of the customs. I bowed adieu as I stepped from the paddle-box to the shore, and thought, with something of a feeling of regret, that in all probability I should never see either of them again. I was mistaken, for on arriving early the next morning to take possession of the outside place booked for me by the coach to London through Southampton, I found Mrs Grey and her son already seated on the roof. Gates came hurriedly a few minutes afterwards, and enconced himself snugly inside. The day was bitterly cold, and the widow and her somewhat delicate-looking boy were but poorly clad for such inclement weather. The coachman and myself, however, contrived to force some rough, stout cloaks upon their acceptance, which sufficed pretty well during the day; but as night came on rainy and tempestuous, as well as dark and bleak, I felt that they must be in some way or other got inside,

where Gates was the only passenger. Yet so distant, so frigidly courteous was Mrs. Grey, that I was at a loss how to manage it. Gates, I saw, was enjoying himself hugely to his own satisfaction. At every stage he swallowed a large glass of brandy and water, and I observed that he cast more and more audaciously-triumphant glances towards Mrs. Grey. Once her eye, though studiously I thought averted from him, caught his, and a deep blush, in which fear, timidity, and aversion seemed strangely mingled, swept over her face. What could it mean? It was, however, useless to worry myself further with profitless conjectures, and I descended from the roof to hold a private parley with the coachman. A reasonable bargain was soon struck: he went to Mrs. Grey and proposed to her, as there was plenty of room to spare, that she and her son should ride inside.

'It will make no difference in the fare,' he added, 'and it's bitter cold out here for a lady.'

'Thank you,' replied the widow after a few moments' hesitation; 'we shall do very well here.'

I guessed the cause of her refusal, and hastened to add, 'You had better, I think, accept the coachman's proposal: the night-weather will be dreadful, and even I, a man, must take refuge inside.' She looked at me with a sort of grateful curiosity, and then accepted, with many thanks, the coachman's offer.

When we alighted at the Regent Circus, London, I looked anxiously but vainly round for some one in attendance to receive and greet the widow and her son. She did not seem to expect any one, but stood gazing vacantly, yet sadly, at the noisy, glaring, hurrying scene around her, her child's hand clasped in hers with an unconsciously tightening grasp, whilst her luggage was removed from the roof of the coach. Gates stood near, as if in expectation that his services must now, however unwillingly, be accepted by Mrs. Grey. I approached her, and said somewhat hurriedly, 'If, as I apprehend, madam, you are a stranger in London, and consequently in need of temporary lodgings, you will, I think, do well to apply to the person whose address I have written on this card. It is close by. He knows me, and on your mentioning my name, will treat you with every consideration. I am a police-officer; here is my address; and any assistance in my power shall, in any case,' and I glanced at Gates, 'be freely rendered to you.' I then hastened off, and my wife an hour afterwards was even more anxious and interested for the mysterious widow and her son than myself.

About six weeks had glided away, and the remembrance of my fellow-passengers from Guernsey was rapidly fading into indistinctness, when a visit from Roberts, to whose lodgings I had recommended Mrs. Grey, brought them once more painfully before me. That the widow was poor I was not surprised to hear; but that a person so utterly destitute of resources and friends, as she appeared from Roberts' account to be, should have sought the huge wilderness of London, seemed marvellous. Her few trinkets, and nearly all her scanty wardrobe, Roberts more than suspected were at the pawnbroker's. The rent of the lodgings had not been paid for the last month, and he believed that for some time past they had not had a sufficiency of food, and were now in a state of literal starvation! Still, she was cold and distant as ever, complained not, though daily becoming paler, thinner, weaker.

'Does Gates the attorney visit her?' I asked.

'No—she would not see him, but letters from him are almost daily received.'

Roberts, who was a widower, wished my wife to see her: he was seriously apprehensive of some tragical result; and this, apart from considerations of humanity, could not be permitted for his own sake to occur in his house. I acquiesced; and Emily hurriedly equipped herself, and set off with Roberts to Sherrard Street, Haymarket.

On arriving at home, Roberts, to his own and my wife's astonishment, found Gates there in a state of exuberant satisfaction. He was waiting to pay any

claim Roberts had upon Mrs. Grey, to whom, the ex-attorney exultingly announced, he was to be married on the following Thursday! Roberts, scarcely believing his ears, hastened up to the first floor, to ascertain if Mrs. Grey had really given authority to Gates to act for her. He tapped at the door, and a faint voice bidding him enter, he saw at once what had happened. Mrs. Grey, pale as marble, her eyes flashing with almost insane excitement, was standing by a table, upon which a large tray had been placed covered with soups, jellies, and other delicacies, evidently just brought in from a tavern, eagerly watching her son partake of the first food he had tasted for two whole days! Roberts saw clearly how it was, and stammering a foolish excuse of having tapped at the wrong door, hastened away. She had at last determined to sacrifice herself to save her child's life! Emily, as she related what she had seen and heard, wept with passionate grief, and I was scarcely less excited: the union of Mrs. Grey with such a man seemed like the profanation of a pure and holy shrine. Then Gates was, spite of his windfall, as he called it, essentially a needy man! Besides—and this was the impenetrable mystery of the affair—what inducement, what motive could induce a mercenary wretch like Gates to unite himself in marriage with poverty—with destitution? The notion of his being influenced by sentiment of any kind was, I felt, absurd. The more I reflected on the matter, the more convinced I became that there was some villainous scheme in process of accomplishment by Gates, and I determined to make at least one resolute effort to arrive at a solution of the perplexing riddle. The next day, having a few hours to spare, the thought struck me that I would call on Mrs. Grey myself. I accordingly proceeded towards her residence, and in Coventry Street happened to meet Jackson, a brother officer, who, I was aware from a few inquiries I had previously made, knew something of Gates's past history and present position. After circumstantially relating the whole matter, I asked him if he could possibly guess what the fellow's object could be in contracting such a marriage?

'Object!' replied Jackson; 'why, money of course: what else? He has by some means become aware that the lady is entitled to property, and he is scheming to get possession of it as her husband.'

'My own conviction! Yet the difficulty of getting at any proof seems insurmountable.'

'Just so. And, by the way, Gates is certainly in high feather just now, however acquired. Not only himself, but Rivers his cad, clerk he calls himself, has cast his old greasy skin, and appears quite spruce and shining. And—now I remember—what did you say was the lady's name?'

'Grey.'

'Grey! Ah, then I suppose it can have nothing to do with it! It was a person of the name of Welton or Skelton that called on us a month or two ago about Gates.'

'What was the nature of the communication?'

'I can hardly tell you: the charge was so loosely made, and hurriedly withdrawn. Skelton—yes, it was Skelton—he resides in pretty good style at Knightsbridge—called and said that Gates had stolen a cheque or draft for five hundred pounds, and other articles sent through him to some house in the city, of which I think he said the principal was dead. He was advised to apply through a solicitor to a magistrate, and went away, we supposed, for that purpose; but about three hours afterwards he returned, and in a hurried, flurried sort of way said he had been mistaken, and that he withdrew every charge he had made against Mr. Gates.'

'Very odd.'

'Yes; but I don't see how it can be in any way connected with this Mrs. Grey's affairs. Still, do you think it would be of any use to sound Rivers?—I know the fellow well, and where I should be pretty sure to find him this evening.'

It was arranged he should do so, and I proceeded on

to Sherrard Street. Mrs Grey was alone in the front apartment of the ground-floor, and received me with much politeness. She had, I saw, been weeping; her eyes were swollen and bloodshot; and she was deadly pale; but I looked in vain for any indication of that utter desolation which a woman like her, condemned to such a sacrifice, might naturally be supposed to feel. I felt greatly embarrassed as to how to begin; but at length I plunged boldly into the matter; assured her she was cruelly deceived by Gates, who was in no condition to provide for her and her son in even tolerable comfort; and that I was convinced he had no other than a mercenary and detestable motive in seeking marriage with her. Mrs Grey heard me in so totally unmoved a manner, and the feeling that I was really meddling with things that did not at all concern me, grew upon me so rapidly, as I spoke to that unanswering countenance, that by the time I had finished my eloquent harangue, I was in a perfect fever of embarrassment and confusion, and very heartily wished myself out of the place. To my further bewilderment, Mrs Grey, when I had quite concluded, informed me—in consideration, she said, of the courtesies I had shown her when we were fellow-travellers—that she was perfectly aware Mr Gates' motive in marrying her was purely a mercenary one; and her own in consenting to the union, except as regarded her son, was, she admitted, scarcely better. She added—riddle upon riddles!—that she knew also that Mr Gates was very poor—inolvent, she understood. I rose mechanically to my feet, with a confused notion swimming in my head that both of us at all events could not be in our right senses. This feeling must have been visible upon my face; for Mrs Grey added with a half-smile, 'You cannot reconcile these apparent contradictions; be patient; you will perfectly comprehend them before long. But as I wish not to stand too low in your estimation, I must tell you that Mr Gates is to subscribe a written agreement that we separate the instant the ceremony has been performed. But for that undertaking, I would have suffered any extremity, death itself, rather than have consented to marry him!'

Still confused, stunned, as it were, by what I had heard, my hand was on the handle of the door to let myself out, when a thought arose in my mind: 'Is it possible, Mrs Grey,' I said, 'that you can have been deceived into a belief that such a promise, however formally set down, is of the slightest legal value?—that the law recognises, or would enforce, an instrument to render nugatory the solemn obligation you will, after signing it, make, "to love, honour, obey, and cherish your husband?"' I had found the right chord at last. Mrs Grey, as I spoke, became deadly pale; and had she not caught at one of the heavy chairs, she would have been unable to support herself.

'Do I understand you to say,' she faintly and brokenly gasped, 'that such an agreement as I have indicated, duly sealed and witnessed, could not be summarily enforced by a magistrate?'

'Certainly it could not, my dear madam, and well Gates knows it to be so; and I am greatly mistaken in the man, if, once the irrevocable ceremony over, he would not be the first to deride your credulity.'

'If that be so,' exclaimed the unfortunate lady with passionate despair, 'I am indeed ruined—lost! Oh my darling boy, would that you and I were sleeping in your father's quiet grave!'

'Say not so,' I exclaimed with emotion, for I was afflicted by her distress. 'Honour me with your confidence, and all may yet be well.'

After much intreaty, she despairingly complied. The substance of her story, which was broken by frequent outbreaks of grief and lamentation, was as follows:—She was the only child of a London merchant—Mr Walton we will call him—who had lived beyond his means, and failed ruinously to an immense amount. His spirits and health were broken by this event, which he survived only a few months. It happened that about

the time of the bankruptcy she had become acquainted with Mr John Grey, the only son of an eminent East India merchant, but a man of penurious disposition and habits.

'Mr Ezekiel Grey?'

The same. They became attached to each other, deeply so; and knowing that to solicit the elder Grey's consent to their union would be tantamount to a sentence of immediate separation and estrangement, they unwisely, thoughtlessly, married, about ten months after Mr Walton's death, without the elder Grey's knowledge. Gates, an attorney, then in apparently fair circumstances, with whom young Mr Grey had become acquainted, and Anne Crawford, Maria Walton's servant, were the witnesses of the ceremony, which, after due publication of banns, was celebrated in St Giles's Church. The young couple, after the marriage, lived in the strictest privacy, the wife meagrely supported by the pocket-money allowance of Mr Ezekiel Grey to his son. Thus painfully elapsed nine years of life, when, about twelve months previous to the present time, Mr Grey determined to send his son to Bombay, in order to the arrangement of some complicated claims on a house of agency there. It was decided that, during her husband's absence, Mrs John Grey should reside in Guernsey, partly with a view to economy, and partly for the change of air, which it was said their son required—Mr Gates to be the medium through which money and letters were to reach the wife. Mr Ezekiel Grey died somewhat suddenly about four months after his son's departure from England, and Mrs Grey had been in momentary expectation of the arrival of her husband, when Gates came to Guernsey, and announced his death at Bombay, just as he was preparing for the voyage to England! The manner of Gates was strange and insolent; and he plainly intimated that without his assistance both herself and child would be beggars; and that assistance he audaciously declared he would only afford at the price of marriage! Mrs Grey, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a husband by whom she had been as constantly as tenderly beloved, and dizzy with ill-defined apprehension, started at once for London. A copy of the will of Mr Ezekiel Grey had been procured, by which in effect he devised all his estate, real and personal, to his son; but in the event of Mr John Grey dying unmarried, or without lawful issue, it went to his wife's nephew, Mr Skelton—

'Skelton of Knightsbridge?'

Yes: in case of Mr John Grey marrying, Skelton was to be paid an immediate legacy of five thousand pounds. So far, then, as fortune went, the widow and her son seemed amply provided for. So Mrs Grey thought till she had another interview with Gates, who unblushingly told her that unless she consented to marry him, he would not prove, though he had abundant means of doing so, that the person she had married at St Giles's Church was the son of Ezekiel Grey, the eminent merchant! 'The name,' said the scoundrel, 'will not help you; there are plenty of John Greys on that register; and as for Anne Crawford, she has been long since dead.' Mrs Grey next called on Mr Skelton, and was turned out of the house as an impostor; and finally, having parted with everything upon which she could raise money, and Gates reiterating his offer, or demand rather, accompanied by the proposal of an immediate separation, she had consented.

'Courage, madam!' I exclaimed at the end of her narrative, of which the above is the substance, and I spoke in a tone of joyous confidence, which, more than my words, reassured her: 'I already see glimpses of daylight through this maze of villany. Gates has played a desperate game certainly, but one which we shall, you may rely on it, easily baffle.' A knock at the door interrupted me: I peered through the blind, and saw that it was Gates: 'Silence—secrecy!' I emphatically urged in a low voice, and with my finger on my lip, and left the room before the street-door could be answered; and by my friend Roberts' contrivance, I was in a few

minutes afterwards in the street, all the time unobserved by the intruder.

The next day early Jackson called on me. He had seen Rivers, but he seemed to know nothing, except, indeed, that it was quite true Gates had received a five-hundred pound draft from a house in India, which he, Rivers, had got notes for at the Bank of England. There were also in the same parcel a gold watch, he knew, and some jewellery, but from whom it all came, he, Rivers, was ignorant. Nothing but that had Jackson been able to discover.

'Call you that nothing?' said I, starting up, and hastily swallowing my last cup of coffee. 'It is enough, at all events, to transport William Gates, Esquire!'

I had to wait that morning on especial business on the commissioner's; and after the business upon which I had been summoned had been despatched, I related the case of Grey *versus* Gates as clearly and succinctly as I could. He listened with great attention, and in about a quarter of an hour I left him with as clear and unmistakable a path before me as it was possible to desire. I was passing down the stairs when I was re-summoned.

'You quite understand, Waters, that Skelton is not for a moment to be lost sight of till his deposition has been taken?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'That will do then.'

Arrived at home, I despatched my wife in a cab for Mrs Grey. She soon arrived, and as much as was necessary of our plan I confided to her. Mr Gates had pressed her earnestly that the ceremony should take place on the following morning. By my directions she now wrote, although her trembling fingers made an almost unintelligible scrawl of it, that as it was to be, she agreed to his proposition, and should expect him at nine o'clock.

Two hours afterwards, Jackson and I, having previously watched the gentleman home, knocked at Mr Skelton's house, Knightsbridge, and requested to see him. At the very moment, he came out of a side-room, and was proceeding up stairs.

'Mr Skelton,' said I, stepping forward, 'I must have a private interview with you!' He was in an instant as pale as a corpse, and shaking like an aspen—such miserable cowards does an evil conscience make men—and totteringly led the way, without speaking, to a small library.

'You know me, Mr Skelton, and doubtless guess the meaning of my errand?'

He stammered out a denial, which his trembling accents and a shy countenance emphatically denied.

'You and Gates of the Minorities are engaged in a felonious conspiracy to deprive Mrs Grey and her infant son of their property and inheritance!'

Had he been struck by a cannon-shot, he could not have fallen more suddenly and helplessly upon the couch close to which he was standing.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'what is this?'

Perceiving he was quite sufficiently frightened, I said, 'There is no wish on Mrs Grey's part to treat you harshly, so that you aid us in convicting Gates. For this purpose, you must at once give the numbers of the notes Gates obtained for the cheque, and also the letter in which the agent at Bombay announced its transmission through Gates.'

'Yes—yes!' he stammered, rising, and going to a secrétaire. 'There is the letter.'

I glanced over it. 'I am glad to find,' I said, 'that you did not know by this letter that the money and other articles here enumerated had been sent by the dying husband to his wife through Gates.'

'I most solemnly assure you I did not!' he eagerly replied, 'until—until—'

'Mr Gates informed you of it, and seduced you to conspire with him. He has been playing a double game. Whilst amusing you, he purposes marrying Mrs Grey to-morrow morning!'

'Is it possible? But I suspected—'

'No doubt. In the meantime, you will, if you please, accompany us. There is every desire to spare you,' I added, perceiving him hesitate; 'but our orders are peremptory.' With a very ill grace Mr Skelton complied, and we were rapidly driven off.

The next morning Jackson, Skelton, and myself, were in Sherrard Street before daybreak. Mrs Grey was already up, and at eight o'clock we sat down with her and her son to an excellent breakfast. She was charmingly dressed in the wedding garments which Gates had purchased with her stolen money, and I almost felt it in my heart to pity the unfortunate bridegroom, rascal as he was, about to be suddenly disappointed of such a bride and such a fortune! It was very necessary that she should be so arrayed, for, as we had thought quite probable, Rivers called a few minutes past eight with a present of jewellery, and the bride's appearance must have completely disarmed any suspicion which his master might have entertained.

Breakfast was over: Mrs Grey, with her son, was seated on a couch in the front room, and we were lying *perdu* in the next apartment, separated only by folding-doors, when a coach drew up before the house; a bridegroom's impatient summons thundered at the door; and presently forth stepped Mr Gates, resplendently attired, followed by his man Rivers, who was, it appeared, to give the bride away. Mr Gates entered the presence of beautiful Mrs Grey in immense triumph. He approached her with the profoundest gallantry; and was about to speak, when Jackson and I, who had been sedulously watching through the chink of the slightly-opened doors, advanced into the room, followed by Mr Skelton. His attitude of terror and surprise was one of the most natural performances I ever witnessed. He turned instinctively as if to flee. My grasp was in an instant on his collar.

'The game is up, my good Mr Gates: I arrest you for felony!'

'Felony!'

'Ay, truly. For stealing a gold watch, diamond-pin, and a cheque for five hundred pounds, sent through you to this lady.'

All his insolent swagger vanished in an instant, and the abject scoundrel threw himself at Mrs Grey's feet, and absolutely howled for mercy.

'I will do anything,' he gaspingly protested; 'anything you require, so that you will save me from these men!'

'Where is Crawford?' I asked, desirous of taking immediate, but not, I hope, unfair, advantage of the rascal's terror; 'she who witnessed this lady's marriage?'

'At Leamington, Warwickshire,' he replied.

'Very good. Now, Mrs Grey, if you will leave us, I shall be obliged. We must search this gentleman, and perhaps—' She vanished in an instant: her gentleness of disposition was, I saw, rapidly mastering all resentment. I carried the watch we took out of Gates's pocket to her, and she instantly recognised it to be her husband's. A fifty and a twenty-pound bank-note, corresponding to the numbers on our list, we extricated from the disappointed bridegroom's pocket-book. 'And now, sir, if you please,' said I, 'we will adjourn to your lodgings.' A savage scowl was his only reply, not at all discomposing to me, and we were soon busy ransacking his hidden hoards. We found several other articles sent by Mr John Grey to his wife, and three letters to her, which, as corroborative evidence, would leave no doubt as to who her husband was. Our next visit was to a police court, where Mr William Gates was fully committed for trial. He was in due time convicted of stealing the watch, and sentenced to transportation for seven years.

Mrs Grey's marriage, and her son's consequent succession to the deceased merchant's wealth, were not disputed. She has never remarried, and lives now in beneficent affluence in one of the new squares beyond

the Edgeware Road with her son, who, though now six-and-twenty years of age, or thereabouts, is still unappropriated; but 'the good time is coming,' so at least hinted a few days ago the fashionable 'Morning Post.'

LONDON GOSSIP.

April 1880.

We are getting into the thick of it once more; the blaze of balls—delights of the drama—operations of the opera—pedantry of politics—simmerings of sanitation—grumbings of gas-men—warfare of waterworks—scowlings of scavengers—travails of tradesmen—maceration of ministers, and I don't know what besides: all talked about at dinner-parties and nocturnal reunions, with an interminable under-current of minor twaddle. At such gatherings you may be pretty sure to hear something *pro* and *con* on the impending removal of the Royal Academy from the National Gallery—on the transference of the Vernon collection to Marlborough House—on the bas-reliefs just affixed to the pedestal of the Nelson Column; or perhaps some one wonders why Lord Rosse, the president of the Royal Society, intends to hold his soirées this season at his own residence, instead of at Somerset House. If literature comes up for discussion, you will be told that Mr Grote's 'Greece' is the history of that classic land; a fact which few will care to deny; and if the colloquists be obtuse, Thomas Carlyle gets a snubbing for his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' a rebuke which the said Thomas survives with exemplary and wonderful equanimity. Or perchance a neglected naturalist attracts notice by talking learnedly of the forthcoming book of Agassiz on 'Lake Superior, its Physical Characteristics,' &c. &c., and assures the company that it will be a work every way worthy of its author. Anon a dispute arises as to the new poems by new and old poets: 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day,' 'The Angel World,' 'The Roman,' and other bardic effusions, and here and there a hint is dropped that the author of the 'Princess' is to be the future laureate.

Such is one phase of gossip: taking another orbit, you get out of dilettantism into philosophy and practicalities, and here we have a host of topics all wanting to be uppermost; some to sink speedily into 'everlasting nonentity,' while a few, very few, leave a trace of their passage. If editors would be content to take things as they come, as the Irish and Cochin-Chinese do, we poor writers should be spared a world of trouble in arrangement. But as you are not that way inclined, we for our part must sacrifice the picturesque to the useful. So to begin:—the exhibition of Mediæval Art, at the Society of Arts, is doing good in more ways than one. It makes people acquainted with rare curiosities of workmanship, which otherwise they would never have the opportunity of seeing, and teaches them that artists and artisans of the olden time had more skill than they generally get credit for. This exhibition would require a whole chapter to do justice to it, and I can only remark in passing, that the sight of it will prove an instructive lesson to those overdone with conceit. Another subject of conversation is the recently-ventilated project for removing the railing and wall at the west end of St Paul's, and thus leave a spacious area—pace, as the French would call it—open to the public. This, should it come to pass, will be a great convenience, facilitate locomotion, and improve the aspect of the magnificent cathedral. Another is, the bill for which the Government have 'given leave' for the new Victoria Docks to be constructed on the Essex shore of the Thames opposite Woolwich, at an estimated cost of a million and a-half sterling. May success attend the enterprise, which comes opportunely to meet the increased activity to accrue from the alteration in the navigation laws! Another is, the new Park—a park for the people—breathing space—to be laid out

somewhere within the bounds of Finsbury, at an expense, as is said, of £150,000; and then the throwing open of the gardens of Chelsea Hospital for the recreation of the citizens. This is welcome as gossip, and how much welcome will it be in fact! The friends of temperance are felicitating one another on the diminished allowance of spirits to be served in the navy, and viewing it as an important step towards further ameliorations in the moral and physical condition of sailors. The Peninsular Steam Navigation Company have come to a resolution to abolish the use of spirits altogether on board their vessels, except in cases of absolute necessity: the men's pay will be raised five shillings per month by way of compensation. They intend also to establish a savings bank and a school at Southampton; the former with a view to promote habits of economy among their crews, the latter for the training and instruction of the children belonging to the sailors in their service. There is something better in these measures than the mere making of teetotallers: a new and healthy stimulus is provided for the adult, while the young are forearmed against temptation. There is some talk among city men of the scheme, with which the same company are connected, for a monthly steam communication with Australia, and fortnightly with China, at much less cost than by the present arrangement. The route, as proposed, is to be 'from Singapore to Swan River, Adelaide, Port-Philip, and Sydney, returning thence, and calling at all the same ports on the way back,' and to be extended by a branch to Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. If, in addition to this rapid transit, we could only get Ocean Penny Postage, what a blessing and benefit would be gained by emigrants and their relatives in either hemisphere, to say nothing of commercial correspondence! And apropos of rapid communication, we are told that the submarine telegraph from Dover to Calais is about to be realised. It is said that 'the tower for the battery, offices, and general works at Dover are nearly erected; and the insulated wires are in a forward state of progress, and are expected to be sunk across the Channel in the course of next month.' Accounts from New York inform us of a new application of thermic-electricity which has been patented for telegraphic purposes in that state. Rumour speaks of it as something extraordinary; but considering the magniloquent propensities of our overseas brethren, we must not be too ready to believe without seeing.

An attempt is at last to be made in our New Victoria Street, the Royal Road of Westminster, to build houses in floors with a common stair, and thus gain economy of space with increased stability, yet preserving all the essentials of style and of respectability—that phantom to which so many thousands of English people sacrifice their existence. It is to be hoped that the example—not of sacrificing, but of building—will be followed in other quarters. Talking of architecture reminds one of the improved glass for windows which has been adopted in some new houses with considerable effect, and also applied to mirrors. As the description states—'after the glass has been silvered in the usual way, wreaths of flowers and other devices are cut in the glass, and covered over with a chemical fluid. When the glass has been thus prepared, the silvering is roughly applied to the ornamental part; and when that has acquired the requisite consistency, the artist, by means of needles, works out the details of the embroidered device, much in the same way as the carrying-machine, on Jordan's principle, follows and works out the cutting in the model. The embroidering, it is said, 'increases the usual price, but not so much as to preclude even the middle classes from purchasing mirrors ornamented with elegant and permanent designs.' At Mr Kidd's establishment in Poland Street, Oxford Street, we were shown some beautiful specimens of mirrors decorated in this singularly beautiful manner. Then there is another bit of art that has been exhibiting itself in high quarters: a new American churd, which makes butter almost as fast as

cooks can use it. By this contrivance, which is very simple, the cream is so thoroughly interpenetrated by atmospheric air, that it separates from the milk with great rapidity and completeness, and without frothing. In the trial which took place a few days since at the Mansion House, four pounds of butter were made from four quarts of cream in ten minutes. What will our dairy-farmers say to this Yankee achievement? will they take a hint from it? remembering that in these times butter travels by railway. Hardly have we looked at the churn before our attention is drawn off to a 'Novelty in Printing,' which, having been exhibited and approved in Paris, now offers its pretensions to the London press. It is a mode of stereotyping with paper instead of plaster, invented and patented by Mr Worms, a French printer, and described as 'the new Rotary Press, worked by cylindrical motion, and by a stereotype obtained from several sheets of paper made in a pulp, which gives more depth than is usually obtained from plaster of Paris, and the printing is so perfect, that even maps are reproduced from these cylindrical stereotypes with the minutest accuracy.' When tested in Paris, 'the stereotype cylinder was got up in exactly fifteen minutes, and the printing on both sides was quite perfect; the speed was 15,000 copies per hour, which can be augmented by corresponding steam power. The rapidity is owing to the printing on endless paper, not wetted, put on rollers; each copy is cut off with mathematical precision. It was generally admitted by all parties that the whole was superior to anything in existence, and that the simplicity of the process, together with the economy, must form a new era and a complete revolution in printing in general, as, besides the rapidity, the saving in types is very considerable: these being only used on the pulp for the forming of the stereotype, and not worked afterwards. The Journal la Presse has given the first order, and is so well satisfied, as to have ordered a sufficient number to do the whole work of their establishment. Five hands, of which two are adults, will do the same work as fifteen men did formerly.' This description, which smacks of foreign authorcraft, has made some talk, and led to visits of inspection among the London trade. The general opinion appears to be, that the scheme will not perform all it promises. In connection with this ingenious application of paper, I may mention the 'stone cartridge paper' for roofing houses, recently invented in Germany. If we get to paper roofs, we shall, I suppose, not stop short of the Chinese pagodas said to be constructed with this imponderous material.

You probably have not seen the 'blue book' on the British Museum? It is a huge affair, comprising over eight hundred pages. Is it not a little singular that nearly all these parliamentary annuals are filled with details of mismanagement or error? If the inferences are to be believed, good government, on ever so small a scale, is an impossibility. This Museum Report, however, notwithstanding its uninviting aspect, contains some interesting matter. I shall only quote two of the financial items. One is, that the Museum buildings since 1823 have cost nearly £700,000; the other, that since 1755 £1,100,000 have been expended in purchases for the various departments. Among other reports which have made their appearance, as well as this of the great Bloomsbury establishment, is the City Police Report for 1849, which presents a somewhat favourable balance-sheet as compared with former years; thus:—Value of property stolen in 1841, £9093; in 1849, £4406. Persons taken into custody in 1841, 7785; in 1849, 5126. Summonses issued in 1841, 1378; in 1849, 3332. The increase under the last entry is said to be due to incidents arising out of the ever-augmenting traffic and business of the city, within whose limits not less than 600,000 persons enter every day; so that if the police take fewer prisoners, they have still no lack of employment. By their means, as the report further states, 743 lost children were found, and eight lives saved, during the past year.

Now, as Sawkins says in the play, I must take a promiscuous flight to foreign parts. They are discussing a project in Vienna whereby to save the city from future inundations of the Danube. The scheme is to cut an artificial channel for the river, at some distance from its present bed, which shall be from 1200 to 1500 feet wide, affording ample capacity for all the water sent down at flood-time, without danger of overflow. The Prussian government has offered prizes for the best model of a suspension-bridge, to be erected across the Rhine at Cologne, without impeding the navigation; and a prize has just been announced in Denmark which will interest sanitary folk. The object is to improve Copenhagen, by devising the best means for increasing the quantity of gas, number of lamps, and its more economical distribution to private houses—for making profitable use of the matters now wasted injuriously in drains and cesspools; and for a supply of 100,000 tons of water every twenty-four hours, fit for all public and domestic purposes, to be filtered also, and forced to a height of ninety feet. The plans are to be sent in within eight months from the 18th February last, and those approved will get the prize of 250 gold Fredericks—£208 sterling. Besides these grand designs, there is the mighty one of boring the Alps: the formidable mountain-range is to be no longer a barrier to rapid human intercourse. The Sardinian government are about to undertake the cutting of a tunnel through Mont Genèvre, from Modane on the north, to Bardonecche on the south, at a height of 4000 feet above the sea-level. The tunnel is to be seven miles long, nineteen feet high, and twenty-five wide, for a double line of rails. The approaches on either side will be a series of inclines, along which the trains will be moved by water-power. Above the proposed passage-way the mountain rises 2400 feet—a massive roof, and one that will task engineering ingenuity to support it. What a treat the excavation will be for geologists! We may expect to learn some of the secrets of upheavals.

The French Academy are busy, as usual, making scientific researches and feeding philosophers. A host of subjects has come before them of late. Boubigny is pursuing his investigations into the spheroidal state of liquids in ebullition; he finds that ether assumes this form when dropped into boiling water, and has plunged his hand, moistened with this volatile liquid, into boiling water with impunity, while an unmoistened finger rapidly immersed, and withdrawn, was scalded. The experiments have been repeated and confirmed by M. Comé, professor of natural philosophy at Laval. He, on plunging his hand, wetted with sulphuric acid, into melted lead, felt a sensation of cold; the reason assigned is, that this acid, when liquefied, and in the spheroidal condition, is at a temperature of 10 degrees below zero. He visited a foundry, and amused himself for two hours by passing his fingers, wet and dry, through jets of molten iron—feats in which he was imitated by a little girl of ten years old, daughter of the proprietor: she, as he reports, passed her hand harmless into a pot of incandescent metal, although it was the first time she had witnessed such experiments. The only precaution to be observed is, first to remove the scum from the surface. Another *savant* sends in a communication on the construction and directing of balloons. Another, reviewing the anomalies of temperature noticed in Europe early in January, considers 'that certain parts of France constitute a sort of thermal oasis, of which it would be interesting to discover the limits.' Another states that a leaden tube is preferable to a solid wire for lightning conductors. Another proposes a kind of photogenic paper to be used to print from, without employing metal types. Another, Docteur Mathieu, describes a machine for cutting lucifer matches: it resembles a plane with two perpendicular dividing plates, and will prepare 1200 clumps in an hour. Another, M. Lampérière, has constructed an instrument of osuothony—an artificial mouth, as it may be called—with a view primarily to ascertain and determine the quantity of milk secretion in the female

breast. It is made to embrace the nipple closely, and is provided with apparatus to rarefy or exhaust the air, so as to produce a vacuum. The conclusion to which the inventor arrives, after sixty-seven experiments, is, that the secretion in each breast every two hours is from one and a-half to two ounces. He met with one instance in which the quantity amounted to nearly three pounds in twenty-four hours. Apart from the scientific application, this machine will be of great service to women in early suckling, and enable them to bring their breasts into the required condition without some unpleasant consequences to which they are now subject, and may be used to prevent inflammation by provoking a super-secretion of milk at the expense of the disease itself. Nurses, too, may draw and preserve their milk for the purpose of feeding such infants as cannot suck from the breast without danger of suffocation by choking.

Besides discussing these minor matters, the Academy have been giving away prizes and proposing others in nearly all branches of science. Dr Jackson of Boston, U. S., is to have one of 2500 francs for his discovery of etherisation, and Dr Morton a second of the same value for the first application of the discovery to surgical operations. Mr Hind of the Regent's Park observatory, Mr Graham of Markree observatory in Ireland, and Hencke of Driessen, each gets a medal—the former for discovering the little planets Iris and Flora; the second for Metis; the third for Astrea and Hebe. Two thousand five hundred francs are also awarded to M. Leclaire—the enterprising painter, whose labours have been more than once recorded in your Journal—for superseding the use of white lead by 'the preparation in bulk of white of zinc, and its application to house-painting by means of a dryer—manganese oil.' A like amount is given to M. Rocher for his 'economical machine for distilling sea-water on board ships, employing therein the heat of the culinary apparatus.' Thus you see that the Academicians aim at the useful as well as the abstruse.

There are one or two incidental facts in the late proceedings of the Institute which demand a little consideration. Frequent notices appear of the failing health of the veteran Gay-Lussac; he is suffering from ossification of the aortic valves. Arago, communicating a paper on optics, observes that he is warned by loss of health, and sudden defect of sight, to bring forth the researches which have long 'slept in his portfolios'; and Biot, in presenting some particulars relative to Laplace, observes that he is settling his house in order. *Sic omnia fatis*, &c. When once the places of these philosophers shall become vacant, it will not be easy to fill them again.

You will perhaps remember my telling you a short time since of the project for having an independent prime meridian in the United States; some attempt was made to excite the national pride by insisting on the honour of not reckoning longitude from Greenwich. A good deal of discussion arose among astronomers and naval men in the States on the subject; the entire uselessness and inconvenience of the change have been exposed, as well as its fallacy, for the new point was to be one exactly 90 degrees west of ours; so where would be the independence? A memorial against it has been numerously signed by men competent to judge, and presented to Congress, and their remarks will doubtless give the scheme its quietus. They say—'We can perceive no reason for abandoning the meridian of Greenwich, or any other of the common property of civilisation. If the use of the instruments of art, or the methods of science, introduced by other nations be beneficial to us, the most high-minded and truly independent national spirit would seem to dictate, not that our practices and usages should be changed, but that we should, by the cultivation and advancement of branches of knowledge, where our efforts can be useful, repay to mankind the advantages which we have received from the common stock of civilisation.'

BIRD LIFE.

Oh! a lovely life is the life of a bird,
The little winged lute of the summer air!
Fleeing lightly away with the speed of thought
From the gloomy haunts of fear and care:
Yet bound still to earth by a bright golden thread,
A love-linked chain from its own sweet nest,
That guides it safe home from its wildest flight
To the tiny nook of its dear one's rest.

It has soared from our sight: but a viewless harp
Fills with its gladness the summer air,
Awaking within our listening hearts
The thousand echoes that slumber there.
We may trace its path through the distant space,
By the stream of song that marks its way,
Like some radiant star in the midnight skies,
Whose course we track by its golden ray.

Oh! a lovely life is the life of a bird!
A life of gladness, and hope, and love.
Ever viewless when singing its sweetest song,
Sweetest when soaring the highest above.
Bearing ever within, in its loving heart,
The source whence its joyous lay is given;
Its life a beautiful hymn of praise,
A music-path, bounded by home and heaven.

C. T.

A RAGGED SCHOOL.

The following is an anecdote taken from the journal of one who conducted a Ragged School:—Finding it impossible to get the children to attend our school in the forenoon, we determined upon changing our hours to half-past six in the evening. We commenced our new plan on Sunday, November 26, when we had upwards of 200 children and youths in attendance. Under all circumstances their behaviour was good during the greater part of the evening. About ten minutes to eight o'clock, however, there was a signal given by some of the boys, and instantly there was a move in all parts of the room, and a rush made to the staircase. The superintendent was amazed at this proceeding; recovering from his surprise, however, he darted across the room, and was just in time to catch the last one ere he reached the door. Twenty-one had already made their exit. The boy who was caught struggled hard to get away, and loudly cried, 'Let me go! let me go!' But holding him fast, the teacher replied, 'When you have told me what this plot means, you shall.' 'I want to go to business,' said the boy. 'Business; why, it is Sunday night!' 'Never mind, you let me go,' continued the lad. The superintendent still held firm. 'Well, I'll tell you the truth, sir: do you see it is eight o'clock?' The teacher looked at the clock, and nodded assent. 'Well, sir, we catches them as they comes out of church and chapel.' A policeman now entered. 'Where,' said he, 'did you get these boys from? they are every one of them convicted thieves!'—*The Rookeries of London.*

INTELLECTUAL POWER MISAPPLIED IN LITERATURE.

Think what a glorious power is that of expression: and what responsibility follows the man who possesses it! That grace of language which can make even commonplace things beautiful, throwing robes of the poorest texture into forms of all-attractive loveliness: why does it not expend its genius on materials that would be worthy of the artist? The great interests of man are before it, are crying for it, can absorb all its endeavour, are indeed the noblest field for it. Think of this—then think what a waste of high intellectual endowments there has been in all ages from the meanest of motives. But what wise man would not rather have the harmless fame, which youths, on a holiday, scratch upon the leaden roof of some cathedral tower, than enjoy the undeniable renown of those who, with whatever power, have written from slight and unworthy motives what may prove a hindrance rather than an aid to the wellbeing of their fellow-men?—*The Claims of Labour; an Essay, &c. 1844.*

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'THE FOURTH ESTATE'

IN the seventeenth century, it was the pulpit which greatly moved the masses of men; now it is the press. For weal or for wo there cannot be a doubt that the journals of this country exercise a vast amount of influence over society; in France, their power is even more strikingly manifested, and so it always must be, we apprehend, the more the people are cast loose from their usual anchorages, and sent upon the finding out of new ways. Even the degree of influence which the journals possess in England becomes a serious question, when we reflect that it is a power acting under none of the usual checks or responsibilities. A clergyman is answerable to his bishop or his synod; a member of parliament to his constituency. Teachers of almost all kinds and grades are subjected to some sort of test. The newspaper alone is free. This is an immense point in its favour, whether for good or evil to the community. It is an entire novelty too in social machinery.

The difference between the bond and the free systems of teaching is, we think, very easily detected. In the bond system, all violent aberration and mischief is repressed, but the penalty of this is mediocrity of effect. Under the free system, we have fearful fountains of corruption opened, but we have at the same time brilliantly-energetic action, and, on the whole, grand results. Now, if teaching through churches and academies, and by other regulated methods, be strictly co-ordinate with teaching through unlicensed journals, a problem must be in time wrought out by their contrasted action. It will either be discovered that the writer should be responsible to some central authority, connected or unconnected with the state, as all other teachers are, or that these other teachers, if they are to maintain themselves in equal efficacy with the unlicensed writer, must be equally free. Even now the question may be put, Why should any person be able to address hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens over the whole country every week, or every day if he pleases, without any restraint whatever, when it is impossible to teach twenty boys in a university, or undertake the cure of three hundred souls, without a paralysing amount of responsibility? The two systems cannot always co-exist. The one must in time overflow and absorb the other.

The press, after all, has its restrictions, but of a kind which does not in the least interfere with the above remarks. A journal is under the check of public opinion. The public writer has to assume a virtue if he hath it not, because his readers would otherwise desert him. His faith may be greatly different from that of the multitude, but he is compelled to keep it in the recesses of his own bosom, if he would avoid giving his readers offence. He is thus forced to adhere to certain

standards of feeling and opinion, without having ever been asked to sign a test or take an oath. If it be found that public opinion can produce such results in the literary teacher, it will in time be asked if it may not be sufficient in that of all other instructors. It is here assumed that the one system does not in the least tend more to induce an identity between the real and the professed opinion than the other.

The press being so important a power—being, in fact, rather than by mere jocular sobriquet, a fourth estate—it is of consequences that it should be morally raised as high as possible. Its moral status cannot be said to be low in this country. It has one great and shining virtue in a superiority to personalities. With comparatively few exceptions, and those only of particular classes, there is a spirit of fairness and veracity in the press. We have often had occasion to observe with pleasure, when individuals had made themselves conspicuous by some gross offence, with what good feeling towards relatives the newspapers conducted themselves. These are amiable and respectable features. That party views are in general advocated with temper, and that none but those which are really defensible, and therefore legitimate, are advocated, must also be allowed to the credit of the English press. It must nevertheless be admitted that the *personnel* of the press is far from being in a satisfactory condition.

The fact is, that the journals themselves have alone a recognised personality in England. We ask what is the opinion of the 'Times' on the subject? how the 'Chronicle' has written? and whether the 'Examiner' and 'Spectator' may be expected to take up the question strongly? The human beings whose hands hold the pen in certain dingy back-rooms of the offices of those papers are not thought of at all. The writers of articles for a paper are not always known even to each other. Were we to hear their names mentioned, we should be as much in the dark as before, for the men have, in general, no social status of any distinction. It is therefore the paper, not the writer, which is amenable to the check of public opinion. All this is primarily a matter of consideration for the board of proprietors, whose pockets are liable to be affected by it. Now here, we think, lies the dark and painful feature of the English press. The fundamental maxim of all ethics—the responsibility of the individual—is wanting. He is merely a mouthpiece. He is only a representation of a human judgment and a human heart. He may write one way for one paper, and another way for another, without anybody knowing of it. The temptation to do so must often arise, and must often be yielded to; at least, in the obscurity which thrusts him, we have no security that he will resist it. It will not do to say that, provided he adheres to the standards of feeling and opinion which are sanctioned by the

public, or by some respectable portion of it; there is no occasion for complaint. The diversity that exists between the inward mind of the writer and the demonstrations he makes, is an evil in itself which we must put up with only in as far as it cannot be helped. The less of it the better; and what we believe is, that it is increased immensely by this system of sinking the personality of the writer in that of the journal.

The journalists themselves feel that their position is a false one, and one of the outcries of the day is for a right acknowledged place in the state to those men whose intellects exercise so great an influence in its affairs. It cannot be surprising that this clamour should be heard, for only consider, how it must affect a man's mind to hear society ringing with some powerful article which he has written, and yet to know that he is only one of the multitude of Smiths or Wilsons living in certain rows of houses, of democratic uniformity, in Camberwell or Camden-Town, and that, while the daily labour no more than suffices for the daily wants, his life must continue to be one of obscure toil. The English journalist looks across the Channel, and sees his brother in Paris a distinguished political figure, whose standing for a place in the national legislature is beheld as a fitting part of the system of things, and who may even aspire to be a minister of state. Suppose Smith or Wilson of the 'Daily News' or 'Morning Herald' were to stand for the Tower Hamlets, what a shout of universal ridicule would salute his placards! Why does it look so natural in Paris and so foolish in London? It is because the French journalist asserts his own personality, while the English sinks his in that of his journal. A newspaper proprietor may stand for a seat in parliament, if his wealth and character place him amongst the class who ordinarily take that position; but the author of the thunder which daily issues through that gentleman's paper—he is only an obscure hireling—for him to pretend to any such position would only be to expose himself to a derision which would never afterwards perhaps cease to attach to his name.

It seems to us that what is required to give the public writer in England the true position which he is now groping for, is identical with what is necessary to perfect the condition of the English press. We must see and hear MEN preaching to us, not papers. Let the journalist issue his daily or weekly discourses with his name, and he must soon obtain a personal distinction and a place in society appropriate to his deserts. If his becomes a great Voice for counsel and instruction, he must rise in the social scale. His name will be courted for lists of directors and patrons. If it become convenient for him to ask the suffrages of a parliamentary constituency, his doing so will appear as quite in the right course of things. And this must be precisely because, in the avowal of his personality, he gives a guarantee to society for his conduct. We think all this so clear, that we wonder at its not having been seen long ago.

Our argument may be met perhaps with the assertion that the English press is as moral as it can possibly be. On that we join issue. While, as before, fully admitting its many merits, we see several points of sordidness and unconscientiousness, such as could not exist in any profession where individuals were socially recognisable. We pass over many matters connected with advertisements, though these may be said to form the grand sale for the honesty as well as dignity of the press, and pitch upon one part of London newspaper practices less remarkable perhaps, but sufficiently reprehensible.

All the London journals profess to criticise theatricals. They must professedly do so, in order to make the public aware of what is doing in the theatrical world. They must professedly mean to do it, not in a spirit of favour to the theatrical managers, but in a spirit of truth, as for the benefit of their readers. It may be at once admitted that the theatres are fairly liable to this criticism; but assuredly they are not to be expected to pay anything in order to facilitate the newspapers in performing a part of their ordinary duty. Nevertheless, the newspapers demand from the managers free admission for their critic—a demand with which the latter are obliged to comply, in order to avoid giving the newspapers offence. This we think an unjust tax, if ever there was one. Granting that there might be shown some ground of claim for the admission of one person, it surely never could be thought necessary for the business of the newspaper that it should have free admission for more? Yet, how stands the fact? Each London newspaper claims admission for two persons at all times. They also expect to be now and then favoured with an entire box, on which occasions the editor or publisher, or some persons connected with the office, will attend with their whole families. There is even one paper of unusual power which claims from each theatre the privilege of writing out an unlimited number of orders of admission for any night's performance! If it be considered that there are upwards of fifty journals in London, the amount of this tax will be seen to be not small. If it be further considered that the theatrical profession is pre-eminently a struggling one, an estimate of the humanity attending the imposition may be formed. The poor manager is forced to submit, because he cannot afford to incur the hostility of the press. On his best nights he must quietly see a large part of his house filled with emissaries of the press, to the exclusion of those who would pay, and not unfrequently to the annoyance of his proper customers; for it is a peculiarity of the system that it throws into the boxes persons whose proper position is the gallery. Now this is surely a grossly-unconscientious use of power. While such an abuse exists, and while newspaper conductors remain, to all appearance, unperceptive of its real character, we must continue to regard journalism in England as something less pure than it ought to be, and not entitled to any more honour than it at present receives.

To talk of newspaper writers coming forth with a recognisable personality may appear visionary. Our business, however, is to point out where we think the evil lies, and where the remedy might be found. If the necessary change cannot be made, we can only be sorry for the fact. But is such a change altogether hopeless? Against it there are two obstacles. One is custom. It has become a sort of rule to conduct newspapers anonymously. But in a country where Cobbett wrote for many years with his name frankly displayed on his paper, it cannot be said that we are without a precedent for the contrary. The second and greater obstacle is in the difficulty of setting up a paper. Even this would be greatly done away with if newspapers were free from duty. There would then be as little to hinder a man of talent from entering upon the career of a teacher by writing, as from adventuring upon any other profession by which he hoped to make his bread. The men of the press have been so long accustomed to the salaried condition in which they live, as to have lost nearly all sense of the value of an independent position. Slavery has, as usual, worked its worst effect in

reconciling its victims to bear with it. Were they to strain, even in the present circumstances, for the true command of the organs through which they condescend to blow, they would probably be more successful than they at present dream of, and the first taste of the edifying effect of their independence would make them wonder that they had so long submitted to their present degradation.

FANCHON.

'MICHEL,' said old Blaise Pastoror one day to his son, 'I wish I could see you lifting up your head a little, and thinking of taking another wife.' Michel, instead of lifting up his head, only shook it very sadly. 'I know well what a loss you experienced in Marguerite,' continued the father, 'and I understand your feelings. But it is now two years since she died, and it is time you began to rouse yourself from this unavailing grief. Your children are of an age to need a mother's care; my wife is growing old, like myself, and she is not equal to the fatigue of looking after the young ones; and when they choose to run away from her to the edge of the pond, or under the horse's feet, she can't overtake them.'

'What you say is true enough, father,' answered Michel; 'but where shall I get a wife like Marguerite?'

'There is no telling till you try,' answered Blaise. 'Marguerite was a good wife, a good mother, and an excellent woman in every respect; but it would be hard to think there are no more such left in the world! And I am certain if she could speak to you from heaven, where she no doubt is, that she would give you the advice I am giving you. Suppose your mother were to die, who is to take care of your children when you are out all day about the farm?'

'Well, father, I'll think of it,' said Michel. 'But I know no women. Where am I to look for a wife? If you wish me to take one, choose for me yourself.'

'Why,' said Blaise, 'there are several things to be considered. First, you must not marry a very young woman; she will be thoughtless, and neglect your children perhaps.'

'And if she's older, she may ill-treat them,' said Michel. 'For what I see, they are as likely to suffer by my giving them a mother as by wanting one.'

'We must be cautious in our choice,' answered Blaise. 'But God be thanked good women are more plenty than bad ones everywhere!'

'That's true,' answered Michel. 'I daresay Pauline or Louise Médoc, or little Catherine Sylvestre, would either of them do well enough.'

'Too young,' said the old man, shaking his head; 'too young, and too poor.'

'Young they are certainly, and poor too,' said Michel; 'but I shouldn't like to marry an old woman, and where I'm to find a rich one that will have me I don't know.'

'I wouldn't recommend an old woman either,' said Blaise; 'but one about your own age—eight or nine-and-twenty say; and as for money, if there's none in this parish, there may be in the next. What would you say to old Gerard's daughter Isabel?'

'I never saw her,' answered Michel.

'It's a good while since I saw her either,' said Blaise; 'but she was a fine-looking girl then; and being an only daughter, she will have everything her father leaves. That will be no trifle; and as he wishes to see her married—for she's nearly as old as you are—there will be no objection on his part at all events.'

'What!' said Michel; 'have you spoken to him on the subject?'

'Well, to say the truth I have,' answered Blaise. 'When you saw me talking to him at the fair last week, he was remarking that it was time you shook off your grief for poor Marguerite, more especially as you had been such a good husband, and had nothing to reproach yourself with.'

'Thank God for that!' said Michel.

'And when I said I wished I could see you married again, he gave me a hint that he shouldn't be sorry if you were to take a fancy to his girl.'

'Well, father,' said Michel, 'she is the same to me as another, for I can never love any woman again as I loved my Marguerite; so, since you wish it, I'll think about this marriage with Isabel Gerard.'

'Thinking about it won't do: you must make her think about it too,' said Blaise, 'or somebody may step in before you. You must go over to Grandpré and see her.'

'That will be a day to go, and a day to come back, and a day there,' said Michel; 'and how can I be spared just now in harvest-time?'

'We mustn't mind a day or two when there's a good wife to be got,' answered Blaise. 'Besides, to-morrow's Saturday. If you take the brown mare, and start to-morrow afternoon, you'll be at Grandpré before night; and as there's a moon, it won't signify even if you are a little late.'

So it was settled that Michel should go on the following day to Grandpré, to try if he could love Isabel Gerard; but it was with a heavy heart he made his preparations, for love so formally invited is apt to be shy: Cupid likes to pay his visits when he's least expected.

On the same evening that this conversation took place, when the children were in bed, and the rest of the family were sitting round the hearth, there came in an old woman called Barbette, who lived in a poor hut on the borders of Blaise Pastoror's farm. Twice a week they gave her broth, and she was now come for her allowance.

'Sit down and rest yourself, Barbette,' said Margot, the farmer's wife, 'and let us hear how the world goes with you.'

'Not worse than with other people I believe,' answered Barbette; 'but I'm going to lose my daughter, little Fanchon.'

'Lose her! How? Is she going to be married?' asked Margot.

'Married! Poor child, who would marry her?' said Barbette. 'No, no; but she's going to Grandpré. I've got a situation for her there at Farmer Gerard's. It's a hard thing to part with her; but she must go to service some time; and the winter will be here soon, and if she can earn a little money, she will be able to help me through it.'

'She's such a little creature, that we forget her age,' said Margot; 'but the truth is, it is time she went to service. If she stays at home she may get habits of idleness.'

'No fear of that,' answered Barbette. 'I believe Fanchon would rather go down on her knees and scrub the stones in the high road than be doing nothing. She'll be a treasure to anybody that gets her. I can tell you; and I only wish you could have taken her into your service.'

'Perhaps we may another year,' said Margot; 'but, in the meantime, it will be a good thing for her to go to Grandpré. Gerard keeps a good house, and she'll improve herself there. When does she leave you?'

'She's to be there to-morrow,' answered Barbette; 'but it's a long way for such a young creature to go alone.'

'She needn't go alone,' said Blaise. 'Michel is going to-morrow to Grandpré, and he shall take charge of her; and, by the by,' added he, 'as Fanchon is going to live with friend Gerard, she may do us a good turn; and thereupon he communicated to Barbette his hopes of bringing about a marriage betwixt Michel and Isabel, begging that, as Fanchon was well acquainted with them all, she would say a good word for the family in general, and for his son in particular.'

'She may do that with a clear conscience,' said Barbette; 'for happy'll be the wife that calls Michel Pastoror husband. I'll speak to her about it, and,

depend on it, he won't miss his mark if they'll take Fanchon's ball for him.'

Michel, who had been pacing up and down the orchard, thinking seriously of what was before him, now came in, and having learned the destination of Fanchon, he consented willingly to escort her. Accordingly, on the ensuing afternoon the little damsel presented herself at the stable-door with a small bundle in her hand, ready for the road, and having mounted behind the young farmer, they started on their journey with the good wishes of the assembled family. It was the first time she had left her poor home, and her old mother, and the young girls of her own age that she had grown up with; and whilst Michel jogged along, his mind absorbed in his own troubles, the tears were streaming down her face as she thought of those she was leaving, and the strangers she was going among. All at once Michel became aware that she was weeping. 'What's the matter, little Fanchon?' said he.

'I'm thinking of home and my poor mother,' said she, endeavouring to restrain the flowing tears.

'Ah,' said Michel, 'it makes one's heart sad to leave those we love if it's only for a short time, for one never feels sure of seeing them again. Who could have thought, when I left my poor Marguerite to go to Rouen for two days, that she would be dead before my return! And that puts me in mind that I didn't see my little Lep when I came away: where could he be, I wonder?'

'I saw him in the morning running along the high road,' said Fanchon: 'I thought you had sent him a message perhaps.'

'Not I,' answered Michel; 'but my mother may, to keep him out of the way, for he wanted sadly to come with me to Grandpré.'

'And why not have brought him?' said Fanchon. 'He's no weight, and the mare could have carried us all three; besides, I could walk a good part of the way. I love little Lep, and I should have liked to have him here with us.'

'Why, I wished to bring him, but my father said it wouldn't do to go courting with a child at my back. But I'm talking of what you know nothing about.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Fanchon; 'I do know all about it. I know you are going to marry the rich farmer's daughter that's to be my mistress.'

'Then you know more than I do,' said Michel. 'She may not choose to have me.'

'Why shouldn't she have you?' said Fanchon. 'Didn't you make a good husband to Marguerite? You're well off too, and as young as she is, for what I hear.'

'But I have three children,' said Michel.

'So much the better; it will make the merrier home. Besides, an't they the prettiest children in the whole parish, and the best brought up? For my part I think the very sight of little Lep would have won her heart at once.'

'Ay, if she likes children; but suppose she does not?'

'Pooh! if she doesn't like children, she won't like to marry you; so there'll be an end of it. But they say she's rich and handsome, and I never heard an ill word spoken of her; so you're wrong to take up notions before you've reason.'

'I'll tell you what, Fanchon,' said Michel, 'you are sharp and quick, and you are going to live in her father's house. After you have been there a week or two, you must tell me what you think of her.'

'No,' answered Fanchon; 'I won't promise that. I might make a mistake, and so do mischief. Just as she said this the mare shied. What's that?' she asked.

'It's some animal in that bush,' answered Michel; 'a strayed lamb perhaps.'

'It's a child!' said Fanchon. 'What's that? Your little Lep is here, and asleep!'

'So it is,' said Michel, alighting from the mare. 'To think of the child being here alone, and so far from home! When the boy opened his large eyes, he was

amazed; for his father, having refused to take him to Grandpré, he had set off some hours before, with the intention of watching on the road till Michel passed, and thus gaining his object; but weary with walking, he sat down and fell asleep, and now being suddenly awakened, he could not remember how he got there. Michel was angry, for he neither liked to leave the boy there nor to take him to Grandpré, and while he scolded, Lep cried. However, Fanchon, siding with Lep, the youngster carried the day, and Michel placing him on the saddle before him, on they went. The child was so delighted at first, that he forgot he had had no dinner; but they had not gone far before the jogging of the horse reminded him of his hunger.

'Didn't I tell you so?' said Michel impatiently. 'What's to be done now? I don't see a house where one could get a mouthful of bread for miles round!'

'Don't fret,' said Fanchon, quietly opening her bundle; 'I've got a bit of bread and cheese here. Take it, Lep, and eat away.'

Lep did not require to be twice invited; but Michel said, 'What will you do yourself, Fanchon, without anything till we get to Grandpré? We've a long way to go yet.'

'Oh,' said Fanchon, 'young stomachs can't wait, and mine can; besides, grief at leaving my poor mother has spoiled my appetite, and I don't want anything.'

The next thing that happened was, that as soon as Lep's stomach was full, he became so sleepy, that he was like to fall off the mare, and Michel could not guide her, and at the same time hold the child and a bag of game, which his father had given him as a present to his intended; but Fanchon said, 'Give me the game-bag, and I'll tie it to my bundle, and then you can sling them before you, while I carry the boy in my arms.'

So on they jogged in this way some miles farther, till they reached a wood which they had to pass through; but by this time it was getting late, and though the moon was rising, there arose also such a thick mist, that they could not find their way, while the horse frequently stumbled over the broken branches and the stumps of trees. After trying first one path and then another, and always finding they were wrong, Fanchon proposed that they should alight and walk, 'being nearer the ground, we may perhaps make out where we are; and while you lead the mare, I'll take care of the child,' said she. As the wood was intersected here and there by ditches and ponds, they were in less danger on their feet than on horseback, and they got on for some distance without accident; but on reaching at length a spot where the thicket terminated, they found themselves on the edge of a large marsh, which Michel knew to be in an opposite direction to the road they should have gone. So they turned back again, and made another attempt, but with no better success; and to add to their misfortunes, whilst Michel was seeking for his hat, which the branch of a tree knocked off his head, the mare slipped the bridle from his hand, and trotted off.

'What's to be done now?' cried he. 'The child can walk no further, and I'm afraid to leave you here while I go after the mare, lest I should not be able to find you again; and if we stay here all night, the child will get his death, and you too, with the cold. Besides, I'm by no means sure there may not be a wolf or two hereabouts!'

'We must light a fire,' said Fanchon. 'Here's a large oak which will keep off the rain, and I feel plenty of dry sticks crackling under my feet; and then we must make a bed for the boy, and let him sleep till the mist clears off.'

'That's easily said,' answered Michel; 'but where are we to get fire? And the mare has run off with my saddle-bags and everything we had to make a bed with!'

'I've my tinder-box in my pocket,' said Fanchon, as she set briskly to work to gather sticks; 'and we must clear a dry spot and wrap him up in my cloak.'

'And what's to become of you without it!' cried Michel.

'The fire will warm me, and I can keep myself awake,' she answered; 'but the child can't, and he'll get his death if we don't take care of him while he sleeps.'

It is astonishing what resources there are in a well-disposed, active, good-tempered woman, and how helpless, in certain emergencies, a man is beside her! Fanchon had a good blazing fire and a bed of dry leaves under the oak ready for Lep in no time; then she wrapped him in her cloak, and covered him with the game-bag, which, together with her own bundle, had slipped off the mare as she kicked up her heels and ran off.

'You must keep up the fire,' said she, 'while I watch the child, lest the sparks should reach him.'

'Upon my word you're a capital little lass!' said Michel. 'You know how to take care of a child, and to make a fire in the wood, and do everything that's useful. I was beginning to feel cross, I can tell you, at the thoughts of passing the night here in the cold.'

'And when one loses one's temper, one generally loses one's presence of mind too,' said Fanchon. 'For my part I have often been obliged to keep the sheep on the hills in cold weather, and I should have been badly off if I hadn't known how to make a fire!'

'What you say about losing one's temper is true enough,' answered Michel; 'but how to help it when things go so perversely?'

'Just remember that losing your temper will only make them worse,' said Fanchon. 'My mother and I have had many a hard struggle, but we never lost heart till it came to the parting to-day; but your mother says she'll perhaps hire me next year if I learn to be a good servant at Grandpré; so I shall keep up my courage, and live in hopes of seeing dear home again.'

'I wish she had hired you at once,' said Michel, 'instead of sending me this wildgoose chase after a wife. You could have taken care of my children as well as any wife.' But as Michel sat with his knees towards the fire opposite Fanchon, he now, for the first time in his life, as the light shone on her face, made the discovery that she was a very pretty girl. 'How old are you, Fanchon?' said he.

'Eighteen,' said she; 'but I'm so little, that nobody takes me to be so old.'

'Why, you're old enough to be married!' said Michel.

'Ha, ha!' laughed Fanchon, 'who'd marry me I wonder?'

'That remains to be seen,' said he. 'Have you never thought of a husband yet?'

'Never!' answered she. 'I'll never marry till I have a hundred crowns to begin housekeeping with.'

'But it will take you many years to save that while you've your mother to help out of your wages,' said Michel.

'But I can wait,' answered Fanchon. 'Folk that live single may die as happy and go to Heaven as fast as the married ones.'

'That's true,' said Michel thoughtfully; 'but it's better to marry.' And here he fell into a reverie, out of which he by and by awoke, declaring that he was dying with hunger, and had nothing to eat.

'Not so bad as that neither,' said Fanchon. 'As we came through the wood I plucked the chestnuts that were bobbing in my face, and when I lighted the fire, I set them on the ashes. They must be about done by this time I think; and if they're not enough for you, you can take one of the birds you brought for your intended, and I'll roast it for you betwixt a couple of stones, as we used to do the larks we caught on the hill when I kept the sheep.'

'What a brute I am, never to remember that you gave your bread and cheese to Lep! Why, you must be starving, Fanchon! I had a good dinner before I started, and yet I'm as hungry as a wolf!'

'It's all habit,' said Fanchon; 'you are accustomed

to your three or four meals a day at the farm, but I am used to fasting, and I don't miss a meal now and then.'

'That's another excellent quality in a wife,' said Michel, laughing.

'But I'm not a wife, nor like to be,' said Fanchon.

Here Michel fell into another reverie. 'He'll be no fool that chooses you,' said he.

'I hope not, for I shouldn't like to marry a fool,' said she.

'I daresay you think me a stupid fellow,' said he, after a pause; 'for I can do nothing, and you can do everything.' But you see, Fanchon, I was set to the plough, and to guide the oxen through the furrows, when I was but a little lad; and as I only worked on my father's farm, I always found my meals ready when I wanted them; and then I married young, and my poor Marguerite took care of me; but I've nobody to mind me now.'

'Couldn't Fanchon take care of you, papa?' asked little Lep, who had been awakened by the smell of the cookery, and was now sitting up and waiting for his share.

'To be sure I can,' said Fanchon, who was so far from thinking of Michel as a husband for herself, that she was not in the least embarrassed by the child's question; for Blaise Pastoror was esteemed a rich farmer in that part of the country, and Fanchon's mother was in a great degree dependent on the charity of the family.

'Come,' said she to Michel when he had finished his supper, 'I see you can't keep your head up to talk, so you had better lie down by the child, and go to sleep at once, and I'll watch the fire.'

'No, it is you that must lie down, Fanchon,' said Michel; 'and I'll watch you both; for I have fifty things stirring in my head, and though I were to try never so, I could not sleep a wink.'

'Fifty things! That's too many for one head,' said Fanchon merrily.

'Well, if I haven't fifty, I've one that I haven't been able to get out of it for the last two hours, and I should like to tell you what it is.'

'I think I could tell you,' said Fanchon: 'you wish you were at home, and in bed, instead of running the country after a wife.'

'A woman I never saw!' said Michel. 'I've nine minds to go back again, Fanchon. What do you say? Will you go with me?'

'I go with you!—no,' said she. 'What would my poor mother do next winter if I lose the situation she has got for me with so much trouble? And as for you, I say you'd be very wrong. Why should you take such a prejudice against a girl you have never seen? Think of your good parents too, that wish you to marry. What's your objection?'

'None, if I may choose for myself,' answered Michel.

'Wait till you see her,' said she.

In spite of her brave little heart and good spirits, fatigue began to tell against Fanchon at last, and the next time Michel spoke to her she was nodding. 'Come, my girl,' said he, 'lie down beside the boy, and rest till the morning dawns, and then I'll wake you both.' So Fanchon stretched herself on the bed of leaves, and taking the child in her arms, was soon fast asleep. Then Michel spread the cloak over her; and as he looked at her sweet innocent young face, with little Lep lying on her bosom, he said, 'Where have my eyes been all this while, that I have had this treasure under them, and never found it out? I thought she was a child; but though she's as fair and delicate as a white doe to look at, she's as hardy as a young heifer, and as tender and brave as a good woman; and that's what she is, in good faith, and a fit wife for any man. But what's this to me?' he exclaimed, turning away. 'My father and mother would never hear of my marrying her, even if she would have me.' Still, reason with himself as he would, he could not get out of his head that Fanchon was the wife to make him happy, and that he

never should be able to fancy any other. However, the rain having ceased, and the moon shining out more clearly, he by and by thought it advisable to arouse the sleepers, and endeavour to recover their lost path. Fanchon was very drowsy, and as for Lep, there was no waking him at all; but Michel took him in his arms, and they trudged away for some time in hopes of finding their way out of the wood. And accordingly, after walking for upwards of an hour, Michel exclaimed joyously that they were approaching a house, for that he saw a light shining through the trees; so they took heart, and hastened forwards; but instead of a house, they found the light proceeded from their own fire, which the breeze had blown into a flame; whereupon Michel lost all patience, exclaiming they must be bewitched; but Fanchon said, 'Come, let us make the best of it. One night in the wood won't kill us; but we must make a bed for the child again, and cover him up warm, for I begin to feel the cold air of the morning.' But though Fanchon's patience was not exhausted, her limbs were; and turning as white as the handkerchief that covered her neck, she was seized with a shivering, her teeth began to chatter, and she sank to the ground almost insensible.

'Oh, Fanchon, my girl!' cried Michel, lifting her in his arms to the bed she had made for the boy, 'it is my fault that you are exposed to all this trouble and fatigue. I undertook to protect you to Grandpré, and I have done you nothing but mischief. But forgive me, Fanchon, and I'll make you amends for it all if you'll take me for your husband!'

'I!' cried Fanchon, somewhat recalled to herself by amazement. 'You're raving, Michel; you don't know what you're talking about.'

'I know very well what I'm talking about,' answered he; 'and I know that you're the only woman to make me happy; and that you'll be a kind mother to my children, and a good daughter to my old father and mother; so only say that you'll marry me, and as soon as it's light enough to see our way, instead of going on to Grandpré, we'll turn our faces the other way, and go back to the farm.'

'It's impossible,' said Fanchon, shaking her head. 'It can't be; so think of it no more, Michel, but go forward and see Isabel Gerard, as you promised your parents when you left them.'

'It's of no use,' said Michel; 'it would only be an affront to go and see a girl I'm determined not to marry. But why won't you have me, Fanchon? Wasn't I a good husband to my poor Marguerite? Didn't she, on her deathbed, bid me take another wife? And didn't she bid me tell her that I had never given my first one a moment's cause to regret that she had taken me for her husband?'

'I know that's true,' answered Fanchon with the tears in her eyes. 'My mother, who was helping to nurse her in her last illness, heard her say so.'

'And didn't you hear what Lep said to-night? It was the voice of my Marguerite speaking through her child!'

Fanchon, however, was not to be persuaded; and although she gave no reason, she so steadily refused him, that, quite discouraged, Michel at length ceased to speak; and while she lay down again beside the boy, he sat with his head resting despondingly on his hands till the morning broke. Then he turned to rouse her, but he saw she was awake, and that she had not slept any more than himself. Having inquired their way from an early woodcutter, they once more started for Grandpré; and as soon as they reached the entrance of the village, Fanchon stopped, and holding out her hand, bade him good-by; 'for,' said she, 'I can't go to my new mistress till I have washed my face and hands, and made myself tidy. I shall come there by and by; and in the meantime, Michel, I shall forget all you have said to me, and I hope you will marry Isabel Gerard, and that she may make you a good wife, and your children good mothers!'

'I won't have any mother but Fanchon,' said Lep.

'You sha'n't have any other,' said Michel; 'and as she won't be your mother, you shall have none.' Whereupon, bidding Fanchon farewell, he returned home with the child, while she proceeded on her way.

In certain parts of France, where it is customary for all the married, as well as the single, children and grandchildren to reside together under the same roof as long as it is possible for them to do so, there is a remarkable degree of deference observed towards the elders of the family; and thus Michel, though nearly thirty years of age, felt some misgiving at the thoughts of presenting himself at the farm without having fulfilled the object of his journey, and without being able to explain to the satisfaction of his parents the reason of his return; for to say that he had fallen in love with Barbette's little daughter, and that she had refused him into the bargain, he knew would appear to them rather a subject for amazement and laughter than commiseration. However, he was so good a son, and so worthy a man, that although disappointed, the old people did not think proper to press the matter further when he declared his determination not to marry Isabel Gerard; and they contented themselves with looking about in other directions, and recommending to his notice first one and then another fair damsel of the surrounding districts. But it was all in vain; Michel would have nothing to say to any of them; and although he went about his work as diligently as ever, everybody saw he was an altered man. Of Fanchon he heard nothing; but as there followed a very hard winter, Barbette would have suffered exceedingly, had it not somehow miraculously happened that her stock of potatoes, and flour, and firewood never diminished! It did not signify how freely she used them, she had always plenty; and although at first, fearing the devil might have a hand in the business, she had some thoughts of confessing to the priest, she comforted herself with the idea that as she had not entered into any compact with the Evil One, he had no right to expect any condescension on her part in return for his benefits. When the year was expired, Fanchon came home again; but much to the annoyance of her mother, and the surprise of Blaise Pastor and his wife, she declined to enter into their service. Michel guessed her reason, and it stung him to the quick to see how resolutely she avoided him; but it happened that while she was making inquiries for another situation, the scarlet fever broke out in the neighbourhood, and there was scarcely a house that had not one or more children in bed with it. Among the rest Michel's three children were all attacked at one time; and in such an emergency as this Fanchon did not wait to be asked—she offered her assistance at once. In spite, however, of all the care and attention that were lavished on them, the two youngest died, to the inexpressible grief of their father, who doted on them for their own sakes, and as relics of his beloved Marguerite; but Lep recovered; and it was whilst he was lying in bed convalescent that he said to Fanchon, to whom he had become passionately attached, 'Fanchon, I want you to promise me something. Will you?'

'Yes, dear, I will if I can.'

'Oh yes, you can very well if you like.'

'Well, what is it, dear?' asked Fanchon.

'Promise that you'll be my mamma!' said Lep.

'Oh, that's nonsense!' said Fanchon, rising suddenly, for Margot was in the room. 'Lie down, and let me cover you up while I fetch your broth.'

'No I won't,' said Lep; 'I'll not lie down till you promise to be my mamma, and he seized hold of her apron, and held her fast.'

'Eie, Lep!' said Fanchon. 'Let me go!'

'You thought I was asleep that night in the wood when papa asked you to be my mamma,' said Lep; 'but I wasn't; and when we were coming home, he promised me that he would never give me any mamma but you. Oh, Fanchon, do!' he said, throwing himself into her arms; 'for now that God has taken away my brother

and sister, what shall I do without a mamma?' And yet weak and excitable from his illness, the boy burst into an uncontrollable passion of tears and sobs.

'Oh, Lep! Lep! what can I do to comfort you, darling?' said Fanchon, almost crying herself at the boy's distress and her own confusion.

'Do what he asks, my child!' said the old woman, coming to the bedside. 'I understand now the cause of poor Michel's despondency, and why you wouldn't come to live with us, Fanchon. But perhaps you don't like my son? Perhaps you couldn't be happy with him? Is that the reason you refused him?'

'No, ma'am,' said Fanchon, hiding her face amongst Lep's curly locks.

'Perhaps it was because you thought we should not like you for a daughter?' Fanchon did not answer. 'Well, Fanchon, perhaps you were right; and did you tell my son your motive for refusing him?'

'Never,' answered Fanchon.

'You're a brave, good girl,' said the mother as she left the room.

'Want you be my mamma now, Fanchon?' said Lep, throwing his arms round her neck. 'Granny wishes it, and I wish it, and papa wishes it.'

'I don't know that,' said Fanchon.

'But I do,' said Lep; 'for when he asked me this morning if there was anything I wished for that he could give me, I asked him to give me Fanchon for my mamma; and he said he should be very glad indeed, but that Fanchon wouldn't. But you will now, wont you?'

'Perhaps!' whispered Fanchon.

'She says *perhaps*, papa: make her say *yes*!' cried Lep to Michel, who now entered the room with his father and mother.

Michel did make her say *yes*; and ere many days were passed, Fanchon became Lep's mamma, to the joy and astonishment of old Barbette, and the infinite satisfaction of all parties concerned.

THE PROCESSION-CATERPILLAR.

Some interesting communications have recently appeared in the Belgian and German journals concerning the procession-caterpillar (*Bombyx processiona*, Linn.), an account of which may prove acceptable to our readers. Before proceeding to these, however, we may refer to what is said about this curious animal in Reaumur's valuable *Memoirs on the Natural History of Insects*. The *Bombyx processiona* is a caterpillar of medium size that infests the oak. The hairs are as long as the insect itself, and after rising perpendicularly upwards, become curved downwards. White at first, both they and the skin become reddened with age. Each family of these caterpillars forms a republic of from 600 to 800 individuals, which never quit each other, eating together, and crawling together, and remaining in close contact during their condition of chrysalides. The butterflies, however, which result from these disperse in every direction.

The caterpillars encamp on the oak, where they weave webs for their domiciles; but after changing their skins, they abandon these, and form new ones from time to time until they acquire two-thirds of their complete size, when they settle themselves in a fixed abode. The nest containing so many is necessarily large, and is found at various heights on the trunk of the oak (*Quercus robur*); but in spite of its large size, so much does it resemble the tuberosities or knots commonly seen on the tree, that unless when purposely sought for, it is very apt to be overlooked. It varies in shape, being sometimes as much as from 18 to 20 inches long by 5 or 6 broad, and rising from 2 to 4 above the level of the tree.

During their movements, the caterpillars follow a leader as implicitly as if they had chosen him to direct their march. They all move, stop, and recommence their progress exactly as he does; and from their disposition to follow his motions in regular array, Reaumur called them *processionary* or *evolutionary caterpillars*. He took

a branch of oak containing a nest home with him, and observed their movements for several days with the greatest care and interest. First a single caterpillar crawled out, others immediately following him in single file to the length of about two feet, each individual having his head close against the tail of the one preceding him. The file now became twofold; by and by these insect soldiers came three abreast; and after a while four, and then five, six, seven, and eight abreast, with the utmost regularity; the caterpillars always close to the tails of those preceding them, each rank of the line dressed as if by a drill sergeant, and all following implicitly the movements, however tortuous, of their leader. On some occasions Reaumur contrived that this leader should pass over a space apparently too small to deploy all his followers; but he nevertheless accomplished the feat by pursuing numerous tortuous lines, which soon became studded with caterpillars marking their sinuous course. Sometimes, when in search of a new portion of the oak to devour, numerous evolutions and complicated figures are formed; the head of the moving body being always angular, and the width of the rest of the line increasing with it, sometimes formed of fifteen or twenty abreast. These movements in search of food take place in the evening, and if the caterpillars are observed beyond the limits of the nest during the day-time, they are seen to be gathered together in contorted and motionless masses. When in their nests, too, they lie thus interlaced, and the chrysalides are stowed so closely, that they seem to form a cake of varying dimensions. After lying so for about a month, the butterflies all escape in the same twenty-four hours, some time in the middle of August, and rapidly disperse; the evacuated cocoons then having a strong resemblance to a wasp's nest.

Too much care cannot be taken in handling these caterpillars, as also the chrysalides and the cocoons, after the butterflies have escaped. Reaumur, acting at first incautiously in this respect, suffered some inflammation in the hands, face, and eyes in consequence; and some ladies who were observing the curious movements of the animals, without handling them at all, found their skins irritated, though in a less degree. When in his walks Reaumur merely disturbed their nests with his stick, he found some degree of the same irritation ensue; and freely covering the hands with oil was found to afford no protection to those handling the chrysalides or their husks. He attributed these irritating effects to some of the small hairs which abound on the surface of the animal. The long hairs he considered nearly innocuous; but if he removed these from the cast-off skin of the caterpillar, and then rubbed his hand with it, he experienced an irritation equal to that caused by the strongest nettles.

Professor Morren has recently read a paper on this insect at the Belgian Academy. He says that an animal so utterly destructive to so valuable a tree as the oak is fortunately rare in Belgium; but that in 1847 and 1848 great numbers were seen in certain places, furnishing opportunities of observing the frightful damages the animal is capable of causing, as well as the singular habits described by Reaumur. In 1847 it invaded a portion of the forest of Hertogenwald, situated on the confines of Prussia, and did great mischief to the oaks there, attacking especially the leaves of the larger trees. Its appearance in this forest, and the direction its ravages took, led to the belief of its being a true emigration in the direction of east to west from Germany to Belgium. In 1848 it was hoped the pest had not reappeared; but although in May its existence could be nowhere discovered, yet during a botanical excursion in the vicinity of Maastricht in July, the author and his pupils had the opportunity of observing this caterpillar migrating from tree to tree as it successively destroyed the leaves of each. He describes as frightful the spectacle of whole masses as large as a man's head, of these voracious animals, or processions of them marching on their destructive mission in troops of fifteen or twenty feet long. He was astonished at the apathy of the inhabitants, who took not the slightest step to arrest the marching although the creatures were rapidly destroying the white oaks growing in

the hedges of the fields. The answer a peasant made when he inquired how he could think of leaving these caterpillars unmolested, especially when he knew that even the dust proceeding from their nests did injury to man and beast, seems to us rather more apposite than it did to the worthy professor. 'Kill the caterpillars!' said the man; 'why, they are sent from Heaven to destroy the oaks the landlords plant to the detriment of their tenants' crops!'

M. Morren found Reaumur's description of their mode of progression generally correct; excepting that in the armies seen near Maastricht, which measured sometimes twenty feet in length, the series of single and double files behind the commanding general were so short, that very soon the ranks spread out to ten, twelve, fifteen, and twenty caterpillars abreast. One army might be seen ascending an oak whose leaves were already partly destroyed by another army then in the act of descending; the respective corps crossing each other without seeming to suffer any inconvenience. Indeed the instinct which impels these animals to move in unbroken files seems to render them indifferent to all external obstacles.

A globular mass of caterpillars was taken home for examination. Next day it was thrown down. After about ten minutes, one of the caterpillars deliberately crawled out, and was followed by a second and third, and so on; but on this occasion the army formed itself into two lines, each headed by a leader, one of which led his troops on towards the left, the other to the right, the point of contact being formed by the last caterpillars of each troop. The array now complete remained motionless, until the professor, having waited more than an hour without observing the slightest sign of change, dispersed them. Another curious fact observed was the power they seem to exert in deposing a leader physically incapable of doing justice to so important an office. Among the caterpillars brought home was a little, miserable, misshapen animal; and when the troop had filed off so as to bring him into line in his turn, the author contrived to place him as the head of the file. A long pause ensued. The march was arrested, as if for consultation upon the emergency. Rapid undulations shook the line, and at last it broke—a fine strong caterpillar leaving it, thus constituting himself the head of a new file, and being speedily followed by others. He who was next to the dwarf left him to follow the new leader; and even the ex-commander himself quietly fell into the line headed by his more efficient rival.

Every observer has been struck with the exactitude with which these caterpillars keep the straight line; and it has been suggested that each may take hold of the long terminal hairs of the one he follows. M. Morren, however, has examined into this point, and feels convinced that the explanation is not well-founded. These long terminal hairs, however, are directed obliquely on each side, and receive the head of the following caterpillar between them; so that it is possible this lateral contact may serve to keep the heads in a straight line.

M. Morren confirms Reaumur's statements of the irritating powers of this caterpillar. Indeed all observers agree on the point. Shepherds and swineherds, conducting their flocks to the mere vicinity of these animals, suffer from them; and so likewise does the woodman who attacks the tree they have seized upon. Nicolai, the celebrated Westphalian forest-master, says that horses brought within the sphere of their action become like mad animals; and he relates examples of the danger which has accrued to peasants sleeping near the trees, especially about the period of the metamorphosis. M. Borchhausen declares that he has known death itself result. The caterpillars taken on the 19th of June were freely handled by the author and his pupils without ill effects, and put by to form their cocoons. On the 31st, one of his children brought him a vase, in which a beetle had passed into a perfect state; and although he closed the vase immediately, in half an hour the child's face became highly inflamed, and especially the edges of the eyelids. The portion of the author's arm, too, which had been directed towards the vase when it

was opened became similarly affected. On other members of the family opening this Pandora's box, white flakes issued, which produced the same effects. To one of these Madame Morren exposed her arm; which not only became inflamed, but the entire body afterwards was the seat of a sympathetic eruption, all ill effects, however, passing off in a few days. One of the flakes being examined microscopically, was found to be chiefly composed of a mass of hairs of various lengths and colours, most of them having a small cavity filled with some substance. M. Morren is disposed to adopt Reaumur's explanation of the irritation being produced by these minute hairs adhering to the skin, and observes that articles of furniture touched by them will long continue to possess the power of exciting irritation. It has since been announced by Professor Will that the hairs contain *prussic acid*, identical in its constitution with the matter which gives its peculiar character to the bite of the spider and the sting of the bee.

A VISIT TO THE ARCTIC SHIPS.

A very strong and even affecting sympathy has been manifested by the British public in the efforts made to ascertain the fate of our brave countrymen who have disappeared from human ken in the

'Thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.'

surrounding that mysterious North Pole, which has such powerful attractions for the imagination. It may therefore not be uninteresting to those who 'dwell at home at ease' to hear something of the preparations and precautions used on board the ships now recently departed for the purpose of seeking their lost sisters. A few days ago we visited the *Resolute*—the 'head lady,' as Costard would say, of the expedition. The external appearance of the vessel struck us as well adapted to harmonise with the scenery amid which she is to be a prominent object. She is painted black, with a narrow red stripe running round the upper portion of the side; and this colouring, and the absence of ports (or windows, as landmen would call them), give her a solemn, determined appearance, suitable to a ship going on no holiday task, but one of solemn earnest. Her figure-head is a snowy polar bear.

We were very courteously received on board by the officers, one of whom, Lieutenant Brown, had been in the *Enterprise*, and has lately favoured the public with a Panorama of the Arctic Regions, and an exquisite volume of engravings of the same scenes. The vessel is a double ship—that is to say, she is lined with extra beams of ash and oak, which add at once to her strength and warmth; the bow, which of course will come into the fiercest contact with the ice, is eight feet six inches thick, and sheathed outside this mass of timber with iron. The officers' cabins are lighted by skylights only; the captain's of course occupies the stern of the ship: it is warmed by pipes of hot air running round it, and by a copper stove and funnel, and will be constantly kept up to a temperature of sixty degrees; a narrow passage and the companion-ladder separate it from the gun-room, or apartment appropriated to the other officers, round which are some of their berths or bedrooms. These, though very small, are extremely neat and comfortable; the hot-air pipe, covered only by a sort of 'letting-in' work of iron, with a very pretty open tracery on it, runs along the side of the ship, and is consequently in the bed-place itself. We proceeded from these cabins to examine the stove from whence the air-pipes issue. It is in the hold, nearly in the middle of the vessel, and is of considerable size; there is a funnel for the escape of the smoke, and the air is warmed by coming in

contact with the heated metal, two huge tubes of which proceed from the stove; and on reaching the main-deck, are divided on each side into two smaller branches, which run round the officers' cabins, and towards the fore-castle, thus completely warming the habitable deck. Outside the cabins is an apparatus for washing and cooking, all in one. It resembles in shape an old-fashioned plate-warmer, being, however, very much higher. There is a huge grate underneath: the upper part has ranges of shelves for baking; it slips off, and the top of the oven reversed fixes into its place, and becomes a copper for washing or boiling. Close to it is a Downton's pump for pumping the ship, and near the fore-castle another for pumping up either fresh or salt water. These pumps are on the hydraulic principle. They look like huge copper or brass vases; and the tubes or funnels running up from them on deck, in order to prevent the water within from freezing, are covered closely and carefully with the coarse sort of flannel of which our snow-boots are made. Two stand together, divided by a brass plate of a circular form, with large, round, flat pieces surrounding it. There is a movable centre-piece of the same metal, which, fixed on one or other of the rounds, sends up either fresh or salt water, as you choose, by its pressure; or—as in the case of the pump further aft—pumps out the ship; thus saving the sailors the terrible and depressing labour they used to have when such exertion became necessary in days of yore.

Near the fore-castle is a machine for dissolving ice or snow for use. A sort of iron shoot receives the snow on deck, when shovelled in by the men, and it descends through this passage into a huge iron reservoir, beneath which is a furnace. Here it is melted, and runs through a pipe into the tubs or buckets placed to receive it. Mr Brown told us that ice would be first melted in it, as it would be some time ere they saw snow. We were then shown the ice-saw, by means of which a passage of miles has been cut through the ice. They are of huge dimensions, with tremendous teeth. The method of using them is by fixing a triangle, to the apex of which a block is hung; a strong rope runs through it, to one end of which the handle of the saw is attached; the other end has a number of smaller ropes proceeding from it, by means of which the sailors work the saw through the solid ice, and are thus enabled to open (as we have said) a passage of some length. Such are some of the mechanical facilities that science has afforded for encountering the terrible north. Indeed we came to the conclusion that a residence on board, in cabins kept up to such a temperature, could not be very uncomfortable; but we were reminded of the necessity of going on deck, and into the air, and this of course led to an explanation of the means used to prevent the effects to be apprehended from such a sudden change of atmosphere. Her Majesty provides the members of the expedition with boots which reach higher than the knee, of the very thickest flannel, with soles of cork two inches thick; the inner dress is of flannel, next to that chambré leather, which, preventing evaporation, retains the heat; then, if they choose, another garment lined with fur, or a greatcoat lined with sable, one of which we saw: a sort of helmet is to be worn on the head, to which is attached a mask of knitted wool, wadded and lined with silk, and doubly thick over the nose, leaving only an aperture for the eyes. These masks are of different colours; and the whole attire, especially when the hands disappear in the huge fur gauntlets which complete it, is almost ludicrous.

The stores laid in are necessarily abundant; a transport follows with them, to be transferred to the vessels when they reach a certain latitude. The officers' private stores are, however, on board the separate ships to which they belong. Amongst them were some very large tin cases of preserved potatoes, looking like a quantity of rough coarse powder or meal, but which, when mixed with boiling water, make in a few minutes an excellent

dish of mashed potatoes. In answer to our inquiries as to whether there was any difficulty in getting the ships manned, we learned that the sailors were very anxious to enter, and that three or four times the number of the crew might have been obtained, but that great care was necessary in the selection of the men with regard to health and strength, an *old sear* even rendering them unfit for the climate they were to endure. The officers appeared in great spirits, and declared that if their lost comrades are still living, it is impossible to miss finding them, the search is so well planned. Heaven grant it! and that their own voyage may be achieved in safety. They have a brave and experienced commander, a most humane and courteous gentleman, who will doubtless render their life on ship-board as pleasant as one of great fatigue and privation can be, for they have to anticipate a winter of solemn gloom, and many an unforeseen peril, ere they look upon merry England again. They bear with them the best wishes of the public, and as it is not a mere mania for (practically) useless discovery which sends them forth, we do not deem it quite as much a matter of regret as usual that England should peril so many of her best and bravest on the enterprise.

We left the Arctic ships highly gratified by our visit, everything but the balloons being then on board. Government has done much to alleviate their discomforts and dangers; but we trust that *one* source of comfort has not been overlooked—that is, a good supply of entertaining and instructive books for all. Not a common ship's library, but one meet to beguile the tedium of a Polar winter, and render it a period of mental improvement to many. There are now numerous publications admirably suited for such a purpose, and the generosity of the public could not be better exercised than in bestowing them on these or other vessels despatched for the Arctic seas.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PIANOFORTES FOR THE MILLION.

A REGRET was some time ago expressed in the Journal,* that since the pianoforte is now the reigning instrument of the civilised world, it should, from its expensiveness, be confined to the comparatively affluent classes. It was suggested that, as much of the costliness of the instrument was caused by fineness of materials not essential to the musical result, it might be possible, by using plainer materials of that kind, to make a considerable reduction of price without any inferiority in essentials. On this hint the respectable firm of Collard and Collard of London have acted, and we have now, by their favour, seen an example of certainly a much more popular class of instruments than what has previously existed. The piano submitted to us is of the cottage size and form: its key-board presents six and a-half octaves. The strings are arranged on a frame strengthened by metal. It is such an instrument as, when of finer external materials, is usually offered by the maker at L.56. The price of this is L.30, being a reduction of nearly one half. The only apparent difference of the instrument from others is in the paleness of the wood forming the case, this being of the common pine instead of mahogany. Yet, far from being in the least inelegant, it has rather a pretty effect, the exterior being highly polished, and having much the appearance of satin wood. As to essentials, the instrument is excellent; its tone is clear, metallic, and rich, and this from end to end of the key-board, while two pedals serve to give the usual modifications to the effect.

While expressing to Messrs Collard and Collard our gratification in finding them so far successful in cheapening the pianoforte, we must take leave to urge further efforts in the same direction, for L.30 is still a price

* No. 36, published on the 10th of November 1846.

which places the instrument beyond the reach of many persons of taste in the middle ranks of life. Let this powerful firm bethink itself of further reductions, even though these should extend to the matters of compass and pedals, so as to offer serviceable pianofortes at, say L.20. This would be a triumph indeed, and we shall hope to see it accomplished.

THE CENTRAL LAKE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

This sheet of water, the discovery of which, in 1849, by three British travellers has already been made familiar to the public, is supposed to lie about latitude 20° 19' south, and longitude 24° east. A writer in the 'Graham's Town Journal' of February 9, 1850, expresses his firm belief that the discharge of its waters is by the well-known river Zambezi, which falls into the Mozambique Channel. He also points out that there is a continual chain of mountains or table-land from this point far to the north, and he recommends that we should now endeavour to push commerce into Africa by that overland course, instead of spending efforts vainly on the coast, where unhealthy atmosphere, the slave trade, and the semi-Portuguese and Arabic character of the inhabitants, compose a formidable opposition. 'In this inland route,' he says, 'there are no fevers to contend with, and the fears and prejudices of the natives, by kindness, gentleness, and gifts, will soon be overcome. With such a road open, what should hinder commerce and civilisation advancing with rapid strides? The natives, instead of being obliged to take their produce and collections from the interior to the sea, at the risk of being plundered and kidnapped for slaves, would find, without any fear at all, a far better market in the interior itself.' The writer concludes by recommending the formation of a Pioneering Society, and pointing out three sundry routes to the lake.

It strikes us that this is a rational plan of procedure for Europeans seeking access to Africa. It is in the high inland grounds that a climate will be found which a European constitution can bear. Push forward lines of civilisation into the centre, and the depraved communities on the coast must languish like limbs which have been cut off by ligatures from communicating with the centre of organisation.

NOVELTY IN NEEDLEWORK.

We have seen some specimens of what appears to us to be a new application of the art of pictorial embroidery, and of a kind which gives more artistic scope than the usual laborious essays of the needle. The specimens are chiefly landscape; and unless the spectator stands very close to the picture, or the light shines strongly upon it, he can have no suspicion that it is anything else than an oil-painting. The effect is not produced by what would be called *stippling* in painting, but by bold splashes, so to speak, of the coloured wool, thrown down horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, according to the rules of drawing. The views are obviously taken from nature; and one now before us of Fast Castle, with the cliffs half buried in gloom, and the agitated waters, touched here and there by the red sunset, exhibits a feeling of art not very common even among the wielders of the pencil.

These productions, though worthy of attention from their intrinsic merit, have likewise an interest attached to them from the circumstances under which they are brought before the public. The artist, Mrs Macleachlan, a young married lady, is the daughter of M'Kenzie of Gruinard, the last male representative of the earls of Seaforth and barons of Portrose. She has now been thrown, by unmerited misfortune, upon her own resources, and cultivates, as a means of support for herself and her mother, the elegant accomplishments she studied under very different prospects. Her works have been purchased by various members of the nobility, and there is, of them, we believe, in the possession of her father; but as, owing to the material used, they are inadmissible into the pictorial exhibitions, it is requi-

sites that other steps should be taken to draw towards them the attention of the public. We shall be much gratified if this brief notice should assist in any degree in obtaining for them the desired publicity.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAIRO.

OF the outside of Egypt little or nothing remains undescribed by the tourist; and if it be not an exhausted country, it is only because the variety of moulds into which the Almighty has cast the minds of writers is inexhaustible, and not because there are temples unmeasured and unlimed, or natural phenomena unobserved or unaccounted for. But the interior life of Egypt is still a wide and interesting field for research, which has been only glanced at by the thousand-and-one fashionable tourists who have published on that country, the unique works of the Lane family being the exceptions that prove the rule.

The obstacles to these studies are the great difficulties of the Arabic language, and still more the fanaticism of the people on religious subjects. In China, where political motives restrict the locomotion of the traveller, the pure morality of a Confucius, and the shining humility of a Mencius, have produced a considerable tolerance—a tolerance which would have been extended to Christianity if Jesuitism had not made it a political engine, and compelled the government to deal alike with matters of fact and matters of faith. No idea of desecration interferes with the free entrance of a European into their temples, or with the perusal of their sacred books, or free inquiry into their doctrines. But in the Ottoman empire, the European is in other matters not only not obstructed, but forwarded and assisted. Acts of arrogance and even outrage on his part often pass with impunity; but the people abhor the sight of a Frank costume in their mosques; and in the *ashar*, as the university of Cairo is called, it is absolutely prohibited, except in the rare and extraordinary case of the visit of a member of a house reigning in Europe. The Chinese hates the foreigner for his barbarous nation, and not for his difference of faith; while the Egyptian detests the difference of faith rather than the difference of nation, and would make the Koran a sealed book to unbelievers.

To make a semblance of joining in the divine service of Moslems for literary purposes is what no right-thinking man would descend to now-a-days, however it may have been considered in the time of Burkhart. On the other hand, to pay a literary and historical visit to Cairo, and leave out the university of the *ashar*, would be to enact the tragedy of 'Hamlet' with the part of the prince omitted. I therefore adopted a middle course, such as that recommended by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in his 'Guide to Modern Egypt,' which was, to wear the costume for a period; so that although I was known as an Englishman, I entered all the mosques with perfect freedom during the intervals between divine service, and visited the *ashar* repeatedly, there being nothing in my appearance to attract especial observation or to shock Moslem prejudices. In visiting the *pasha*, I appeared in no other costume than that of plain John Bull.

It was on one of the clear beautiful days of November in Cairo, when the heat of summer had passed, when the inundation had begun to decline, and the delicious season of the winter had just commenced, that I accompanied my cicerone to the *ashar*, which is situated in the upper part of Cairo—that is to say, that part of the city which is most remote from the Nile, and close under the mountain-chain running parallel with the river. Instead of being situated, as most universities are in Europe, in some open square, you never see it until you find yourself at the so-called Barbers' Gate; an entrance elaborately sculptured in the Saracenic manner, but more remarkable for its excess of ornament than for grandeur and simplicity of design, deriving its name from the circumstance of several of this craft being generally seated there on mats in the open air with the complements of their trade ready for a customer. The streets in the vicinity of

* Mrs Macleachlan resides at 4 Horatio Place, Gourco.

the azhar have nothing to make them remarked from other parts of Cairo, being narrow, dark, and unpaved—an inconvenience not felt in a country where there is from three to five days' rain in the year; while from the want of noise of wheels or stones, and the shops being all opened to the street, without a wall on this side, and every few paces being covered over from house-top to house-top to exclude the sun, one has a feeling of walking rather in the labyrinthine passages of an enormous house than in the streets of a capital.

Within the university we find the mosque proper; a wide and extensive hall, with the roof supported by a great many columns, evidently originally from Greco-Roman edifices, or Christian basilica, before the Moslem conquest in the seventh century. The destruction of a Christian church never stood in the way of the architects of the earlier mosques of Cairo; and the invention of the pointed arch in the ninth century, long before it was ever seen or heard of in Europe, arose from the ingenuity of a Christian architect, who, to save his church from being despoiled of its columns to build the mosque of Touloun, promised to construct an arcade without the necessity of cylindrical columns. The discussion on the origin of the pointed arch has been for a century past a hot one among archaeologists, but need never have been so if Macrizi had been accessible in a translation to Egyptian travellers.

There was rather a deficiency of light in this mosque compared with the others that are open courts; but there was still enough to read and write by; and the floor was completely covered with clean new mats. It was not the hour of prayer, and the place appeared to be a sort of general lounge, where were seen the Ulema, with their high white turbans of a peculiar fold; the *Megawereen*, or students and fellows, of various dresses and complexions, from the different parts of the Moslem world; and blind men, groping from pillar to pillar with the ease of familiar spirits. Mr Lane has given several anecdotes of the pride, insolence, and fanaticism of these poor blind men; but one I received from my informant was quite the other way. Once a blind man entered the azhar, wearing a blue Christian turban. He was consequently beaten, and told to go out, on which he cried out—'I am Sheik Mohammed; why do you beat a Moslem in the temple of God?' 'It is not true,' said they; 'else why do you wear the dress of a Christian?' And on explanation, it was found out that a hoax had been played upon him by a man who had offered and pretended to sell him the green turban of a Shereef, giving him, instead, the dark-blue one of a Christian.

We now passed through a door into the court with the other porticos or cloisters called Riwalk (plural Rewawek), and in these saw the nations, not intermingled, but each in its separate compartment, seated on the ground cross-legged, receiving instruction in the beautiful but time-killing mental gymnastics of Arabic grammar and prosody, logic and rhetoric, law and dogmatic theology, and in the smattering of pre-Copernican astronomy and mathematical science that is requisite for an almanac-maker or time-keeper of a mosque, with a view to precision in the hours appointed for prayer. The Riwalk Es-Sham, or Cloister of Syria, had in 1845-46 altogether nearly three hundred pupils; but those I saw could not be a quarter of that number, and were easily distinguished, having fair complexions, clean turbans, and being altogether the best dressed and most respectable group in the university. A complete contrast to them are the Mogrebins, who drove me to think of politics rather than of literature. Many of them from Morocco were dressed in *haiks*, or garments of a drab colour of the coarsest texture, and were of a much darker colour than Syrians, with coarser skins, being altogether a savage, unpolished-looking race; although many of them, particularly the Tunisians, dress like Arab townsmen, in a costume resembling that of Egypt. Looking at the two races, one sees at once that the prolonged resistance which the Algerines have offered to the French is that of a race far more savage and warlike, far more energetic and fanatical, and, let us add, far less corrupted, than the Moslems of Egypt

and Syria. One of the cloisters contains several fellow-subjects or protégés of our most gracious Majesty the Queen, who are Moslems from Western India, frequenting a *shiwalk* called *Goawey*, from Goa; but as I have always found Indian Moslems very shy in the Ottoman empire, I did not claim any political relation with them.

While foreign Moslem countries have for the most part only a single *shiwalk*, each division of Egypt has its own, several of which have still some income allowed in the shape of daily bread; for instance, that of the Sharkawy, or country to the east of the eastern mouth of the Nile, which has two hundred loaves of bread a day. The cloisters of the other districts of Egypt have peculiar names unknown to maps. That of the country around Alexandria is called Liptigawey, and that of the Delta, Tabarseey. The cloister of the people of Said, with its fountain reading-room, is distinguished by the dark complexion of its inmates; but darkest of all is the cloister of the Dac-roory, who are perfectly black; a cloister that was instituted by Kaid Bey, a sultan who lived towards the close of the fifteenth century, and which turns out ebony Ulema, cadis, and muftis for the countries beyond the Cataracts. Moslems from Persia and Central Asia are common; but if we cast our eyes to the Celestial Empire, where there are nearly twenty thousand mosques, a solitary Alim from that vast and distant region was the only one who attended the azhar in the winter of 1845-46.

As to the general doctrines and discipline of Islamism as taught in the azhar, I refer the reader to the well-known works of Reland and Sale; and as regards custom and law, he will find the expositions of the four great Moslem doctors, Hanife, Shafei, Malek, and Hambale, geographically mapped in Mr Lane's 'Modern Egyptians.' All Turkey Proper follows the first; most of Egypt and Syria the second; Morocco and Western Africa the third; and Mr Lane assigns to the fourth the Wahabees of Arabia, to whom I would suggest, as an addition, the inhabitants of the important city of Bagdad and Nablouse in Syria, the latter the Samaritan Sicheim of Scripture. A detailed history of the fortunes and misfortunes of the azhar—of the rise, decline, and fall of learning in Egypt, from the foundation of the university in the tenth century to the present period—if written with the erudition of a Hammer Purgstall, a Lane, or a Quatremare, would be one of the most interesting works conceivable; but in a sketch of this sort, a brief and rapid glance is all that can be given.

The azhar is the oldest ecclesiastical edifice of Cairo Proper—that is to say, of the Cairo built and named by Moezz, the first of the Fatimite caliphs; for when Egypt was conquered by Amru, in the time of the Caliph Omar, the city was not in existence. Cairo was built by Moezz with strong walls, and the streets called after his mercenaries, among whom were Greeks and Sicilian Saracens. The mosque was finished in two years, and was, according to the inscription on the right of the sanctuary, 'built by the command of Abdallah, vicegerent of God, Abou Temin Ma'ad el Imam el Moezz Ledinillah, the prince of the faithful, on whom and on whose fathers and legitimate children be the blessing of God, and by the hands of his servant Gohar, the secretary, the Sicilian, in the year 360.' There is a talisman to prevent the sparrows and turtle-doves from building their nests there—the talisman being the figures of birds carved in stone. Ten years after its foundation, the mosque was endowed as a seminary, the *fakihis*, or tutors and lecturers, being thirty-five in number, and besides a small salary, each being allowed a new dress and a mule at the festival of Bairam; and thus was the azhar the principal mosque and seminary in the first years of the Fatimite dynasty.

The two principal figures in this dynasty were men as opposite to each other as it was possible to conceive, but both professing to protect learning. The former, Hakim, is to this day, according to the Druse religion, the incarnation of the Deity; for, not content with being acknowledged caliph in Egypt, Syria, and the Hadramy states, he wished himself to be considered a god. Instead of being an orthodox Moslem, he had a great deal of communication with the unisaries of the Ismaelites and Assa-

sins, the people of the Old Man of the Mountain; and at last, owing to his cruelties and eccentricities, was murdered at the instigation of his own sister. He was thus morally at war with the doctors of divinity in the azhar, although he repaired and further endowed it, as appears by the deed of settlement given by Macrizi; a curious specimen of Cairo conveyancing in the tenth century after Christ.

Hakem set up an institution of his own, called the Dar el Hekimet, or College of Science, with a copious library, and pen, ink, and paper for those who wished to consult it; his object being to introduce the philosophy of the Carnates, who allegorised the precepts of Islamism, and by their secret societies wished to establish a universal dominion in the East on the ruins of the Caliphate of Bagdad. Consequently Hakem is regarded to this day by every true Moslem as having been an impious impostor.

A very different person was one of his successors, Mostanser, who may be regarded as the Mamoun, or Haroun-er-Reshid, of the Fatimite dynasty. He was a mild and pious prince, who reigned in the eleventh century. His private library contained 120,000 volumes; and although he completed the mosque of Hakem with great magnificence, he did all in his power to encourage learning and learned men, and the azhar was well frequented. But the dynasty was brought to a close in the year 567 of the Flight, or 1171 of Christ, by the splendid military talents of Saladin; and henceforth the litany which used to be read for the Fatimites was restored to the caliphs of Bagdad. But Saladin settled that it should be read in the mosque of Hakem, on account of the size of the building; and for a hundred years no *hathet*, or litany, was recited in the azhar, until it was restored by Sultan Bibars. But in the great earthquake of 702 of the Flight, which ruined so many mosques, the original azhar of Moezz was thrown down; and the great emirs who spent their lives in combating the Crusaders arranged to rebuild a mosque each, when the Emir Silar rebuilt the azhar. No Tasso has sung the valour and generosity of the heroes of Islamism; but whoever reads the contemporary accounts of both sides of the question debated in these days, must come to the conclusion, that in piety, in valour, and in generosity, a Saladin, a Bibars, and a Bayseri, were in no way inferior to a Louis or a Godfrey of Boulogne.

All the dynasties of caliphs were Arabic; but that singular series of temporal dynasties which, on the fall of the Fatimites, began with Saladin, and ended with the Ottoman conquest in 1517, was at first Kurdish, then Turkish, and last of all Circassian. But Arabic being the language of Islamism, remained also that of science, and even of the most considerable departments of government; and Saladin, Bibars, Sultan Hassan, and Kauso el Ghory, the last and most learned of the Mameluke sultans, all cultivated Arabic literature.

The funds for the azhar were ample, for we find that in the year 818 of the Flight, upwards of 750 Ulama pupils and fellows were maintained out of the income of the college. The Megawereen, or fellows, lived in a sort of monastic state, Sultan Barkouk having ordained the law, that what they possessed should be in common; hence a state of idleness and disorder inseparable from Communism. A species of Moslem John Knox arose in the midst of this monkish system, in the person of the Emir Sodula, who turned them out by violence with their boxes and trunks, throwing them on the world in the most miserable condition. Some went back, and even blows were resorted to to drive them out; but this emir's conduct appeared to be that of a destroyer of learning rather than a reformer of learned men, and he was consequently seized by the sultan, and confined until he died.

During the three centuries of the Ottoman possession of Egypt, the number of pupils of the azhar may not have fallen off, but the literary spirit of Cairo has much degenerated from what it was when it gave birth to such historic labours as those of a Macrizi in the fifteenth century of Christ; and the reforms of Mohammed Ali have altogether altered the position in which the Ulama and pupils of the azhar formerly stood. It has ceased to

be an asylum for murderers, which it previously was. Another peculiarity was, that that formidable personage, the inspector of weights and measures, had no government over the quarter of the azhar, as they had a separate inspector of their own, whom they called by the curious name of Gyndy el Mudbaek, or Trooper of the Kitchen: one being in the house of the sheikh of the azhar, the other in the house of the sheikh of the rite of Malek. The government of the Shercefs and Ulama by separate magistrates is also abolished; and if these rob or steal, they are under the control of the ordinary police; although in minor assaults and batteries, which are very frequent among those persons, they are handed over to the sheikh of the azhar, who adjudges and punishes them through the trooper of the kitchen.

The seizure of the mosque lands by the Egyptian government, the establishment of medical and polytechnic schools, and last of all, the institution of a species of gymnasium at Paris, where 150 young Egyptians receive Frank education, have, so to speak, completely altered the polarity of education in Egypt. Polytechnic schools have risen on the decline of the Moslem Sorbonne. The principle of the old education is religious even to fanaticism; that of the new latitudinarian, and entirely subservient to military purposes; consequently medicine and mathematics, drawing and European languages, take the precedence of other branches of instruction. I have seen the Ulama at an opera of Donizetti in the castle of Cairo, and have heard the mufti of Cairo in the house of the Sheik el Bekri, on the evening of the Festival of the Prophet, promise to affix his approbation to the novelty of a printed edition of the Koran: but these are the exceptions, and the Ulama of the azhar rather shut their eyes on such innovations than accept them cordially; and I regard a reaction towards the old system to be, however undesirable, yet highly probable.

LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May 1543: the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thought; but in his eye kindled the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks upon his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived: the long straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine; titular canon of Wernica; and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his great work 'On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.' In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science. On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for his purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three

pieces* of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen, he wrote on the title-page of his book—'Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect Artisan: the work of God himself.' And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded, with a collected mind, to write the dedication of his book.

'To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.: I dedicate my work to your holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanderers, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.'

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS—*Of Thorn.*'

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labour, he in truth needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who, with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.

'Master,' said he to the canon as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, 'the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is only waiting for your proof-sheets and letters.'

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

'But that is not all,' continued the servant; 'there are ten poor sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg, to look after the water-machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who have broken their legs in trying to set it going again.'

'Poor creatures!' exclaimed Copernicus. 'Let my horse be saddled directly.' And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as in science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome and of Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlour on the ground-floor, which was ever open to all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlour that the good canon found the ten invalids who had come to claim his assistance; he dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to

others, and on all he bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labours, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognised the handwriting of his friend Gysius, bishop of Culm. 'May God have pity on us,' wrote this latter, 'and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits; and the university, hearing that thy book was about to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing presses of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late.'

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman, who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

'I must set out directly,' replied the old man in a resigned tone; 'but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses!'

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon this town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering, like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunistically, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water again flowed freely into the town. His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries whilst working in the sluices: he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, whilst passing through the town on his return home, he perceived amidst the crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all sorts of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking, that he directly recognised himself, and paused, stupefied with astonishment. Behind the merry Andrew, whose business it was thus to hold up the great man to public derision there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated him as a representation of Satan, and who caused the pseudo Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot: in the second, he explained his system, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his head was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of resin: in the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of potestans and quack medicines—he spoke dog-Latin to the passer-by; sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price; and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which did he indulge, that he finally disappeared under

* Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus by John Hianovius, bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.

the table: in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view as one accursed of God and man; and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declared his intention of punishing him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards throughout eternity.

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labours of the morning, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognise their benefactor: the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town in order to relieve their distress—in a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, their ingratitude was quickly changed to remorse—the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously round the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and of faith still shed its halo around the dying man. On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the bishop of Culm: thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth. 'Even this very morning,' wrote his friend, 'a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen—the printers perform their work with one hand, whilst they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our ground for two days, thy book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. . . . But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand' . . . Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: 'A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. . . . But a popular tumult might yet ruin all!'

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom: it was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Copernicus: this messenger was the bode of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly extinguished, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man: he raised himself in his bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, and glanced at its contents with his dim, expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features; the book fell from his grasp; and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, 'Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace!' Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 25th May—day had not yet dawned—heaven was still lighted up with stars—the

earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathise with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed his earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say, 'The king of creation gives thee the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne.'

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of its own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last oboles, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw. This statue is from the hand of the great sculptor Thorvaldsen.

BANNOCKBURN.

O for a rush of Castaly
To undulate my song,
Ye goddess-muses, unto whom
The springs of verse belong!
No matter—there are streams enow
Between the hill and sea,
And every Scots foot on their banks,
Thanks to King Bruce, is free!

I.

The English king hath sworn an oath,
That ere the Baptist's day,
Near Stirling's towers shall England's host
And Scotland's meet in fray,
Such fray as, if it lifts us not
Above all foes and praise,
Shall be the last and bloodiest
Of Scotland's fighting days.

II.

From cot, from castle spread the news
'O'er hill, dale, everywhere:
It found God speed in Liddisdale,
It found God-speed in Ayr,
Among the mooves of Dumfries
The Maxwells caught the omen;
Buchanans told it to Colquhouns,
In the shadow of Hen Lomond;
Makraken gave it to Milroy
On the coast of Galloway,
Where the relics of St Ninian sleep,
And the monks of Balfo pray.
'Twas heard at Elba's Kirk, and heard
By them that hear the din
Of Corryvreckan, and Cape Wrath,
And Foyers, and Coira Linn;
It spread—it sprang from tale to tale,
From Harris to Tiree;
It roused the red-legged clans of Ross
And the Dane-mixed men of Dee,
It woke the country of Saint Clair,
And the country of Mackay;
It pierced unto the springs of Clyde,
And the virgin rill of Spey:
It made proud mothers cease to sing,
And maidens to be coy,
But the warrior heard, and ground his teeth,
And cut the air for joy.

III.

That day which makes each week arise,
With the blue eye of Heaven,
It found us on the battle-field,
But not to arms was given;
Yet not to rest, or thought of rest,
With a broad sun blaking o'er us,
And a hundred thousand English swords
Grim gathering before us.
That day the sun went down like blood,
And even when rose the moon,
All the night-air palpitated,
With the fiery heart of June.

IV.

Sir Mowbray stood in chafing mood
On Stirling's old grey wall,
For sought on earth and he to find,
But watch our movements all,
And well he need every sign:

'The time,' quoth he, 'is brief,
When yonder nodding flag, my boys,
Will bring us all relief
Another day, one bloody fray,'
Quoth he, 'and I am free,
The mouse may creep in stilling keep,
But not, please God, for me'

V

So Mowbray, as a gallant knight,
Was raised to high command
By the great soul that left its clay
At Borough-on-the-Sand,
And gave the old knight his wonted place
Among the Southrons hot,
And let him tread the springy sward,
In teeth of the proud Scot,
That arm of his hath pith enough
To show you lion's play,
When the fire flies from flashing eyes,
The blue eyes and the gray

VI

Next morn arose as peaceful
As if war had never been,
Though nations twain in battle gear
Were standing in its shen,
With gilded flags, like Beltane fires,
All gleaming in the sun,
And men on both sides muttering, 'Thus
Shall battle fields be won'

VII

Like waters fed by many streams,
The northern ranks are thronged
With vernal leal and bold outlaw,
The wronger and the wronged,
Grim grey beards that have awung their swords
Around the Wallace wight,
Brave stippling that have fled from home,
But will not flee from fight,
And com who have aforetime fought
Against the leal and true,
Will this day stand in Scotland's van,
And soldier penance do
Yea even the knave whose caiff life
He hadly one proud day,
Who comes to plunder, he for once
Is come in time to slay

VIII

King Bruce surveyed his mingled host
With no unhopful eye—
'Let every soldier in like his bed,
As he would wish to lie!
I give old Scotland's flag in charge
Of this gray rock said he,
'A stand and bearer that shall fly,
Good friends, as soon as we

IX

Our precious king right well we knew
How he had play'd the man,
How he had led an outlaw's life,
And borne the church's ban,
How he had kept his fame so well,
In flight, when doomed to flee,
And how he nursed a heart of ruth
In hottest victory!
Ho! for the men that loved their king,
When loyal men were few!
Ho! for the king that knew his men,
And trusted whom he knew!

X

Old Maurice of Inchaffray
(Save his gray head from harm!),
To fix our confidence, displayed
Saint I'llan's relic-arm
But how our hearts beat in us
When we heard the good priest say
That living arms, and layman nerves,
Were all required to-day!
And when he raised the cross, and bade
Us cry unto the Lord,
And seek the grace of every saint
That ever drew a sword,
And pardoned fight, and pardoned fall,
Scarce was the counsel given,
When, hand to heart, and knee to earth,
And every eye on Heaven,
Ye might have heard the abbot's tread,
Unmaddled though he trod,
So breathlessly the Scottish host
Were speaking to their God.

XI

Now came proud England's battle-burnt
O ladies, 'twere a sight
On which the fairest lady eye
With joyance would alight,

To see such gallant gentlemen
At tourney, dance, or play!
But this was not a time of mirth,
Of joust or holiday

XII

Then Scotland bared her good broad sword,
And baptized it in blood,
And Bannockburn was swollen and red,
But not with rain or mud,
For each man fought as boys might work
In harvest time or spring
(Twas the spring time of Liberty,
And Hate's in-gathering),
Till, on the uneven and pitted ground,
With caltrops thickly sown,
A crop of staggering cavaliers
And plunging steeds was mown,
Till Hereford was prisoner,
Till Gloster's heart was cold
Brave Gloster's deathbed shall be called
For aye the Bloody Field,
Till knifhtly D'Alentine had urged
The southern king away—
Brave D'Alentine, whose one good sword
Almost renewed the fray—
Till home fast boys and screaming girls
Beheld at Ingram's Crook
Balls of red foam and truncheon heads
Slow sailing down the brook
The very winds were vocal,
And the dumb hills seemed to cry,
'Your bairns are sleeping at our feet,
Ho! save your homes, or die
And saved they were, and safe they are,
And shall be safe and free,
For night was night at Bannockburn,
The great God honoured be'

XIII

That night by Ninian's sleepless monks
Full many a prayer was said,
That night the trophied tidings brought
Sweet dreams to wife and maid,
That night we bound the wounded up,
To-morrow hid the slain,
One short hour reckoned up our loss—
All time shall count the gain
For 'tis a story to be held
In memory for aye
How lord and vassal knelt and prayed,
Though not as bidmen pray,
How lord and vassal rose and fought,
As none had fought before,
And how the burn was choked with knights,
And the marsh half filled with gore,
And how the northern sun rose,
As sank the southern star,
And how the braggart Southron king
Did ride to reach Dunbar

XIV

O luckless, luckless king, that brot
The barb of Edward's name!
O starless brow, that canst so far
And found so little fame!
O well for thee hadst thou been left
With Gloster on the plain!
Thou goest to gall a noble steed,
A steed thou canst not rein
Thou goest—O luckless, luckless king!
To I favour them's foul breath,
To trust a counsellor a puny arm,
To Berkeley's horrid death,
And England's wide and motley realm
Holds not so poor a thing,
As thine anointed, witless head,
O luckless, luckless king!

Bannockburn

J H M

CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

In a country of such vast extent as Australia, spreading over so many degrees of latitude, we might naturally expect to find much diversity in the climate; and such is really the case. Van Diemen's Land, from its isolated and more southern position, is cooler, and characterised by greater humidity than Australia; its vegetation is therefore abundant, and its forests dense and difficult of access. The climate of the continent, on the other hand, between the 25th and 35th degrees of latitude, is much drier, and has a temperature which is probably higher than that of any other part of the world, the thermometer frequently rising to 110 degrees, 120 degrees, and even 130 degrees in the shade, and this high temperature is not unfrequently increased by the hot winds which sweep over the country

from the northward, and which indicate most strongly the parched and sterile nature of the interior. Unlike other hot countries, this great heat and dryness is unaccompanied by night-dews, and the falls of rain being uncertain and irregular, droughts of many months' duration sometimes occur, during which the rivers and lagoons are dried up, the land becomes a parched waste, vegetation is burnt up, and famine spreads destruction on every side. It is easier for the imagination to conceive, than the pen to depict, the horrors of so dreadful a visitation. The indigenous animals and birds retire to the mountains, or to more distant regions exempt from its influence. Thousands of sheep and oxen perish, bullocks are seen dead by the roadside, or in the dried-up water holes, to which, in the hope of relief, they had dragged themselves, there to fall and die; trees are cut down for the sake of the twigs as fodder; the flocks are driven to the mountains, in the hope that water may there be found, and every effort is made to avert the impending ruin; but in spite of all that can be done, the loss is extreme. At length a change takes place; rain falls abundantly; and the plains, on which but lately not a blade of herbage was to be seen, and over which the stillness of desolation reigned, become free with luxuriant vegetation. *Orchideæ*, and thousands of flowers of the loveliest hues, are profusely spread around, as if nature rejoiced in her renovation; and the grain springing up vigorously, gives promise of an abundant harvest. This change from sterility to abundance in the vegetable world is accompanied by a correspondent increase of animal life; the waters become stocked with fish, the marshy districts with frogs and other reptiles; hosts of caterpillars and other insects make their appearance, and spreading over the surface of the country, commence the work of devastation, which, however, is speedily checked by the birds of various kinds that follow in their train. Attracted by the abundance of food, hawks, of three or four species, in flocks of hundreds, depart from their usual solitary habits, become gregarious and busy at the feast, and thousands of straw-necked ibises (*Ibis spinirostris*) and other species of the feathered race revel in the profusion of a welcome banquet. It must not, however, be imagined that this change is effected without its attendant horrors: the heavy rains often filling the river beds so suddenly, that the onward-pouring flood carries with it everything that may impede its course; and we to the unhappy settler whose house or grounds may lie within the influence of the overwhelming floods! So little has as yet been ascertained respecting the climatology of Western, North-Western, and Northern Australia, that it is not known whether they also are subject to these tremendous visitations; but as we have reason to believe that the intertropical parts of the country are favoured with a more constant supply of rain, as well as a lower degree of temperature, it is probable that they do not there occur.—*Gould's Birds of Australia.*

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Yesterday morning we witnessed a scene that we little believed could be enacted within the borders of Kentucky. The steamer G. W. Kendall was lying at the wharf at the foot of Wall Street preparing to start to New Orleans. On the fore-castle deck stood a group consisting of a master and five or six slaves, including a woman with a child at the breast, who were apparently going to the south. Just as the last bell of the steamer rang out its peal for departure, and the lines were about to be cast loose, the mother was bidden to give up her infant, and was told that she must go without it. At this intimation the poor creature became frantic with grief. She caressed the child a moment, then flew to her trunk in which she had packed various little articles of clothing she had made up for it to wear. These she first pressed fervently to her lips, and then bestowed them upon the child. Her owner then ordered her to follow him, and she mechanically started to obey; but the promptings of nature were too strong within her swelling breast to be resisted, and with loud sobbings of grief she turned, embraced her child, and clung to it with the tenacity of despair. The heartrending grief of the woman, and her frantic gestures, attracted the attention of persons passing along the levee, and strongly excited the sympathies of many. The owner was asked by a gentleman if he would sell the woman and child. To this he assented, and demanded \$50 dollars for them. Upon inquiry, however, it was ascertained that the woman was to be sold down the river, and that the child would be disposed of here. The bystanders volunteered to raise subscriptions to buy the child and send it to its mother, and several of them proffered ten dollars

a piece. At this juncture Captain Norton, the captain of the boat, came forward and told the owner of the slaves that he would not take him on his boat, and sent the whole party ashore, and in a few minutes the steamer was seen dashing over the falls without them.—*Louisville Courier.*

HOW ILLNESS IS TO BE BORNE.

If the spirit can so far prevail as to remove the sickness wholly from itself, and banish it into the body only, an immense step is gained; and we may then bear bodily ailments not only with apparent, but with real firmness and tranquillity, and not only bear but draw from them much that softens and purifies the soul. I myself, indeed, though I have been often ill, and occasionally dangerously so, have never had to endure lasting sickness, or even what may be deemed a weak constitution. But I have intimately known many, both men and women, with whom this was the ordinary state, and had no hope of escaping from it but by death. To this class belonged Schiller especially. He suffered much—he suffered continually—and knew, as indeed happened afterwards, that this continual suffering would lead him step by step to the grave. Yet one might truly say of him that he held his illness confined to the body; for at whatever time you visited him, or under whatever circumstances you might meet him, his mind was always calm and cheerful—ready to adapt itself to friendly intercourse, or to interesting and even philosophic conversation. He was, indeed, wont to say that a man worked better under the influence of illness, if it were not too severe; and I have seen him under circumstances which certainly afforded nothing cheering, compose both poems and prose pieces which betrayed no traces in their composition of the illness of the writer.—*Humboldt's Letters.*

INTELLECTUAL LABOUR.

A popular lecturer (Mr Turner) is reported, somewhat confusedly, to have lately spoken as follows:—“He had often heard it said of a man, ‘Oh! intellectual pursuits are killing him;’ but there never was a man yet who died from intellectual labours, if he paid attention to the other circumstances that ought to be connected with intellectual pursuits. If a man engrossed in study neglects his food, his exercise, and other physical causes so essential to the maintenance of health, is not health likely, to a certain extent, to fall a sacrifice? But intellectual pursuits, corresponding with the taste of the individual, having a tendency to enlarge the mind, so far from being detrimental to health, are highly conducive to it.” Experience enables us to add a decisive testimony to the same effect. It is only when intellectual labours are pursued in harassing circumstances, or in excess, or with a disregard of the common requisites of health, that they prove hurtful.

‘MRS CHISHOLM.’

It was omitted to be mentioned by the contributor of the account of Mrs Chisholm, given in No. 326, that the materials were gathered chiefly from Sidney's ‘Emigrants’ Journal.’ This valuable journal, we are sorry to say, has been discontinued, which is probably the reason why our correspondent did not think it necessary to quote its authority.

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WILD.

It has happened not unfrequently that historical personages have passed under a false character for many generations, and have then all on a sudden been discovered to be something very different from what the world supposed them. We are not prone to change our opinions: on the contrary, the difficulty is to get us to quash a false judgment. Generations for a certain time follow one another in their opinions like a string of geese; and thus a man who is once fairly set up as a hero, may count on some centuries of worship at the least. So also it is with a beast. Your lion continued the king of the forest from time immemorial up to a very recent period. His herculean build, his grave and majestic pace, his thunder-like roar, answered for crown, globe, and sceptre, and his legitimacy was acknowledged in all times and countries. But it was at length put to the test. He was pitted in a fair field with the tiger, and in spite of his airs of superiority, the lion gave in, and his enemy was declared champion of the forest. How many figures of poetry, how many historical associations, were shattered in pieces by this unexpected result! The Hercules in whose divine face the old sculptor had fused the leonine with the human features was henceforth a dishonoured demi-god; and Richard of the Lion-heart found himself linked in the imaginations of men with an animal which turned tail to an enemy.

The new champion maintained the field for a time, and cunning mingled with ferocity—prompting the sneaking circuit, and then the sudden spring—appeared to be the true characteristics of warlike heroism. But already the tiger's reign is at an end, and poetry and sculpture have had hardly time to turn themselves round, when another champion appears pacing the arena supreme and alone, and making its bloody precincts echo to a sound more deep and hoarse than the lion's roar. This is the wild buffalo, whom nature herself appears to have distinguished as a fighting animal, by furnishing him with weapons of offence apparently useless except in battle. The Indian buffalo has been tried repeatedly in a fair stand-up fight with the tiger, and his superiority in strength and courage has been demonstrated so clearly, that in such contact he should be regarded rather as an executioner than a rival. The last noted instance of this barbarous sport of which we have any report, took place at Solo in the island of Java; and to show how nearly the modern Javanese approach in their amusements to the ancient Romans, we present the following account of the affair.

At an early hour in the morning, the population of the whole country-side, men, women, and children, begin to assemble, for it has been bruited abroad that the emperor has doomed the death of five enormous royal

tigers, his menageries having become too populous in this animal. The Dutch resident and his staff have been formally invited to the spectacle; and all the military officers and private gentlemen of the place, together with the lady of the resident, and others of the fair sex, prepare to join the cavalcade. An independent chief, attended by his officers and an escort of cavalry, swells the procession still more, and the native dresses, blended to the eye with the military and civilian costumes of the Europeans, give a romantic richness to the scene, upon which a tropical sun looks down from a cloudless sky.

On arriving at the precincts of the palace, the procession passed through the numerous courts which lead to the dwelling, and in each was saluted by successive bands of drums, horns, and other instruments. Arms were presented and flags lowered as the resident passed; and at length the innermost court was reached, where the emperor sat under his canopy, with the grand band, dressed in white pantaloons and scarlet coats, playing—and playing extremely well—on European instruments. The resident and other invited guests passed up to his majesty through an avenue of chairs, and having enjoyed the honour of a shake of the imperial hand, each retired to his seat. The emperor was dressed in a pair of chintz trousers, red, white, and yellow, which came to his bare ankles, and his stockingless feet were cased in embroidered slippers. A sarang was fastened gracefully round his waist, with a plain dagger stuck in its folds behind. A white vest, a black jacket ornamented with a close row of diamond buttons, and a conical cap of something like white gauze stuck on the top of his head, completed his attire. His hair was dressed in a tail, which hung a little way down his back; and he wore a profusion of rich diamond rings and other ornaments.

After a time—for in the far East nothing is done in a hurry—the emperor and resident got up simultaneously, and walked away together arm in arm, a dwarf bearing his majesty's train, consisting of a portion of the sarang. A crowd of females followed, some carrying stools covered with crimson cloth, another a gold siri box, another a spittoon of the same metal, another an old musket, and among the rest one bearing a golden shield adorned with diamonds, rubies, and numerous other precious stones in great profusion. The ladies, to the number of twenty, who carried these insignia of rank and state, were somewhat elderly, and they were followed by about thirty more a little younger—all with bare shoulders, and a few with bands of gold lace wound round their necks, and the ends hanging down before and behind. Following, and intermingling with this singular guard of honour, came the European visitors without distinction of rank; and as the crowd—for it could not be called a procession—passed through the successive courts, they were drummed and trumpeted

from one to another, till they at length reached the ground, distinguished by another tent or canopy, under which the emperor and resident seated themselves. This place was guarded by a band of beautiful girls, arrayed in yellow sarangs and tightly-fitting dresses, whose delicate yellow skins contrasted charmingly with their dark shining hair and sparkling eyes. The principal courtiers, and some of the royal family, were squatted on the ground; but the European guests and the independent native chief were provided with red chairs. At a respectful distance squatted the prime minister and his attendants on the bare sand.

It being announced that the tigers were ready at the imperial command, wine was handed round to the general company. A characteristic circumstance now occurred. The lady of the resident came up to take her seat under the canopy, attended by a crowd of ladies; but although she passed close to his majesty, he did not notice her even by a glance, but continued staring straight before him. In the far East it is unpolite to look at another man's spouse; and to ask her husband after her health is considered the height of rudeness.

The emperor and resident now got up once more, and walked away arm in arm, followed by the guard of women—exactly according to the rule of the Surrey theatre in its palmy days of the melodrama. This time they halted near the pen in which the fight was to take place, and then they sat down once more, the company standing round them. The pen was not more than fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter, and it was enclosed with teak posts bound with withes of bamboo.

Now appeared the true hero of the day—a fine black male buffalo, with whitened horns and a garland of flowers round his neck. He stood in the middle of the pen, the observed of all observers, and eyeing the crowd in his turn with a fierce and surprised look. But presently, when a royal tiger tumbled in, this look became more intense; and it was returned with exaggeration when the visitor observed on whose privacy he had involuntarily intruded. The animals, who would have rushed at each other in the desert, only gazed in astonishment; the buffalo keeping his place in the centre, but wheeling round as on a pivot, with his head down and horns levelled, as the tiger sneaked slowly round the edge of the circle. How long this would have gone on, is hard to say. The tiger, inspired at once with hate and fear, sought instinctively for a weak point, yet dared not spring; while the buffalo, stern and self-possessed, knew too well the treacherous nature of his enemy to abate his vigilance, but seemed willing, under the unaccountable circumstances of the meeting, to decline a combat if possible.

The music, however, had already commenced to which the actors were to fight; and as the roll of the drum, the clang of the trumpet, and the thunder of the gong became fiercer, and faster, and wilder, the movements of the destined combatants kept time. Confused with the noise, and with the wild gestures and exciting cries of the attendants, the animals gradually lost their self-command such as it was. Patience, prudence, reflection, everything gave way. The roar of the music, and the yells of the spectators, seemed as so many insults and outrages which instinctive animosity traced to the 'natural enemy.' Maddened by the ceaseless din, the animals knew no longer what they were about, but came in contact in the middle of the arena, and wreaked on each other their concentrated rage. Again and again the tiger, butted against the enclosure,

lost heart, and sneaked away; but again and again he returned to the charge, only to be butted anew. At length the desperate animal, climbing to the top of the enclosure, sprang down upon the head and shoulders of his enemy. A moment the spectators were in doubt—but only a moment; for the buffalo, without giving him time to fasten, threw him yelling back into the air. Again the brute adopted the same stratagem—again, again, and again, in such rapid succession, that the eye could scarcely follow his motions; but each time he was flung up again as energetically as at first, till at length he stirred no more after his fall, but lay dying or dead upon the ground, and was dragged away.

A second tiger was thrown in to the same buffalo; but this time the coyness and surprise were all on the part of the former. The buffalo now knew what the thing meant, and the second combat was over in a moment. The tiger was drawn away senseless by the attendants, while the conqueror marched off on his legs.

So much for the championship of the buffalo. But we must now show how the remainder of the tigers were disposed of, this being the second and final act of this horrid melodrama. Another circular piece of ground was chosen for the new exhibition, not fifteen feet, but 300 feet in diameter, and its walls were composed of lines of men standing several rows deep, each armed with a long spear. These troops were clad in red, yellow, blue, and green jackets; and the interval between them and the platform where the emperor and his visitors sat was occupied by his guards, armed with rifles, spears, swords, and other weapons. The circle was closed round by humbler spectators, to the number of several thousands; while every roof, tree, wall, or elevation of any kind in the neighbourhood was crowded with men, women, and children.

In the centre of the ring were the oblong cages of the tigers, hung round with a kind of long grass, so as to hide the inmates; and behind these were two others, shaped like dish-covers, resting on the ground, within which were the men whose office it was to minister on the occasion, as will presently be explained. Three other attendants, however, stood openly by the cages, and it was their duty to perform the manoeuvres intrusted to them at the motion of the emperor's arm. The first sign made, one of them, after making his slow and reverential obeisance to the emperor, mounted upon the top of one of the cages, and with a graceful motion ~~severed~~ with his hatchet the string which bound the door. He then drew the door up, and slapped it quickly down in its groove several times; then pulled it entirely out, and threw it upon the ground. This done, he made another obeisance, and leaping down, seated himself by that terrible aperture, which had now nothing more than a bunch of grass hanging before it for a curtain! His two companions, in the meantime, were behind the cage, preparing their burning wisps to set fire to the grass hung round it.

It may be supposed that this was a moment of intense excitement, for there appeared to be nothing to prevent the tiger from issuing from his den, and the distance to the serried line of spears was 150 feet. The imperial sign was at length given; and the man at the mouth of the cage slowly and gracefully bowed himself to the dust, and then rose up and joined his companions. They now set fire to the grass upon the cages, and then all three placed themselves in line; then the music struck up, and with a dancing movement, composed of a succession of leaps, with pauses between, executed as if

by one man, they began to move slowly towards the boundary of the circle. The tiger in the meantime came out, tail foremost, and looked round with surprise and fury at the array before him. The spectators held their breath; for the dancers, in the frenzy of a fantastic honour, still kept time, and that odious measure still kept its prescribed cadence. He sees them—he lashes his tail—he moves forward; but they only give another jump, and then make another pause in obedience to the music. The tiger re-enters his cage! and the dancers at length reach the circle of spears, which opens and shrouds them from sight.

The fire, in the meantime, had not communicated so completely with the cage as to expel the tiger from his den; it, however, soon did so; and the grass bursting into flames, the tiger bounded out. Then struck up the music, then rolled the drum, then clanged the trumpet, then thundered the gong, then shouted the men, then screamed the women; and the denizen of the forest, confounded with the heterogeneous salute, shrunk back into his den. But not long could he stand the heat and smoke; and with slow gliding pace, and eyes rolling in calm desperation round the circle, he returned deliberately into the open space; and prowling backwards and forwards in front of the emperor, whom he no doubt recognised as the commander of the host of enemies, he appeared to be consulting with his own quaking heart on his awful predicament. Sometimes he approached the line; but his courage failed at the sight of the glittering spears, the blades of which converged on all sides, with his body as the centre to which they pointed. Then he retreated to observe the state of his burning den; but deriving no comfort from the view, he stood still, as if in despair, with his lower jaw hanging down. At length, rousing himself from his lethargy, he made a sudden rush at the armed ring—from which he was thrown back bleeding. Galloping round the circle, he tried point after point as quick as thought, but always baffled, always wounded. At length concentrating his energies, he made so desperate a charge near the royal stand that his enemies gave way. In an instant he was through the line; in another he had passed under a carriage in which some ladies were sitting; and in a third he had flashed by the side of the old prime minister, who sat upon the sand eyeing the feat with the most imperturbable coolness. But here his sudden good fortune as suddenly deserted him: the lancers were round him in a compact body; he was pinned to the ground in an instant; and he yielded up his hope and his life together.

The other tigers were destroyed in a similar manner under circumstances of more or less excitement; and then the emperor and his guests, satisfied with the sport, returned with the same state in which they had come. It perhaps occurred to some of the company, as they retired from the field, musing and silent, to speculate on the power of the animals they had seen, rendered useless for any great purpose by the restricted nature of their instincts. Man alone has his comparatively insignificant strength directed by Reason; and thus, with his other titles of power and dominion, he is the true Champion of the Wild. But the higher this reason advances—the further he recedes from the brute kind—the less amusement he finds in the agonies of the inferior animals. Such is a picture of modern sports in the East—such is what was presented to the populace of ancient Rome—such is pretty much what was tolerated in England at no very distant date. The sentiments which are now aroused amongst us on hearing of practices so revolting to humanity, mark the great advance which has latterly been made in public taste and feeling. That the spread of Christianity in

the East will gradually lead to the abolition of the fiendish pastimes just referred to, is past all reasonable doubt.*

WEAVERS AND MINERS AT AIRDRIE.

WE had lately occasion to spend some time in the populous weaving and mining district of Airdrie in the west of Scotland. Nothing struck us more than the great longevity of many of the original inhabitants of the place, who in their old years have been subjected to all the privation consequent on low wages for the last twenty years. One of these we found to be above ninety years of age, and several others had reached the age of seventy or eighty. Some of these old men are paupers, and depend on the small pittance allowed them by the parish, amounting to about 4s. a month, and the casual charity of the people of the place. On the other hand, it is exceedingly rare to meet with a hale old man belonging to any other class—old men among the mining population are exceedingly rare.

The privations to which the handloom weavers have been subjected have been the means of making the most of their young men turn their attention to the more lucrative occupation of mining, so that the marriage of a weaver is rather a rare occurrence. The miners, however, are under no restraint in this respect, and the number of children belonging to them is sufficiently numerous to excite surprise, as well as forebodings of want and misery.

Among the handloom weavers, those who have families appeared to have suffered least from the pressure of the times. Their sons and daughters being generally put to the loom at the age of eight or nine years, become in a short time able to make as much as 1s. per day; and this, added to their fathers' income, creates a kind of competence we do not meet with in families differently situated. It doubtless requires the greatest frugality to make 'the two ends meet.' Meal and milk and Scotch broth are the chief fare. It is no uncommon thing for the wife of a weaver to follow the same occupation as herself, particularly when there are few or no children in the case. His condition is also often much ameliorated by the employment of apprentices, who are frequently obtained from the charity workhouses of Edinburgh or Glasgow. These it is his duty to feed, clothe, and educate by sending to a night school; though, we must add, this latter part of his duty is often sadly neglected. With all these means, the married weaver is often a respectable, well-dressed, church-going individual: the blanched and sunk cheek, however, generally tells a tale of privation and suffering which has been endured with a patience altogether unexampled.

The weavers are by no means satisfied that they receive justice from their employers. Prices, they maintain, are kept unnecessarily low. They seem to forget that this is the result of excessive competition. But there is another ground of complaint which we have often heard made by them—namely, that when work is scarce, and it becomes a favour to obtain a web from a warehouse, there is a continually expressed dissatisfaction at the quality of the workmanship, and stoppages made, which would not be submitted to in better times. It is to be hoped that this censure, if just, can only apply to a few.

The old mining body has been wonderfully changed in its composition, in consequence of the introduction of labourers and weavers into the pits and mines during the period of their many strikes. Their wages, from the same cause, are reduced from 5s. to 2s. 6d. or 3s. per day. The continual agitation the body kept up when they enjoyed high wages, and their often not working more than half time, in order that the stock of minerals at the pit's mouth might not be too much augmented, led to a resolution on the part of the masters to withstand

* The facts in the above sketch are derived from the last number of the 'Journal of the Indian Archipelago,' published at Singapore.

the claims constantly being made for enlarged wages; and the effect has been so far ruinous to the miner, that his wages are not much more than one-half of what they used to be, and his monopoly of employment destroyed. Under these circumstances, he perseveringly vents his discontent; but unavailingly. When the question is considered in a moral point of view, it is doubtful whether the miners are not better with a moderate than a high wage, the latter in all instances having led them into extravagant ideas of their own importance and into unreasonable demands. Considering, however, the nature of his work, its unhealthy character, and the danger to which the miner is exposed as to loss of life and limb, it is unjust to deny him the means of a comfortable subsistence, and of saving something against old age. It seems to be a general opinion that he should be able to make 3s. 6d. a day, even at the present low market prices of food and clothing. What in many parts prevents them doing so is, that the able-bodied man is not allowed to dig a greater quantity of coal or stone than the old and the infirm, and when a day is lost, the loss cannot be repaired by extra toil on the ensuing day or days. Combination has been the bane of the mining body, and in parts of the country where it does not exist, the workman is invariably in better circumstances.

It is not to be wondered at that men toiling in the bowels of the earth should be comparatively ignorant of what occurs in the upper world, and accordingly colliers are proverbial for their ignorance. This by no means applies to the whole of the body, many of which are as intelligent and enlightened men as are to be met with among other trades. The cause of the ignorance alluded to is partly, if not wholly, the early age at which their boys are sent into the pit. A boy above ten years of age is rarely to be seen in a school situated at a colliery. The boys are taken into the pit at this early age, and made to assist the elder ones in drawing. The father is entitled to 'put out' a quarter more than his allotted task; thus, if he made 3s. a day, he now earns 3s. 9d. At later periods the 'quarter man' becomes a 'half man,' and a 'three-quarter man,' and finally a whole man when he attains his seventeenth year. It is designed that the boy should attend the evening school, but the attendance is very irregular in general; and there he merely learns to write and cipher, or read the merest elementary book. It would be great injustice to say of the miners as a body that they are given to drunkenness. A drinking-bout after the pay, however, is only too frequent, and the use of tobacco is general.

How much this class of men may be improved, the history of Chapelhall, a village connected with Monkland Steel Works, will show. It was eighteen years ago a mere hamlet, consisting of a few newly-built houses and one old farm-house. It is now a considerable village, with perhaps from 2000 to 3000 inhabitants, and consists of well-built and comfortable houses of one and two storeys, the interiors of which are usually well furnished. Nearly one-half of the village is the property of the workmen, a number of whom are 'lairds' of several tenements. These lairds are industrious men, to whom the proprietor of the estate, John Robertson, Esq., Laehup, lent money as soon as they were able to add a few pounds to it, to build a house suited to the family of the borrowers. This money, obtained at 5 per cent. interest, and payable with the feu duty, the fear becomes naturally anxious to pay up; and often in a year or two he has been able to do so by savings from his own earnings and that of his family. When this has been done, another sum, adequate to build another house, is at his command; and thus on the same feu there have been reared, in process of time, a number of houses, from which the feuar derives a considerable yearly income. The erection of a house consisting of one apartment, containing a window and two beds, costs little more than L.30, and a rental of L.3, or even L.3, 10s., is obtained for it. Many of the houses, however, consist of a room and kitchen.

The plan of assessment for educational purposes at these works, which are very extensive, deserves notice and imitation. Every man and boy employed at the work is assessed twopence per week for school fees, for which he can send one scholar, or attend himself. For every additional scholar he is charged an additional penny. The sum thus collected at the office is divided among the various schoolmasters—of whom there are six, besides assistants—according to the number of scholars attending each. The sum collected from those who do not attend school or send a child to it is equally divided among the six teachers. The entire amount thus collected in one month is above L.70, leaving about L.2 a week for each of the principal teachers, and L.1 for his assistant. The effect of the system is to draw out the children, who, were their parents not forced to pay, would, in perhaps a majority of instances, be allowed to remain at home.

The crowded state of the schools, some of which are attended by from 150 to 200 scholars, will furnish some idea of the progress of population. I have often asked myself what is to become of the mass of beings brought into existence at these and the similar works in the neighbourhood when the blackband ironstone becomes exhausted, which it must do at no distant date? In reply, the ironstone of Scotland is almost inexhaustible, and while the Monkland coal lasts, the furnaces will blaze away and the sound of industry be heard; but there seems little reason to expect, as the population increases at these works, as increase it must, that a demand for labour will also arise; and what, then, will become of the redundant population? Much misery ere long must ensue: the girls must go to service to town, and the boys find employment elsewhere, either in their native land, or with their expatriated brethren in America, Australia, or Natal; where, though years of toil may await them, with perseverance and virtuous industry, competence, independence, and happiness are sure to be ultimately obtained.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE REFUGEE.

THE events which I am about to relate occurred towards the close of the last century, some time before I was called to the bar, and do not therefore in strictness fall within my own experiences as a barrister. Still, as they came to my knowledge with much greater completeness than if I had been only professionally engaged to assist in the catastrophe of the drama through which they are evolved, and, as I conceive, throw a strong light upon the practical working of our criminal jurisprudence, a brief page of these slight leaves may not inappropriately record them.

About the time I have indicated, a Mrs Rushton, the widow of a gentleman of commercial opulence, resided in Upper Harley Street, Cavendish Square. She was a woman of 'family,' and by her marriage had greatly lowered herself, in her relatives' opinion, by a union with a person who, however wealthy and otherwise honourable, was so entirely the architect of his own fortunes—owed all that he possessed so immediately to his own skill, sagacity, and perseverance—that there was an unpleasant rumour abroad about his widowed mother being indebted to her son's success in business for having passed the last ten years of her life in ease and competence. Mr Rushton had left his widow a handsome annuity, and to his and her only son a well-invested income of upwards of seven thousand a year. Since the death of her husband, Mrs Rushton, who inherited quite her full share of family pride, if nothing else, had sought by every method she could devise to re-enter the charmed circle from which her union with

a city merchant had excluded her. The most effectual mode of accomplishing her purpose was, she knew, to bring about a marriage between her son and a lady who would not be indisposed to accept of wealth and a well-appointed establishment in Mayfair as a set-off against birth and high connection.

Arthur Rushton, at this time between two and three-and-twenty years of age, was a mild, retiring, rather shy person, and endowed with a tenderness of disposition, of which the tranquil depths had not as yet been ruffled by the faintest breath of passion. His mother possessed almost unbounded influence over him; and he ever listened with a smile, a languid, half-disdainful one, to her eager speculations upon the numerous eligible matches that would present themselves the instant the 'season' and their new establishment in Mayfair—of which the decoration and furnishing engaged all her available time and attention—enabled them to open the campaign with effect. Arthur Rushton and myself had been college companions, and our friendly intimacy continued for several years afterwards. At this period especially we were very cordial and unreserved in our intercourse with each other.

London at this time was crowded with French exiles, escaped from the devouring sword of Robespierre and his helpers in the work of government by the guillotine, almost all of whom claimed to be members of, or closely connected with, the ancient nobility of France. Among these was an elderly gentleman of the name of De Tourville, who, with his daughter Eugénie, had for a considerable time occupied a first floor in King Street, Holborn. Him I never saw in life, but Mademoiselle de Tourville was one of the most accomplished, graceful, enchantingly-interesting persons I have ever seen or known. There was a dangerous fascination in the pensive tenderness through which her natural gaiety and archness of manner would at intervals flash, like April sunlight glancing through clouds and showers, which, the first time I saw her, painfully impressed as much as it charmed me—perceiving, as I quickly did, that with her the future peace, I could almost have said life, of Arthur Rushton was irrevocably bound up. The fountains of his heart were for the first time stirred to their inmost depths, and, situated as he and she were, what but disappointment, bitterness, and anguish could well-up from those troubled waters? Mademoiselle de Tourville, I could perceive, was fully aware of the impression she had made upon the sensitive and amiable Englishman; and I sometimes discovered an expression of pity—of sorrowful tenderness, as it were—pass over her features as some distinct revelation than usual of the nature of Arthur Rushton's emotions flashed upon her. I also heard her express herself several times, as overtly as she could, upon the *impossibility* there existed that she should, however much she might desire it, settle in England, or even remain in it for any considerable length of time. All this I understood, or thought I did, perfectly; but Rushton, bewildered, entranced by feelings altogether new to him, saw nothing, heard nothing but her presence, and felt, without reasoning upon it, that in that delicious dream it was his fate either to live or else to bear no life. Mrs Rushton—and this greatly surprised me—absorbed in her matrimonial and furnishing schemes and projects, saw nothing of what was going on. Probably the notion that her son should for an instant think of allying himself with an obscure, portionless foreigner, was, to a mind like hers, too absurd to be for a moment entertained; or— But stay: borne along by a crowd of

rushing thoughts, I have, I find, somewhat anticipated the regular march of my narrative.

M. and Mademoiselle de Tourville, according to the after-testimony of their landlord Mr Osborn, had, from the time of their arrival in England, a very constant visitor at their lodgings in King Street. He was a tall French gentleman, of perhaps thirty years of age, and distinguished appearance. His name was La Houssaye. He was very frequently with them indeed, and generally he and M. de Tourville would go out together in the evening, the latter gentleman not returning home till very late. This was more especially the case after Mademoiselle de Tourville ceased to reside with her father.

Among the fashionable articles with which Mrs Rushton was anxious to surround herself, was a companion of accomplishments and high-breeding, who might help her to rub off the rust she feared to have contracted by her connection with the city. A Parisian lady of high lineage and perfect breeding might, she thought, be easily obtained; and an advertisement brought Mademoiselle de Tourville to her house. Mrs Rushton was delighted with the air and manners of the charming applicant; and after a slight inquiry by letter to an address of reference given by the young lady, immediately engaged her, on exceedingly liberal terms, for six months—that being the longest period for which Mademoiselle de Tourville could undertake to remain. She also stipulated for permission to pass the greater part of one day in the week—that which might happen to be most convenient to Mrs Rushton—with her father. One other condition testified alike to M. de Tourville's present poverty and her own filial piety: it was, that her salary should be paid weekly—she would not accept it in advance—avowedly for her parent's necessities, who, poor exile! and tears stood in Eugénie's dark lustrous eyes as she spoke, was ever trembling on the brink of the grave from an affection of the heart with which he had been long afflicted. Mademoiselle de Tourville, I should state, spoke English exceedingly well as far as the rules of syntax and the meanings of words went, and with an accent charming in its very defectiveness.

She had resided with Mrs Rushton, who on all occasions treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, for rather more than two months, when an incident occurred which caused the scales to fall suddenly from the astonished mother's eyes, and in a moment revealed to her the extent of the risk and mischief she had so heedlessly incurred. The carriage was at the door, and it struck Mrs Rushton as she was descending the stairs that Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had complained of headache in the morning, would like to take an airing with her. The sound of the harp issuing from the drawing-room, and the faintly-distinguished tones of her voice in some plaintive silver melody perhaps suggested the invitation; and thither the mistress of the mansion at once proceeded. The folding-doors of the back drawing-room were partially open when Mrs Rushton, on kind thoughts intent, entered the front apartment. Mademoiselle de Tourville was seated with her back towards her at the harp, pouring forth with her thrilling and delicious voice a French romance; and there, with his head supported on his elbow, which rested on the marble chimney-piece, stood her son, Arthur Rushton, gazing at the apparently-unconscious songstress with a look so full of devoted tenderness—so completely revealing the intensity of passion by which he was possessed—that Mrs Rushton started with convulsive affright, and could not for several minutes give articulation to the dismay and rage which choked her utterance. Presently, however, her emotions found expression, and a storm of vituperative abuse was showered upon the head of the astonished Eugénie, designated as an artful *intrigante*, a designing pauper, who had insinuated herself into the establishment for the sole purpose of entrapping Mr Arthur Rushton—with a great deal

more to the same effect. Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had first been too much surprised by the unexpected suddenness of the attack to quite comprehend the intent and direction of the blows, soon recovered her self-possession and hauteur. A smile of contempt curled her beautiful lip, as, taking advantage of a momentary pause in Mrs Rushton's breathless tirade, she said, 'Permit me, madam, to observe that if, as you seem to apprehend, your son has contemplated honouring me by the offer of an alliance with his ancient House'— Her look at this moment glanced upon the dreadfully-agitated young man; the expression of disdainful bitterness vanished in an instant from her voice and features; and after a few moments, she added, with sad eyes bent upon the floor, 'That he could not have made a more unhappy choice—more unfortunate for him, more impossible for me!' She then hastily left the apartment, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, had left the house in a hackney-coach.

The scene which followed between the mother and son was a violent and distressing one. Mr Rushton, goaded to fury by his mother's attack upon Mademoiselle de Tourville, cast off the habit of deference and submission which he had always worn in her presence, and asserted with vehemence his right to wed with whom he pleased, and declared that no power on earth should prevent him marrying the lady just driven ignominiously from the house if she could be brought to accept the offer of his hand and fortune! Mrs Rushton fell into passionate hysterics; and her son, having first summoned her maid, withdrew to ruminate on Mademoiselle de Tourville's concluding sentence, which troubled him far more than what he deemed the injustice of his mother.

When Mrs Rushton, by the aid of water, pungent essences, and the relief which even an hour of time seldom fails to yield in such cases, had partially recovered her equanimity, she determined, after careful consideration of the best course of action, to consult a solicitor of eminence, well acquainted with her late husband, upon the matter. She had a dim notion that the Alien Act, if it could be put in motion, might rid her of Mademoiselle de Tourville and her friends. Thus resolving, and ever scrupulous as to appearances, she carefully smoothed her ruffled plumage, changed her disordered dress, and directed the carriage, which had been dismissed, to be again brought round to the door. 'Mary,' she added a few moments afterwards, 'bring me my jewel-case—the small one; you will find it in Made— in that French person's dressing-room.'

Mary Austin reappeared in answer to the violent ringing of her impatient lady's bell, and stated that the jewel-case could nowhere be found in Mademoiselle's dressing-room. 'Her clothes, everything belonging to her, had been taken out of the wardrobe, and carried away, and perhaps that also in mistake no doubt.'

'Nonsense, woman!' replied Mrs Rushton. 'I left it not long ago on her toilet-glass. I intended to show her a purchase I had made, and not finding her, left it as I tell you.'

Another search was made with the same ill success. Mary Austin afterwards said that when she returned to her mistress the second time, to say that the jewel-case was certainly gone, an expression of satisfaction instead of anger, it seemed to her, glanced across Mrs Rushton's face, who immediately left the room, and in a few minutes afterwards was driven off in the carriage.

About an hour after her departure I called in Harley Street for Arthur Rushton, with whom I had engaged to go this evening to the theatre to witness Mrs Siddons's Lady Macbeth, which neither of us had yet seen. I found him in a state of calmed excitement, if I may so express myself; and after listening with much interest to the minute account he gave me of what had

passed, I, young and inexperienced as I was in such affairs, took upon myself to suggest that, as the lady he nothing doubted was as irreproachable in character as she was confessedly charming and attractive in person and manners, and as he was unquestionably his own master, Mrs Rushton's opposition was not likely to be of long continuance; and that as to Mademoiselle de Tourville's somewhat discouraging expression, such sentences from the lips of ladies—

'That would be wood, and not unsought be won'—

were seldom, if ever, I had understood, to be taken in a literal and positive sense. Under this mild and soothing treatment Mr Rushton gradually threw off a portion of the load that oppressed him, and we set off in tolerably cheerful mood for the theatre.

Mrs Siddons's magnificent and appalling impersonation over, we left the house; he, melancholy and sombre as I had found him in Harley Street, and I in by no means a gay or laughing mood. We parted at my door, and whether it was the effect of the tragedy, so wonderfully realised in its chief creation, or whether coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before, I cannot say, but I know that an hour after Rushton's departure I was still sitting alone, my brain throbbing with excitement, and so nervous and impressionable, that a sudden, vehement knocking at the street entrance caused me to spring up from my chair with a terrified start, and before I could master the impulsive emotion, the room-door was thrown furiously open, and in reeled Arthur Rushton—pale, haggard, wild—his eyes ablaze with horror and affright! Had the ghost of Duncan suddenly gleamed out of the viewless air I could not have been more startled—awed!

'She is dead!—poisoned!' he shrieked with maniacal fury; 'killed!—murdered!—and by her!'

I gasped for breath, and could hardly articulate—'What! whom?'

'My mother!' he shouted with the same furious vehemence—'Killed! by her! Oh, horror!—horror!—horror!' and exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the unfortunate gentleman staggered, shuddered violently, as if shaken by an ague fit, and fell heavily—for I was too confounded to yield him timely aid—on the floor.

As soon as I could rally my scattered senses, I caused medical aid to be summoned, and got him to bed. Blood was freely taken from both arms, and he gradually recovered consciousness. Leaving him in kind and careful hands, I hurried off to ascertain what possible foundation there could be for the terrible tidings so strangely announced.

I found the establishment in Harley Street in a state of the wildest confusion and dismay. Mrs Rushton was dead; that, at all events, was no figment of sudden insanity, and incredible, impossible rumours were flying from mouth to mouth with bewildering rapidity and incoherence. The name of Mademoiselle de Tourville was repeated in every variety of abhorrent emphasis; but it was not till I obtained an interview with Mrs Rushton's solicitor that I could understand what really had occurred, or, to speak more properly, what was suspected. Mrs Rushton had made a deposition, of which Mr Twyte related to me the essential points. The deceased lady had gone out in her carriage with the express intention of calling on him, the solicitor, to ascertain if it would be possible to apply the Alien Act to Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father, in order to get them sent out of the country. Mr Twyte did not happen to be at home, and Mrs Rushton immediately drove to the De Tourvilles' lodgings in King Street, Holborn, with the design, she admitted, of availing herself of what she was in her own mind satisfied was the purely accidental taking away of a jewel-case, to terrify Mademoiselle de Tourville, by the threat of a criminal charge, into leaving the country, or at least to bind herself not to admit, under any circumstances, of Mr Arthur Rushton's addresses. She found Eugénie in a

state of extraordinary, and it seemed painful excitement; and the young lady intreated that whatever Mrs Rushton had to say should be reserved for another opportunity, when she would calmly consider whatever Mrs Rushton had to urge. The unfortunate lady became somewhat irritated at Mademoiselle de Tourville's obstinacy, and the unruddied contempt with which she treated the charge of robbery, even after finding the missing jewel-case in a hand-box, into which it had been thrust with some brushes and other articles in the hurry of leaving. Mrs Rushton was iterating her threats in a loud tone of voice, and moved towards the bell to direct, she said, the landlord to send for a constable, but with no intention whatever of doing so, when Mademoiselle de Tourville caught her suddenly by the arm, and bade her step into the next room. Mrs Rushton mechanically obeyed, and was led in silence to the side of a bed, of which Eugénie suddenly drew the curtain, and displayed to her, with a significant and reproachful gesture, the pale, rigid countenance of her father's corpse; who had, it appears, suddenly expired. The shock was terrible. Mrs Rushton staggered back into the sitting-room, sick and faint, sank into a chair, and presently asked for a glass of wine. 'We have no wine,' replied Mademoiselle de Tourville; 'but there is a cordial in the next room which may be better for you.' She was absent about a minute, and on returning, presented Mrs Rushton with a large wine-glassful of liquid, which the deceased lady eagerly swallowed. The taste was strange, but not unpleasant; and instantly afterwards Mrs Rushton left the house. When the carriage reached Harley Street, she was found to be in a state of great prostration: powerful stimulants were administered, but her life was beyond the reach of medicine. She survived just long enough to depose to the foregoing particulars; upon which statement Mademoiselle de Tourville had been arrested, and was now in custody.

'You seem to have been very precipitate,' I exclaimed as soon as the solicitor had ceased speaking: 'there appears to be as yet no proof that the deceased lady died of other than natural causes.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Mr Twyte. 'There is no doubt on the subject in the minds of the medical gentlemen, although the *post-mortem* examination has not yet taken place. And, as if to put aside all doubt, the bottle from which this Eugénie de Tourville admits she took the cordial proves to contain distilled laurel-water, a deadly poison, curiously coloured and flavoured.'

Greatly perturbed, shocked, astonished as I was, my mind refused to admit, even for a moment, the probability, hardly the possibility, of Eugénie de Tourville's guilt. The reckless malignancy of spirit evinced by so atrocious an act dwelt not, I was sure, within that beauteous temple. The motives alleged to have actuated her—fear of a criminal charge, admitted to be absurd, and desire to rid herself of an obstacle to her marriage with Arthur Rushton—seemed to me altogether strained and inapplicable. The desperation of unreasoning hate could alone have prompted such a deed; for detection was inevitable, had, in truth, been courted rather than attempted to be avoided.

My reasoning made no change in the conclusions of Mr Twyte, the attorney for the prosecution, and I hastened home to administer such consolation to Arthur Rushton as might consist in the assurance of my firm conviction that his beloved mother's life had not been wilfully taken away by Eugénie de Tourville. I found him still painfully agitated; and the medical attendant told me it was feared by Dr — that brain fever would supervene if the utmost care was not taken to keep him as quiet and composed as, under the circumstances, was possible. I was, however, permitted a few minutes' conversation with him; and my reasoning, or, more correctly, my confidently-expressed belief—for his mind seemed incapable of following my argument, which it indeed grasped faintly at, but slipped from, as it were, in an instant—appeared to relieve him wonderfully. I

also promised him that no legal or pecuniary assistance should be wanting in the endeavour to clear Mademoiselle de Tourville of the dreadful imputation preferred against her. I then left him. The anticipation of the physician was unfortunately realised: the next morning he was in a raging fever, and his life, I was informed, was in very imminent danger.

It was a distracting time; but I determined, and with much self-effort, kept down the nervous agitation which might have otherwise rendered me incapable of fulfilling the duties I had undertaken to perform. By eleven o'clock in the forenoon I had secured the active and zealous services of Mr White, one of the most celebrated of the criminal attorneys of that day. By application in the proper quarter, we obtained immediate access to the prisoner, who was temporarily confined in a separate room in the Red-Lion Square Lock-up House. Mademoiselle de Tourville, although exceedingly pale, agitated, and nervous, still looked as lustreously pure, as radiantly innocent of evil thought or deed, as on the day that I first beheld her. The practised eye of the attorney scanned her closely. 'As innocent of this charge,' he whispered, 'as you or I.' I tendered my services to the unfortunate young lady with an earnestness of manner which testified more than any words could have done how entirely my thoughts acquitted her of offence. Her looks thanked me; and when I hinted at the promise exacted of me by Arthur Rushton, a bright blush for an instant mantled the pale marble of her cheeks and forehead, indicating with the tears, which suddenly filled and trembled in her beautiful eyes, a higher sentiment, I thought, than mere gratitude. She gave us her unreserved confidence; by which, after careful sifting, we obtained only the following by no means entirely satisfactory results:—

Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father had escaped from the Terrorists of France by the aid of, and in company with, the Chevalier la Houssaye, with whom M. de Tourville had previously had but very slight acquaintance. The chevalier soon professed a violent admiration for Eugénie; and having contrived to lay M. de Tourville under heavy pecuniary obligations at play—many of them Mademoiselle de Tourville had only very lately discovered—prevailed upon his debtor to exert his influence with his daughter to accept La Houssaye's hand in marriage. After much resistance, Mademoiselle de Tourville, overcome by the commands, intreaties, prayers of her father, consented, but only on condition that the marriage should not take place till their return to France, which it was thought need not be very long delayed, and that no more money obligations should in the meantime be incurred by her father. La Houssaye vehemently objected to delay; but finding Eugénie inexorable, sullenly acquiesced. It was precisely at this time that the engagement with Mrs Rushton was accepted. On the previous afternoon Mademoiselle de Tourville, on leaving Harley Street after the scene with the deceased lady, went directly home, and there found both her father and the chevalier in hot contention and excitement. As soon as La Houssaye saw her, he seized his hat, and rushed out of the apartment and house. Her father, who was greatly excited, had barely time to say that he had fortunately discovered the chevalier to be a married man, whose wife, a woman of property, was still living in Languedoc, when what had always been predicted would follow any unusual agitation happened: M. de Tourville suddenly placed his hand on his side, uttered a broken exclamation, fell into a chair, and expired. It was about two hours after this melancholy event that Mrs Rushton arrived. The account before given of the interview which followed was substantially confirmed by Mademoiselle de Tourville; who added, that the cordial she had given Mrs Rushton was one her father was in the constant habit of taking when in the slightest degree excited, and that she was about to give him some when he suddenly fell dead.

We had no doubt, none whatever, that this was the whole, literal truth, as far as the knowledge of Mademoi-

selle de Tourville extended; but how could we impart that impression to an Old Bailey jury of those days, deprived as we should be of the aid of counsel to address the jury, when in reality a speech, pointing to the improbabilities arising from character, and the altogether unguilty-like mode of administering the fatal liquid, was the only possible defence? Cross-examination promised nothing; for the evidence would consist of the dying deposition of Mrs Rushton, the finding of the laurel-water, and the medical testimony as to the cause of death. The only person upon whom suspicion glanced was La Houssaye, and that in a vague and indistinct manner. Still, it was necessary to find him without delay, and Mr White at once sought him at his lodgings, of which Mademoiselle de Tourville furnished the address. He had left the house suddenly with all his luggage early in the morning, and our efforts to trace him proved fruitless. In the meantime the *post-mortem* examination of the body had taken place, and a verdict of wilful murder against Eugénie de Tourville been unhesitatingly returned. She was soon afterwards committed to Newgate for trial.

The Old Bailey session was close at hand, and Arthur Rushton, though immediate danger was over, was still in too delicate and precarious a state to be informed of the true position of affairs when the final day of trial arrived. The case had excited little public attention. It was not the fashion in those days to exaggerate the details of crime, and, *especially before trial*, give the wings of the morning to every fact or fiction that rumour with her busy tongue obscurely whispered. Twenty lines of the 'Times' would contain the published record of the commitment of Eugénie de Tourville for poisoning her mistress, Caroline Rushton; and, alas! spite of the crippled but earnest efforts of the eminent counsel we had retained, and the eloquent innocence of her appearance and demeanour, her conviction and condemnation to death without hope of mercy! My brain swam as the measured tones of the recorder, commanding the almost immediate and violent destruction of that beauteous masterpiece of God, fell upon my ear; and had not Mr White, who saw how greatly I was affected, fairly dragged me out of court into the open air, I should have fainted. I scarcely remember how I got home—in a coach I believe; but face Rushton after that dreadful scene with a kindly-meant deception—*lie*—in my mouth, I could not, had a king's crown been the reward. I retired to my chamber, and on the plea of indisposition directed that I should on no account be disturbed. Night had fallen, and it was growing somewhat late, when I was startled out of the painful reverie in which I was still absorbed by the sudden pulling up of a furiously-driven coach, followed by a thundering summons at the door, similar to that which aroused me on the evening of Mrs Rushton's death. I seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and opened the door. It was Mr White!

'Well!—well?' I ejaculated.

'Quick—quick!' he exclaimed in reply. 'La Houssaye—he is found—has sent for us—quick! for life—life is on our speed!'

I was in the vehicle in an instant. In less than ten minutes we had reached our destination—a house in Duke Street, Manchester Square.

'He is still alive,' replied a young man in answer to Mr White's hurried inquiry. We rapidly ascended the stairs, and in the front apartment of the first floor beheld one of the saddest, mournfullest spectacles which the world can offer—a fine, athletic man, still in the bloom of natural health and vigour, and whose pale features, but for the tracings there of fierce, ungoverned passions, were strikingly handsome and intellectual, stretched by his own act upon the bed of death! It was La Houssaye! Two gentlemen were with him—one a surgeon, and the other evidently a clergyman, and, as I subsequently found, a magistrate, who had been sent for by the surgeon. A faint smile gleamed over the face of the dying man as we entered, and he motioned feebly to a sheet of paper, which, closely written upon,

was lying upon a table placed near the sofa upon which the unhappy suicide was reclining. Mr White snatched, and eagerly perused it. I could see by the vivid lighting up of his keen gray eye that it was, in his opinion, satisfactory and sufficient.

'This,' said Mr White, 'is your solemn deposition, knowing yourself to be dying?'

'Yes, yes,' murmured La Houssaye; 'the truth—the truth!'

'The declaration of a man,' said the clergyman with some asperity of tone, 'who defyingly, unrepentingly, rushes into the presence of his Creator, can be of little value!'

'Ha!' said the dying man, rousing himself by a strong effort; 'I repent—yes—yes—I repent! I believe—do you hear?—and repent—believe. Put that down,' he added, in tones momentarily feebler and more husky, as he pointed to the paper; 'put that down, or—or perhaps—Eu—génie—perhaps!'

As he spoke, the faint light that had momentarily kindled his glazing eye was suddenly quenched; he remained for perhaps half a minute raised on his elbow, and with his outstretched finger pointing towards the paper, gazing blindly upon vacancy. Then the arm dropped, and he fell back dead!

We escaped as quickly as we could from this fearful death-room, and I found that the deposition which Mr White brought away with him gave a full, detailed account, written in the French language, of the circumstances which led to the death of Mrs Rushton.

La Houssaye, finding that M. de Tourville had by some means discovered the secret of his previous marriage, and that consequently all hope of obtaining the hand of Eugénie, whom he loved with all the passion of his fiery nature, would be gone unless De Tourville could be prevented from communicating with his daughter, resolved to compass the old man's instant destruction. The chevalier persuaded himself that, as he should manage it, death would be attributed to the affection of the heart, from which M. de Tourville had so long suffered. He procured the distilled laurel-water—how and from whom was minutely explained—coloured, flavoured it to resemble as nearly as possible the cordial which he knew M. de Tourville—and he only—was in the habit of frequently taking. A precisely-similar bottle he also procured—the shop at which it was purchased was described—and when he called in King Street, he found no difficulty, in an unobserved moment, of substituting one bottle for the other. That containing the real cordial he was still in possession of, and it would be found in his valise. The unexpected arrival of Mademoiselle de Tourville frustrated his design, and he rushed in fury and dismay from the house. A few hours afterwards, he heard of the sudden death of M. de Tourville, and attributing it to his having taken a portion of the simulated cordial, he, La Houssaye, fearful of consequences, hastily and secretly changed his abode. He had subsequently kept silence till the conviction of Eugénie left him no other alternative, if he would not see her perish on the scaffold, than a full and unreserved confession. This done—Eugénie saved, but lost to him—he had nothing more to live for in the world, and should leave it.

This was the essence of the document; and all the parts of it which were capable of corroborative proof having been substantiated, a free pardon issued from the crown—the technical mode of quashing an unjust criminal verdict—and Mademoiselle de Tourville was restored to liberty.

She did not return to France. Something more perhaps than a year after the demonstration of her innocence, she was married to Arthur Rushton in the Sardinian Catholic Chapel, London, the bridegroom having by her influence been induced to embrace the faith of Rome. The establishments in Harley Street and Mayfair were broken up; and the newly-espoused pair settled in the county Galway, Ireland, where Mr Rushton made extensive landed purchases. They have

lived very happily a long life, have been blessed with a large and amiable family, and are now—for they are both yet alive—surrounded with grandchildren innumerable.

LONDON SUNDAY TRADING.

ONE of the most startling spectacles to be met with in the great wilderness of London—because it is the one which comes upon the stranger most unexpectedly—is that of the Sunday Market. To the staid and sober inhabitant of a quiet country town, who has been accustomed from his youth upwards to see the Sabbath at least outwardly revered, the sight of one of these crowded places, the theatre of a vociferous and furious traffic on the morning of the day of rest, is generally revolting in the extreme. We had lately the curiosity to visit such a scene, with a view to forming some judgment as to what might be urged in its defence, and we shall now proceed to describe our impressions.

It is about eight o'clock in the morning of the second Sunday in April 1850, and we are standing at the junction of the Barbican with Chiswell Street, at the point where this line of thoroughfare is intersected by Whitecross Street, up which we have to proceed as far as Old Street Road, about a quarter of a mile, the whole extent of which is the arena of one of the most extensive markets in the metropolis.

Although the shutters of most of the shops, nearly five-sixths of which are devoted to Sunday-trading, have been down for nearly an hour, but little business has been done or is yet doing. The few customers who have already completed their purchases, and are hastening homewards, have an aspect of decency, almost of respectability; others of similar appearance are gliding about here and there, and trafficking their business with all possible celerity; and it is tolerably plain to the observer that the use of the Sunday Market is not to them a matter of choice. These are probably persons who, not having received their weekly wages until a late hour, and being compelled by poverty to live from hand to mouth, have no other means of procuring their Sunday dinner than that which this market presents. It is obvious, from the expression of some countenances, that they feel the tyranny of circumstances which compels them to break in upon the time of rest. Let us at least give them due praise for the decent feeling which induces them to come at the earliest possible hour.

As we advance up the street, we see the shopkeepers busily engaged in displaying their goods to the best advantage for sale. Purchasers being as yet but few, opportunity is taken to make as good a show as possible against their arrival. We are astonished to find that the market is not confined to what might be considered by some a fair apology for it—the sale of necessary food. In addition to the shops of butchers, bakers, grocers, and provision dealers, not only are those of the slop and ready-made clothes' sellers wide open, but the linen-draper, hosiery, milliners, furniture-brokers, ironmongers, and dealers in hardware and trinkets, are carefully setting out their windows and show-boards. Curriers and leather-sellers, moreover, have opened their doors, and are already doing a brisk trade, their shops being crowded with working shoemakers selecting the materials of their craft. Unless these poor fellows are actually at the present time working seven days in the week, it is difficult to conceive what should bring them in such multitudes to purchase their materials on the Sunday morning.

But an hour has passed away, and the street, now rapidly filling, presents a very different aspect from that which first struck our view. The shopkeepers have at length completed their arrangements, and now, standing at their open doors, and arrayed in aprons and shirt-sleeves, they begin with pretty general accord to bellow for custom. 'Buy, buy, buy!' explodes a brawny butcher; and the note is taken up by his neighbour,

and repeated by others in every direction a hundred times a minute, rapid and deafening as a running fire of musketry. It would appear as though this simultaneous appeal to the pockets of the public were a signal well known to the neighbourhood, for all the tributaries of Whitecross Street now pour forth their streams of hungry, meagre, and unwashed denizens to swell the inharmonious concert. The shrill shriek of infant hawkers pierces through the roaring din, and the diminutive grimy urchins are discerned manfully pushing their difficult way among the throng, bent upon the sale of certain trifling articles, upon the produce of which, in all probability, their chance of a supply of food for the day is dependent. 'Who'll buy my Congreves, three boxes a penny?' 'Blackening here! Here's your real Day and Martin, a ha'penny a skin!' 'Grid—grid—gridirons! Who wants a gridiron for three-halfpence?' 'Hingans—hingans here! Here's your hingans, a ha'penny the lot!' These cries, and a dozen others from a band of young urchins scattered among the multitude, form the squeaking treble of the discordant chorus that is raging on all sides. We discover as we pass slowly along that a pretty strong staff of policemen is present, perambulating continually among the mass of people, ready to disperse the first nucleus of a mob, or to quell by prompt interference the least appearance of a quarrel. It is plainly owing to their presence that the highway is passable at all, and that some degree of order is maintained amid the furious traffic that now goes on.

It is now drawing near to ten o'clock, and we are struck by the appearance and character of the present attendants upon the market as compared with those of an earlier hour. The males are for the most part the very lowest class of operatives, mingled with a still lower order of people, of whose probable occupation we would rather not hazard a surmise. We look in vain for a single one among them who has changed his working-day attire for a better suit; and the suspicion rises in the mind that nine-tenths of the whole tribe bear their entire wardrobe upon their backs. It is pretty plain that a good proportion of them have but recently been roused up from the heavy sleep of intoxication: half awake, and less than half sober, some crawl doggedly at the heels of their hapless wives in sullen silence, only broken at intervals by the involuntary ejaculation of an oath or a curse. Others, again, are altogether as noisy, and vie with the traders themselves in the loudness of their vociferations. Here one is chaffering for a pair of high-lows, and jokingly threatening to brain the shopkeeper with the heavy-armed heels unless he abate his price. There another plants heavy blows with his fist in the sides of an earthenware pan, by way of trying its metal, and, paying for it the price of a few halfpence, confides it to the charge of his ragged child, with a caution that he had better break his neck than let it fall. Here comes a couple who have completed their purchases for the day: the whole toilet of the man would not fetch sixpence at Rag-fair. Beneath a hat that should have scored the brows of a vanished generation, a shock of sandy unkempt locks shades a visage dark with dirt, darker still with the unmistakable traits of brutality; a huge brown overcoat, patched and stained in every part, induces his whole frame; his toes peep muddily forth from the fragments of what was once a pair of boots. In his bristly mouth is stuck a short and blackened pipe; both hands are firmly thrust into the side pockets of his coat; under his right arm is a loaf of bread, and under his left the half of a huge boar's head. Close behind him follows his wife, laden with a dilapidated basket, crammed with potatoes and withered turnip-tops yellow with age. Her figure is one shapeless bundle of worthless rags, stiff and nauseous with grease and defilement: bonnet she has none, but a piece of tattered muslin does duty as a cap, from beneath which her jet-black hair streams in disorder. Her pale and bloated cheeks show in fearful contrast with a horribly-contused

and livid black eye—the palpable handwriting of her loving lord. Her upper lip too has been recently gashed with a heavy blow. Panting with her, burthened, and evidently displeased at some recent real or imaginary grievance, she is venting her wrath upon a miserable child whom she drags by her side, and whose hand she occasionally relinquishes for the purpose of making a sudden aim at his bare head with the street-door key which hangs upon her fore-finger; but the hapless little wretch is too well used to such endearments to be easily caught, and generally manages to parry the blow with his hands, or to elude it altogether.

We observe as we pass on that the gin-shops are now almost the only ones which are closed, and that the portion of the causeway upon which they abut, being free from the distractions of business, affords a space for loungers and gossipers, who, having accomplished their purchases, love to while away an hour or two in conversation. Time goes on—and the bell of St Luke's Church, whose tall, ugly steeple, fashioned after the model of a factory chimney, looms dimly in the hazy atmosphere, tolls out to summon the worshippers to morning service. At the sound of the bell the shopkeepers step out and put up a shutter or two, leaving, however, light enough to carry on the traffic within. The trade in butchers' meat, vegetables, and other edibles, now sensibly decreases in amount, while at the same time it is despatched with greater rapidity. Parties late in the market are compelled to take what is to be had without the leisure or opportunity to exercise a choice. This is the very nick of time which the provident trader adopts to get rid of his old and worthless stock: it is said that many a tainted joint finds its way to the bakehouse, which, but for the tardiness of these lagging customers, had been made over to the dogs, or thrown away as useless; and full prices are obtained at the spur of the moment for viands that might have been purchased the night before at three-fourths of that amount.

Before the bells have ceased tolling, the thoroughfare has become tolerably passable for those who have no objection to rub shoulders occasionally with a perambulating joint of meat or basket of vegetables; but we remark that the very few persons who, living in this district, emerge from their dwellings, prayer-book in hand, bound for church, choose rather to escape from the main thoroughfare as soon as possible, and pick their devious way through by-lanes and back streets to the sacred edifice.

Now sets in the hebdomadal current of dish-laden individuals bound to the different bakers' shops, and carrying their Sunday's dinner with careful haste. It is amazing to note the number and variety of viands that dive consecutively into the darkened entrances; and one wonders how it comes to pass that each of the bearers manages to recover his own proper portion when the business of the oven is over. There are a prodigious number of them that appear, to an unpractised eye, so exactly alike, that the task of distinguishing them apart would seem hopeless to one unacquainted with the management of the mystery. A very favourite mode of insuring the variety of two courses at the expense of one baking prevails very extensively: it is managed in this way: the housewife provides a large earthenware dish, about twenty inches by fourteen, and three or four deep, having a division near the centre; the potatoes are crammed plentifully in the bottom of the larger compartment, and the modest joint rests upon them; the other division is appropriated to the pudding, in the manufacture of which we could perceive that a very considerable variety of talent had been displayed.

The bell has now ceased tolling, and the tumultuous uproar of the market subsides to a moderate murmur. Still the traffic is brisk and abundant in the interior of the shops. We remark those of the grocers and tea-dealers crammed to overflowing, and all the assistants behind the counter divested of their outer garments, and reeking with heat and hurry, weighing, measur-

ing, and packing with consummate despatch. The curriers, too, are dealing out soles and upper leathers, welts, wax, and paste, with a rapidity rarely equalled on a week-day, among the meagre and pallid crowd, who can scarcely find standing-room in front of the counter. The drapers' shops are swarming with customers of both sexes: caps, bonnets, shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, change owners in a twinkling. Ladies in fustian jackets are pulling about the many-coloured wares, resolved on treating their sweethearts with a morsel of finery; and smartly-dressed lasses are matching their pale faces with a strip of paler ribbon, or selecting a gaudy neck-tie for some favoured swain. The shoemakers and the marts for ready-made clothes have all a good share of encouragement, and do an amount of business in the Sunday forenoon, according to the candid confession of some of their proprietors, exceeding that of any two days in the week, Saturday excluded. This in-door traffic continues till past noon-day; and the shops are seldom finally closed before one o'clock, when the religious part of the community are returning from church. The appearance of the whole street, when the market is over, resembles very closely the deserted arena of a country fair, or Covent-Garden market after business-hours—the ground being one mash of mud and decaying vegetable matter.

We must not omit all mention of the species of literature which finds encouragement among the frequenters of the Sunday Market. Books we saw none, but good store of single sheets of all sizes, and varying in price from one halfpenny up to sixpence. All the Sunday newspapers are regularly placarded and sold; and in addition to them, there was an abundance of the blood-and-murder, ghost-and-goblin journals, embellished for the most part with melodramatic cuts, where what was wanting in truth of artistic delineation was plentifully made up in energy of action. It would seem that there is a charm in pistols, daggers, bludgeons, and deadly weapons of all sorts, with the assaults and assassinations they suggest, that is irresistible to the population of London. No matter how gross the ignorance or stupidity of a writer, so that he have but a deed of blood or violence to unfold: a murder is so delicious a morsel to the palates of a debased multitude, that it imparts a relish to the most intolerable dullness, and invests imbecility itself with the attributes of genius and talent.

The above, though necessarily brief, is, as far as we are aware, a truthful delineation of the Sunday Market. Of such localities, differing more or less in their primary features, there are five or six in the metropolis. When we take into account the demoralisation that must unavoidably accrue from the total neglect of religious duties which the continuance of this practice necessarily entails, we cannot but concur in the sentiments of those who are striving at the present moment to obtain by legal means the power of suppressing it. It is sad to learn, that though the great majority of the parties who gain most by this ill-favoured traffic are willing, nay, desirous, that it should be put an end to at once and for ever, it is yet, through the resistance of a petty minority, continued in their despite. Four-fifths of the Sunday-traders, we know from indisputable authority, would be willing to close their shops from Saturday night to Monday morning; but they are compelled in self-defence, in order to preserve their average custom, to open on the Sunday, because a few stubborn opponents persist in so doing. The evil is great in a physical as well as a moral point of view. Many of the shopmen in the district above-described, and in other places, as we have good reason to know, are confined behind the counter from seven or eight in the morning to ten at night the whole week through: to men so situated the relaxation of the Sunday is not merely a luxury, but a necessity; but from its enjoyment they are debarred by the continuance of a practice which cannot be spoken of without regret—and loss of health is the general consequence.

There has been no lack of legislation upon this subject; but it is a question whether legislative interference will effect much good. The law of Charles II., which would appear upon the face of it to be a good and efficient law for the purpose, has been found, in working, the next thing to a nullity. It levies a fine of five shillings upon the offender; but as the magistrates will not convict for more than one offence in one day, it is practically of no avail, as the profits upon one morning's business in some of the largest shops is from fifty to a hundred times that amount. Moreover, the trader can, and does, when he knows that informations are a-foot, reduce the five shillings to one shilling by taking out a summons against himself, which bars the issue of a second summons, and prevents the disgrace, as well as the expense of a hearing, as of course he does not appear to criminate himself.

We would not rashly impute the whole cause of Sunday trading to shopkeepers and hucksters. Not a little of the evil arises from a practise of paying weekly wages late on Saturday night; and to remedy this, every proper effort should be directed. Indeed, while such a practice prevails, all legislative interference on the subject would be worse than useless.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CLEVER CHILDREN?

DURING a visit to a friend in the country, I was enjoying a walk in his garden before breakfast on a delightful morning in June, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the pensive attitude of a little boy, the son of my host, whom I observed standing before a rose-bush, which he appeared to contemplate with much dissatisfaction. Children have always been to me a most interesting study; and yielding to a wish to discover what could have clouded the usually bright countenance of my little friend, I inquired what had attracted him to this particular rose-bush, which presented but a forlorn appearance when compared with its more blooming companions. He replied: 'This rose-bush is my own; papa gave it to me in spring, and promised that no one else should touch it. I have taken great pains with it; and as it was covered with beautiful roses last summer, I hoped to have had many fine bouquets from it; but all my care and watching have been useless: I see I shall not have one full-blown rose after all.'

'And yet,' said I, 'it appears to be as healthy as any other bush in the garden: tell me what you have done for it, as you say it has cost you so much pains?'

'After watching it for some time,' he replied, 'I discovered a very great number of small buds, but they were almost concealed by the leaves which grew so thickly; I therefore cleared away the greater part of these, and my little buds then looked very well. I now found, as I watched them, that though they grew larger every day, the green outside continued so hard, that I thought it impossible for the delicate rose-leaves to force their way out; I therefore picked them open; but the pale, shrivelled blossoms which I found within never improved, but died one after another. Yesterday morning I discovered one bud which the leaves had till then hidden from me, and which was actually streaked with the beautiful red of the flower confined in it; I carefully opened and loosened it, in the hope that the warm sun would help it to blow: my first thought this morning was of the pleasure I should have in gathering my one precious bud for mamma—but look at it now!'

The withered discoloured petals to which the child thus directed my eye did indeed present but a melancholy appearance, and I now understood the cause of the looks of disappointment which had at first attracted my attention. I explained to the zealous little gardener the mischief which he had unintentionally done by removing the leaves and calyx with which nature had covered and enclosed the flower until all its beauties should be ready for full development; and having pointed out to him some buds which had escaped his care, I left him

full of hope that, by waiting patiently for nature to accomplish her own work, he might yet have a bouquet of his own roses to present to his mother.

As I pursued my walk, it occurred to me that this childish incident suggested an answer to the question asked by Dr Johnson, 'What becomes of all the clever children?' Too often, it is to be feared, are the precious human buds sacrificed to the same mistaken zeal that led to the destruction of the roses which had been expected with so much pleasure by their little owner. Perhaps a few hints, suggested—not by fanciful theory, but by practical experience in the mental training of children—may help to rescue some little ones from the blighting influences to which they are too often exposed.

The laws by which the physical development of every infant, during the earliest period of its existence, is regulated, seem to afford a striking lesson by the analogy they bear to those laws on which the subsequent mental development depends; and by the wise arrangement of an ever-kind Providence, this lesson is made immediately to precede the period during which it should be carried into practice. On the babe's first entrance into the world, it must be fed only with food suitable to its delicate organs of digestion; on this depends its healthful growth, and likewise the gradual strengthening of those organs. Its senses must at first be acted upon very gently: too strong a light, or too loud a noise, may impair its sight or hearing for life.

The little limbs of a young infant must not be allowed to support the body before they have acquired firmness sufficient for that task, otherwise they will become deformed, and the whole system weakened; and last, not least, fresh and pure air must be constantly inhaled by the lungs, in order that they may supply vigour to the whole frame. All enlightened parents are acquainted with these laws of nature, and generally act on them; but when, owing to judicious management, their children emerge from babyhood in full enjoyment of all the animal organs, and with muscles and sinews growing firmer every day in consequence of the exercise which their little owners delight in giving them, is the same judicious management extended to the mind, of which the body, which has been so carefully nourished, is only the outer case? In too many cases it is not. Too often the tender mind is loaded with information which it has no power of assimilating, and which, consequently, cannot nourish it. The mental faculties, instead of being gradually exercised, are overwhelmed: parents who would check with displeasure the efforts of a nurse who should attempt to make their infant walk at too early a period, are ready eagerly to embrace any system of so-called education which offers to do the same violence to the intellect; forgetting that distortion of mind is at least as much to be dreaded as that of body, while the motives held out to encourage the little victims are not calculated to produce a moral atmosphere conducive either to good or great mental attainments. Children are sometimes met with—though few and far between—whose minds seem ready to drink in knowledge in whatever form or quantity it may be presented to them; and the testimony of Dr Combe, as well as of many other judicious writers, proves the real state of the brain in such cases, and also the general fate of the poor little prodigies. Such children, however, are not the subject of these observations, of which the object is to plead for those promising buds which are closely encased in their 'hard' but protecting covering; to plead for them especially at that period when the 'beautiful red streak' appears; in other words, when, amid the thoughtless sports and stamper studies of childhood, the intellect begins to develop itself and to seek nourishment from all that is presented to it. There exists at the period alluded to a readiness in comparison, and a shrewdness of observation, which might be profitably employed in the great work of education. And here it may be observed, that as to 'educate' signifies to bring out, the term education can only be applied

with propriety to a system which performs this work, and never to one which confines itself to laying on a surface-work of superficial information, unsupported by vigorous mental powers. Information may be acquired at any age, provided that the intellectual machinery has been kept in activity; whereas, if the latter has been allowed to rust and stiffen from disease, the efforts of the man—supposing him to have energy sufficient to make an effort—to redress the wrongs done to the boy, will in most cases be vain. That self-educated men are generally the best educated is a trite remark; so trite, indeed, that it frequently falls on the ear without rousing attention to the apparent paradox which it contains; and yet there must be some reason well worthy of attention for the fact, that so many who, in early life, have enjoyed advantages, have, on reaching manhood, found themselves surpassed by others who have been forced to struggle up unassisted, and in many cases surrounded by apparent obstacles to their rise. It is obvious that the point in which the latter have the advantage, is the necessity which they find for exercising their *own* intellectual powers at every step; and, moreover, for taking each step firmly before they attempt the next; which necessity, while it may retard the rapid skimming over various subjects which is sometimes effected, gives new vigour continually to the mind, and also leads to the habit of that 'industry and patient thought' to which the immortal Newton attributed all he had done; while at the same time a vivid pleasure is taken in the acquirement of knowledge so obtained beyond any that can be conferred by reward or encouragement from others.

From these considerations, it appears that the most judicious system of education is that in which the teacher rather directs the working of his pupil's mind than works for him; and it must be recollected that such a system, compared with some others, will be slow, though sure, in producing the desired result. Every one familiar with children must have observed with what apparently fresh interest they will listen to the same tale repeated again and again. Now, if time and repetition are necessary to impress on the young mind facts interesting in themselves, they are surely more necessary when the information to be imparted is in itself dry and uninteresting, as is the case with much which it is requisite for children to learn. The system here recommended is one which requires *patience* both on the part of parents and teachers; but *patience* so exercised would undoubtedly be rewarded by the results, one of which would be, that we should not so frequently see 'clever children' wane into very commonplace if not stupid men.

THE GIPSIES OF HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA.

In all parts of Hungary and Transylvania are to be found the scattered members of a wide-spread family, called Gipsies in England, Bohemians in France, Gitanos in Italy, and in Hungary and Transylvania Tzigany, Tzigányok, and, by a decree of King Ladislaw in 1496, Pharaones, which corresponds with the name of Egyptians, bestowed upon them in some other countries. Most of the rivers of Transylvania and some of Hungary contain gold; but the most auriferous is that which rises in the western mountains of Transylvania, and falls into the Maros. It is called in Hungary the Aranyos; that is, the Golden. No one makes much of his gold-seeking in the rivers but the vagabond gipsy tribes, who love any easy trade. They get at the metal in different ways: some by throwing the water and sand continually upon a woollen stuff, which catches the gold; but generally by washing the sand in a cradle, a hollowed piece of wood, called *tekenyo*. The gipsies are active and clever at this trade: they seize the *tekenyo* by the two hands, shake it gently, let the water drip, catch up more water, and go on until the gold shines at the bottom. A few minutes will wash a

handful of sand. The gold-seeking gipsies are divided into twelve bands of eighty or a hundred each. Each band has a surveyor, who accounts with a director-general, who lives at Zalatna. They are exempt from public charges. These bands have no fixed place to work in; but each tzigany works by virtue of a permit wherever he thinks proper—now in one river, now in another, but generally in the Aranyos. In return, he must pay to the tax-gatherer every year a *pizéte* of gold, which is worth seven shillings and elevenpence. If he be active, he may make three *pizétes* every week—that is, about two-and-twenty shillings—which, in that part of the world, is high wages. During heavy rains, when the torrents bring fresh gold from the mountains, much more is obtained. They are required to sell the whole of their gold to the official surveyor, and the annual amount has never exceeded twenty-four lbs., or in value about £1400 British. Of course, with capital and industrious workmen, very different results would take place; but the gipsies are idlers, who care only to make enough for the passing day. Some are so lazy, that in the whole year they do not earn the seven shillings due to government.

Their race is found in every part of Europe, and everywhere they seem to have the same habits and the same vices. Scattered over the whole continent, and amid divers populations, they, like the Jews, preserve a national character, remaining unaffected by the movements of society around them. In their own language they call themselves Romm. Many ethnographers have thought them of Egyptian origin; but more recent investigations appear to have traced them to India. 'Recently,' says Gerando, 'the missionary Wilson, passing through Pesth, thought that the gitanos of Hungary, like those of Turkey, speak a language which approaches that of the Budsurad on the shores of the Ganges.'

The Hungarian gipsies are true to their general character. As teasing as a gipsy, as great a boaster, as great a thief as a gipsy, are Hungarian proverbs. If a theft be committed, and gipsies be in the neighbourhood, they are at once accused—generally with justice. In the villages, they dwell apart from the peasants, who have a profound contempt for them; and they recognise the authority of one of their own people, named *vayvode*, or magistrate, as the lord of the locality. They bury themselves in mud huts, a few feet above the ground, into which they dig for greater space. A whole family dwells in this horrible den, from which the smoke escapes by a hole in the roof, while black and naked children play before the door. If a horseman passes, they run after him begging, and standing on their head. The mother and father come out, the dogs bark furiously, and the horse gallops away alarmed. The gitanos are sometimes nailmakers, farriers, and brickmakers; but they are always beggars.

The gitanos of Clausenburg, the capital of Transylvania, are numerous, and chiefly dwell, with droves of dogs as wild as themselves, in a savage outskirts. Both live in hollows of the rocks, in the low huts just described, and look like the denizens of the Cour des Miracles of Paris, or the Alsatia of London. But the gitanos of Clausenburg have an aristocracy, who reside at the other end of the town, occupying two hundred houses near the ramparts. These are chiefly musicians. They form very clever bands, and go about the country playing on the Communist principle. On their return, an equal division is made, and the share of one man is often from £100 to £200 English. These gitanos elect a *vayvode* every two years.

'I visited,' says Gerando, the best of recent writers on Hungary, 'the house of one of the rich gitanos of Clausenburg. The master, whose name was Mól, was the ablest musician in the country. Warned of my visit, he received me with a violin under his arm. He led me with respectful dignity into his house, where I was received by his wife—a worthy housewife, who hid her copper-coloured face under the folds of a white handkerchief. His daughters, who had adopted scarlet-

striped kerchiefs, were pretty, but they disappeared. The house of Môtî was scrupulously clean. The first room contained household utensils, distaffs, and in a large earthen pot plenty of cream. Amid the decorations of the parlour was nothing reminding one of the vagabond; while I remarked with surprise a statue of Napoleon, and another of his son. The walls were covered with pewter plates that shone like silver; while a portrait of Môtî, mythological subjects, and religious pictures, also hung on the walls. Like all his companions, Môtî was a Roman Catholic, of which he was proud, being thus the co-religionist of the emperor of Austria.

This shows that the adoption of an industrious calling will civilise, from the noble who lives by rapine to the vagabond who exists by begging. Nothing can resist the effect of honest, laborious habits.

Most of the Hungarian gitanos are less settled. They wander about, careless of to-morrow, and without remorse for their peccadilloes. They are fortunately not numerous enough to be formidable. They encamp in the open air round a fire, with dogs, some pigs, and a lean horse. If they know a trade, they work at it a while in the villages as they pass. They are blacksmiths or basket-makers, and were once fortune-tellers; but this branch of trade is falling off. They pay no taxes—the government knowing no more of them than they know of the wolves in the forests. They are generally poor, or seem so; but some have amassed riches, and bury jewels and gold in the earth beneath a tree; for as habits of industry have not taught them the wants of civilisation, they have no use for this wealth.

A traveller once saw a gitano beating on an anvil near the road. He got out of his carriage, and approached him. 'What are you making?' said the traveller. 'Nails,' replied the tzigany. 'You are not clever,' continued the stranger, 'and your nails are worth nothing. Could you make a horse-shoe nail?' The gitano showed him one. 'That is no better: look at me.' In a few minutes the stranger showed him two nails of his fashion. The gitano opened his eyes and said, 'Bine inveniati, you are very well taught!' The stranger was Prince Lobkowitz, president of the General Chamber of Vienna, and surveyor-general of all the mines of the empire.

The wandering habits of the gitanos are not easily cured. The Emperor Joseph II. tried to attach them to the soil. Their very language was to be abolished, and they were called 'the new peasants.' But all in vain. The gitanos took care to behave so badly on the land allotted to them, and from which they dared not move without leave, that they were driven away. They had commodious houses; but they put their cows in them, and lived in a tent beside them. The children apprenticed to farmers ran away. In 1782 there were in all Hungary only 77 sessions cultivated by the gitanos, and they paid altogether only 20,000 florins of taxes. Besides those who were labourers, there were 43,787 gitanos, of whom 5886 called themselves farriers, and 1582 musicians. The number has decreased since, and they would probably be extinguished but for new arrivals from Moldavia and Wallachia. In the sixteenth century the gitanos were driven from several states of Europe. Hungary and Transylvania were more hospitable; and in the archives of the ancient Diets many articles concerning them are found.

Their taste for wandering is supported by their ability to suffer privations and fatigue. They wear the same rags during the extreme heat of summer and the bitter blasts of winter; and when others are crossing a river in a sledge, they are seen walking barefoot, with some tattered rags scarcely covering their forms. But, as above remarked, all are not so miserable. There are some who follow agricultural pursuits in that part of Transylvania called Mezöseg who are reckoned clever reapers. Like those of Clauenburg, the Hermannstadt gipsies are well off, and enjoy life. They wear the costume of rich Hungarian peasants, choosing

in preference lively colours. Their scarlet waistcoats are covered by little round, shining copper buttons, and heavy spurs sound at their heels. The women more especially feel the effect of this wellbeing. The copper-coloured complexion gives way to a peculiar white which shows off their deep black eyes. They seem to be of two races; some having curly hair, thick lips, and copper complexions; while others are olive-coloured, with more regular features, and smooth hair. But no matter what their dress, the young gipsies are remarkable for their elegant figures.

As for their religion, when they have any, it is that of their nearest neighbours: they are Roman Catholics, or of the Greek church, or Protestants, just as it happens; but they generally choose the religion of their lord, which, according to their aristocratic ideas, must be the best. A like notion makes them select the same original country as the Hungarians. 'Our fathers came from Egypt with Arpad,'* said a gipsy one day who was learned in history. The language of the race has of course become much corrupted. A Hungarian officer taken prisoner under Napoleon, and brought to France, declared that the gipsies of Hungary could not understand those of France. Even in Hungary and Transylvania their dialect has been modified by locality; the gipsies learning the language of the place they live in, and adopting particular words.

Dancing and music are the favourite delights of the gitanos. 'Maitro Môtî,' says Gerando, 'introduced me one day to two Bohemian girls. The tallest and oldest had thick lips, fiery eyes, and an African face. She wore a dark robe; a dark shawl with flowers was wrapped round her, and a long black handkerchief shaded her face. The other wore a hussar's jacket of black velvet, a spotted petticoat, and little boots. Her hair, black as jet, was partly concealed by a gauze veil, and framing the face, brought out the whiteness of her skin. She had the melancholy beauty of most of the women of her race not degraded by misery. As soon as Môtî had preluded, they began to dance. Their gestures and steps were slow. They held each other's hands; they parted, walking one towards the other, holding out their arms, and making their veils wave, then joining again to execute some expressive movements. Môtî put down his instrument; and they accompanied their dances themselves, singing to slow time a tune of great softness and melancholy, which expressed alternately tenderness and repentance, the ringing voice of the one or the grave notes of the other being uppermost according to the sense of the words.'

The gitanos are quick and clever when they choose to exert themselves; but it is chiefly in music they excel. 'Guided only by their ears,' says Schwartzner, 'and a little practice, they attain a quickness and vigour of execution which the best masters fail to gain. They are selected in preference for table music, festivities, marriages, and other occasions when people give way to gaiety.' They rarely know a note of music, but their musical genius makes up for their ignorance, and none but the gipsies can play well the Hungarian national songs. Hungarian music is full of depth and passion. Full, solemn, and sometimes sad, it requires calm and ardent performers, who can allow the national vivacity to gleam through even the most melancholy passages. This vivacity bursts forth in rapid and animated flights, which awake enthusiasm, and show off in high relief the bold, brilliant, and hardy Hungarian character. The genius of the gitanos makes them play and sing these airs with incomparable success, not only correctly in themselves, but with variations improvised on the spot. Of course this refers to the very best artists; but if you

* Arpad was the celebrated khan of the Hungarians, who, when driven with his tribes from the banks of the Volga, towards the end of the ninth century, settled on the Theiss, and, as the ally of the Emperor Arnoul, beat the Moravians in the year 895. He gave his name to a Hungarian dynasty, which reigned with St Stephen in 997, and which kept the throne till the death of Andrew III. in 1301. This race of kings is known as the Arpads.

put a violin into the hand of a child, he will soon play as well as his father. Thus in every village the gipsies are the minstrels, and take the lead on every festive occasion. Besides, they alone preserve the vast number of unwritten airs which are the music of the land. When travellers stop at an inn, they are sure to come under the window and play; and one of them at Bethlen attained of late years great celebrity, especially for the seditious air of 'Rákótsi.' They one day took it into their heads to play it under the windows of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este when sent to watch the Transylvanians after a violent dissolution of their parliament. The archduke drove them away.

Impudence and cunning are the hereditary qualities of gipsies, but the impudence of musical gipsies is excessive, a trait of character which they share with many other artists in the same line. Perhaps they are proud of their genius, and presume on it; but they are on occasion strangely familiar with the proud lords of Hungary. One day a tattered gipsy, with a violin under his arm, entered a saloon where sat in conversation two gentlemen, he being totally unannounced. He asked coolly if a concert would be agreeable, and was answered in the negative. 'Another time,' said the gipsy, and off he walked. A clever violinist of the tribe once played before a musical lord; and when he had concluded, and had been loudly applauded for his exquisite skill, he handed his violin to the nobleman, counting on shining still more by contrast. The magnate quietly took the instrument, and the gipsy was not a little mortified to find that he played as well as himself.

Ragged, vagabond, careless, confident, proud, and happy, he wanders about with his violin under his arm. Employed or unemployed, he is always the same. If asked to play, he is ever ready, and will execute anything, 'grave or gay, lively or severe,' under the scorching sun or in the pelting snow. Such is the Hungarian gipsy, child of a race which is gradually fading from the earth, and which can only be saved from extinction by losing its nomadic character and adopting the sedentary habits of civilisation.

CUVIER AND THE SWALLOWS.

In his later years the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount the incident which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. While young, and in want, he was engaged as tutor to the children of the Count de Héricy, and with his pupils inhabited an old château in the Pays de Caus at Piquainville. Cuvier's room looked towards the garden, and early each morning he was accustomed to open his window and breathe the fresh air before commencing the instruction of his somewhat undisciplined pupils. One morning he remarked two swallows building a nest in the outer angle of his small casement. The male bird brought moist clay in his beak, which the hen, as it were, kneaded together, and, with the addition of straws and bits of hay, formed their future home. Once the framework was completed, both birds hastened to line the interior with feathers, wool, and dried leaves; and then taking flight together into a neighbouring wood, they did not return to their nest until after the lapse of several days. Meantime some important events had happened. While the two swallows were so busily employed in constructing their home, Cuvier had remarked two sparrows perched on a neighbouring chimney, who seemed to watch the progress of affairs with much curiosity. The treacherous object of this surveillance speedily became apparent; for no sooner had the poor swallows left the coast clear, than the pair of sparrows took possession of the nest, and established themselves in it as comfortably as though it had been their own property. Cuvier remarked that they never absented themselves together from the nest; one always remained on the perch, with its sturdy bill protruded through the entrance, prepared to exclude every visitor except its mate.

At the end of the honeymoon the rightful owners returned. What was their surprise to find their nest pre-occupied! The cock flew indignantly against his dwelling, to expel the intruders, but was met by the formidable beak of the male sparrow, which quickly repulsed the unlucky proprietor with a bleeding head and ruffled feathers. Trembling with rage and shame, and his bright eye darting fire, he returned to his bride, perched on a green bough, and seemed for some moments to hold an anxious colloquy with her. Then they took flight together, and soon disappeared.

Presently the hen-sparrow returned, and her husband began, as Cuvier conjectured, to give her an animated account of his adventure, accompanying the recital with certain curious little cries, which might well pass for derisive laughter. Be that as it may, the prudent pair did not waste much time in chattering, but hastened out in turns to collect and store up a quantity of provisions. This accomplished, they both remained within, and now two stout beaks were placed ready to defend the entrance. Cries resounded in the air; crowds of swallows began to assemble on the roof. Cuvier recognised in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each fresh arrival.

Ere long, there were assembled in full conclave upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully rivalled the performances of many speakers in more ambitious and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the windowsills. A young swallow, tired no doubt of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the pursuit of some flies who were buzzing about the window. Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horse-hair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Each effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Suddenly the swallows, as if with one consent, took flight, and wheeling in the air, came one by one and gave a sharp peck at the snare, which, after repeated pulls, snapped in two, and the freed bird flew joyously away with his kind companions. During this scene, which passed within a few yards of Cuvier, and at about the same distance as the usurped nest, the tutor remained motionless, and the two sparrows never once stirred their threatening protruded beaks.

Suddenly, and swift as thought, flew a host of swallows against the nest: each had his bill filled with mud, which he discharged against the entrance, and then gave place to another, who repeated the same manœuvre. Thus they managed to accomplish while two inches distant from the nest, so as to keep out of reach of the beleaguered sparrows. Indeed the latter were so effectually blinded by the first discharge of mud, that they no longer thought of defending themselves. Meantime the swallows continued to heap mud on the nest, until it was completely covered: the opening would have been quite choked up but for the desperate efforts made by the sparrows, who by several convulsive shocks contrived to shake off some of the pellets. But a detachment of the implacable swallows perched on the nest, and with their beaks and claws smoothed and pressed down the tough clay over the opening, and at length succeeded in closing it hermetically. Then were heard from hundreds of little throats cries of vengeance and of victory!

But the swallows did not end their work here. They hastened to bring from all directions materials for a second nest, which they constructed over the blocked-up entrance of the first one; and in two hours after the execution of the sparrows, the new nest was inhabited by the ejected swallows.

The inexorable vengeance was now completed. Not only were the unfortunate sparrows doomed to expiate their crime by a lingering death, but they were forced during their torments to listen to the joyful song of the two swallows, the cause of their execution. During

many days the hen rarely quitted the nest; she had laid six eggs, and while she was hatching them, her mate supplied her with insects for food. At the end of a fortnight Cuvier remarked that the cock was busy all day in bringing an enormous quantity of insects to his household; and looking into the nest, he saw six little yellow bills all gaping wide for food. From that time it became a constant source of pleasure to the tutor to watch the progressive development of the little family. Their yellow beaks became black and shining, their downy bodies were covered with smooth and elegant plumage, and they began to accompany their mother in her short excursions from the nest. The cock taught his children how to seize their prey in the air; how to fly high when the atmosphere was calm, and the flies disported themselves in the upper regions; and how to keep near the ground when a storm was approaching; for then all insects seek a shelter.

Thus passed the summer, and autumn came. Crowds of swallows once more assembled on the roof of the Château de Fiquainville. They held regular conversations, and Cuvier amused himself with trying to interpret their language. The children of the nest were placed in the midst of the troop with the other young swallows; and one morning the whole assembly took flight simultaneously, and directed their course towards the east. In the following spring two swallows, lean, and with ruffled feathers, came and took possession of the nest. Cuvier immediately recognised them: they were the identical birds whom he had watched with so much interest during the preceding year. They began to repair their dwelling, and to stop the chinks produced by the winter's frost; they relined the interior with soft-dried moss and feathers, and then, as in the previous season, set out for an excursion.

The morning after their return, as they were gaily pursuing their prey close to Cuvier's window, for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to his presence, a hawk that was soaring in the air pounced suddenly on the cock. He struck him with his talons, and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which happened luckily to be at hand. The brigand fell into the garden mortally wounded, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. The swallow was seriously wounded; the hawk's talons had deeply pierced his sides, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and broken one wing. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and tenderness, and then, with the assistance of a ladder, replaced him in his nest, while the poor hen fluttered sadly round her mate, uttering piercing cries of distress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she brought to the cock. Cuvier watched his poor little languishing head feebly raised to take the offered food, but each day his strength visibly declined. At length early one morning Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the hen, who was beating her wings against the window: he ran to the nest. Alas, it only contained a lifeless body! From that moment the hen drooped and pined away. She never left the nest, refused the food which Cuvier constantly offered her, and, literally broken-hearted, expired five days after the death of her beloved companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the amiable and gifted mind of the young tutor. It led him to devote his leisure hours to the persevering study of natural history; and many months afterwards he related the anecdote to the Abbé Tessier, who was paying a visit at the château. Revolutionary persecution had obliged this distinguished man to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of physician to the hospital of Fécamp. Struck with the evident talent of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils attending his hospital; and wrote to introduce him to the notice of Jussieu and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. Cuvier entered into correspondence with these and with other scientific men; and after some time passed in profound study, he was

appointed to fill the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. The remainder of his glorious career is matter of history.

MR MORRIES STIRLING'S NEW METALLIC MIXTURES.

THERE are few things more remarkable than the total change of properties produced when two or more metals are made to combine together so as to form what are called alloys. This change is so marked, that it is often impossible to predict, from the known properties of the component metals, those of the alloy. We see this very distinctly in the long-known cases of brass, an alloy of copper and zinc, in all its varieties; of bronze, bell-metal, gun-metal, and gong-metal, which are alloys of copper and tin; of type-metal, a mixture of lead, antimony, and tin; and many others.

But although many useful and valuable alloys are known, when we consider the great number of simple metals—of which nearly fifty have been discovered, while at least twenty are sufficiently abundant to be applied to practical purposes; and further, that any two metals may combine in many different proportions; and lastly, that very often an exceedingly small proportion of one metal will give to another entirely new properties—when we consider these things, it is obvious that the existing alloys can form only a very small proportion of the immense number that may be obtained, many of which may probably turn out more valuable than any yet known.

Mr Morris Stirling, a gentleman thoroughly qualified for the task by a scientific education and long practical familiarity with chemistry, has, within these few years, paid much attention to the alloys, chiefly of the most important of all metals—iron. The results he has obtained are of the highest practical importance, and afford a signal proof of the truth of what we have stated—namely, that multitudes of valuable alloys remain to be discovered, and will richly reward the time and labour bestowed in such investigations.

The reader is probably aware that the best hammered or malleable iron is nearly pure iron, and that cast-iron and steel are compounds—alloys they may almost be called—of iron with small proportions of carbon or charcoal. Cast-iron contains more carbon than steel, although in both the quantity is small, varying perhaps from $\frac{1}{4}$ or 1 to 4 or 5 per cent. Cast-iron is fusible, hard, brittle, unelastic. Steel is also fusible and hard, but it is much tougher, and highly elastic. Here we see the powerful effects of so small a proportion of carbon; for iron is nearly infusible, soft, and very tough, when free from carbon.

Now Mr Stirling has found that cast-iron may be rendered very tough, without losing its fusibility, by simply alloying it with a certain proportion of wrought or malleable iron. He takes, we shall say, a quantity of any species of cast-iron—no matter for the general character of the result of what kind—and has it run from the blast-furnace into moulds containing a certain proportion of scrap-iron. The pigs thus formed are then melted, as usual, in a cupola, and run into the desired moulds for castings. Thus is produced what he calls his *toughened cast-iron*. His object, in the first experiments, was to improve the inferior, weaker, or more fluid irons to an equality with the better kinds; but he did not expect the remarkable result actually obtained—namely, that all irons are thus brought to a kind of average strength and toughness far above that of the best cast-iron. The strength of cast-iron is measured by the weight necessary to break a bar 1 square inch in section, and 4 feet 6 inches long between the supports, when suspended to the middle of the bar. The highest result obtained by Mr Hodgkinson with the best (Blaenavon) cast-iron was 578 lbs.; but the average, as given by the same authority, is 454 lbs.

Now Mr Stirling has obtained the very high result of 868 lbs.; while Mr Rennie, using Mr Stirling's method, obtained that of above 900 lbs. Later experiments have given a still higher degree of improvement; so that the maximum increase of strength over that of average cast-iron (454 lbs.) is 120 per cent.; and that which may on all occasions be calculated on is from 60 to 70 per cent., yielding an average of about 750 lbs. as the breaking weight of an inch bar 4 feet 6 inches between supports. All sorts of cast-iron, if the due proportion of wrought iron for each be ascertained, may be brought to this very high average of strength. Of course the improvement is, relatively to the

original quality of the iron, not so great in the best as in the inferior sorts, but even in the best it is very great. This method is not a source of increased cost, for the cost is only greater in reference to the iron used. Thus Scotch pig-iron, at £2, 10s. per ton, when the expense of the scrap-iron, besides the royalty of the patentee, is added to it, costs, as toughened cast-iron, about £3 per ton. But it is now 60 per cent. stronger than iron sold at £3, 15s. and £4 per ton.

It is not easy to estimate the importance of this discovery, which has been confirmed by many of the leading iron masters, who are now using the patent under Mr Stirling's license. For all castings where strength is required, such as beams, girders, pillars, the advantage is so great and obvious, that it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to it. We obtain, at a cheaper rate, with the same weight of casting, nearly double the strength, which, for railway bridges, &c. is an invaluable result. But further, where the actual strength is more than sufficient to resist the strain to which it is exposed, we can attain that strength by using a much less weight of metal, and consequently at a still further reduced price.

Mr Stirling has produced an admirable alloy of iron, intended as a substitute for that of copper used for bells. It is, even under the patent, one-third cheaper than ordinary bell-metal, exceedingly hard, and not more brittle. It is wonderfully sonorous, and the tone of bells made of it (of which the writer possesses two) is superior to that of any bells of the same pitch we have ever heard. It is rich, full, musical, and pure, and singularly prolonged. Messrs Meares, the great London bell-founders, have taken a license for this alloy.

The same metals, in a different proportion, yield an alloy which takes a remarkably high polish and silvery lustre, and will probably be found advantageous for speculum metal.

There is another alloy of iron with one or more of the metals above-mentioned in certain proportions, designed for gun-metal. It is made of different qualities, according to the purpose for which it is intended. The tensile strength of two of the kinds was compared with that of gun-metal made at Woolwich. The metals were cast and tried under similar circumstances. Of the Woolwich gun-metal, the average of many sorts was 11 tons per square inch; while that of Mr Stirling's gun-metals was 16 tons per square inch.

With zinc for a basis, Mr Stirling has made many alloys of admirable properties. One, with an adjunct of copper, makes excellent bell-metal. Another, with manganese besides copper, produces one having many of the qualities of gold. A third, with nickel and copper, furnishes a metal resembling silver. The second of these is found highly suitable for metal pens.

It is gratifying to consider these discoveries as the result of diligent application to experiment, and to learn that the merits of the discoverer are likely to be duly rewarded. We find that his improved irons have obtained the approbation of the government commissioners for investigating the properties of iron for railway purposes.

PUNS.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings: the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was making game of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection, and calls game; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in

the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THE RIGHT LEG.

Having noticed that this limb was more frequently the seat of accidents than the left in the wards, I made the comparison accurately, at one time, of those in the house; and found that of sixteen simple and compound fractures and amputations of the leg or thigh, thirteen were in the right, and but three in the left limb. If a hypothesis were allowed, possibly the fact might be explained on the idea that it is, in this country, chiefly from recklessness and overhaste that accidents occur; the 'best foot forward' suffering the most injury.—*Dr Hartshorne, in American Journal of Med. Sciences.*

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

My Christian name—my Christian name,
I never hear it now;
None have the right to utter it;
'Tis lost—I know not how:
My worldly name the world speaks loud—
Thank God for well-earned fame!—
But silence sits at my cold hearth—
I have no household name.
My Christian name—my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound:
My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:
Mother! whose accents made most sweet
What else I held in shame,
Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven
My poor, lost Christian name?
Brothers and sisters, mockers off
Of the quaint name I bore,
Would I could burst Death's gates to hear
Some call it out once more!
One speaks it still—in written lines—
The last fraternal claim:
But the wide seas between us drown
Its sound—my Christian name!
I had a dream for years. One voice
Might breathe this homely word
As love breathes: I had swooned with joy
Had I my name thus heard.
Oh, dumb, dumb lips! Oh crushed, crushed heart!
Oh grief, past pride, past shame!
To die—to die, and never hear
Thee speak my Christian name!
God send thee bliss!—God send me rest!
If thou with footsteps calm
Shouldst trace my bleeding feet, God make
To thee each blood-drop—balm.
Peace to these pangs! Mother! put forth
Thine elder, holier claim;
And the first word I hear in heaven
May be—my Christian name!

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THERE is hardly a subject which affords more matter of wonder to the great body of the middle and lower classes of England than the popularity, so lengthened, so firmly rooted, and so little liable to be affected by revolutions in taste and schools of art, which the Italian Opera maintains for itself amid the comparatively limited circle of its constant frequenters. That England has of late years become, if not emphatically a musical nation, at least a much more musical nation than it was, is nothing to the purpose. Long before the era of cheap concerts and music for the million, the Italian Opera stood as firmly upon its throne as now, and many a hard word its frequenters and it had to bear from that sturdy tribe of middle-class John Bulls, who would never cease from expressing their indignant and patriotic wonder that English men and women could be found to support the squalling of a parcel of Italian singers in preference to the good old legitimate drama of the land. And to some extent the same species of cant is kept up still. 'People don't go to the Opera for the music—what do nine-tenths of pit and boxes know or care about it? While as for the language—how many who pretend to be in ecstasy at a song, understand one word of the tongue which it is sung in? No, no; people go to the Italian Opera neither for the words nor the music, but just because it's fashionable; and that's all about it.'

We put it to our readers whether this is not a fair expression of very generally-entertained notions; perhaps, indeed, these pages may be perused by many who themselves hold the opinion indicated. To all such we would now address ourselves, in the hope of clearing away a very prevalent misconception by explaining what, strange as it may seem, is, to the great body of even the play-going public, a mystery—what are the less ostensible and secret, as well as the declared and avowed attractions of the Opera. Take, for example, an intelligent man, moving, it may be, in commercial or professional society, and going to the Opera once or twice in a season: why, he can know nothing of a species of social pleasure which, unseen and even invisible to him—so quiet and little noticeable are its demonstrations—is yet reigning gaily around him. The music and the spectacle he shares in common with thousands of others, but he is still perfectly unaware that, apart from, yet not altogether unconnected with, the show upon the stage, there is to the initiated in these mysteries a peculiar charm in the moral atmosphere of the place, in which lurks the true and subtle and enduring essence of the popularity of the Opera. What that charm is we shall endeavour to indicate.

The popular dictum that people go to the Italian Opera without understanding or seeking to understand

or appreciate a note of the music, contains, like many other popular dicta, a grain of truth to a bushel of falsehood. A man may begin to haunt the Opera for other than musical pleasure—as, for instance, to see the dancing and pirouetting in the ballet; but if he possesses within him the slightest germ of taste for the beautiful in sound, that germ insensibly begins to bud and blossom. Unknown to himself, he undergoes an apprenticeship to that service of sweet sounds 'which give delight, and hurt not;' and by dint of constantly hearing the finest music in the world interpreted by the most gifted artists, he slowly, but surely, acquires a taste—generally speaking a correct one—and without understanding scientifically the construction of a single movement of the compositions which gradually steal upon his soul, and by their very loveliness breed and nurture new faculties within him, he finds himself, he hardly knows how, converted, not indeed into a very profound connoisseur, nor into a very rapturous musical enthusiast, but still into a quiet, gentlemanly amateur, with a taste formed upon the best models, and an appreciation which acts, as it appears to him, less by understanding than by a species of slowly-acquired and developed instinct. Such we take to be the musical condition of the greater portion of Opera *habitues*, springing, the reader will observe, not from any peculiar musical aptitude, but from the long habit of hearing excellent music excellently performed. There are of course numerous exceptions to the class which we have described: ladies and gentlemen who, beginning with more than the average degree of musical appreciation, think more of what passes upon the stage and in the orchestra than around them, and the converse order, who, commencing their Opera career with a musical sensibility beneath the average, continue to be more influenced by the social than the musical pleasures of the lyric theatres. As a general rule, however, we repeat that the London operatic public forms a good-natured but perfectly discerning and competent tribunal upon the art questions which are laid before it. Educated by better *artistes* than the operatic publics of Vienna and Berlin, and less apt to be carried off their legs than the volatile and easily-stirred public of the Salle Favart at Paris, there is not a lyric artist between Messina and Prague who does not look upon a London engagement as one of the great prizes of his profession, and who does not face a London public with a nervousness of which he would have felt little in Germany, Italy, or France.

But, all this admitted, the question still remains—why do people of the higher classes in London choose to go through that novitiate which makes them the competent judges which we believe them to be? The superficial reply will be with ninety-nine people out of the hundred, because the Opera is fashionable. Now a thing may be fashionable for a season without any very sen-

sible cause: but nothing is fashionable for a century unless there exist some very good reasons for it.

In one important respect the Opera, in its rites and observances, and indeed its very nature, differs from all other places of public amusement whatever. It is a place to which people every night resort with different reasons, and from different views. If a man goes to a theatre, he is understood to go to see and hear the play; and theatres are arranged and their rules settled accordingly. So, if a man pays his money at the door of a lecture-room, or an exhibition-room, or a concert-room, he finds everything arranged so as to facilitate the ostensible purpose of his coming, and that ostensible purpose only. With the Opera this is not the case. The casual visitor arrives early, rushes jostlingly along the passages to his place, and sits there, just as he would do in Drury Lane or the Lyceum. Not so the habitué—and he it remembered an Opera is supported in by far the greatest degree by habitués—who pays not for any single night's entertainment, but for the constant run of the house. He never seeks to rush in pell-mell with the first eager group of kickers at the outside door: his place is comfortably secured for him; or, if he chance to have none in particular, he knows that a score of friends can accommodate him; or perhaps he never intends to sit down at all. He goes to the Opera for a musical and social lounge; to see and be seen; to talk and be talked to; to wander from box to box; to pay his respects to one family in the grand tier; to hear the news of Mrs So-and-so's party in the first tier; to inquire about the picnic which is fixed for next Wednesday at a sure source in the second tier; to learn the latest political or social chit-chat as it flies about the lobbies, or to become informed of the tittle-tattle of the *coulisses*—how the new opera 'goes' at rehearsal; how the management quarrelled with Madame So-and-so, and how she could not be induced to sing until half an hour before the rising of the curtain; how Mario is to be especially great in the *aria* of the first act; and how Grisi will 'be safe' to make a real *furor* in the delicious cabaletta of her *cavatina* in the second. Let us not here be misunderstood. The music is not suffered to pass unheeded during the continuance of all these shreds and fragments of gossip talk. A degree of modified attention is bestowed even upon the more level and uninteresting passages; and as soon as one of the 'points' of the evening arrives—the *aria* or the chorus—there is not a sound from all the vast *encante* intervening for an instant between listening ears and the sparkling tide of music.

It is thus, then, as a delightful evening lounge—as a place where one is pretty sure of meeting with scores of acquaintances—as a sort of social 'Change, performing, indeed, to some small extent the functions of a club, and improving upon these functions, inasmuch as it admits of the presence of ladies—that the Opera fulfils its mission and maintains its popularity. The music is a fundamental, but not the absorbing feature of the entertainment. It is possible to hear, ay, and to enjoy music, even while a low-toned conversation is being kept gaily up. It has its sensuous, as well as its purely intellectual delight. To relish a play, especially a play pretending either to elevated poetry or keen wit, individual attention is requisite. Once or twice heard, however, the interest falls, and the intellectual pleasure abates. Not so in music: the most scientific and intelligent judges are always shy of pronouncing any decided opinion upon an elaborate operatic work after a single hearing. And so far as the more general public

goes, it is only after many repetitions that the intellectual beauties of the music become manifest; while the sensuous pleasure produced by rich harmony and graceful melody prevents these repetitions from becoming tiresome or monotonous. The reader will then perceive how well fitted music, as played in great operatic establishments, is to lay the foundation of a half-sensuous, half-intellectual gratification, upon which a pile of independent social pleasure is erected.

So much, then, being premised, let it be remarked how admirably fitted for all the purposes in view are the construction and regulations of the Opera. A great point to secure in a place of favourite social resort is perfect facility of communication; this theatres do not, and ought not, to afford: the Opera ought, and does. The whole house—excepting the galleries, which are not intended for the classes on whom the establishment more especially depends—is flung open for the free circulation to and fro of visitors. You call at a box precisely as you do at a house. You meet your friends in lobby and saloon precisely as you do in street or park. The whole tone and atmosphere of the place is less that of an exhibition where any one comes to see or hear, than that of a social neutral ground where persons moving in certain classes of society come naturally together, and mingle in easy and unrestrained intercourse. The art of conversation, Talleyrand said—not as he explained it, that of argument on the one hand, or mere puerile small-talk upon the other—was lost in France with the great Revolution. We doubt whether it ever flourished to any great extent in England; but there can be little doubt that the atmosphere of the Opera nurtures as fair specimens of pleasant conversational airiness as can be met with under the skies which bend over our island. In clubs the talk is apt to get cliché and professional; at dinners to be noisy and over-hilarious; at evening parties to be conventional and puerile. At the Opera men of all classes meet on common ground—men of politics, men of law, men of science, men of literature, men of art, men of fashion. The conversation of the politicians, the savants, the authors, the artists, the dandies, each taken as a class, would probably be excessively technical or excessively inane; but mingled together, it becomes racy, amusing, and sparkling; and it is this sort of talk, this whirlpool of chat, gossip, information, and anecdote constantly buzzing and humming in lobby, and alley, and box, which, backed of course and supported by the music, gives that particular charm which the Opera habitué enjoys with such keen relish.

Let us, gentle reader, make the tour of the house together, and listen to what we can pick up. We lounge round the back of the pit, saunter through the little slice of 'Fops' Alley left to us; or, if we be at the Covent-Garden Opera, proceed on the fall of the drop-scene to the swarming passage behind the pit tiers of boxes. Here the habitué is surrounded by familiar faces—dandies, artists, journalists, *hommes des lettres*. Listen to the scores of rapid, animated conversations, or rather bits of conversations, working and fermenting all round:—

'Other house full to the doors: people standing all round the pit.' 'Odd fiasco that at the So-and-so Club.' 'Ah! I'll tell you the true history of that affair.' 'Wasn't that an introduced *aria* in the third act?' 'To be sure—from the *Zauberflöte*.' 'So Peel said to-day: I had it from the best source.' 'What did you say was to be the name of Mr Such-a-one's new book?' 'Quite remarkable; what good voice he is in, and only arrived

from Milan in time for to-day's rehearsal!' 'So you see, if ministers can't whip in their men in time for the division——' 'Certainly Mario took that note bright—the high C: the *ut de poitrine*, which was Duprel's great point.' 'So, upon this, the duke wrote immediately to Madlle——' 'But I know positively that Meyerbeer has engaged to write a grand opera for the Académie.' 'Gone in his yacht to the Mediterranean.' 'Not a bit of it; the article was written by quite another person.' 'Brilliant bit of fore-shortening that certainly.' 'They do say at the clubs that the committee will make no report.' 'Seen So-and-so to-night?' 'Yes—left him at the French plays.' 'Grisi very good in the last act.' 'Capital story of old Rogers.' 'Got back from Paris to-day: Garcia will be here.' 'Too high for his voice: Costa transposed it.' 'Quite different from Pasta's style.' 'Dozelli was the original.' 'You don't say so—eight black balls?' 'The old duke in his box.' 'New novel—undoubted hit.' 'Contralto no go.' 'Said so.' 'Admirable in the upper notes.' 'Rehearsal went without a hitch.' 'Capital! ha, ha!' And so forth in this style a quick patchy mosaic-work of talk kept up by hundreds of the most knowing men of the world, and the most *spirituelle* of artists and men of letters in London. Now, to make such a style of conversation possible, it is obvious that the same people must continually be in the habit of meeting upon a common ground. For the higher-class of theatres it is calculated that there are about fifty audiences—that is, that after a piece has been performed fifty nights, the number of persons likely to go to see it once will have been exhausted, and the audiences will begin to fall off if not reinforced for a time by the smaller number who are likely to go to see an average piece a second time. Thus a drama of fair attraction comes, in the ordinary course of things, to the close of its run. With the Opera it is very different. In no small degree, week after week, its audiences are the same. The casual visitors contribute a comparatively small amount to the treasury. It is, in fact, to the subscription list, to the regular rents paid by theatrical situationists, and for which they become entitled to let out certain boxes for what sums they please, that the management chiefly looks for reimbursement. The expenses of the Opera, therefore, being immense, and the circle of contributors to them limited, it is obvious that the Italian Opera must be an expensive luxury. But the fact is, that its peculiar advantages are incompatible with cheapness. Throw the Opera open to the general public, and as a place of familiar social intercourse it is ruined at once: its peculiar feature, in fact, being the number of conversable people whom you know and by whom you are surrounded. The introduction of audiences completely varying every evening must necessarily annihilate the very main source of its attraction.

And now here again comes in a feature in operatic philosophy which is of first importance. There are two general classes of habitués. The first and larger is composed of the subscribers, and by them of course the whole musical fabric is, so far as money goes, supported. But a long-existing custom decrees that free *entrées* shall be accorded to a certain proportion of gentlemen connected with literature, art in its chief branches, and journalism. These form the second and numerically minor class of habitués; but to the heaven of talent and sparkling *esprit* which they introduce, no slight part of the pleasant conversational tone so characteristic of the Opera is due. Relieved from their desks, their pianos, or their easels, the Opera is the grateful focus to which they love to converge—there to retail the literary and artistic gossip of the day, to hear and chat over the hundred incidents, anecdotes, and on the spot of the studio, the clubs, the *causettes* of the theatres,

the lobbies and committee-rooms of THE House—in short, all that relates to what the French call the *causettes des salons*. The peculiar conversational tone—light, airy, yet intellectual—thus engendered, and made more bewitching still as it floats from box to box, receiving the graceful or *piquante* contributions of clever and accomplished women, forming that grand source of operatic gratification—other than the music—to which we have so often alluded, and in the charms of which lies the true secret of the permanent popularity with certain classes of society of the Italian Opera. To the privilege of admission to this species of intellectual and social enjoyment no man can aspire without certain qualifications—either that of wealth, intelligence, and social position, on the one hand, or that won by the intellectual power which elevates its possessor to the rank of a literary or artistic notability of the day on the other. Many a curious political secret has been whispered, many a brilliant article has been quietly concocted, many a successful literary enterprise has been first discussed, with the voices of Grisi, Lind, or Garcia ringing in the ears of the interlocutors. And in another world than that of journalism or letters—that mystic yet threadbare, that puerile yet powerful, that silly yet that magical circle of the *crème de la crème* of English aristocracy—how many a scandal has been born, how many a match has been discussed, how many an alliance of pride on the one side and gold on the other has been arranged, while the rich air quivered with the audible genius of Rossini or Mozart, and the hum of applauding amateurs drowned the low, eager tones of passion or of interest!

In the Opera, then, it is that these two worlds—that of aristocratic exclusiveness upon the one hand, and literary and artistic exclusiveness upon the other—draw mutually nearest on a common and neutral ground. There, within that charmed circle of yellow or crimson festooned boxes, gather night after night the glittering vanguard of English social, literary, and artistic celebrity. The casual visitor from the country, who makes a point of hearing the *prima donna* of the day—the Londoner who occasionally drops in to listen to a favourite opera, if he be a musician, or to applaud a favourite dancer, if he be an admirer of the dumb beauty of motion—are aware of but one-half of that which is going on around them. With their eyes rivetted upon the stage, they know nothing of the thousand interludes continually playing before the curtain. Knowing only what the management or the librettist chooses to tell them, they are unskilled to connect half of the phenomena of the evening with these faintly-whispered reports of operatic diplomacy which the initiated see indicated or echoed in an unexpected hoarseness or the excision of a particular aria—with eyes and ears, in fact, keenly and widely open, they sit as did the sultan in the 'Arabian Nights,' delighted with the song of the birds, but utterly unwitting the double pleasure which belonged to his vizier, who not only heard the sensuous music, but whose initiated organs understood the secret meaning of 'every twitter of the grove.'

Such, then, faintly indicated, are one or two of the secret influences—for secret to the mass of the public they undoubtedly are—which make the Italian Opera the formidable rival which it proves itself to all places of indigenous amusement. The mistaken views and semi-enmity with which it is regarded by many clever and patriotic people in their respect for our own legitimate drama, are founded upon a necessity which frequently compels them to see but half the picture. The vague, and, in fact, nonsensical charge against the common sense of the country, that a small but highly-intelligent and refined portion of the community would persevere in going to a place of amusement which afforded them no entertainment, merely because it was, in vulgar phrase, 'fashionable,' fades away in an instant before a perfect knowledge of the case. People go to the Opera just because, after a certain fashion which they like, they are more amused at the Opera

than elsewhere, and probably because, the higher and more perfect becomes our civilisation, the less inclined we are to trust altogether to others, instead of in some degree to ourselves, for our entertainment. A. B. R.

THE FIRST SLEEP.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

LITTLE Emily Mansell was a great pet with her Aunt Hamilton; and as she had no mother, and Mrs Hamilton no child, it always brought high enjoyment to each whenever Emily's papa allowed her to go on a visit to her aunt. Indeed this happened pretty often. Mr Mansell was agent to a nobleman whose estates lay in different parts of the country; and as he was frequently obliged to go from home, on those occasions little Emily was mostly intrusted to Mrs Hamilton's care.

It was always a holiday time: feasting, petting, playing; every wish ungratified in her own quiet home was sure to find indulgence at her aunt's; or rather wants and wishes were excited and gratified there which never entered her little brain when more suitably employed, and which always sent her home listless and dissatisfied, until in healthier occupation their memory wore away. Mrs Hamilton was a gay and thoughtless person; her house mostly full of company, much vanity and flattery going on; and Emily, even though a little child, coming in for a share, and delighting in it so much, that it would have puzzled any one to identify the saucy little prattler dressed out with curls, ribbons, and laces in Mrs Hamilton's drawing-room with the gentle, loving child that used to read so quietly in her father's study window, looking up now and then to see if his letter were finished before she ventured to interrupt him even with a question.

She is in the window here too, but her little tongue is rattling on: no fear of interrupting important business now; no one better engaged than in listening to her trifling. At last the quick remark and the merry laugh die away, and in an impatient tone little Emily exclaims for the twentieth time that evening, 'Why doesn't Davy come?—what is keeping him, Aunt Caroline?' And again she turns fretfully from the oft-repeated soothing answer—'He is coming, darling; he will be here just now.'

Davy was the carrier who brought the supplies once a week from a large town some distance off. He was in especial request this day, as he was to have been the bearer of some toys, a large cake, and sundry other matters in honour of Emily's birthday; but the evening wore on—no Davy appeared: Emily had to do without her toys, and the assembled guests without their cake. It was hard to tell whether Mrs Hamilton or Emily—the old child or the young—was most disappointed; but the latter certainly testified her vexation in the more disagreeable manner: lingering in the window, refusing to be comforted until the last faint ray of daylight went out, and then rebelling against bed to cry herself to sleep on the sofa.

But she was asleep—soundly and sweetly too, as only childhood sleeps—when the rolling sound of wagon wheels made her aunt start up, joyfully exclaiming, 'Here is Davy at last; I am so glad little Emily stayed up after all!'

'She is fast asleep now; surely you will not think of awaking her?' exclaimed one of the more considerate members of the party.

'Ah, wait a while,' was the reply, with a mysterious smile.

Bells were rung, orders given; not only did a tray make its appearance with the desired birthday-cake, fruit, wine, and other materials for supper, but also the box with the expected presents, which was carefully laid on a table hard by.

'It is almost a pity to awake her,' whispered Mrs Hamilton, half-relucting, as she bent over the calm, unconscious little sleeper; 'and yet it would be a still

greater pity to open the box without her, or to cut the cake without giving her a share.'

'Then let the box wait till morning,' rejoined the former speaker; 'and as to the cake, I think its size defies us all: no danger of Emily's share. You surely would not give it to her at this hour?'

'Oh, but she ought to see it whole; she would admire it so much.' And as to the box, I am longing myself to open it. Besides, she must be awakened to be carried to bed.'

And Emily was awakened. Sleepy and bewildered, for a long time she did not understand what any one was about; and when at last she did, her admiration of the external ornaments of the cake was quite swallowed up in a desire to appropriate some of the interior. 'You hungry little thing!' exclaimed her aunt, quite disappointed; 'but they are always so when awakened out of their first sleep.'

On this excuse a large slice of the cake was bestowed; and by the time it was demolished, Emily's eyes became accustomed to the lights, and she began to look about her as sprightly as ever. She spied the well-known blue box, and for the first time comprehending the full extent of her good fortune, exclaimed, 'Ah! Davy is come at last!' as she sprang towards it, and impatiently tried to turn the key.

The company, who had also been engaged in discussing the merits of the cake and wine, now turned for fresh amusement to the box, and to Emily's eager expressions of delight as new doll, and gilded book, and painted coach were successively drawn out, inspected, approved of, and ordered to lie on the table. The 'what else?' died away; all the promised treasures were displayed in goodly range, yet still Mrs Hamilton kept her hand on the lid of the box, smiling at her little niece, as if doubtful whether to disturb her fullness of content even by fresh enjoyment; at last, yielding to her own impatience, she drew out the crowning gift—a real birthday suit, in which Emily was to have figured that day had not Davy's wheels tarried on the way so provokingly.

'Oh how beautiful!—how tasteful! Do try it on—let us see it at once,' resounded from every lip. Emily, at first unwilling to leave her toys, was bribed by another slice of cake; robed in state, admired, held up to the mirror to admire herself, until her little head, half turned with excitement and vanity, she more than entered into the spirit of the hour, and strutted up and down the room, nodding her plumes, and shaking out her flounces to show them off.

But people will tire even of the best sport: the guests found it time to withdraw; and full time did Aunt Hamilton at last think it for little Emily to go to bed. Not so with the little lady herself: quite fresh from her sleep, she was fully awake to enjoyment now; the moments given to her new dress had been stolen from her toys, and back again she flew to them with renewed avidity when the admirers of the former had departed. In vain her aunt remonstrated, showed the hour, threatened to put out the candles; Emily coaxed, and cried, and lingered, until at last a third slice of cake won her over, and poutingly she retired as the clock struck twelve.

She tossed and turned on her pillow; felt as if she never should sleep again; thought of her toys, her fine dress, longed for the morning light; then when it did at last steal in through the chinks of the shutters, she found it pained her eyes, and turned them away; then her head grew hot and heavy, and she longed to sleep, but could not; and thoughts of company, and toys, and bright lights, all mixed confusedly together, until at length she was dropping into a sort of troubled doze, when Susan came to the bedside to say it was time to get up. For a moment she felt inclined to disregard the summons, but then the recollection of all she had to look at by daylight returned, and raising herself languidly, she dressed with many a yawn.

'This comes of last night's doings, Miss Emily,' said

Susan reproachfully : ' I hope 'twill be long again before you are awake in such a way out of your first sleep.'

' Indeed I hope so too, Susan,' replied the little girl in a contrite voice ; ' for I could not sleep again when I wanted, and I feel—oh so weary—so sleepy now !'

But when night came again there was no quiet rest for Emily : the disturbed hours of the night before ; the excitement, and, above all, the rich cake, had done their business ; and there she lay tossing, hot and feverish, worse and worse, as the hours rolled on. For many a day she lay thus, her loving father, her indulgent aunt, her faithful Susan, watching in turns beside her ; for many a day, with vain regrets and sinking hope, they promised themselves and one another that, if restored to them again, she should be more judiciously treated. She was at length restored, and, unlike most ' vows taken in pain,' the resolution was kept.

Circumstances favoured her father's wish to remove his little Emily for the present from her too indulgent aunt. His employer had an Irish property which he desired to place under Mr Mansell's management, and as constant personal superintendence was necessary, he agreed to fix his residence there. Emily's severe illness, as is often the case in youth, had altered both her character and constitution : her mind matured and expanded as rapidly as her bodily growth. Living chiefly with her papa, and talking much with him during her weeks of convalescence, she felt—perhaps for the first time—how precious she was to him ; how dearly she loved him ; and it was with a sense of indescribable delight she heard her father say, that though leaving much to which he was attached, removing from familiar scenes and friends, he was sure he should never feel lonely with such a companion as his ' good little Emily.'

Soon she dearly liked their Irish lodge, with its roses, its lake, and its wild mountain view ; their Irish Molly too, with all her endearing epithets and eloquent histories—their English servants had been dismissed, ' not pulling well with the natives,' and Molly took a pride as well as pleasure in verifying her retort that ' they were no loss.' One English lady, who had the care of Emily's education, alone remained in addition to the family ; and she judiciously led her little charge to appreciate all that was admirable, as well as merely amusing, in the national character, so that the jibes and supercilious airs which had given so much offence in the domestics, were soon forgotten in the unaffected interest and cordiality testified by the other members of the family.

Thus time wore on for three, or nearly four years ; during all that while Emily had been blessed with uninterrupted health. According to the old maxim, she lay down with the lamb and rose with the lark, and had probably forgotten what it was ever to awake out of her first sleep till the morning dawned. She had grown as rosy-cheeked and as merry as any little Irish lass ; as obliging, as intelligent, able and ready to help herself and those about her ; and though, in one solitary visit, Aunt Hamilton declared she would be spoiled for a fine lady, she was obliged to admit that she promised to turn out something better still.

It was Christmas, and Mrs Blandford, Emily's governess, had gone to spend the holiday weeks with her relatives. Emily—full of importance, trying to follow all her friend's directions, to fill her place and her own at this busy season—had at last gone to rest, tired yet happy, and was fast asleep in her little white-curtained bed in the dressing-closet outside her father's room. It was there she had always slept, and it was his nightly habit, as he passed through it to his own, to pause a moment beside his little daughter with a whispered prayer and a soft kiss on her cheek, which, though it never unclosed the eyelids, was acknowledged even in sleep by a half-formed smile.

This night the pause was longer, the prayer more fervent ; sorrowful thoughts were busy in his heart—the preponderance that the little evil often assumes over the much good—and in the disappointment and annoy-

ance of a recent instance of ingratitude, he felt as if all the time he had spent, all the benefits he had conferred, were at once swept away. We all have had such moments. Well for us not to be quite solitary then ; and with a yearning for companionship, Mr Mansell still lingered, half-tempted to call up the life and expression of those sweet, tranquil features, and hear one more loving 'good-night' before he retired to rest.

After long trial and forbearance, he had found himself compelled to bring ejections against some refractory tenants. They still kept possession ; and warnings and threats had been mutually exchanged. At this point Mr Mansell had paused, still reluctant to proceed to forcible measures ; and mistaking his indulgence for timidity, a threatening notice had been sent him on the previous evening, with the usual hieroglyphics of a coffin and death's head, warning him to drop his proceedings or quit the country.

Well-intentioned, judicious, and popular, this was the first resistance he had met with, and he felt it most sensitively ; almost ready to arraign himself for a state of things which too often forms the rule instead of the exception. Musing thus, he lingered, as we have said, by his child's bedside, his feelings gradually calming down under the unconscious influence of the peaceful slumberer. At last, as he turned away, the movement, or the light of his candle, awoke her suddenly, and her opened eyes rested full on her father's troubled face.

' What is the matter, papa ?' she exclaimed, even at a glance comprehending that he did not look like his usual self. ' Are you ill ? Is any one ill ? Am I wanted ?' and pushing back her bright curls, she started from her pillow, and gazed with a look of alarm into her father's face.

' No indeed, my poor child ; what a shame for me to awake you ! I am nearly as bad as Aunt Caroline long ago, though, unlike her, I have nothing pretty to show. Good-night now ; go to sleep again,' and with another kiss he would have passed on, his own heart lightened by the little interruption to his thoughts, had not Emily thrown her arms round him, and detaining him, whispered—' Something was the matter, my own papa ; I saw it in your face. I think I saw it in my sleep. Were you tired, or sorry, or angry ? Which was it, papa ?' and her eyes fixed earnestly, as if involuntarily reading his heart.

' Angry ! Was it with you, Emily ?' and quickly the inquiring gaze brightened off into her own sweet confiding smile, as she looked rather than said how far such an idea was from her thoughts. ' Then with whom, my own child ? What could put such a thought in your little head ? Do you often see me angry ?'

Another smile, and a deprecating wave of the head ; and the colour mantled on her cheek as she playfully answered, ' You know I gave you choice of three reasons—tired, sorry, angry. Why, papa, why did you fix on the most unlikely and the worst ?' And again the searching eyes were raised a moment to his face, the colour deepening to crimson as almost as quickly she looked away.

' There is something in your question, Emily,' said her papa gravely, laying down his candle, and seating himself by her bedside ; ' for once you are right in everything : I am tired, sorry, angry ; but again, what put the notion into that sleepy little head ?'

' Oh, papa ! indeed I am wide awake.' Then seeing her father smile, she added quickly, ' Don't I know your face too well ? Couldn't I read its passing thoughts, even if I never had the key ?'

' Well ; and the key ?' inquired her father, still smiling.

She answered earnestly, ' Papa, you will think me very foolish ; perhaps very vain. Indeed I did not mean ever to have spoken of it ; but now,' added she, brightening up, ' now that you have made your little confession, I may make mine ; now that I know you are already anxious, I need not fear to make you so—for I do believe it is all about the one same thing. You

know old Norry Flaherty that has had "the rheumatics" all the winter? I was giving her some flannel along with the others yesterday; but she looked so old and weak, I made her wait to get a warm bowl of coffee—she delights in that. When she was done, she rose up and wished me all kinds of blessings, then turned and said something in Irish to Molly, which, from the changing expression of her face, and a word which I could understand here and there, surprised me a good deal. The moment she was gone, I asked Molly what she had said: she coloured and hesitated.

'Something like yourself, my little Emily, just now.'

'Yes, papa; do not laugh at me: this is a serious matter. The more Molly hesitated, the more anxious I was to know. At last she said—you know, papa, it was Mrs Flaherty said this—that I was an angel to the poor, and your guardian angel too; that was the kind part of her speech. But when I asked Molly what made her eyes flash, and insisted on knowing, she told me—the words were, "Even that cannot screen him for ever!"'

'You should have mentioned this to me at once, Emily,' said her father gravely.

'Oh, papa, it only happened to-day; and indeed I was so busy, it passed out of my mind until I saw your look just now. Besides,' added she hesitatingly, 'I did not know, papa, how far it might be right in a little girl like me to talk of your business even to yourself; and it seemed as if the best thing I could do was to bury it in my heart, and try to be more and more to you—like what the old woman said.'

Her father kissed her tenderly, laid her head on the pillow, smoothening down her curls, as he had used when she was a fairy child; then yielding to the desire for companionship that had first detained him at her bedside, he continued talking for a while, gradually warming into confidence, and, half-forgetful of the youth of his listener, entering into a detail of his present feelings and position. At length, noticing her rapt attention, he added, 'Feel no uneasiness, my child; I am fully equal to this crisis, though grieved to seem aught else than the benefactor of the people over whom I am placed. You have successfully aided me in this object, and for that reason deserve my confidence, young as you are. The trust I now repose in you—the trust you have in me—will fortify your mind against any of those obscure hints or threatenings, even as it has relieved my mind to unburthen it to my child.'

Emily listened to her father's words with a proud and happy heart; his parting recommendation to go to sleep at once was in vain; she vainly tried to follow his advice, and once again in her life tossed and turned on a sleepless pillow. A former foolish night came back to her recollection to fill her heart with thankfulness that it was so different now: no feverish symptoms, no reproachful thoughts, now troubled her unrest. Sleepless indeed she lay, but quietly self-communing; and when the morning light convinced her that any further efforts at rest were fruitless, she sprang from her bed almost as much invigorated as if that rest had never been disturbed.

Her father seemed pleased at her bright looks, but made no farther allusion to their last night's conversation; and though Emily felt as if it had drawn them together by a redoubled tie, she spoke no word either of the projects that had occupied her sleepless hours, and was now filling her young heart. Her morning duties over, she summoned the light-hearted Molly to bear her parcels, and accompany her in one of her annual Christmas rounds. One by one she visited the cottages, where her presence always brought sunshine—commending, reproving, encouraging, as the case might be, but uniformly leaving the impression, 'Sure she is for our good.'

At last she reached old Norry Flaherty's door, and though the usual kindly welcome was for once unuttered, she unhesitatingly stepped in. A significant look was exchanged between the old woman and her

slatternly daughter-in-law as they both turned their glance on the husband of the latter, who lay drowsily stretched on a settle near the fire. Emily was accommodated with a chair; Molly stood by; and the first greetings over, the old woman turned somewhat angrily to her son, reproving him for 'never offering to stir, and the young lady to the fore.'

The man lazily opened his eyes, as if he had perceived her for the first time; but before he had time to growl out an answer either of resistance or apology, Emily's sweet accents had intreated him not to disturb himself, adding that he seemed tired, not ill, she hoped.

The young man could not resist this; he gathered himself up, and assumed a more respectful, but still listless attitude, leaning against the post of the door. Emily turned a little towards him, but continued her conversation with the two women, until she had said all she wished, and bestowed her little Christmas gifts for themselves and the children. Flaherty still maintained his position, apparently occupied with the outward prospect, whistling now and then, but listening with curiosity all the while, as was evidenced by the impatient jerk of his shoulders as his mother reiterated blessings on their young visitor, and his sudden attention, as she went on to say, that indeed they did not expect any such favours just now.

'And why not, Norry? Why should you think I would forget any of my old friends?'

'Oh yea! miss, it isn't for me to say; but by reason of the master's doings, we know our welcome is wore out, and sure you and he are all as one.'

'So we are indeed, Norry,' replied Emily warmly, and with a little touch of her new-born confidence; 'one in heart and mind. All that he does is right in my eyes, and I never take a step disapproved of by him.'

'Wisha, we knew it,' drawled the younger woman coldly, throwing another meaning glance from her mother-in-law to her husband.

'Come, Miss Emily; we'll be late,' interposed Molly, evidently not much in love with their reception; and suiting the action to the word, she took leave of the inmates, and passed out through the door. Emily lingered a moment yet before she obeyed her hint; then, as if her mind were at once made up, she also rose and took her leave. She paused a moment on the threshold as the man politely made way, and allowed her eyes to rest on the wild but noble view stretched out before them in the golden light of the declining sun. He followed her admiring gaze, caught her involuntary exclamation of delight; and as if the conviction that one in a class so superior to himself could yet have feelings in common with him, in a degree unlocked his heart; he muttered in a low yet not disrespectful tone, unconsciously adopting the sentiment of a far greater personage, 'Tis a place worth fighting for!'

Emily turned her sweet face towards him with a pained and wondering expression, as she answered, 'Surely, Flaherty, it is a place worth loving; but who could ever think of fighting in the face of such a view of the works of God? It makes the heart glow indeed, but it is with love to Him and all the creatures he has made.'

'That's as young ladies think,' replied Flaherty with a cavalier yet not uncivil air.

'Is it not as Christians think?' replied Emily with unvarying sweetness; 'a thought prompted especially at this blessed time, when the Lord of all came to bring "peace and goodwill amongst men."'

Her bearer shifted his position uneasily, his countenance seemed to grow more gloomy, but he continued silent. Emily went on, 'Such would be my first thought; but the next, next to loving the place, my thought would be, it is worth working for too. You may say to this also, Flaherty, that it is a young lady's thought, spoken of what she has no experience; but I, even in my own way, never got anything worth having without working for it first, and then I always found the enjoyment was doubled.'

'Work! wisha, we work like slaves, and where's the good of it?' burst impatiently from her listener. Emily's eyes rested for a moment on his indolent lounging figure, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth; then turned to the neglected garden, the disjointed footway, the broken thatch. He understood her glance, and moodily muttered, 'It was not always so.'

'No, surely,' replied Emily with much animation; 'even I can recollect it so different when this time two years I was here. Do you remember, Michael, you were digging that square for the early cabbages, the little boys weeding the right-hand border, Mary was making up a nice pink frock for the baby, and old Norry—she had no rheumatism then—she was spinning away in the sunshine at the door? Have not I a good memory now?'

The women had drawn near within the cottage, and low exclamations of mingled wonder, pleasure, and regret accompanied her words, but they did not interrupt the conversation. Michael's lip quivered, and after a moment's silence, he civilly replied, 'And I have my memory too, miss, or maybe matters would be worse with others before now!'

'Do you know, Michael, I have heard that already?' replied Emily frankly. Then, unheeding his startled look, she continued, 'You will hardly think I remained awake nearly the entire of last night thinking of you and yours—not with fear'—added she, replying to his glance, 'but planning, and at last hoping to do you some good.'

There was no doubting her simple earnestness; Michael implicitly believed her, nor even thought it strange that one like her should take an interest in his fate. She continued, 'This prospect is surely glorious, this home very dear, but sin and sorrow changed even Eden itself. You have suffered much, you have erred much, Michael: I do not say which has caused the other, but the effects of both are plain, and it will be hard to efface them here. In another land it would not be so; in a land where so many of your countrymen—and not the worst of them—are going: new companions, new habits, new fortunes may await you there. This was my thought last night, prompted by something I had heard. I thought to speak to Norry to-day, but am twice better pleased to meet yourself; for, Michael, if you wish to make up your mind to emigrate, I will ask papa to give you the means, and though, indeed, 'tis all my own idea, I am sure he will not refuse.'

Michael's countenance, which had been gradually softening, again assumed its determined expression, imagining himself called on at once for a decision; but Emily hastened to add in still kindlier tones, 'Take time to consider; then come down to me: whatever you decide on, at anyrate we sha'n't fall out;' and then with a gesture of farewell she hurried away.

Molly had been an admiring witness of her young mistress's persuasive powers, and many a glance exchanged between her and the two women over Emily's shoulder showed their mutual appreciation of her proposal. They knew well that Michael had no other chance against the bad associates and bad practices into which he had fallen; and to see him break with them completely, before he was driven to some lawless act, was a blessing almost beyond their hopes. The result may be anticipated: Michael and his brothers, thinking they had at last a favourable opening through the young lady's ear, made one effort more to obtain the terms they wished; but finding that out of the question, they yielded to Emily's advice, sanctioned by her father's approval. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to him: he wished to make examples, not victims. Those who were still able to retain their farms redoubled their exertions to become good tenants, while the others, furnished with sufficient funds, were borne by the next spring breezes in safety across the Atlantic; there, turning over a new leaf, they have every prospect of succeeding, as they never would have done at home.

A few months more brought a visit from Aunt Hamilton, when this instance of Emily's diplomacy was nar-

rated with affectionate pride by her father. He had scarcely concluded, when his sister abruptly replied, 'Richard, you ought now to think of sending Emily to school!'

Mr Mansell opened his eyes very wide as he echoed her words, 'To school? What! part with my darling companion now that she seems, if possible, doubly dear?'

'Yes, for that very reason. Do you remember long ago how bitterly we repented awaking her too early? You are doing the very same thing now yourself.'

'Ah, yes! I remember,' replied the father, recovering from his start with a long sigh of relief. 'I awoke her once too. But the result was completely different. Be assured, my dear Caroline, that everything depends on the awakening cause. Let us only show reason good, and all will be well, even though we may seem inopportune to arouse them out of their First Sleep.'

DR CARPENTER ON ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

ALTHOUGH alcoholic liquors and their effects on the human system have been the subject of investigation among medical authorities for many years, the public will no doubt put a high estimate on a new report by a physiological authority of such repute as Dr Carpenter. The work before us* is a prize essay, which gained that distinction (with one hundred guineas) in a competition where fifteen writers entered the field. The author first expounds the influence of alcohol on the physical, chemical, and vital properties of the animal tissues and fluids, and shows by many incontestable proofs that this influence is of an evil character, rendering the phrase *intoxication* peculiarly appropriate etymologically, seeing that it implies simply poisoning. Among its effects on the health of the human subject we are particularly struck by its concern with the filling of our lunatic asylums. In returns from 98 such institutions in England and Wales, it was found that out of 12,007 cases, no fewer than 1799, or nearly 15 per cent., were set down to the score of intemperance, besides 551 more attributed to vice and sensuality, 'in which excessive use of alcoholic liquors must have shared.' 'In pauper lunatic asylums, the proportion of those who have become insane from intemperance is usually much larger than it is in asylums for the reception of lunatics from the higher classes, among whom intemperance is less frequent, while causes of a purely moral and intellectual nature operate upon them with greater intensity.' One curious particular is worth notice, that Dr Hutchison of the Glasgow Asylum found an increase in the proportion of lunacy from drinking during the years 1845 and 1846, in consequence, as he thought, of 'the excitement in which the community was kept by that universal spirit of gambling which seized on society like an epidemic mania'—there being 'a great connection between general excitement and a craving for stimulants.'

The London coal-heavers, ballasters, and draymen, will drink as much as two gallons of porter daily, and even spirits besides, and they usually have an appearance of great bodily vigour—so long at least as their labour is carried on in the open air; but their constitutions break down early, and when they sustain an inflammatory attack, or any local injury, it is exceedingly apt to run on to a fatal termination, 'in consequence, it is evident, of the deficient plasticity of the blood, the low assimilative power of the solids, and the general depression of the whole vital energy, resulting from habitual over-excitement. Fox-hunting squires, who spend the evening over the bottle, are also notoriously bad subjects for medical or surgical treatment, owing to the imperfect condition of their nutritive functions. In remarkable contrast to these—the dray-

* On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., Examiner in Physiology in the University of London. London: Gilpin. 1850.

men and ballasters—are those trained to pugilistic encounters, the latter having been brought to a condition of the highest possible health by active exercise, abundance of nutritious food, occasional mild purgation, and either entire abstinence from fermented liquors, or by the very sparing use of them. Men thus "trained" recover with remarkable rapidity from the severe bruises which they are liable to receive.

The effect of stimulants in predisposing the body to endemic diseases and pestilence is now universally admitted among medical practitioners. A curious illustration is here given. When cholera visited Manchester, the nurses in the hospital were allowed to go home after working six hours. They took the disease, and died of it in such numbers, that fears were entertained of the failure of the supply. 'It was found that they were much given to alcoholic potations (with the idea, probably, of increasing their power of resisting the malady) during their leisure hours; and they were therefore confined to the hospital, and debarred from obtaining more than a small supply of alcoholic drink; after which not a single fresh case occurred amongst them.' At the visitation of the cholera to London in 1849, it was found, in the establishments where numbers of men were employed, that the victims were chiefly the men addicted to drink.

The general benefit to life arising from sober habits is acknowledged as a principle of action in the conducting of life-assurance business—only men of sober habits being received. In consequence of the selection of lives for insurance, with such limits as general healthiness and temperance, mortality is in lower proportion among the assured than in general society. Thus at the age of 40 years, the annual rate of mortality among the whole population of England is about 13 per 1000; whilst among the lives insured in life offices it is about 11 per 1000; and in those insured in friendly societies it is about 10 per 1000. Now the average mortality for all ages between 15 and 70 years is about 20 per 1000; whereas in the Temperance Provident Institution, after an experience of eight years, and with several lives above 70 years of age, the average mortality has been only 6 per 1000, up to the present season, in which it has undergone a slight increase from the cholera epidemic. It is worthy of remark, however, that although many of the insurers in this office are of the poorer class, whose condition and employments expose them much more than the middling classes generally to the endemic causes of cholera, no more than 8 have died of this disease out of the total of about 3500 insurers. As a means of farther comparison, the following table may be subjoined, in which the mortality of the insurers in the Temperance Provident Institution, for the first five years, is compared with that of the insurers in other offices during the corresponding period of their existence:—

A issued 944 policies, and had 14 deaths; being equal to 15 per 1000.				
B	1901	27	14	
G	838	11	13	
D	2470	65	26	
TPI	1596	12	74	

During the sixth year of its existence, only two deaths occurred out of the whole number of insurers in the Temperance Provident Institution, by which its annual average of mortality was reduced still lower.

In the Indian army the mortality is less among the officers than among the men: the former are now generally abstemious, while the latter generally indulge much in liquor. Temperance societies were at one time making vigorous progress, and effecting much good among the troops in India, when an order arrived for putting them down, because of a jealousy at headquarters as to any organisation but the regimental. A medical officer stated, within a month of the arrival of this order, that he had forty cases of delirium tremens in his own regiment. The rule of the service was to serve out two large drams to the men every day. A soldier took his dose in the morning when the thermometer

was ranging from 70 to 90 degrees; it increased his thirst, and sent him to drink more during the day. Hence it is not surprising to hear of an artillery sergeant testifying that out of 100 men under his command he has had eight in strait-jackets at one time. The general healthiness of the native over the British troops is well known. We might suppose it to be owing solely to the better adaptation of the former to the climate. With this theory, however, it is not easy to reconcile the fact, that in the Madras presidency the mortality has been found lowest among the Europeans. It is found, on inquiry, that in the Bombay presidency, where mortality is comparatively small among the natives, the habits of these are abstemious as to both animal food and liquor; while in Madras, the native troops, being chiefly Mohammedans or Hindoos of low castes, live very much in the same manner as Europeans. The inferior mortality of the British troops in Madras, as compared with those in Bombay, is attributed by Colonel Sykes to the difference of their habits—the Bombay troops indulging largely in rum, while those of Madras use porter, and only a small quantity of arrack, which is a less noxious spirit. When, in addition to these facts, we learn that the average daily per-centage of the soldiers belonging to temperance societies in the hospital was 3.65, in contrast with 10.20, or nearly triple, of the other men, we cannot doubt that drinking spirituous liquors has much to do with the higher mortality of the troops in India. A temperate regiment, the 64th, in an unhealthy station, lost only two-fifths of the average of the garrisons in healthy stations during a certain space of time.

There are many facts, some of them the result of direct experiment, to show that men who abstain from alcoholic liquors can do more work, and better sustain exposure to cold, than others. Out of twenty-three millions of bricks made at a work in 1841, the average per man made by beer-drinkers was 760,269, whilst the average for the teetotallers was 795,400. The beer-drinking athletes of our London docks must not boast of being at least stronger than they could expect to be without liquor; for the porters of Constantinople, who are accustomed to carry far heavier loads than English porters, never drink anything stronger than coffee.

Leaving the reader to consult Dr Carpenter's volume for much illustration of the same kind, we would devote the remainder of our space to what we think an important question connected with the subject of alcohol.

To quote Mr Tremenhere, of the Commission on the Mining Population—'A remarkable and most satisfactory instance of a successful attempt to put a check upon the indulgence in ardent spirits has occurred at the iron-works of Messrs Houldsworth of Coltness, employing about eight hundred colliers, miners, furnace-men, &c. Much loss and annoyance had frequently been occasioned by the negligent or wilful misconduct of workmen under the influence of this habit; and the Messrs Houldsworth, having in vain endeavoured to put an end to it by persuasion and advice, resolved to do what they could by removing the temptation. They accordingly, about three years ago, forbade the sale of spirits at the store, and at the inn at their works, and ordered that the furnace-men should not be allowed to drink spirits during their hours of labour. These men had been accustomed to drink four or five glasses of whisky during each "shift," in addition to what they might choose to drink at their own homes. They remonstrated strongly, and affirmed that it was impossible for them to do their work without this quantity of whisky. They were not long, however, before they found their error: they now drink nothing but water during their work, and tea and coffee at their meals; what they spent in whisky they now spend in wholesome or nutritious food; they allow that they do their work better, and that the change has been a great blessing to themselves and their families; and that it is the best thing that ever happened to them. I was

afterwards informed that among the colliers and miners there was a marked improvement from the same cause.'

A similar check, as is well known, has been given to indulgence in liquors in merchant vessels, particularly in those of America, and various good effects have resulted. The question has consequently been suggested to us—Is there anything in the circumstances of the public at large to prevent a government from giving the same check to drinking among its subjects which the master of a work or of a vessel imposes on those immediately under his control? The thinking part of our community are fully sensible of the fatal effects of the use of alcohol in our state—that it demoralises our humbler class of people, fills the jails and work-houses, and, by leading to a general impoverishment of the working-people, helps greatly to create that violent contrast of condition between classes which is now found to be a source of so much danger. Society sees these things, but despairs of a speedy remedy. Some talk of a diminution of the number of licenses; others call for more education: very good expedients in their way, but of most unsatisfactory slowness of operation. We feel far from convinced that a speedy remedy is out of hope. A check to the manufacture and sale of spirits would of course be a measure of some difficulty, but we cannot believe it to be totally impossible; and we think the difficulty would be worth encountering for the sake of the expected benefits. There is, if we are not mistaken, at least one state of America where the restrictions on liquor amount nearly to a prohibition of its existence; and if this can be done under the weak executive of our transatlantic friends, why should it not be effected by us? Say that our public is not ripe for such a measure—let a few energetic individuals combine to work upon them through the pulpit, the platform, and the press. The powers of a Peter the Hermit are not copyless on the face of modern Europe; the human heart has all the predispositions which it ever had. The desire for the measure, or at least its results, exists already: all that is required is a conviction of its practicability. After seeing so many wonderful results produced by 'agitation,' we certainly, for one, could not despair of seeing this also.

BORAX LAGOONS OF TUSCANY.

In a mountainous district of Tuscany, lying about twenty miles west of Sienna, are situated the extraordinary lagoons from which borax is obtained. Nothing can be more desolate than the aspect of the whole surrounding country. The mountains, bare and bleak, appear to be perpetually immersed in clouds of sulphurous vapour, which sometimes ascend in wreathed or twisted columns, and at other times are beaten down by the winds, and dispersed in heavy masses through the glens and hollows. Here and there water-springs, in a state of boiling heat, and incessantly emitting smoke and vapour, burst with immense noise from the earth, which burns and shakes beneath your feet. The heat of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the lagoons is almost intolerable, especially when the wind blows about you the fiery vapour, deeply impregnated with sulphur. Far and near the earth is covered with glittering crystallisations of various minerals, while the soil beneath is composed of black marl, streaked with chalk, which, at a distance, imparts to it the appearance of variegated marble. As you proceed, you are assailed by the noise of constant explosions, which remind you that you are traversing the interior of a mighty crater, which in past ages was perhaps filled with a flood of liquid fire.

Borax was first brought to Europe, through India, from Tibet, where it is found in a mountainous region, resembling in character the district of Tuscany we have described. If we except some doubtful specimens, said to have been discovered in coal-pits in Saxony, we may assert that the mineral is found nowhere else in Europe, or that the territories of the Grand Duke enjoy

a natural monopoly of the article, which, with the growth of the manufacturing system, is coming more and more into use every day, especially in France. In former times, when the value of the lagoons was not understood, the hollows and gorges in the mountains where they are situated were regarded by the superstitious peasantry as the entrances to hell. Experience taught them that it was in many respects a region of death. Whatever living thing fell into the lagoons inevitably perished, for the devouring acid almost in a moment separated the flesh from the bones. Cattle were frequently thus lost, and the peasants themselves or their children sometimes encountered a similar fate. A celebrated chemist, engaged in making experiments on the impregnated water, accidentally fell into a lagoon which he himself had caused to be excavated, and perished immediately, leaving a wife and several children in indigence.

For many ages no use was made of the boracic acid, and the whole district containing it—together about thirty miles in length—was dreaded and shunned by the inhabitants. Many inducements were vainly held out to the peasantry to cultivate the lands in the neighbourhood, which might generally be obtained for nothing. From time to time a few adventurous families would take up their residence near Monte Cerboli, and bring a few fields into cultivation, leaving, however, more than nine-tenths of the land fallow.

About the middle of the last century, Hoefer, who is described as apothecary to the Grand Duke, first detected the presence of boracic acid in the lagoon Orcherio, near Monte Botardo. Maggini, a professor of anatomy, found the mineral in a concrete state in several streams issuing from the lagoons, and suggested the propriety of establishing manufactories of borax. As late, however, as 1801, in consequence of the failure of numerous experiments, Professor Gazzeri arrived at the conclusion that the quantity of acid contained in the water of the lagoons was too small to render the working of them profitable. But this opinion was based on the old practice of attempting the extracting the mineral by the use of charcoal furnaces. It was M. Lardere! who introduced the improved method of employing the hot vapours of the lagoons themselves in the elaboration of the acid, and may be said to have invented the present method, which will probably go on improving for ages.

The system of the Chevalier Lardere!, now Comte de Pomerance, displays at once great ingenuity and courage. The *solfioni*, or vapours, having been observed to burst forth with more or less vehemence in various parts of the mountains—which, fortunately for industry and commerce, are copiously irrigated with streams of water—the idea was conceived of forming an artificial lagoon on the site of the most elevated vent. A large basin having been excavated, the nearest stream was turned into it. The burning blasts from below forcing up their way through the water, keep it in a state of perpetual ebullition, and by degrees impregnate it with boracic acid. Nothing can be more striking than the appearance of such a lagoon. Surrounded by aridity and barrenness, its surface presents the aspect of a huge caldron, boiling and steaming perpetually, while its margin trembles, and resounds with the furious explosions from below. Sometimes the vapour issues like a thread from the water, and after rising for a considerable height, spreads, and assumes an arborescent form as it is diluted by the atmospheric air. It then goes circling over the surface of the lagoon, till meeting with other bodies of vapour in a similar condition, the whole commingling, constitute a diminutive cloud, which is wafted by the breeze up the peaks of the mountains, or precipitated into the valleys, according to its comparative density.

To stand on the brink of one of these deadly lakes, stunned by subterranean thunder, shaken by incessant earthquakes, and scorched and half suffocated by the fiery pestilential vapour, is to experience very peculiar

sensations, such as one feels within the crater of Vesuvius or *Ætna*, or in the obscurity of the Grotto del Cave.

Another lagoon is scooped out lower down the mountain, the site being determined by the occurrence of soffioni; and here the same processes are followed, and the same phenomena observable. The water from the lagoon above, after it has received impregnation during twenty-four hours, is let off, and conducted by an artificial channel to the second lagoon; and from thence, with similar precautions, to a third, a fourth, and so on, till it at length reaches a sixth or eighth lagoon, where the process of impregnation is supposed to be completed. By this time the water contains half per cent. of acid, which Professor Gazzeri considered far too little to repay the expense of extracting it. From the last lagoon it is conveyed into reservoirs, whence again, after having remained quiescent a few hours, for what purpose is not stated, it passes into the evaporating pans. Here the hot vapour concentrates the strength of the acid by passing under shallow leaden vessels from the boiling fountains above, which it quits at a heat of 80 degrees Reaumur, and is discharged at a heat of 60 degrees (101 Fahrenheit).

The evaporating pans are arranged on the same principle as the lagoons, though in some cases almost four times as numerous, each placed on a lower level than the other. In every successive pan the condensation becomes greater, till the water at length descends into the crystallising vessels, where the process is completed. From these the borax is conveyed to the drying-rooms, where, in the course of a very few hours, it is ready to be packed for exportation. The number of establishments has for many years been on the increase, though about twelve or fourteen years ago they did not exceed nine. Nothing can be more fallacious than the opinions formed by hasty visitors on matters of this kind, which are susceptible of perpetual improvement. When the produce was from 7000 to 8000 Tuscan pounds per day, the manufacturers were supposed to have reached the maximum, because all the water of the mountains was supposed to have been called into requisition. Experience, however, is perpetually teaching us new methods of economy; and though it would *a priori* be impossible to say by what means this economy is to be effected, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt that the manufacture of borax in Tuscany will hereafter be carried to a degree of perfection greatly transcending the expectations of those who formerly wrote on the subject. One of these observes the atmosphere has some influence on the results. In bright and clear weather, whether in winter or summer, the vapours are less dense, but the depositions of boracic acid in the lagoons are greater. Increased vapours indicate unfavourable change of weather, and the lagoons are infallible barometers to the neighbourhood, even at a great distance, serving to regulate the proceedings of the peasantry in their agricultural pursuits.

As the quantity of boracic acid originally contained in the water of the lagoons is so very small as we now know it to be, we can no longer wonder at the opinion formerly entertained, that it did not exist at all. After five or six successive impregnations we see it does not exceed half per cent., which, estimating the quantity of borax at 7500 pounds a day, will give 1,500,000 Tuscan pounds, or 500 tons, of water for the same period. By the construction of immense cisterns for the catching of rain water, by the employment of steam-engines for raising it from below, and probably by creating artificial vents for the soffioni, the quantity of borax produced might be almost indefinitely increased, since the range of country through which the vapour ascends is far too great for us to suppose it to be exhausted by the production of 7000 pounds of borax a day. Science in all likelihood will bring about a revolution in this as in so many other manufactures, and our descendants will look back with a smile on our hasty and unphilosophical decision.

We are without information on many points connected

with the population of those districts, to throw light on which it would be necessary to institute fresh investigations on the spot. The lagoons are usually excavated by labourers from Lombardy, who wander southward in search of employment in those months of the year during which the Apennines are covered with snow. They do not, however, remain to be employed in the business of manufacture. This is carried on by native Tuscan labourers, who occupy houses, often spacious and well built, in the neighbourhood of the evaporating pans. They are in nearly all cases married men, and are enabled to maintain themselves and their families on the comparatively humble wages of a Tuscan lira a day. It would have been satisfactory to know the number of the Lombard navigators from time to time employed in excavating the lagoons, as well as of the native labourers, who carry on operations after their departure; but we may with certainty infer the successive appearance of fresh soffioni on the sides of the mountains from the perpetually-recurring necessity of excavating new lagoons. Again, from the immense increase of borax produced in former times we may safely infer its increase in future. The quantity obtained was quadrupled in four years by superior methods of extraction, by economy of water and vapour, and other improvements suggested by experience. There can, therefore, be no doubt in our minds that similar improvements will produce similar results. In 1832, about 650,000 Tuscan pounds were obtained; in 1836, 2,500,000.

We quote the following suggestion from the observation of a traveller:—'It appears to me that the power and riches of these extraordinary districts remain yet to be fully developed. They exhibit an immense number of mighty steam-engines, furnished by nature at no cost, and applicable to the production of an infinite variety of objects. In the progress of time this vast machinery of heat and force will probably become the moving central point of extensive manufacturing establishments. The steam which has been so ingeniously applied to the concentration and evaporation of the boracic acid, will probably hereafter, instead of wasting itself in the air, be employed to move huge engines, which will be directed to the infinite variety of production which engages the attention of the industrious artisans; and thus in course of time there can be little doubt that these lagoons, which were fled from as objects of danger and terror by uninstructed man, will gather round them a large intelligent population, and become sources of prosperity to innumerable individuals through countless generations.'

Whoever has travelled through Tuscany, will everywhere have observed that the peasants live in better houses than they do anywhere else in Europe. Some one has said that nearly all their dwellings have been built within the last eighty years, an observation which in itself shows the substantial nature of their tenements, for where else will a peasant's house last so long? In the secluded mountain valleys, where agriculture supplies the only employment of the industrious classes, you sometimes meet with very ancient cottages, built quite in the style of the middle ages, with an abundance of projections and recesses, all calculated to produce picturesqueness of effect. The modern houses, more particularly in the district of the lagoons, are constructed more with reference to comfort than show, the object being to secure as much room and air as possible. In most places a garden is attached to every dwelling; and where trees will grow, a large linden or chestnut stretches its large boughs lovingly about the corner, and sometimes over the roof, of the dwelling. Under this the peasant and his family sit to enjoy themselves on summer evenings. Not to be entirely idle, however, the father is usually engaged in weaving baskets, while the children amuse themselves with cleaning and preparing the twigs; the mother, often with a baby in her lap, applies herself to the reparation of the family wardrobe; and the whole group, especially when lighted up by the slanting rays of the setting sun,

presents to the eye a picture not to be equalled by Dutch or Flemish school.

In other respects the peasant of the lagoons aims at an inferior standard of luxury. His house is by far the finest portion of his possessions. The style of furniture, though comfortable, is inferior; and in the matters of dress and food the most primitive theories evidently prevail. Here, however, as in most other parts of Europe, we behold the extremities, as it were, of two systems—the one which is going out of date, and the one which is coming in. Much bigotry is no doubt often displayed in the attachment of some persons to old habits and customs, not otherwise valuable or respectable than from their mere antiquity; but in several parts of Italy the advocates of novelty are seldom in possession of so much comfort as they who abide by the habits and customs of their forefathers. These for the most part are content with the coarse manufactures of the country, which, rough and uncouth in appearance, supply the requisite warmth, and are extremely enduring. On the other hand, the imported goods within the reach of the poor, though gay, and of brilliant colours, are too often of the most flimsy texture, and melt away from about the persons of the wearers almost like vapour. The two classes of peasants view each other with secret contempt; but the old fashion is rapidly dying out because it is old, while the new chiefly triumphs perhaps because it is new.

A native, when questioned on the subject of the recent innovations, observed that the lower classes of the population would have the means of providing for their necessities if they were not so eager after luxuries. The females are given to expensive dress, which deprives them of the means of supplying themselves with more necessary articles. The gluttony of the artisans has become proverbial amongst us: what is not spent in finery in dress is consumed in pampering the appetite. In consequence of the prosperity of the straw trade, which lasted from 1818 to 1825, luxury spread throughout the country; and it would excite a smile, were it not a subject for regret, to observe the country-folks in embroidered stockings and pumps, with large velvet bonnets trimmed with feathers and lace; but in their homes they, as well as the artisans in the town, are miserably off; and they who are even genteelly dressed when abroad, have rarely more than a miserable palliasso for a bed at home. Deprived of the advantages of the straw trade, the situation of the country-people, especially those of the mountainous parts, is very distressing.

But this and similar causes operate much less on the population in the district of the lagoons than elsewhere; and indeed it may almost be said that these persons for the most part offer a striking contrast with their neighbours. Notwithstanding the nature of the vapours by which the air they breathe is impregnated, they are said, upon the whole, to be healthy and long-lived; and their regularity of employment, the goodness of their wages, and their constant residence on the same spot, with many other causes, combine to render them one of the most thriving sections of the Tuscan population. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that we want several data for correctly appreciating their condition, and these could only be supplied by one who should remain a long time among them. The owners and conductors of the works are too much absorbed by the love of gain to pay much attention to the state of the labourers, who, as in most other parts of Italy, lead a retired life, and are reserved and shy of communicating with strangers. On ordinary topics they will converse with you freely enough, but the moment you allude to their domestic concerns, they shrink into themselves, and decline entering into explanations. This, however, they usually do in the most civil manner, affecting stupidity, and carefully avoiding the least appearance of rudeness. Even in the neighbouring towns and villages, the labourers of the lagoons are little known; and the produce of their manufacture, though exported to France and England, attracts little notice to the country itself,

except among those who are engaged in its production. This ~~will~~ account for the very little that is popularly known of the borax lagoons of Tuscany, or of the race of peasants by whom they are rendered profitable.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS POETRY.

Among the poets, as well as other literary characters of the last twenty years, death has vindicated his vocation. Within that term the public has lost Scott, Hogg, Crabbe, Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Barton, Elliott, Bowles, and Wordsworth. Moore remains in a very precarious state of health; Rogers and Montgomery—the former at eighty-eight, and the latter at seventy-nine—are still living and well, but, from their advanced years, naturally approaching fast the term at which the destined return of humanity to its primary elements is inexorably assigned by the covenant of existence. Wordsworth died at Mount Rydal, his residence, near the head of Windermere Lake, on the 23d of April last, after an indisposition of considerable duration. He had just entered upon his eighty-first year, having been born on the 7th of April 1770 at Cockermouth in Cumberland, where his parents resided, respectable persons of the middle class of society.

When young Wordsworth was old enough for instruction in the dead languages, he was placed at Ilawkeshead grammar-school, then under the mastership of Dr Wordsworth, a relation of his family. He was distinguished for attention to his duties, and was observed to be very partial to the study of the classics. He wrote verses at an early age. When a youth of eighteen or nineteen, he produced a poem entitled 'An Evening Walk, Addressed to a Young Lady,' which appears in his published works. In 1793, soon after he had graduated at St John's College, Oxford, he committed to the press 'Sketches in Verse taken during a Pedestrian Tour through the French, Swiss, and Italian Alps.' These pieces, though deficient somewhat in harmony, showed strength, a command of vivid imagery, which, if not well defined in outline, was full of warmth, and breathed the true spirit of poetry. This undefinedness belonged rather to that tendency to generalise which is often found in young writers, than to peculiarity of diction. In this regard no one was ever freer from error than Wordsworth, his fault lying rather in an opposite direction, and his style being remarkable for simplicity, sometimes even to meagreness.

In 1797 Wordsworth went with a favourite sister into Somersetshire, where he became a sojourner about two miles from Coleridge, who lodged at Nether Stowey. The name of his residence was Alfoxton, and it was there that the first interview between the two poets took place. Alfoxton was an old house amid the Quantock Hills. It was surrounded by tranquil and delightful scenery. It belonged to a gentleman, then a minor, named St Aubyn. Here, almost from the time he left the university until he went to his permanent residence among the English lakes, he continued to reside. He paid, indeed, a short visit to Germany during that time in company with his sister and Coleridge. He visited Klopstock at Altona, and was the only one of the party who could converse with the venerable German, Coleridge not speaking, and scarcely able to read, French then or afterwards, and though reading German, by no means able to use it in conversation. Wordsworth, therefore, then young and enthusiastic, had the conversation with the aged and feeble poet wholly to himself. This excursion to Germany was principally confined to the Hartz Mountains, and to their immediate vicinity. A year in France, and a sojourn some short time in Dorsetshire, comprised the whole of the movements of Wordsworth until he settled down finally among his native mountains.

It was at Alfoxton that Wordsworth's peculiar ideas respecting poetry seem to have been developed, and there he put them into practice in his first edition of the

'Lyrical Ballads.' It is said, on the authority of Coleridge, that the idea was started after several conversations between himself and Wordsworth, that by way of experiment, a series of poems might be composed of two kinds. In one portion the incidents and agents were to be partly supernatural, and the affections were to be interested by the dramatic truth of the emotions that would result from such circumstances, supposing them real. In the other, subjects were to be rigidly selected from common life, in regard to incident and character. Coleridge was to direct his attention to the former, the supernatural or romantic part of the undertaking, and Wordsworth was to endeavour to give novelty and interest to common things, and excite the feelings, by leading the mind from customary views to those familiar objects of which mankind in general did not seem to have a right apprehension or feeling. Coleridge was notoriously idle, and went to work slowly, having only written his 'Ancient Mariner,' and planned the 'Dark Ladie' and 'Christabel' in his mind, before Wordsworth had produced a number of compositions for his part of the work, somewhat heterogeneous, but composing the volume called the 'Lyrical Ballads,' the second edition of which, in two volumes, contained a preface of considerable length by Wordsworth, explanatory of the design, and contending for the extension of that style of poetry. He was, in short, for rejecting all phrases and forms of style not included in the language of 'real' life. This dogma, positively advanced, was to be his own guide, and the only guide he would permit to others, whom he summoned to pay due allegiance to its rules. It was not a reform in poetical diction for which alone he contended—he would have the language to be really that of the subject or object concerned, even of the lowest rustic life; and yet in his 'Lyrical Ballads,' designed to realise this idea, he did not himself use the words which the persons he describes would have used, and he therefore outraged his own theory. He thus differed wholly from the great Bacon, who says that poetry accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind; in other words, uplifts us in our expectations, its very essence being to give us those gratifications in fancy which reality denies. It is not the verisimilitude in description of what all see that is enough for poetry. Wordsworth contended that the 'real' language, which is nowhere to be found the same in two districts of any land, should be for standard use. He did not, because he could not, adopt it himself. The language of cultivated society does not differ from the best of our prose writers more than Wordsworth's own language did from that of the persons introduced into his writings. He asserted, too, that there 'neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition.' This it is as difficult to reconcile with truth as the former dogma, and without something better than mere assertion, we can hardly assent to the sacrifice it demands of almost all the past poetry of England. Surely if reading and talking exhibit essential differences of language, poetry and prose may be allowed to do so. In poetry we travel from the realm of fact into that of imagination; and there is a certain fitness of language adopted in one which in the other would be out of place.

There was a singular tenacity in his adhering to a theory, of which his own efforts should have convinced him of the impracticability. He seemed to have had a morbid feeling of disappointment at his failure in establishing the doctrine with which he set out in his poetical career. He afterwards lived in the pride of his own solitude; and intermingling with lowly phrase and homeliness of subject beautiful thoughts and feelings that did honour both to his heart and fancy, he became a poetical exclusive. Milton he was inclined to admit to his Lake-feast, but scarcely any other poet; and to Milton he would sometimes compare himself, and tread beneath his feet all the other sons of Parnassus. There was something Quixotic in his personal appearance, and in his stately, tall contour. His

countenance was saturnine, calm, contemplative, and good. His features were of the better order, speaking after Lavater. His smile was pleasing, and he had a sonorous voice, which told well when he repeated his own poetry, which he did with excellent effect. He was a sincere lover of truth; his superiority to complying men of the worldly stamp was seen at the first glance. At certain times his appearance had more of originality about it than at others. Many years ago he might have been met, in his solitary rambles about the country, in a huge, broad-brimmed beaver, a gray russet jacket, and pantaloons or trousers of the same, his gait somewhat pompous, and indicative of a mind above the common reflected in the outer man. His spirit was pure and benevolent, abstracted from the customary objects of people in general, and given up to nature in its calmest as well as in its more beautiful and terrible aspects; so that the commonest weed, or the lowliest things of nature or humanity, were really to him of equal interest with the sublimer objects of the elemental universe.

There was, it is true, little virtue in his contempt for all but his own notions of poetry: a species of egotism unworthy of his genius. By him the poets of the last century, and almost all of the preceding centuries, were disclaimed: Chaucer and Milton he could tolerate. It is doubtful if he comprehended Spenser, and whether he had not even a contempt for him; and it has been said by some that he had little sympathy with Shakespeare. Dryden and Pope were out of his pale of endurance; nor did he spare his contemporaries high or low. This feeling may be illustrated by an anecdote of his treatment of James Hogg, whose peasant origin and vernacular idiom might have served for Wordsworth's own 'Michael the Shepherd.' Hogg being at Mount Rydal, where Professor Wilson, Lloyd, and some other literary men were then, all of them were admiring a beautiful nocturnal arch, when Hogg said, 'Hoot, it is neither mair nor less than just a triumphal arch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets.' Wilson exclaimed, 'Eh—eh—not amiss!' But Wordsworth, turning round, and addressing one of the party near him, said, 'Poets! what does the fellow mean? Where are they?'

To resume: the next publication of Wordsworth consisted of some poems, which came to a second edition in 1815. In the year 1809 he wandered out of his way to no purpose in writing a political pamphlet to arouse public feeling against France. This bore the title of 'Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each Other.' It was little noticed. In 1814 the first part of the 'Excursion,' a poem descriptive of country associations, appeared, which proved a failure, falling almost stillborn from the press. There were great expectations raised about this poem, but there was not sterling metal sufficient to balance the weight of alloy it contained. The characters were destitute of all interest, rustic in everything, and where the author's own beauties gleamed through, the breaks were few and far between. It was observed by a writer of genius who knew the author, that 'the effect was like being ushered into a stately hall, and invited to sit down to a splendid banquet in the company of clowns, and with nothing but successive courses of Norfolk dumplings served up.' Wordsworth, disdaining any lesson from the experience of the past in carrying out his theory, and in attempting to prove that the more interesting parts of the best poems are strictly but the language of prose, felt disappointed at this want of success. Still, while the phraseology he adopted was not the 'real' language used in life, as he intended it should be, adding great simplicity to clearness of expression in his poems, he so far did good by his example; while in other senses his efforts tended to repress rather than extend that ideal attraction which has ever been considered the charm of poetry.

In 1815 Wordsworth published the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' followed by 'Peter Bell,' 'The Wagoner,' and 'Sonnets to the River Duddon.' Other poems appeared subsequently. In these the poet did not abandon an

iota of his theory. There were more of his better thoughts in them, all partaking of that character of 'association' of which he may be called the poet. This is the true attraction to his admirers, and not the attempt at realising what he alone fancied possible. His love of nature was intense in its broad features and most expansive character, as well as in its details, but the wider field was most congenial to his muse. His homely thoughts and minutenesses were out of keeping with his depth of thought, like flies in the surrounding amber.

Wordsworth, living near his birthplace in the country of his family and its alliances, drew Coleridge out of Somersetshire in the same direction, and Coleridge attracted Southey. The latter had no opinion in common with Wordsworth in respect to his poetical theory. These two poets had a natural distaste for each other, which they did not conquer till 1815. Southey neither thought deeply nor comprehensively enough to suit Wordsworth, and the proud dogmatism of the latter, his want of affability, and haughty bearing, were more than Southey could tolerate. Wordsworth at first resided at Grassmere, whence he removed to Rydal Mount near Ambleside; Southey and Coleridge were at Grata, thirteen miles distant; Charles Lloyd lived at Brathay, not far off; and Dr Watson, bishop of Llandaff, at Calgarth.

Wordsworth, while at Grassmere, wrote a paper for Coleridge, who was then publishing 'The Friend,' *On the Principles Concerned in the Composition of Epitaphs*, which was excellent of its kind. He had received early, through the interest of the Earl of Lonsdale, the appointment of distributor of stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, a lucrative post; and upon the death of Southey he was crowned with the anomalous laurel. In consequence, and as in duty bound, he wrote an *Ode* to the Queen on her visit to Cambridge; but, like all other effusions of the same character, it has little merit or likelihood. He married Miss M. Hutchinson of Penrith in 1803, by whom he had issue. A daughter preceded him to the grave not a great while ago.

The poet's life being spent, not in the way of the world, but in the heart of the lake country, apparently unemployed, he might have been observed on those who censured his retired life, as a brother poet who preceded him did—'How various his employments whom the world calls idle!' He climbed the mountains and threaded the valleys of the north, to admire, love, and venerate a thousand attendant beauties which common observers never perceive, to build upon them lofty ideas, or to associate them with the deep things of the heart, and multiply their images. He had no preference for what the world esteems its best pursuits: he thought them vanity. He was a lover of solitude, because the deeply-thinking spirits of all time have loved it—those who could smile at low ambition, and ask no favour of a monarch but to stand out of the sunshine. He could not, with the common flock, follow the leader's bell. Simple feelings, however, described in homely language, are within the colloquial range of the common race of mortals; and hence Wordsworth, while estimated by a few for the beauty of the thoughts scattered up and down among his household truths, is read by more because his language is within the compass of the lowest stamp of intellect. But he expected more praise, a more extended command of homage, than he received; and while disdaining show and external aid, while rearing his fabric upon the basis of humanity, he was unreasonable enough to imagine that the multitude, which vegetate only upon the tinsel and glitter of appearances, would make an idol of him who disdained their idols. His muse knew none of those things, because he looked only to what existed in the simplicity of our humanity, as well as in nature divested of extrinsic garb. To him the mountain daisy, for example, was a source of poetic inspiration—not for its own sake only, but as a peg upon which to hang a tale that the poet had lost a sailor

brother who was fond of daisies, and when he came on shore, admired them. He was drowned, and the daisy was to 'sleep and wake' upon his grave. This occupies seventy lines, not marked by brilliance of imagery, or depth of thought, or novelty, or aught of pathos; but merely by simplicity. The comparison of this poem with Burns's 'Mountain Daisy' will show what is intended by this remark—namely, the peculiarity of Wordsworth's levelling system of poetry, the language of which, he contended erroneously, differed nothing from prose. Burns keeps to his subject in the natural order of things; and if he alludes to aught besides, the allusion is in the way of comparison, or secondary to the object addressed. There can be no question which of the two poems is most touching.

Wordsworth is not, in strictness, the descriptive poet of nature; but he draws from nature the ground of the associations which strike him, and which he dresses up for his purposes in accordance with his peculiar doctrines. He is the Crusoe of his own region of musings, the solitary who discourses with himself, and records, not that which may be most meet to affect others, but that which his own source of inspiration incontinently pours forth, and of which he expects others to feel the force like himself; nor does he regard whether his theme be high or low, mean or lofty. He asks nothing, and affects to give nothing derived from external pomp, and that which the world calls 'great,' but he seeks rather that which is innately so, taking no bias from received opinions, which he feels are as often false as true. He is proud of showing that in his view the vulgarest things are really great and interesting; rendered vulgar by habit, but in reality possessing beauty, which he is happy to draw out to the light of day, or to elevate by association. With him all past ideas in connection with poetry are to be discarded—all inherited predilections, all learning and the arts, all the predilections and superstitions, and vested rights, and pomp and circumstance inherent in it through bygone days. The era of his school is to commence anew from the root of the poetic art. A beaker must be swallowed of the water of Lethe in regard to all but the new theory, and there must be a hecatomb of the poets of all ages, offered up by his disciples, out of the ashes of which is to arise the verse true alone to nature—the enduring perfect edifice of plain Tuscan, made consentaneous with existing things. No graceful foliage is to decorate the capitals of his columns, not a volute nor a metope; in other words, of the five orders, four are to be rejected for their refinement's sake. He will have nothing but himself. All must flow from his own invention; and when the subject is unworthy of his own genius, he will raise it to the common level; but this must be his own work. Thus any subject within the scope of observation may be rendered fit for the object intended. The arid soil may be rendered fruitful, and the Saharan desert rich with wholesome vegetation. But there is to be no aggrandisement, no accommodating the shows of things to elevated or exaggerated ideas. The roses of Pæstum are not to breathe the more fragrance than the dog-rose, nor are the eyes of the lover's mistress to be more bright and beaming in verse than in reality. The 'line' chosen thus by the poet is of course in his own taste, and would not be questioned, but that he would have it be the law for others. It was this spirit, generated by wounded pride, and the feeling—though he was sustained by more friends in the press, acting continually upon the public mind in his behalf, than any poet ever had before—that he was not where his ambition placed him: it was this spirit which probably carried him farther than he would otherwise have gone in the upholding the rules he laid down in poetry.

These rules were not assented to by his friends. Coleridge has left a record of his difference of opinion with Wordsworth about them. Southey declared openly that they were erroneous. These opponent opinions, and the failure of 'The Excursion,' seem to have made the poet refile upon himself; cherish the solitary re-

veries that strengthened the exercise of his system, out of the feeling that his views were undervalued in their merits; not considering the gigantic character of the change he was attempting to effect, and how very slowly the best innovations are received by the public. He had imagined, too, that the general heart beat responsive to his own, while in the existing artificial state of society the minds of men had become less and less responsive to nature's truth. The wild rock, the rugged glen, the misty mountain, the aerial lark, the seasons, the shattered oak, the wild down, the ragged beggar, the storm and its ravage, down to the very weed which grows beneath the mouldering wall—all these, however interesting and valued by the poet, are disdained by the world of bustle and petty contention. It can see nothing in such objects—they are 'foolishness to the Greek.' It is among those alone who dwell in the bosom of nature, who live as Wordsworth lived, and think and feel as he thought and felt, that he will be duly estimated, let others pretend or affect to understand him as they may. Wordsworth, therefore, can never be a popular poet. He possesses none of the attraction upon which popularity is founded. He is too plain, tedious, and unexciting, or else too deep and philosophic. There were evidently two periods in the style of his poetry, in neither of which did he carry out fully his own principles. His later style is evidently a change towards that which he condemned. It is classical, polished, sober in colour, sweet, and well finished. C. R.

[Agreeing with C. R. in the general estimate he has given of Wordsworth and his poetry, we think that there is one thing overlooked, or not rightly seen—the personal feelings of the poet as represented in his verse. To us it seems that the peculiarity which most distinguishes Wordsworth from other poets is his deficiency in genial feeling as an individual man. In him, we have been assured by his associates, the quality called kindness of heart scarcely appeared, even where it might have been most expected. In dealing regarding his writings, a spirit was generally shown very unlike what might have been expected of one who seemed to have given up the common pursuits of the world. He was also, as is well known, exceedingly vain and egotistical in his social appearances. In these features of his personal character we read the grand defect of his verse—heart. The whole show is intellectual: it excites not a tear, scarcely moves a sigh. We believe that it is for this reason mainly that it can never be widely popular. It is instructive to find such a man distinguishing himself by flying to solitude—a field of existence where egotism may be indulged, but which in its very nature precludes true, that is active, benevolence. We must deem it somewhat strange that the fact of the hermit-tendency being essentially a selfish one, has not yet been generally seen and acknowledged.—Ed.]

EMIGRATION NOTES.

NO. I.

EMIGRATION to the colonies, and also to the United States, goes on this year with increasing speed. Numbers who never thought of quitting home are now on the move, and with good hopes of success. New Zealand and Port-Philip—the latter now to be called Victoria—seem to be growing in favour, and to one or other of these settlements our own feelings would incline; preference probably being given to New Zealand, as most suitable in point of character—most like dear Old England.

Among the schemes proposed to aid the emigration of parties straitened for want of means, are several for furnishing loans by societies of capitalists. One of these plans—by Mr Frederick Hill, we believe—consists in establishing a joint-stock company, to lend small sums to emigrants on their personal security; the loans to be repaid when the borrower has realised means in the new scene of labour to which he has

transferred himself. The company is to charge such interest for the loans as will induce capitalists to subscribe to the funds. We fear that this scheme proceeds on too favourable an idea of human nature. When a loan is to be made, it is usually deemed necessary that the lender should have not merely grounds of faith in the borrower's honesty, but some security against an opposite contingency and the common accidents of fortune. In the present case, even legal recourse, in the event of a failure to repay, is wanting, for the attempt either to discover the whereabouts of the individual, or to prosecute him if found, would be ridiculous.

A somewhat more hopeful scheme is that suggested by Mr Wyndham Harding in a late number of the 'Spectator.' It is said to be similar to a plan already carried out to some extent by that untrusting friend of emigrants, Mrs Chisholm. To quote from the paper in question—'It is called "The Family Colonisation Loan Society," and relies entirely on the family tie. The working is this:—A number of families, say, for example, five, wishing to emigrate, and knowing each other, form themselves into "a group," and come to the society with all the money they can scrape together. The society lend them as much more, taking the joint and several security of one or more of each family. By this means the first batch are shipped off; the remaining number of the families staying behind in pledge, as it were. As soon as satisfactory advices are received from the colony of the first batch of emigrants, and a part of the society's loan is repaid by them out of their earnings, a second batch is sent out, the rest still remaining behind in pledge; and so on, until the last remaining portion of the group are despatched.'

From careful calculations, which have been revised by Mr Neison the actuary, a whole group of five families, which can get together on the average L.12 a family, may be got out to Australia in this way in three batches, and in three years at most; the society only risking their loan to the first batch of emigrants. This is the plan, and it is in actual working. Eighty families are forming themselves into groups; they are prepared with L.1260 of their own money; and if the society meet with the support it probably will, the first batch will sail in June. The experiment of self-supporting emigration which you have so often advocated is now about to be made, and that under the wise and gentle guidance of Mrs Chisholm, assisted by men of such character and ability as Mr Vernon Smith, Lord Ashley, Mr Monsell, Mr Tidd Pratt, and Mr Neison. On Saturday last (May 4), the first band of intending emigrants mustered at Mrs Chisholm's, and were addressed by Mr Vernon Smith and Lord Ashley. The feature of the Family Loan Society is, that as people help themselves, and no further, does the society help them.'

We like this plan of Mrs Chisholm's much better than any other which has come under our notice. Still, we think it susceptible of improvement. We quite agree with Mr Hill in thinking that any plan, to be of permanent and general application, must rest on the commercial principle. In a word, the exporting of emigrants must be a matter of trade, on the ordinary calculations of profit. Keeping this principle in view, we can see no reason for confining the security for loans to family relationship. The society would indeed require to be composed of persons mutually acquainted, and thoroughly assured of each other's integrity. Members of the same religious congregation, for example, might have a good chance of striking out a practicable scheme for mutual benefit. We merely, however, throw out these hints for consideration. Unfortunately, the classes best adapted for emigration have little reliance on the integrity of each other—a circumstance often fatal to schemes of mutual improvement in which money is concerned. An instance of this consciousness of insecurity came lately under our notice. We were waited on by six individuals belonging to the operative class in Edinburgh. They wished to save and lay aside

money by instalments for the purpose of emigrating in a body. They could not save as individuals, because they would constantly feel a craving to break on the money they had collected; and they could not venture to club their savings, as they must necessarily repose confidence in one of their number. Placed in this dilemma, they wished us to take entire charge of the fund, and give it up to them at a certain time when they came in a body. We entered on the trust; the parties paid in their savings regularly; and when the required sum was collected, the depositors unitedly reclaimed it, and, as we believe, emigrated to Canada. This little incident affords a melancholy insight into the condition of the working-classes, who, for want of mutual co-operation in money matters, let slip a thousand opportunities of improving their position and circumstances.

It seems tolerably evident that, after all that loan societies can effect, emigration on a general scale must depend on individual earnings and self-denial. With reasonably steady employment, and emigration as a clear and definite object set before him, the mechanic, ploughman, shepherd, or any other member of the industrious orders, has only himself to blame if he realise not the means of transporting himself and family to even the most distant of our colonial possessions, in almost any one of which there is, with industry and self-denial, 'a world to be had for the winning.'

According to late accounts, emigrants of all classes, on arriving in New York, are exposed to serious imposition and annoyance from persons who waylay them on pretence of rendering advice and assistance. An English gentleman, who gives his name, has written to the editor of the 'Times' on the subject, and his account of affairs on landing is so important to intending emigrants, that we transcribe it into our pages:—

'I arrived last week by one of the London liners, having 178 steerage and twenty cabin passengers on board. As soon as the health officer had left the ship, we were boarded by a swarm of touters for the various boarding and conveyance houses, steam-boats, and railways, and a scene ensued which defies description. The violent behaviour, foul language, and contradictory statements of these men quite bewildered the unfortunate emigrants; and their confusion was complete when, on reaching the wharf, a crowd of carmen and porters joined the throng of "runners." It was almost impossible for even the cabin passengers to free themselves from the importunities of these men, and had I not received the greatest assistance from the officers of the ship and the custom-house (of whose courtesy I cannot speak too highly), I am certain my own luggage would never have reached the truck in safety, the ships between us and the wharf, as well as the wharf itself, being crowded with persons of the lowest class and character. Of the subsequent fate of the majority of the emigrants I cannot speak from observation (though I am informed that they are generally plundered most cruelly); but for the following I can vouch, having been the means of exposing and preventing the imposition:—A gentleman proceeding to the Western States with his family, was charged L.5, 11s. for the cartage of his goods from the ship to the canal boat (less than two miles), the same things having been removed from the Regent's Park to the London Docks for 30s. This claim was enforced with such violence, and accompanied by such threats, that it was with difficulty I persuaded the parties concerned to allow me to take the responsibility on myself, and bring the man before the police authorities. On doing so, his claim was reduced to L.2, 10s.; but I am threatened with personal vengeance and a legal process for the recovery of the whole amount, and was subjected to such insult and threats (even in the police-office), as would, I am certain, have deterred many people from carrying the matter out. I may add, that another fellow-passenger, with but little luggage, which was not removed a mile, was charged L.1, 7s., which was reduced in the same

way to 5s. 6d. There is an excellent society here, supported by the principal merchants, which supplies every information gratis to emigrants proceeding to all parts, and endeavours to obtain them employment; it is named "The British Protective Emigrant Society;" but it is out of its power to assist the greater part of those who most need its assistance. Other societies imitate its circulars, &c. and the runners of course do all they can in their power to prevent emigrants from applying there at all. To the secretary, Mr C. H. Webb, I am much indebted for his courtesy and information, and have learned from him that not one of the 200 persons who accompanied me from England had found his way to the office of the society.'

A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant fore-castle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

'How cool and clear it looks,' said a tall, powerful young seaman; 'I don't think there are many sharks about: what do you say for a bath, lads?'

'That for the sharks!' burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group: 'we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner.' In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh: they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

'You no swim to-day, Ned?' said he, addressing me. 'Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel.' I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, 'A shark! a shark!' In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us: each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

'Well done, Ned!' cried some of the sailors from the fore-castle. 'Go it, Sambo!' cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard, shouting, 'A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!'

'Lay aft, and lower the cutter down,' then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

'Swim for God's sake!' cried the captain, who was now on deck: 'he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!' My heart stood still. I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain: the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

'Swim, Ned—swim!' cried several voices; 'they never take black when they can get white.'

I did swim, and that desperately: the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move: the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

'He sees you now!' was shouted; 'he is after you!' Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship: fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

'Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!' was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time: a slight struggle ensued: I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

MUSICAL INSECTS versus MUSICAL FISHES.

'*Cabramatta*, or Cabra-pool, is the appropriate and descriptive name of a chain of ponds abounding with the cabra, an insect of the *teredo* family, resembling in appearance the contents of a marrow-bone, which insinuates itself into the hardest timber under the water, and of which the aborigines make many a delicious meal.'—*Lang's New South Wales*. Respecting this cabra, a settler from New South Wales relates that in crossing the — river one evening he heard a musical sound, as of a piano or Æolian harp: starting to hear such a sound there, he said to the boatman, 'Do you hear that music—who keeps a piano over there?' The boatman rested on his oars, when the musical sounds were more distinctly heard, and he being familiar with them, said it was the cabra in the dockyard, a passenger at the same time remarking that the cabra must have got into the boat, the sounds were so distinct. On quiet evenings, at the water-side, the settler in New South Wales has heard these musical sounds issuing from the water; and what an interesting piece of nature's music is this wherewith the future Australian lyre may connect a thousand beautiful associations! It may perhaps be asked if this is not another explanation of the idea of musical fishes, as mentioned in an article in 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' vol. vii., new series, p. 207? The cabra is supposed to cause these musical sounds in the process of boring. This is not unnatural nor unlikely; there are other instances of diminutive animals and insects causing considerable sounds and noises by the natural processes of boring, digging, flying, &c. The *death-watch*, when it gets into an old-timbered house, will sometimes keep up in a room a loud and incessant ticking; and when the insects are numerous, the ticking will proceed from several different parts of the room at the same time. Heber, in his journal in India, mentions a species of *death-watch* whose sounds resemble the bubbling of water:—'In my cabin there was a noise exactly like the bubbling up of water through a narrow crevice. On inquiry, I was told that it was a sort of cricket, or Indian *death-watch*, which always emitted this sound.'—*From a correspondent*.

THE WISE PERSIAN.

Murad Achmet Alec was the only man I ever heard of who fully appreciated the contingency of not being always able to find himself. Murad resided in a distant country place, but not so distant as to prevent his coming to Ispahan at least once every year. The Persians are reputed to

be a quick-witted generation, but whether Murad had the misfortune to be in advance of his age, or behind his age, I really cannot take it on me to determine; this alone I dare certify, that quickness of parts was never laid to the charge of Murad Achmet Alec. To Ispahan, however, Murad came; and on the very first night he passed in the capital, he was unlucky enough to lose a valuable ass on which he was accustomed to ride. At break of day (having discovered his loss) Murad appeared in the principal bazaar, crying out—'My ass is lost! Alas! my ass is lost! Blessings on protecting Allah, I was not on its back! for in that case, oh men of Ispahan! should I not myself have been lost also?'—*Dublin University Magazine*.

THE DREAM.

When night's sable wing shades the hour of repose,
And the bright stars of heaven are watching the earth,
And Fancy a pilgrim to Fairyland goes,
To give to her brightest creations their birth:
I dreamt that I roamed in a far-distant land,
Where the orange-tree grows, and the green myrtle waves,
And bright pearls are strewn on the gold-coloured strand,
Whilst the purest of gems star its emerald caves.

In the evergreen bowers of that Orient clime—
Most gorgeous in plumage, and lovely in song—
Were golden-winged birds whose sweet voices kept time
To the voice of the waters that murmured along.
Every bright hue that rainbow or sunset has shown,
Every perfume the light wings of Zephyr can bear,
Every sweet tone that music can claim as its own,
In the fulness and freshness of beauty were there!

These stole o'er the sense like the balm of the rose,
Or the bulbul's sweet song when his own love he sings,
But no one was there to whom hearts might disclose
The emotions called forth by such beautiful things.
And I felt that in Paradise bliss might not be,
If Love did not form its most exquisite flower,
But on earth every spot were celestial to me,
If my Mary were there to lend joy to the hour.

J. C.

SCANDINAVIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

The whole race of *Underground People*, the dwarfs excepted, live chiefly by grazing cattle. When the sheilings are deserted by their human brethren at harvest-time, they move into them. Whole troops of these little gray men may often be seen at night-time employed in their pastoral avocations, driving before them numerous herds of cattle, while the females of the race carry milk-pails upon their heads, and children in their arms. To assist them in guarding their flocks, they have black dogs, which in Telemak are called *Huddebikar*—that is, cattle-keepers. They live, moreover, in much splendour within the hills and mountain-tops, having fine houses, rich furniture, vessels, and other articles of silver, and, what seems strangest of all, they possess churches. In almost every point they resemble mankind; they are exceedingly social amongst each other, and hold good living in very Christian-like estimation. Yule-tide is a time of high festival with them. They marry, moreover, and are given in marriage, and celebrate their weddings in high style, especially if the bride happens to have been abducted from the earth—a little peccadillo to which they are much inclined. On these occasions they invite their friends to the bridal, which always takes place upon a Thursday, and about the hour of midnight, when they set out for church with mirth and music. We are told how a peasant from the west once fell in with a procession of this kind, and, but for his prudence, had, like Tom of Coventry, paid dearly for his peeping; for the deceitful bride took the wreath from her head, and held it out to him with a smile that it was no easy matter to resist. Fortunately for him his fears were too much for his passion, and he thus escaped being carried off by the elves, which would infallibly have been the case had he yielded to the temptation.—*St James's Magazine*.

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'He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day'—

or the author of the equally well-known saying, 'Let me make a nation's ballads, who will may make its laws'—or 'the reason why the nine of Diamonds is called the Curse of Scotland.' We should like to see him taking a wider range, because there are some profoundly abstruse questions, of neither a literary nor a historical character, on which light is not less desirable.

Ever since we were very little children, and more particularly then than now, we have heard of a personage called the Pig-faced Lady—a wonderful personage, the daughter of a man of large fortune, highly accomplished, and of the most amiable dispositions, but who, having unfortunately been born with a head and face like a pig, was necessarily sequestered from society. It was understood that this lady had every elegance furnished to her—she ate her food out of a silver, if not a gold trough—a human physiognomy, however plain of its kind, was the sole thing wanting to render her situation in life enviable. She lived in certain apartments of a magnificent house, attended by a set of servants, none of whom, however, ever saw her face, as she studiously concealed it under a thick veil. Her father, having no other child to whom he might leave his fortune, was anxious to see her married; but the difficulty raised to this by her monstrosity of aspect was very great, and it was considered doubtful if a suitable swain would ever be found. Now we want to know who this Pig-faced Lady was. Who were her parents? Where did she live? When did she live? Did she ever meet a youth willing to accept her as his wife? Was she ever really married? Was her fortune paid? And did the match turn out well? Has she ever been heard of as an old lady? Supposing that no one can answer these questions, any more than ourselves, will some 'oldest inhabitant' of this great island inform us if he heard of the Pig-faced Lady in his youth, as we have heard of her in ours? Perhaps some gentle-

man not so very old can tell when the Pig-faced Lady was for the first time heard of. If so, let him communicate all besides that he knows about her. Let us have a biography of the Pig-faced Lady if possible.

There is another person of interesting character, of whom we did not hear till a much more recent period. This was the gentleman of large fortune who was understood to go about the country as a player on the bagpipes for a wager. He was, as we all know, to do so for three years, wearing the usual garb of a strolling musician, or else forfeit a large sum which he had staked. We never chanced to see the gentleman; but we heard that he now and then turned up in one of the minor towns, to the great admiration of the worthy inhabitants, especially those of the more impressionable sex. A tall handsome figure he was, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman shining through a mean garb. His playing was charming. Every one observed the silver ornaments on his pipes, and that he himself wore a handsome diamond ring. He only appeared in the dusk for about an hour; but when it was known who he was, he never failed to reap a rich harvest—for somehow it is far more pleasant to give to those who do not want than to those who do. It was always understood that he thereafter retired to the best hotel in town, was disrobed by his servant, and then indulged in all the luxuries which a gentleman may be understood to have a taste for. Now we should like to learn from some contributor to the 'Notes and Queries' who this mysterious gentleman was, and all about him. Was there such a gentleman at all? Was he really a man of fortune engaged in a frolic, or was he some one who found it equally profitable to assume the character? Who can testify to having ever seen him, or any person bearing the appearance? Supposing that he can be substantiated, it would be particularly obliging if any one can tell us whether he gained his bet or not, and, if he did, how much he gained by it and by his collections as a musician?

There is a remarkable person of more recent date than either of the preceding. If we remember rightly, she came into the field very soon after the Gentleman-Bagpiper ceased to be much spoken of. We allude to the lady who was to be married whenever she could exhibit a million of used postage labels. In this case we seem to make a nearer approximation to a real personage than in the other two, for we have ourselves several times been intreated for used labels by young ladies who professed to be gathering in behalf of the principal party. While this is true, there is nevertheless much obscurity about the affair, as, to the best of our recollection, no one of these fair agents ever could pretend to a personal acquaintance with the principal. She had only been asked to gather by a friend, who was herself gathering for another person, who was

gathering for another, and so on; thus placing the marriageable lady at the end of so long a vista of deputed powers, that her very existence came to be a matter of uncertainty. For anything we can tell, however, the lady of the million of labels may have lived in the next street. We may have met her, and handed her down to dinner without knowing that she was the true and genuine heroine of this extraordinary contingency. What we wish to make out is—first, her reality, her being, as the Antiquary said of the Hawea Fly, *id rerum naturâ*; second, the fact of her marriage. Did she win the battle of the stamps? Did Victoria set a million of seals upon her nuptials? If she be not a mere myth, somebody must be able to pronounce upon her and all her antecedents and belongings. Will that somebody, then, be so good as communicate to us all proper particulars—as, what led to her single blessedness being made terminable on so singular a result? What sort of person was the swain who proposed a condition so irrelative to the usual requisites of matrimony? Did the marriage take place, and turn out well? We do not know if we are entitled to push our queries any farther; but perhaps it might be as well to add the number of children, if any, merely because it may help to establish the objectivity of the lady. Anything, in short, to take her out of the mythic condition in which she now rests in our minds.

It will occur to the graver of our readers that these are questions of little or no importance in themselves, and some will be inclined to ask why we agitate them in this formal manner. We can only say, in answer, that we have always felt a painful dissatisfaction with the ignorance under which we lay regarding them, and this feeling we are naturally anxious to supersede by the pleasure of knowledge. It is really nothing to us whether the Pig-faced Lady ever breathed, or ever got married; the Lady of the Labels is equally to us in the condition of Hecuba; and so is the Gentleman-Bagpiper. But it is not of little consequence to us that we have heard hundreds of allusions made in conversation to these personages without being able to decide whether they were to be considered as realities or as myths. We do not like to be in the dark about anything, not even the most trivial. Perhaps, too, there may be some solid advantage to be gained by the decision of these questions; for, please to observe, if the persons turn out to be ideal, it will show how mythic ideas are continually arising even at this day in the midst of all our boasted lucidity of knowledge, and all our high-wrought civilisation; while, if, on the contrary, they are realities, it may be held deducible that the early tales of nations are less fabulous than the school of Niebuhr supposes. For all of these reasons, then, we launch our queries, with the most earnest solicitude for suitable and satisfactory replies.

ARTHUR LEAVESLEY, OR THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

ONE wet and dismal November evening, a traveller might have been observed to leave the quay, where had just arrived one of the passage-boats from a little distance; for it was before the days of all-assisting steam. The passenger alluded to was of herculean stature, and had he been less closely wrapped up, might have been admired as a model of manly strength and beauty. But the rain poured in torrents, and he was enveloped in an ample Spanish cloak, while a sealakin cap was drawn closely round his face. The streets through which he had to pass were nearly deserted, and the shopkeepers, expecting little custom on such a night, were slowly beginning to shut up. A porter conveyed some luggage on a truck, beside which, avoiding the pavement, the traveller walked in silence with gigantic strides. They reached a sequestered building, large and melancholy-looking, shut out from the surrounding waste ground by lofty walls. Here the gentleman rung, and waited a short space very impatiently, as might be guessed from

his frequently stamping with one foot. At length, just as he had stretched forth his hand to ring again, a man appeared, who received within the gate the stranger's large and heavy trunk, together with a hat-box. The street-porter was then discharged, and the visitor, or inmate, or whatever he might be, followed his luggage into the building.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when he again issued forth in search of another porter with a truck; and as the man who lately served him had been resting under a neighbouring gateway, he came forward, and was again engaged, his employer not recognising him. Perhaps—indeed it seemed most likely—his thoughts and attention were too much absorbed in his own concerns. The hat-box and trunk—the latter not in the slightest degree lightened, though the man thought to himself it contained a load of a different description—were replaced on the truck, and their owner led the way to one of the newest and most genteel quarters of the city. Once or twice they met the watchmen, now engaged in their midnight rounds, with whom the passenger exchanged a courteous good-night, as he continued to stalk close by his property through the midst of the flashy streets. Arrived at the lodgings he intended to occupy, and where, it would appear, he was expected, he was promptly admitted by the landlady, and he himself assisted the porter to carry his luggage up stairs. It proved no easy task, even with the help of the owner's extraordinary strength; and when it was accomplished, and the porter was asked his fare, he boldly required at least double what he was entitled to. His employer was about to demur, but the fellow casting a significant glance towards the heavy load just deposited, the gentleman at once paid the demand. The man, it ought to be said, had only ventured an experiment, as many of his class are accustomed to do; and having succeeded beyond his hopes, his tone changed to profound respect, as, thanking the donor, he muttered something about the lateness of the hour and the state of the weather in excuse for the high charge. He then took leave, with the tacit understanding that he was not to make the subject of his midnight fare a topic of conversation.

The newly arrived, whose name was Arthur Leavesley—or Leslie, as it is now more generally written, though our hero preferred its ancient form—divested of his wet accoutrements, was a strikingly handsome man, somewhat under thirty; and though his attire aimed not even at neatness, no one who saw him could doubt that, by birth and education, he was a gentleman. Amid much bland insinuation of manners, however, might be detected a blunt eccentricity and a reckless hauteur which evinced a mind undisciplined, and perhaps a character far from stainless. With his landlady he seemed to be on very familiar terms, for he carried on with her a short but evidently important consultation. She, too, was young and good-looking, but considerably careworn, and was habited in respectable and deep mourning. In fact she was a widow, yet, from her appearance, could scarcely be mistaken for one of those who may be called 'widows indeed.' She placed some hot brandy and water before her lodger, and soon afterwards left him to betake himself to what might have been supposed needful repose. In the morning his bell rung early; he was in bed, and complained of being ill. The landlady attended assiduously to his wants, and begged he would send for medical advice. This Leavesley obstinately refused to permit, and to her other inmates she feelingly lamented the circumstance. The patient appeared to get worse, and after a fretful, restless day, he began to rave; the poor woman, kindly disposed towards him as it would seem, prepared to watch by him, and at length she thought he slept; but ere the dull morning again dawned, she perceived he was insensible. Then she sent for a doctor, who soon arrived, and was shewn into the sick-room. Near the bed stood the anxious-looking widow—the only attendant. The doctor advanced and spoke, and as the woman shortly explained

the patient's state, he drew aside the heavy curtain. A single glance—a hurried touch on the cold, still brow—

'My good woman, your lodger is dead!' said he solemnly.

'Dead!' echoed the woman in a horror-stricken tone.

The gentleman put a few professional questions, the replies to which satisfied him that she had not been to blame. He then recommended her to communicate with the friends of the departed, if she knew where they were to be found, and took his leave.

The first thing the landlady did was to order a coffin; and she desired it might be made several inches longer than the body—though her lodger was a very tall man—stating that in the intervals of his short delirium he had made her promise that some papers, on which he put a particular value, should be buried with him.

It was done. He had been a stranger in the place; but the woman procured a few respectable neighbours, to whom his person was not altogether unknown, to attend the funeral. The death was immediately notified in the principal newspapers, and a few days afterwards a plain but neat head-stone was raised to mark his resting-place. His very few effects awaited the commands of his friends when they should discover what had occurred, and there were barely sufficient funds in his desk to defray the necessary expenses, however simple the arrangements had been. So another stilly sleeper was left in the strangers' cemetery, to await the last call that shall awake the dead.

But were there no mourning relations—no widowed one to weep his sudden fate, cut down in his life's prime, 'unappointed, unannounced?' We shall see. The grave-stone had hardly been raised over the stranger's turf, when another traveller reached the same busy city by the same conveyance, and by one of those coincidences not unusual in everyday life, he met with and engaged the same porter we have before mentioned to convey his small portmanteau to one of the hotels. It happened that their way lay through the street in which Leavesley had lodged, and the gentleman chanced to observe this. He then took a card from his pocket-book, and having stopped at No. 11, he said to his porter, 'Remain here a few minutes; I have an inquiry to make, and I may as well do it now in passing.' He rung, and asked for Mr Arthur Leavesley.

'Oh, dear me!' sighed the woman who appeared; 'he is dead and buried ten days ago.'

'Indeed!' was the rejoinder, but not in a tone like that of either grief or surprise. 'I wish to see what property or papers he may have left.'

'Certainly, sir. You come from his friends I suppose?'

'Friends or foes, as the case may be. I am a solicitor on behalf of his creditors.' And he handed his card.

He was shown to the room, which was yet unoccupied, and some keys were given to him. The great trunk was there. It contained heavy old ledgers and day-books, useless music and papers; and they all had an unaccountable musty smell. Nothing of the least value appeared; but the visitor placed seals on all the repositories.

As this gentleman turned from the door, he spoke some civil words to the porter in the way of apology for having detained him. Courtesy and consideration towards dependents are very rarely thrown away. The man, won by his present employer's urbanity, respectfully said, 'Did I understand, sir, you were informed of the sudden death of a gentleman who lately lodged in that house?'

'Yes, indeed I was,' replied the traveller; 'and a sad business it is.'

'Dear, dear! Could it be he, I wonder, taken off so soon, and hale and strong as he appeared? Was he a remarkably tall man, if you please, sir?'

'He was uncommonly so,' said the gentleman, now considerably interested. 'Do you happen to know anything of him?'

The man, who before had had his own suspicions, now debated with himself whether he ought to tell all he knew or not. While he yet hesitated, his employer mentioned, so far as he thought prudent, the reasons for his inquiries about Leavesley, and these settled the matter. The ulterior proceedings were singular, and resulted from the guessings of the shrewd lawyer, consequent on all he had heard. The fact was, Arthur Leavesley had, by contravention of the laws, rendered himself amenable to justice, which accordingly had stretched her iron hand to grasp him. He was an only and a spoiled child, whom early and blind indulgence had rendered first selfish, then headstrong, and finally profligate; till gaming, swindling, and forgery, wound up the dark catalogue of his vices.

A day or two after the last scene we have recorded, a small group of persons were gathered round the grave whose head-stone bore the name of Leavesley. There were present the acute lawyer, the intelligent street-porter, the medical practitioner, and the necessary officials. The earth was removed, the coffin laid bare, and opened, and a reverent pause ensued. Even to the stoutest heart there is something awe-inspiring in the presence of mouldering mortality brought to light again from the bosom of the tomb. When a silent but sufficient examination had been made by all present of the now offensive remains, each expressed his conviction.

'This is not the gentleman whose trunk I carried first to, and then from, the Fever Hospital; his hair was jet black; this is sandy-gray,' said the porter.

'This is the corpse I saw on the bed in No. 11, C—Terrace,' said the doctor.

'This is not the person I seek,' said the lawyer. 'The body is several inches shorter than the coffin, which has been filled up with waste paper. As I suspected, this body has been procured from the hospital, ostensibly for surgical purposes, and then buried as Leavesley, in order to facilitate his escape, and for some other reasons not so evident.'

In corroboration of these opinions, another porter was found, who deposed that he had carried Leavesley's pretended luggage from his lodging to the Canal Company's Office on the same day we first met with him, so that, in fact, he had never at that time been absent from the town. A nurse and under-surgeon of the hospital identified the buried man. The landlady of No. 11 was also officially examined, without whose connivance, and indeed active co-operation, the cunning farce of the deathbed and burial could not have been attempted. She steadily refused all explanation with a calm self-possession worthy of a better cause; and as she shortly afterwards left the place, and could not be traced, the felon's pursuers were at fault for a time.

While these scenes were transacting in one part of the kingdom, a fair, young, deserted wife was pining in that sickness of the heart, so hard to bear, resulting from disappointed hope and outraged tenderness. Rosa Kearney was a lovely Irish girl. Her face and form were fresh and heart-gladdening, while the impressiveness and enthusiasm of her country glistened in her dark eye, and graced every gesture. She was Arthur Leavesley's pet cousin, and he won her warm heart even in girlhood. Little wonder, though more the pity, none of his youthful follies could detach from him her faithful affection. Neither the warning of friends nor the occasional misgivings of her own gentle spirit sufficed to save her from the gulf of misery, the depths of which, strong in woman's self-devotedness and trust, she had resolved to brave with him. If any one could guide the mistaken wanderer back to rectitude and peace, could it be other than she—his own early loved, early betrothed? So she wedded Arthur before she was nineteen, and for a while all the hopeful young wife's dreams appeared to be realised. Selfishness and prodigality, however, too soon reassumed the pilotage which the hand of love had held so lightly. Rosa, after much meek endurance of waywardness, neglect, violence, and at length desertion, was prevailed on to accept of a secluded cot-

tage, and small separate allowance, in a district of the south-west of Ireland, from her elder brother, the only one of her family who had not abandoned her to her self-chosen lot. One comfort she had to sweeten her bitter cup—an infant son, whom she nursed with even more than the usual fond care of a mother for her first-born, since in him was concentrated much of the love her husband spurned so recklessly. Another treasure she possessed in the unbought attendance of her own proverbially-attached Irish nurse. With her Rosa determined to live alone in their peaceful retreat, and she would not suffer its locality to be concealed from her erring but still loved husband; because she ever hoped for his eventual reformation, and continued to dwell on the idea that, if world-forsaken or heart-stricken, he might feel that there was one home and one bosom where he would be welcome.

How would such a being bear the tidings that now awaited her! Her brother and his wife, having been informed by the newspapers of the circumstance of her husband's death, which to them could appear only in the light of a merciful relief, hastened to the only one who would mourn for him; after a little very awkward preparatory circumlocution, the fact was communicated, as gently as possible, to the youthful wife. When the first shock was over, her pitying friends implored her to return with them to their home, which was only about fifteen miles distant; but she begged softly, yet earnestly, to be left alone, and promised to be calm, and console herself with the child. Affectionate as they were, she felt they could have no sympathy with her; and knowing the firmness, as well as the tenderness, of her character, her relatives at last consented to leave her.

After a few days, the new-made widow assumed the befitting and melancholy garb she had caused Judith to provide for her; and the first time she caught a glimpse of herself in her mirror, she turned sickening away, again to weep bitterly, as she remembered Arthur to have said, in one of the eccentric moods that had so often alarmed her, 'How well, Rosa, you would look in weeds!'

Mrs Leavesley's neat cottage and spacious garden were surrounded by a high wall with a close gate, which was locked early every afternoon. The low French windows, which opened into a veranda overgrown with roses and clematis, were also guarded at night by strong outside shutters, and the door by a powerful chain. There was no particular cause for alarm at that time from the state of the now unhappy sister island; but the place was lonely; two timid females lived there without protection, and they felt their wished-for seclusion more complete when all due precautions against disturbance had been taken. How much the greater, therefore, was their surprise and alarm when, one evening, about a week after the last blow to Rosa's hopes had befallen, as she was reading her usual evening portion of Scripture to her nurse, and the little boy slept in the adjacent room, they heard two or three low knocks at the cottage door. The hour was late, the windows were closely curtained, and no glimmer could possibly penetrate the murky darkness without to guide any wanderer to their abode. But the murmur of the reader's voice, low and soft as it was, had doubtless encouraged some one within their premises to expect admission. Yet how came any one there? For what purpose at such an hour? They listened breathlessly. Rosa, weakened by her grief, felt for a few moments almost overpowered by apprehension; she exchanged a few whispered sentences with her faithful and more courageous attendant, while the knocks were repeated a little louder, but still with evident caution.

Judith, therefore, went to the door, and asked who was there? A man's voice, in a suppressed tone, answered he came with a message for Mrs Leavesley. Unwilling to betray distrust, and yet resolved on caution, the servant, on a signal from her mistress, who stood with a light at the entrance of the chamber where

her child rested, opened the door, but kept on the chain. Judith could not see the man, for he stood in the thick gloom of the night, but he repeated an urgent request to deliver his message to the lady herself. Rosa, then, setting down her light, approached the partially-opened door, into which the cold wind rushed with a mournful howling; and it may be imagined she scarcely retained her senses when she recognised a long-loved voice whisper, 'Rosa, it is your poor, good-for-nothing husband; will you give him shelter?'

Did she hear aright?—was she in a dream?—or was it not rather a skilful imposture? Blessings on the confiding faith of woman! Rosa stopped not even to ask herself one such question. She opened the door, and Arthur indeed, disguised, and shabby, and travel-soiled, and miserable, stood under her roof, and in the holy presence of the wife he had outraged and injured. His former reckless effrontery was gone, and he seemed abashed and ashamed. Rosa's love had been long-suffering and all-enduring. At first she knew not what to expect of horror, but she saw at a glance that the threatened stroke could be no common one; and it were too much perhaps to say that most of her ill-requited affection yet survived the grave in which she had believed its object to be laid, and still she pitied, and once more she forgave. The cottage door was quickly secured, the wanderer was refreshed, and the wife was told of the danger he was in—of his belief that his pursuers had traced him, and his anxiety to reach the neighbouring seaport, whence he might have a chance to escape abroad. How breathlessly Rosa listened! how she strove to still the tumult of her ideas, and brace her energies to meet the exigency!

After all his humbling revelations, the wearied man slept on the sofa—he had not even asked to see his boy; and Rosa—

'Such hours are women's birthright!'

watched and prayed beside him. Judith had gone to bed; the light was extinguished, that the outcast might rest more undisturbedly; and amidst the deep stillness Rosa very soon fancied she heard on the gravel before the cottage stealthy steps. Arthur had leaped the high wall, and few men could perform such a feat unassisted. The wind at times whistled, and then moaned dirge-like among the leafless trees; but the anxious wife ere long became painfully convinced that the home-covert would not long avail the hunted deer. The cottage was so small—containing only two rooms and a kitchen—it afforded no hopeful place of concealment. Beneath the thatch? Ah, that was so obvious! Disguise was equally hopeless—his stature so rare, and so conspicuous. There was a great old-fashioned clock that stood in a dark niche just outside the parlour door; might it not be moved a small space, and a hiding-place found behind it? It might be tried; at all events it was the sole, slight chance. Amidst these sickening thoughts and plannings a few torturing hours passed, and the wintry sun of December was hardly visible, when knocks for admittance were again heard. The old woman looked as cross as possible on the early guests; but of course was quite respectful when informed by one of three men whom she saw that they sought a felon, who was supposed to be there concealed from justice. Judith assured them, with an unconcerned tone admirably adapted for the occasion, that 'they were heartily welcome to search the little dwelling—it would be no tedious or difficult task—but she wished them to wait her mistress's time of rising, who was in deep trouble, poor young *craythur*, for the loss of a good husband!' With a broad sneer at this last figure of speech, the men consented to wait a little; and ere their patience had been too much tried, they were shown into the room where Rosa's solitary breakfast was delicately laid out, and herself giving her little boy his morning meal. Her wan, lily-like loveliness, her newly-donned widow's dress, her graceful calmness and dignity, evidently awed the rough visitors. One of them espe-

cially, who appeared the superior, gazed on the girlish-looking figure before him with deep commiseration. He chanced to have a young sister in declining health, and he thought she resembled Rosa; with that thought came memories of home and its sanctities, which for the moment chased present harsh duty from his mind; and ere leaving Rosa's presence, after a cursory look over the apartments, this person said in a respectful manner, 'Madam, we regret to be obliged to do our duty so strictly, but a considerable reward is offered for him we seek.' Then lowering his voice till it became a murmur, inaudible to all but her he addressed, he continued, 'A watch will remain outside for a time; when the way is clear, you will receive by post a blank envelop.' He glanced significantly towards the clock; and while the blood rushed to poor Rosa's brow, she could only command a look and gesture of unutterable gratitude as he departed to superintend a fruitless search in the garden and outhouses.

What an ordeal had this scene proved to the faithful wife! In extenuation, however, of the officer's apparent dereliction of duty, we may here explain that the principal sufferer by Leavesley's guilt, having once felt himself under no small obligation to the criminal's mother, had given a confidential hint that he would not be much disappointed if the fugitive escaped.

For several succeeding days Rosa concealed her undeserving husband under her roof. The paucity of her visiting acquaintances made the task more easy, yet the conflict of feeling during the anxious interval strewed her dark tresses with many a gray hair. It was not fear of detection, or any personal terrors, that were the bitterest ingredients of the cup prepared for her, but the too obvious truth forced on her mind, that the being with whose lot her own had been so fatally linked was still the same mean, selfish, and exacting character he had ever been. Had she witnessed, or could she have awaked, one repentant sigh or word, her sorrows had been mitigated, and she would have readily even shared his exile; but this was far from his thoughts: he even dared to look with cold-blooded complacency on Rosa's widow's habit and grief-worn frame.

On one of the days of Leavesley's concealment, Rosa walked abroad with her little boy. The sun's beams were cheering, though the air was wintry, and the infant Eugene was just trying his first tottering steps alone. At the top of the lane that led to her dwelling she saw the surly minion of justice deputed to watch over her premises, and would have passed on, as if unconscious who he was; but he hung a little on one side, and looked on her with an eye so penetrating, that she at once repented having left the house, and felt her best plan was to speak.

'Good-morning, friend!' she said as cheerfully as she could, though, in spite of every effort, her voice trembled. 'I hope your employers will soon relieve you from a very bootless, and, it must be, a very ungracious task. Would you not step to the cottage and get some refreshment?'

The man, totally subdued by her sweetness and kindness, thanked her respectfully, and patted and praised her beautiful child. Involuntarily she would have withdrawn him from the touch, but restraining herself, she continued her short stroll, and soon returned to find all things as she had left them.

One obvious anxiety weighed heavily on Rosa's mind: Leavesley trusted to her to raise a small sum of money to assist his escape, without which, indeed, all present precautions were fruitless. But Rosa had nothing she could call her own. Everything of any value she possessed had been before relinquished to supply one who scrupled at no means to provide for his own worthless indulgence. The little plate in her present abode had been provided by her for her use, and no sophistry could prevail on her to appropriate it as hers. The only plan within her reach, however, she had resolved to try, and only waited the opportunity—it was successful, because the pleader was meek and self-denying,

and the friend she appealed to was generous and unsuspicious; and thus it was:—Rosa's warm-hearted sister-in-law came to visit her, as was usual with her. This had been foreseen, and the fugitive was hidden in a closet, of which his wife kept the key. Mrs Kearney repeated her own and her husband's anxious desire that her gentle, heart-broken sister, should give up housekeeping, and, with her nurse and boy, occupy apartments in their large family dwelling. Rosa promised that she would at all events pay them a long visit after a fortnight or so. It required some vigilance to guard the conversation from wandering to the past; and little did her sister-in-law suspect that the complaining wife was privy to the sad and disgraceful reports that had lately reached them, far less could she have any idea of the actual truth.

After an hour's interview, Rosa summoned courage to make her request.

'Ellen, dear,' she falteringly began, 'I can hardly bear to ask it, but some embarrassments I cannot avoid press on me just now—could you lend me fifteen or twenty pounds? I hope to repay you soon. When our uncle's little legacy becomes due, I shall have the means, you know'—

'Why make apology for so easy a matter as that?' interrupted Mrs Kearney with affectionate frankness. 'You must have had additional expenses in your mourning. I will send it to you to-morrow.'

'Oh, thanks from the bottom of my poor heart!' sighed the relieved Rosa, while there was an unseen listener cursing her stupidity and obstinacy that she had not asked double the amount.

It may be believed that the wife, faithful, unflinching as she was, expected anxiously the promised signal. One morning the ground was covered with snow, and a letter lay on the breakfast-table, addressed in an unknown, but evidently disguised hand: with trepidation, she found it was 'a blank envelop.'

The succeeding night came on dark and thick, but the escape must be attempted. The faithful Judith guided the fugitive by a back way out of the village. Providence was pleased to give the wretched wanderer one more chance. A heavy fall of snow obliterated all trace of departing steps, and otherwise screened his progress; and on the third day a country lad put into Mrs Leavesley's hands a bit of soiled paper, on which were scrawled these words, 'On board the *Donna Juana* for Valparaiso—blessings on my angel wife!'

Thus was the tie between Arthur and Rosa severed for ever; but that scrap of paper was buried with her. Were this little story a fiction, it would not be concluded without recounting Leavesley's reformation, and his wife's reward in his future devotedness; but in real life, we believe a course of profligacy like his rarely ends thus favourably. Let the youthful, the innocent, and confiding beware how they peril their happiness on the forlorn-hope of reclaiming one who commences life by learning only to live for himself.

Having finally accepted of a home with her brother, it was some months ere Rosa could make any inquiries about the vessel Leavesley had embarked in. It never reached its destination! and the weeds Rosa had continued to wear, though only a widow in heart, were now indeed felt to be but due mourning for the dead. Her friends never knew aught of the fate of one whose memory they strove—and, as far as they were concerned, successfully strove—to bury in oblivion.

A little farther explanation will perhaps be acceptable. On the marriage of the young pair, a moderate but suitable jointure had been secured to Rosa over an entailed family property of the husband's. In the midst of his disgraceful necessities, it became an object of Arthur to procure the resignation of this deed from his too tender and facile wife. Her brother's care alone prevented the accomplishment of this purpose. Hence some of the violent scenes towards the unoffending wife: hence also the plan of the pretended death; for the elder Leavesley, who still lived, but had disowned and

discarded his son, would then be obliged to pay half the rent-charge to the widow; the rest would only accrue to her at the old gentleman's decease. Arthur then felt sure he should frighten or cajole Rosa into his measures, and receive from her supplies she could only have at her disposal subsequent to his death. This was the object—and no lingering tenderness of a better nature—of his last visit, and, alas! it is to be feared, the object even of his last note, tenderly as it was cherished.

After a time, Rosa regained—what the virtuous and self-denying seldom lose, except temporarily—her peace of mind. Her son was carefully brought up, and became everything she could desire. Cognisant of the painful cloud that had darkened his father's character and fate, he resigned the patrimony that had become his to discharge all the unlawfully-incurred obligations; and afterwards, in another hemisphere, strove, by a strenuous course of industry and good conduct, to earn for himself a name which his children might inherit without the blush that had so often crimsoned his own cheek. His mother now left him; and it was not till she had seen a young group of her Eugene's offspring rising around her that he at last closed her eyes. But even up to that solemn moment did thoughts of the wife's duty she had performed to her once-loved but unworthy husband recur, 'like the memories of joys that are past, pleasant though mournful to the soul.'

SOCIETY AMONG THE LEVANTINES.

THROUGHOUT Syria and Lower Egypt there is a particular division of the population known under the name of Levantines, which signifies those Christians of Eastern origin who live scattered in small groups among the Moslems. In manners, customs, and appearance, these people are scarcely distinguishable from their neighbours, and, with the exception of the leading tenets of their creed, there would seem to be very little in their minds or morals which they do not possess in common with the followers of Islam. Yet upon a near approach you discover many differences. Externally under the influence of the general public opinion of the country by which in many things they are compelled to conform with what their masters ordain, they cherish among themselves a subordinate public opinion which, though powerless so far as the Osmanlis and Arabs are concerned, acts with irresistible force within the narrow circle of its operation.

Of this small section of the population of Western Asia comparatively little is known in Europe. Travellers habitually disdain to associate with oppressed and ignoble races; whose peculiarities are supposed to offer little that would repay research. But this is founded in error. Taking our stand upon the peaks of Lebanon, and looking around us towards the east and towards the west, towards the north and towards the south, our eyes can scarcely alight upon any community, however small, whose institutions and manners are not more deserving of study than those of the common masters of the country. Whatever the Turks were formerly, they have now almost ceased to be an interesting people. The same remark cannot of course be applied to the Arabs; but most of the extraordinary sects found in Syria or Egypt are of Arab origin; and precisely the same mental qualities which have invested Islamism in several countries of Western Asia with so many charms, have diffused an atmosphere of poetical superstition over the intellectual world of the Levantines, and of all those other sects, whether Christian or Mohammedan, which still lurk in obscurity among the Syrian mountains, or develop their strange ideas in the great cities of Egypt.

Most historians or travellers who have written on Asiatic Turkey have glanced more or less obscurely at the communities to which we allude: the Kadmonasims, the followers of Hakim Basmillah, the Yezides, the

Ismailieh, the Auserians, the Druzes, and other nests of heretics or pagans found in those regions. But who has yet penetrated into their inner life? Who has lived familiarly among them, and delineated with anything like authority their manners, opinions, and secret institutions? Nearly all that is popularly believed of them rests on rumours, in the highest degree vague and uncertain, though probably sufficient materials even now exist for unveiling the characters, manners, and mental idiosyncrasies of all these wild races.

Mr Bayle St John has proved, by a volume just published,* that some at least of these obscure communities are accessible to European curiosity. Arriving at Alexandria in the summer of 1846, and perceiving that there was nothing to be gained by associating with the Franks, he determined to acquire a knowledge of the Arabic, and to live almost exclusively among the natives. Perseverance might probably have opened to him the interior of a Moslem family, for, though prejudiced and bigotted, the Arabs are still a sociable people; but circumstances directed him towards the Levantines. Becoming acquainted with a Syrian family whose fanaticism had been in some degree mitigated by intermarriage with an Italian, he was admitted, as it were, behind the veil, and for two years lived habitually in an Eastern harem.

Possessing great powers of observation, and the talents necessary to record his impressions, he immediately set himself about keeping a journal, in which he chronicled his remarks, the stories and anecdotes he heard, and the accounts which one family or individual gave him of another. In this way his materials rapidly accumulated; for when on terms of familiarity, no people in the world are more communicative than the Orientals, who may literally be said to have no secrets from those whom they like. Mr St John, with singular felicity, takes us along with him in his experience, makes us thoroughly acquainted with Sitt Madoula, the widowed mistress of the family, with her son Iskender, her beautiful niece Wardah, her relative Om Barbara, her intimate acquaintance Sitt Sopho, and even her slaves, Zara, Hannah, and so on. As might have been expected, the introduction of a Frank into the interior of a Levantine family could not be accomplished without much scandal. The priests were alarmed lest some rays of knowledge from the West should melt away the foundations of their empire; strange suspicions were excited in the minds of relatives lest the Sitt should conceive the dreadful design of uniting the beautiful Wardah with the heretic from Frankistan. Other terrors, more shadowy and indefinite, shook the whole body of Levantine society in Alexandria, and a prodigious system of diplomacy was set on foot to defeat the Machiavelian policy of Sitt Madoula; but, in her way, this lady was quite a philosopher, having emancipated herself, partly perhaps by the aid of her deceased husband, from the tyranny of ecclesiastical influence, and acquired the rare courage to think, on some points at least, for herself. Besides, her son Iskender had conceived a friendship for the young Frank, and the Sitt being, above all things, an affectionate mother, set the inclinations of her son considerably before the wishes of the priests, and determined to act on her own independent convictions.

The history of these transactions, negotiations, and intrigues, is given with much naïveté and humour by Mr St John, but is unacceptible of abridgment, because all the point consists in exhibiting at length the immense waste of ingenuity employed to accomplish nothing at all. By degrees, every obstacle having been removed, the traveller finds himself in his new residence, of which he took possession on the eve of the Ramadhan. As this belongs exclusively to Mohammedan life, we shall here enter into no description of it, though we happen to have witnessed it ourselves in the

* *Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.* By Bayle St John. Chapman and Hall. 1850.

most interesting portion of the Nilobe Valley. On the occasion of adding a new member to the family, the Levantines of course could not avoid some small extra display of hospitality. It conveyed, however, no false ideas of their manner of living, for we may observe at once, that up to the latest day of his residence, Mr St John found Sitt Madoula and her family kind, affectionate, and disinterested, infinitely more desirous to render his residence agreeable than to convert it into a source of profit for themselves. Be this remembered to their credit especially, as all their goodness may be said to be spontaneous, since it is based on no artificial system of instruction, and derived from nothing external to themselves.

Being desirous of observing all the great features of Eastern life, Mr St John, on hearing the announcement of the commencement of Ramadhan, was desirous of going forth and mingling with the Moslem crowds; but to this Sitt Madoula objected, observing that his first supper as one of the family was preparing, and that he must not leave the house! 'Halil Adin, who, from having been a servant in the house, had become a small shopkeeper in one of the bazaars—*alias*, in the language of the country, a merchant—came into supper, and we three—I, he, and Iskender—sat down at a little round table crowded with messes. Soup in a pie-dish in one corner; a bowl of *melokeeyeh* (a glutinous kind of herb) in the middle; a plate of radishes supported on the edges of these two; a plate of *thababa*, or small pieces of mutton broiled on skewers here; a dish of rice there; flat cakes of bread thrust into every vacant place, with numerous limes, which are squeezed over every mess; three clean plates, one knife, four forks, two spoons; glasses placed on chairs by our sides, with some extra dishes; Sitt Madoula, stumping about on her still-like clogs to see that everything was right; Wardah standing in the doorway with a water-cooler resting in the palm of her hand, ready to give us drink, and casting the beams of her bright eyes upon us; Ali lazily squatting down in the gallery outside; Hannah, the maid, endeavouring to be generally useful. Such were the elements of the scene as I remember it. I must not forget that Halil was famous as an enormous eater, and that the great joke at table was to count and exaggerate the number of bread-cakes he devoured. A few words of grace were rapidly uttered before and after the meal, during which water was the only drink. The Levantines eat very fast, start up as soon as they have done, and have water poured over their hands, which they also sometimes rub with lemon-juice, and then smoke.

To give some idea of the other inmates of the house, we turn back a little, and extract a passage from Mr St John's description of his first visit to the Sitt:—'In the first place, Sitt Madoula was a comely dame of thirty-seven, with dark eyes and jet-black hair, somewhat carelessly arranged in front, and surmounted by a small tarboosh or red cap. Behind fell a profusion of small tresses, mixed with an immense number of oval-shaped gold spangles, hung upon plaits of braid. A kind of pelisse split down the sides, with long tails tucked up into her shawl in a not ungraceful manner, and large loose trousers, formed the principal articles of her costume. We could see also a coarse gauze chemise, beneath which her bosom, raised up, and pressed together, appeared in great prominence. The ancient beauties of Egypt do not show so much shoulder as their competitors in Europe, but they are still far too liberal in their exhibitions. Sitt Madoula, who was hovering between the two seasons, was more moderate in her costume than most others I have seen.'

Of the other members of the household we have the following sketch:—'A lachrymose-looking old lady, whose short legs, encased in white stockings—Sitt Madoula was barefoot—could be seen up to her knees as she sat for comfort on the floor, was always mentioned as Om Barbara—the mother of Barbara—which said Barbara was a laughing, sancy-looking, and little Levantine beauty, with her hair decked out with pearls, in

addition to the customary stream of braid and gold spangles behind. A tight rose-coloured satin vest showed off her fine shape; and being open in front, gave one ample opportunity, despite the feigned protection of a thin gauze chemise, of ascertaining the delicacy of her skin. She sat on the divan, in the midst of a perfect cloud of strawberry-patterned muslin trousers, from beneath which her small pretty feet, encased in yellow morocco slippers, just peeped forth. We had taken this family party quite by surprise, or else this dangerous little person would have been packed off into another room. She had been urged to go by her husband and others, whilst we were fumbling in the dark passages below and the staircase; but curiosity and wilfulness had induced her to hold out until it was too late. A young girl, who peeped in once or twice, had been taken by the shoulders and turned out on the very first announcement that the Franks were coming. I had afterwards ample opportunities of observing the half-and-half manner in which the Christian natives of the East imitate the harem regulations of the Moslems. An Englishman, as a Frank, and, above all, as a heretic, is more especially tabooed. Among their own race comparatively little restriction exists, most women showing themselves to whomever the husband invites to the house. In public, however, they always appear veiled, though less closely than the Moslems; and in church they invariably sit in a gallery shut in with lattice-work, too close for the curious eye to penetrate!'

No one can have lived for how short a time soever in the East without having observed the beauties of the cities by night, which invariably suggest to the imagination the idea of an unreal world beheld in a dream. At times, in Alexandria, the atmosphere puts on a European character, with pale fleecy clouds and an obscure moonlight. But farther south, especially within the tropics, there is a glowing richness in the night-scenes not easily conceivable or credible in the north. We remember to have come once by night upon a city of ruins, where bath and palace, mosque and minaret, cottage and caravansera, were mouldering beneath the slow touch of time. Heaps of hewn stones were piled up in various places, where war or earthquake had hurled some grand fabric to the dust, while here and there feathery mimosas and tremulous willows waved over the ruins in the delicious night breeze. Below, at a short distance, rolled the broad Nile, while the bright moon silvering the whole, and rendering it half-transparent, gave all we saw the appearance of a picture rather than of a reality.

In summer nights especially, when the wind blows from the desert, Alexandria itself is overhung by a sky of tropical purity. It is then delightful to walk abroad, to visit the deserted cemeteries, and climb the mounds, or stroll along the sea-beach. This, however, is a pleasure almost unknown to the Levantines, who, addicted to the early opening of shops, retire to bed shortly after nightfall, that they may be up in the morning with the lark. But Mr St John, by no means a Levantine on this point, describes his night rambles in Alexandria in a very picturesque manner. 'Usually,' he says, 'in my night rambles I found all silent and lonely. As soon as darkness begins to set in, the streets become rapidly deserted; women especially disappearing as if by magic. Some movement of the population continues for about an hour and a-half more; but after the gun fires, it is rare to meet a person even in the best inhabited streets; their aspect then became to me peculiarly picturesque. The forms of the houses are infinitely varied, and it is uncommon to see a single line that is horizontal or perpendicular; the terraced roofs are broken up with kiosks and sheds; the fronts are crowded with projecting windows, that seem to weigh the buildings on either side forward so as almost to make them touch. In some cases a pair of lovers might kiss from balcony to balcony; at others there is a little angular open place before a small mosque, with the scooped parapet of its terrace and its light minaret faintly defined against

the sky—that is to say, even on starlight nights, when most of the streets seemed mere black defiles. When the moon shone, it was perfectly marvellous to see the distinctness with which every object manifested itself, even to the delicate tracery of the loftiest pinnacle; and how the reflection of the white walls aloft threw down a pale light into the gloomiest passages. In the ruined streets I often stopped to watch the moonbeams working their way in silver streams through broken walls and unlatticed windows, and giving a thousand fantastic shapes to uniform heaps of stones and wood-work.

Of the population which circulates through these streets by day, few in common conversation speak of the picturesque. Their lives are spent in money-making; but when they come to erect a mosque, or build a house, or lay out a garden, their innate sense of the beautiful leads them to make a profuse display of what we call taste. Meanwhile, nothing can be more disjoined than their minds. They have no correct ideas of anything: no logic, no metaphysics; no power whatever of distinguishing between the possible and the impossible. What they excel in is faith. They can believe anything; and it may be observed that even Europeans who live much among them irresistibly acquire something of their credulous habit of mind.

Here, in Western Europe, we affect at least to entertain a profound reverence for truth. But in the East lying has been by many writers declared to be a virtue, because it is often the only shield which the weak have to interpose between themselves and ruin. The rulers of the earth endeavour to appropriate to themselves the whole gains of the industrious. The latter, as a matter of course, seek to outwit them, and a vast system of mental and moral tactics is called into play on both sides. Power has obviously less need of disguise and concealment than weakness, and therefore the Turks have obtained a better character for speaking the truth than the races subject to their sway. But their proceedings forcibly remind one of the witty sophism of Butler—

‘He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he who for convenience takes it.
So how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?’

If, however, like other people, the Orientals had an original bias towards truth, bad government has long ago cured them of it. They have now come to attach a sort of mysterious dignity to lying, especially the Levantines, who, oppressed, insulted, and plundered by the Turks, take refuge in the petty arts of untruth and iniquity for self-defence. Mr St John observes that ‘the natives of Egypt believe that there is great virtue in a lie; so that if dyers, for example, find that their dye in the vat takes in an inferior manner, they think it incumbent on them to spread some report the most unfounded and absurd possible. If it obtain credit, the evil they complain of is at once remedied. I find in my journal the following specimen:—About ten days past the report came in that the inhabitants of a certain village were turned into black stones. All the Mohammedans, and most of the Levantines, believed in it; and it was currently stated that Said Pasha had set off at once to examine into the matter. Yusuf Id, however, who is a sagacious man, remarked that a courier just arrived from the neighbourhood knew nothing of these facts, which was a presumption that they were incorrect. The hoax was soon afterwards traced to the dyers.

It is not, however, one class of people only who believe in the magical efficacy of lying. If a man has two wives, one of them will somehow, in connection with a sorcerer, write a magic incantation to monopolise all his love, and cause the other to be neglected. The forlorn one has no other means to destroy the charm than to tell some horrible lie, and get it to be believed either by her husband or the public. In case of success, she is instantly reinstated in her rights. The Christians

have the same abominable superstition, and one morning I remember that Iskender came and swore most solemnly that he was going to Rosetta to collect some debts. The object was to remove a spell which had prevented him from effecting any important sale for three days—as I believed him, at least for a moment. It seems he was fortunate, and made a profit of ten dollars before I gave him a visit in the afternoon.’

Mr St John’s volume is full of stories and anecdotes, some of which illustrate the character of the Moslems as well as those of the Eastern Christians. In general, the former are the interesting and poetical people, being under the influence of more stirring beliefs and wilder and more original superstitions. In moral principles also they are perhaps superior, because they obey more strictly the injunctions of their faith. Still, the difference is not very great, as Mr Bayle St John, after carefully summing up the whole affair, admits.

From our observations and the passages we have selected, it will be obvious that Mr St John’s volume is full of interest, and contains a striking picture of an extremely peculiar phase of Eastern society. Some of the stories introduced are scarcely inferior to those in ‘The Arabian Nights.’ The style is easy and elegant, simple for the most part, but occasionally glowing with imagery. Few populations of the East have had so much justice done them as the Levantines in this volume, which is superior in interest and value to the same writer’s visit to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

SYDNEY SMITH’S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.*

The Royal Institution is an establishment situated in Albemarle Street, London, and is well known as containing professors of several of the sciences, who deliver lectures and carry on researches within its walls. It is a subscription institution, and is supported by the nobility and gentry of the metropolis. The fame of Davy, Young, Faraday, and other illustrious professors, has made its name familiar wherever physical science is known.

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, the Rev. Sydney Smith delivered short courses of lectures on the human mind, choosing a different subject in each successive year; and the whole of the three courses are now reprinted from the notes, and given to the world as an additional contribution by their celebrated author to the instruction and amusement of the reading public. As no other work of his makes any approach to a systematic exposition of the laws and workings of the human mind, these lectures have the aspect of an entirely fresh composition. The public were by no means prepared to find Sydney Smith becoming a rival to Reid and Stewart, or to hear his name classed among the writers necessary to be known to the student of metaphysical science. Yet such is the fact; and it may be fairly asserted, that so long as the writings of Adam Smith, Reid, Campbell, Stewart, Brown, or Alison, continue to be authorities in this department of science, it will be worth while to read along with them the expositions furnished by this renowned laughing philosopher.

The courses comprise the subjects of the Understanding, Taste, and the Active Powers, following the divisions adopted by Reid and Stewart. The subdivisions of the two first are very much in accordance with those writers; but in the last branch, the active powers, the author boldly takes wing in an independent flight of his own, being dissatisfied with Reid’s excessive multi-

* *Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, Delivered at the Royal Institution in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. London: Printed for Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster Row. 1850.*

plication of the separate powers and faculties of the mind. All through, he attempts the reduction of the phenomena to as few first principles as possible; but it is only in the treatment of the Active Powers that he may be said fairly to overdo the thing, and to contribute fresh confusion, instead of new light, to a difficult subject. He sees nothing in any of the passions, affections, desires, loves, and hatreds of humanity, but the consequences of one or other of the two facts recognised under the names of the love of pleasure and the dread of pain.

The merits and recommendations of a metaphysical book, as of any other scientific book, may be very various. There may be a positive advance made towards clearing out and ascertaining the first principles and fundamental ideas lying at the root of the well-known but ill-understood phenomena of the mind; in other words, the work may be eminently philosophical by being successful in its simplification and analysis of the facts of the subject. Or the recognised facts and appearances may be brought together, classified, defined, and illustrated, by interesting examples, without any attempt being made to reduce them to their component first principles, or most simple elementary facts; the operations of memory, reason, imagination, taste, beauty, affection, conscience, may be all detailed and bodied forth in instances, and the writer refrain all the time from endeavouring to reduce these several compounds into their primitive constituents; he may do his utmost to improve our acquaintance with these powers as they appear to the ordinary human eye, without feeling himself able to seize the Creator's point of view, which would represent the ultimate strings that set the whole in motion. Moreover, without much of clearness in the delineation of the various faculties even thus grossly taken, a writer may make an interesting book by stringing together a number of striking facts, incidents, and pictures of human nature and human life; or by bringing out into relief some vein of feeling or sentiment, as is done in histories, poetry, and romance, and call his book a work on the human mind. A powerful and richly-cultivated mind arrests our attention in almost any way that it chooses to exercise itself; even if it should fail in its professed aim, it succeeds in something else; and it is not every reader that complains of a work pretending to be scientific that it is in fact poetical or romantic.

If, then, a work on the mind may be an analysis, a delineation, or a string of interesting pictures, allusions, and discussions, the reader may ask which does the present fall under? The reply, according to the best of our judgment, and as well as a few words can describe a complex thing, is, that it is a tolerable analysis, a splendid delineation, and a rich mine of amusing and inspiring pictures and incidents of the kind already well known to the world through the other writings of the author.

If we consider that nearly half a century of active thinking has elapsed since these lectures were written; that the author, although a man of very high ability and intelligence, was not pre-eminent in analytical faculty; that he had not studied the subject for any great length of time, or with much undivided attention—we shall not expect his work to be of much value at the present day as an accurate analysis or strict scientific resolution of the complicated problems of human nature. Any one taking it in this light would only become more ignorant, by being made more mistaken; by its perusal. The exposition of the senses is worth nothing in a scientific point of view, and the analysis of the active powers is worth less than nothing, and does not even deserve the compliment of a refutation.

But of such merits as the book has, which are neither

few nor small, we shall now present a few specimens to the reader, who will no doubt expect to be treated, in preference to all other things, to some fresh examples of the irresistible comic creations that have so often set the world in a roar.

The first three lectures are occupied with the history of moral philosophy; and although, as a history of philosophy, nothing could well be less deserving of attention, yet, as a string of rich and racy pictures and illustrations, few histories can compare with it. Here, as everywhere, he brings the subject thoroughly within the comprehension of the most ordinary reader; and if it is intrinsically dry or dull, he adds an interest to it from his inexhaustible fountains of wit and richness of composition. Take the following remarks on Socrates as an example:—"The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines contains nothing very new or very brilliant, but comprehends those moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood; but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries—two thousand years since common sense was not invented. If Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung, in bad verses, such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces; and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs Trimmer—both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings to the practical rules of life—he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plough, and Bacchus of intoxication."

Equally amusing is his account of the chequered reputation of Aristotle:—"Whoever is fond of the biographical art, as a repository of the actions and the fortunes of great men, may enjoy an agreeable specimen of its certainty in the life of Aristotle. Some writers say he was a Jew; others that he got all his information from a Jew—that he kept an apothecary's shop, and was an atheist; others say, on the contrary, that he did not keep an apothecary's shop, and that he was a Trinitarian. Some say he respected the religion of his country; others that he offered sacrifices to his wife, and made hymns in favour of his father-in-law. Some are of opinion he was poisoned by the priests; others are clear that he died of vexation, because he could not discover the causes of the ebb and flow in the Euripus. We now care or know so little about Aristotle, that Mr Fielding, in one of his novels, says—"Aristotle is not such a fool as many people believe, who never read a syllable of his works."

The following passage expresses with great force the growth of our intellectual capabilities by exercise and habit:—"What a prodigious command, for instance, over all those associations which are productive of wit, must the head wit of such a city as this or Paris have acquired in twenty years of facetiousness—having been accustomed, for that space of time, to view all the characters and events which have fallen under his notice with a reference to those relations! What an enormous power of versification must Pope have gained after his translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey!" so that no combination of words or inflection of sounds could possibly have been new to him; and he must have almost meditated in hexameters, and conversed in rhyme. What a powerful human being must that man become who, beginning with original talents, has been accustomed, for half his life, to the eloquence of the bar or the senate! No combination of circumstances can come before him for which he is unprepared: he is always ready for every purpose of defence and attack; and

trusts, with the most implicit confidence, to that host of words and images which he knows, from long experience, will rise up at any moment of exigence for his ornament and support.

His first course, comprising the Intellect, comprehends two vigorous lectures on the conduct of the understanding, full of good sense and powerful exhortation, and concluding with a panegyric upon the love of knowledge, which sounds fresh and animating, in spite of the millions of addresses on the subject delivered during the succeeding six-and-forty years. And we can remark through the whole of this work an intense sentiment in favour of the pursuit of knowledge, which must be set down as a leading characteristic of the mind of the author, although only one of the ordinary consequences of a superior intellect.

The second course, which comprehends Wit and Humour, Taste, the Beautiful and the Sublime, is full of the most interesting and enlivening delineations, and is in many parts of its analysis successful and happy.

That Sydney Smith should be entertaining on wit and humour, we expect as a matter of course. Other exponents must cull and select their instances of these qualities: he can both cull and create. Incongruity, according to him, is the chief ingredient in the ludicrous; and he is no doubt correct so far as the term incongruity is itself definite; but as all sorts of incongruity are not witty or humorous, some special limitation or qualification must be put upon the term. Here is one of his examples:—"As you increase the incongruity, you increase the humour; as you diminish it, you diminish the humour. If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here every incident heightens the humour of the scene—the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage!"

Under taste he requires to discuss the influence of association in making things agreeable that are not so intrinsically. But association cannot explain all cases of agreeable emotion. "That there are some tastes originally agreeable I think can hardly be denied; and that Nature has originally, and independently of all associations, made some sounds more agreeable than others, seems to me, I confess, equally clear. I can never believe that any man could sit in a pensive mood listening to the sharpening of a saw, and think it as naturally agreeable and as plaintive as the song of a linnet; and I should very much suspect that philosophy which teaches that the odour of superannuated Cheshire cheese is, by the constitution of nature, and antecedent to all connection of other ideas, as agreeable as that smell with which the flowers of the field thank Heaven for the gentle rains, or as the fragrance of the spring when we inhale from afar "the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

In discussing the beautiful, where he is, as usual, the opposite of everything that is dry or abstruse, he considers the effects of the various ingredients that enter into beauty; but he cannot agree with Burke as to the admissibility of *smallness* as an ingredient. "If smallness were one cause of beauty, we should have remarked it in the great mass of amatory poetry, which has been accumulating since the beginning of the world: the lover would have told his mistress, from time immemorial, that she was so short, that she could walk under his arm; that she weighed less by twenty or thirty pounds than any other beauty in the neighbourhood;

that he solemnly believed her only to be five feet; and he would have diminished her down by elegant adulation to think as lowly of herself as possible."

The effects of utility and adaptation to ends in exciting the emotion of beauty he exemplifies by the following case:—"Go to the Duke of Bedford's piggery at Woburn, and you will see a breed of pigs with legs so short, that their stomachs trail upon the ground; a breed of animals entombed in their own fat, overwhelmed with prosperity, success, and farina. No animal could possibly be so disgusting if it were not useful; but a breeder, who has accurately attended to the small quantity of food it requires to swell this pig out to such extraordinary dimensions—the astonishing genius it displays for obesity—and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound—such an observer of its utility does not scruple to call these otherwise hideous quadrupeds a beautiful race of pigs."

The feeling of the sublime has been much more successfully analysed than the far more complex feeling of beauty; and on it our author is to a great degree scientifically correct, as well as pictorially brilliant. His illustrations of the sublime, both natural and moral, are well chosen and grand. One of them is worth quoting:—"Everybody possessed of power is an object either of awe or sublimity, from a justice of peace up to the Emperor Aurengzebe—an object quite as stupendous as the Alps. He had thirty-five millions of revenue, in a country where the products of the earth are at least six times as cheap as in England: his empire extended over twenty-five degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude: he had put to death above twenty millions of people. I should like to know the man who could have looked at Aurengzebe without feeling him to the end of his limbs, and in every hair of his head! Such emperors are more sublime than cataracts. I think any man would have shivered more at the sight of Aurengzebe than at the sight of the two rivers which meet at the Blue Mountains in America, and, bursting through the whole breadth of the rocks, roll their victorious and united waters to the Eastern Sea."

Two lectures devoted to the faculties of beasts are highly creditable to the author's sagacity and boldness. At a time when it was usual to attribute instincts exclusively to the lower creation, he came forward and maintained the existence in them of the same kind of intellectual operations as we find in man, and produced the most indubitable examples of brute memory and reasoning. He also exposes, in a vigorous strain of mixed eloquence and humour, the childishness of our entertaining any jealousy of the brutes, or any fear that the distinction between us and them will be obliterated by such an admission. Without derogating from the superiority that man derives from his mental endowments, he illustrates, in the most entertaining fashion, the advantages we gain by our other peculiarities, such as length of life, gregarious nature, stature, and the capabilities of the human hand. "If we lived seven hundred years instead of seventy, we should write better epic poems, build better houses, and invent more complicated mechanism, than we do now. I should question very much if Mr Milne could build a bridge so well as a gentleman who had engaged in that occupation for seven centuries; and if I had had only two hundred years' experience in lecturing on moral philosophy, I am well convinced I should do it a little better than I now do. . . . A lion lies under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress."

In commencing his third course, on the Active Powers, he reverts again to the great practical subject of the conduct of the understanding, and discusses the ways and means of intellectual improvement. Dissertations of far less merit for sound sense, discrimination,

and powerful manly expression, have passed for wisdom on this subject; but we cannot afford more than a single quotation, containing an advice to any young men that may have fallen into the bad habit of contradicting:—'I would recommend to such young men an intellectual regimen, of which I myself, in an earlier period of life, have felt the advantage; and that is, to assent to the two first propositions that they hear every day; and not only to assent to them, but, if they can, to improve and embellish them; and to make the speaker a little more in love with his own opinion than he was before. When they have a little got over the bitterness of assenting, they may then gradually increase the number of assents, and so go on as their constitution will bear it; and I have little doubt that in time this will effect a complete and perfect cure.'

Although we consider the resolution of the whole of the active impulses of man into mere feelings of pleasure and pain, or into products growing out of these, as very indifferent science, yet the author's exposition and delineation of the affections, passions, desires, and habits, makes very good reading. If, for example, his explanation of the emotions of tragedy is not very philosophical, his illustrations of it are very acceptable:—'I have no doubt that to an Indian audience the loss of a piece of venison might be the basis of a tragedy which would fill every eye with tears; but, on the contrary, they might be very likely to laugh to hear a man complain of his wounded honour, if it turned out that he had ten days' provision beforehand in his cabin.'

The work concludes with a passage of powerful eloquence on the influence of the passions. A portion of it is all we can make room for:—'The passions are in morals what motion is in physics: they create, preserve, and animate; and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that cobweb veil with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Æneas saw the gods themselves at work, so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!'

The tendency of a perusal of the whole book is to confirm our previous impressions of the author's character, and perhaps to enlarge our notions of his scientific and metaphysical capacity. Although a man of powerful intelligence, the addition of equally powerful feelings prevented him from being a dry and subtle intellectual machine. He had a warm and generous nature, shown to the general public in his love of liberty, and his intense hatred of everything intolerant and bigotted. His love of knowledge, modified by strong human sympathies, made him an extensive reader of poetry, histories, travels, and delineations of mankind; of all which he could avail himself reproductively in enriching and enlivening his own writings with eloquence and wit. We can trace likewise a few of his favourite subjects of ludicrous illustration and banter. The antediluvian longevity especially took his fancy; and among the standing objects of his fire was the medical profession, on whom perhaps the severest of

his many allusions was that where he recognises a college of physicians, or other licensing corporation, as at one stroke dispensing with the sixth commandment over the three kingdoms.

NOTES ON MUSIC.

It was a remark highly characteristic of the rustic but original genius of Bunyan, that 'as far as human knowledge or notions went, only man, small birds, and angels, had the power of singing.' To some human notions, the grouping, in which man occupies the lowest place, would appear rather invidious; but perhaps the popular allegorist gave it according to his own estimation of musical merit. There have been those who preferred the singing of birds to that of their own species. It was probably the first earthly harmony, and it has flowed on without change or discord through a thousand generations. Heard no matter where, it is still associated with all the memories of greenwoods and fields, which peasant men have known, and poets bequeathed to the world. Who does not remember Wordsworth's picture of the country maid lingering to hear a thrush sing in a London alley, and dreaming of the dell where she had heard such music last?

Naturalists say that birds sing only for joy, and it may be so, in spite of dingy rooms and cages; but human song has a range as wide as that of thought and feeling, and a voice for every variation of our outward or inward life. Doubtless music is intuitive to man, as it is to the thrush and the redbreast, but analogous to the more extensive laws of his progressive existence. All nations sing; and in the lowest stage of civilisation are found rudiments of the harmonious art in the form of air or tune. Among mere savages these are generally monotonous. A missionary mentions that he heard a native of New Guinea sing for upwards of an hour the praises of his deceased chief, but the air was entirely composed of two notes—A on the ascending, and B on the descending scale—being repeated in regular and constant succession. The performer accompanied his song by as regularly rising on the toes of one foot, and sinking on the other; but this companionship of melody and motion is as ancient as song itself, and evidently the parent of dancing.

Among the ancient Greeks various pantomimic gestures were the prescribed accompaniments of different kinds of music, and sometimes one person performed while another gesticulated. Instrumental accompaniments of some description are also known among the rudest tribes: perforated reeds, ox-horns, and great sea-shells, are the most primitive assistants of harmony. Among old and early-civilised nations it is remarkable how little proficiency was made in the construction of musical instruments. The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings. The Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand. The Jewish flute was the same as the Egyptian. Their trumpet was a ram's horn; and they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast was the psaltery, a small triangular harp with wire strings struck with an iron rod. According to Josephus, two hundred thousand musicians with such appliances performed at some of their great national festivals; and the effect on modern ears may be imagined.

Of all the numerous instruments employed in our times, the oldest and most widely-known are the drum, harp, and bagpipe. The first of these, simple as its construction is, has literally played an important part in music. It originated in the north of Asia, and was for more than two thousand years the only instrument known to the rude and roving Tartars. They used it alike in war and in worship, attributing to its sound some mystic influence in the conquest of their enemies and the propitiation of their gods. In the memory of neighbouring nations it was for ages connected with the

devastating marches of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane; and the frontier villages of Hungary and Poland long retained traditions of the Tatar drum, heard through the wilds at midnight, and believed to be beaten by evil spirits. From the Turcoman hordes the Crusaders introduced it into the military bands of Europe, which before their time consisted only of trumpeters; but something of the Tatar trust seems to have attended its progress in Christendom, for a historian of the period gravely attributes the capture of Constantinople by the Venetians to the fact, that they advanced to the assault with a mighty sound of drums, which so terrified the Greeks, that they believed the skies were falling, and took no thought for their city. The wild tale of John Tisca, a Bohemian leader of the fifteenth century, who was said to have laid a dying injunction on his followers to construct a drum of his skin, in order that he might still serve against their enemies, though scarcely authentic, bears witness to the ancient prestige of the drum; and it is curious that Napoleon employed twice as many drummers as were ever before retained in the French army.

The harp is of very doubtful origin. Some say it was invented by the Harpii, an ancient people of Italy, from whom its name was derived; others that it was a product of Scandinavia; but certain it is that this instrument was in special honour and request among all the Celtic nations. By the ancient laws of Wales, it was one of the three things the possession of which constituted a gentle, or rather a free man, and which could not be seized for debt, as their disappearance would infallibly occasion a loss of caste to the owner. The remaining two were a horse and a sword, but the harp was the principal; and in the spirit of tyrannical barbarism, it was forbidden that the peasantry—who were all serfs—should ever be taught its use. In Ireland the harp was invested with a sort of prophetic power. One tradition relates that at a feast given to the O'Neills by the lords of the English Pale, an Irish bard was warned of intended treachery by his harp, on which he could play nothing but a wild war-tune, when endeavouring his best to enliven the festival. The harp is believed to have been used in Scotland before the introduction of the bagpipe, though that is of considerable antiquity. The latter instrument is remarkable as being known to the most distant times and nations. The rustic deity Silenus is represented in antique bas-reliefs as summoning his worshippers by the sound of the bagpipe; the Italian peasants of the Abruzzi play upon it before their household image of the Virgin on festival eves; and it is the principal instrument of the Celestial Empire.

In Gothic sculpture and tracery angels are sometimes portrayed practising on the bagpipe. It was occasionally used in churches before the introduction of the organ, which occurred early in the fifteenth century. Written music came into use about the same time, and both were loudly denounced by many of the old schoolmen as unnecessary and vain innovations. Speaking of sacred music, it may be observed that metrical hymns and choirs were first introduced by Gregory the Great; and previous to his day a kind of chant or recitative only was employed. We also owe our present gamut to an ecclesiastic of the eleventh century, and its name originated from a note which he designated by the Greek letter gamma, identical with our G.

The crude and complex state of musical notation in earlier ages may be guessed from the fact, that the polished and ingenious Greeks had no less than nine hundred and ninety notes in their scale. The earliest mode of printing music was by means of plates. Some of them, made of wood, are still extant, and were cut in the year 1478. Since the invention of our gamut, church music particularly has made rapid progress, and no system of religion has ever yet received so much of song into its service as Christianity—thus proving the friendship of the latter to the most elevating of natural influences. The practice of vocal music has been always

popular, even with sects that extended no patronage to the other fine arts. The Methodists, with all their varieties in England and America—the Moravians and Mennonites of Germany—are rich in the quantity if not the quality of their hymns, and proverbially harmonious singers.

Savages have no song, as we employ the term, their performances being strictly occasional pieces. The Indian chief sings his death-song, and the African mother apostrophises her departed child; but all are extemporary—a passing expression of the feelings of the moment, through which at times, though rarely, there shines a vein of native but rude poetry, which is neither recalled nor transmitted. There is no substitute with them for the popular verse and refrain, which our peasant of a former age learned from his mother, or conned from the broadsheet, and which a few pence will now purchase by scores, with comments and airs attached. Songs, however, appear in a comparatively primitive stage of civilisation. A traveller in Nubia some years ago made an English translation of one of that country's songs. It was sung by a native who had joined his company in Lower Egypt, but remained subdued, and almost silent, till the frontiers of his land were gained, when his spirits suddenly rose, and he astonished them all by volunteering to sing as the party sat round their evening fire. His song exhibits a most familiar vein of Nubian life, and a glimpse of those better doings which, though but scarce at the best, it is possible to meet with in every gradation of humanity. Therein a lady, whose early attractions had been stolen away by successive years, relates her husband's determination to displace her in favour of a younger spouse, and his chagrin because, though a divorce was easily obtained, yet the poultry, which constitute the best part of a Nubian peasant's property, are always the first wife's jointure, and would be carried off by her. Under these circumstances the refrain—"Isn't my hen-house dear to me?"—seems both natural and appropriate. But the dame goes on to tell, that finding her husband hopelessly smitten by the new face, she resolved to be no longer in his way, but 'Went her rival home to call, and gave her henhouse, hens, and all;' on which the African worthy, either learning at last the real worth of what he was about to lose, or suspecting, with sagacious selfishness, that her youthful successor might prove less devoted, absolutely refused to admit the latter to possession, and induced his old wife to remain, with a promise of never again wavering in his allegiance 'till men should comb his burial locks: so now success to hens and cocks,' concludes the lady, with another reference to her esteem of the henhouse. 'The air,' says its translator, 'was light and lively, and I have heard many like it in Nubia.' It is indeed remarkable that African attempts at music are generally of a similar character, even to the negro melodies, with all the alterations and additions to which they have been subjected by American and British performers.

It has been well said that the history of most European nations might be gathered from their songs. This is pre-eminently true of Britain; every change in her public mind or political state may be traced for centuries through the floating fragments of songs and ballads. The destroying War of the Roses, the tumults of the Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and the protracted strife of Cavalier and Roundhead, with its intervening fear of popery—all have been chanted, down to the Revolution of 1688, the Jacobite Rebellions, and the dread of Bonaparte. It is strange to meet in those old airs and rhymes the themes that agitated perished generations, and are now scarcely remembered; but they are almost the only medium through which glances can be caught of the mental history of the masses, unrecorded as it is by either sage or chronicler. Legislators, especially in untaught and arbitrary times, often put forth their power against adverse songs.

It is remarkable that Asia has no political songs. Empires have risen and fallen, creeds prevailed and

sunk, without leaving a single rhyme in the memory of the people; but this is characteristic of all despotic states. Italy, with her acknowledged musical genius, is known to have the fewest political songs of any country in Europe, excepting Russia, where the burthen of all the peasants' ditties is the grandeur of the czar and the exactions of the boyards; but these lays have little variety.

In countries more advanced, every movement has its songs, and those of different periods vary considerably in the quality of the composition. The best songs of Spain relate to the Moorish times; of France, to the days of the Empire; and those of Germany belong to the present century. Of the British kingdoms, Scotland has the richest treasury of songs, both old and new; while the entire singing stock of England is remarkably inferior; and the finest songs of Ireland are those of discontent and agitation. The affinity of Scottish and Irish music is a matter of notoriety, and their similarity seems strange, considering the difference of national history and character; but both had their well-springs in the Celtic times, when the isles were occupied by one people. The popular airs of Ireland are almost entirely of Celtic origin; and it is remarkable that after the lyrical contributions of Moore, and many less celebrated poets, a great number of them still remain without words. Whether the verses to which they were adapted have perished in the decay of the Gaelic language, or whether they ever had any, is not now ascertainable; but they continue to prove the immense proficiency of the Celtic race in music compared with their progress in any of its sister arts, or in literature. Yet the composers were, as among every primitive people, poets also—the title of bard always including both professions; and under this denomination the English governors issued several severe edicts against them, as idle vagabonds and fomenters of rebellion. The order, however, lingered on till comparatively modern times, evincing considerable genius, and wearing their *cauback*, or canonical dress, which must have originated in an early stage of civilisation, as it consisted of a robe and mantle entirely composed of plaited rushes, with a conical cap and tassels of the same. The last who appeared thus attired in public was Jerome Duigennan, who lived about the middle of the last century; and the occasion was that of a musical combat between him and a Welsh harper, which came off in the Irish House of Commons before the hours of business, and was attended by all the members.

It is worthy of remark, that though music and poetry have always been united in the earliest ideas of nations, and the oldest poems, even those of Homer, are said to have been sung by their author, yet, since the revival of literature in Europe, there has appeared no individual who was great in both departments. On the contrary, many persons eminent for poetical abilities have been regardless of music as an art; admiring more the simple peasant airs of their respective countries than the most elaborate opera or difficult sonata. Sir Walter Scott cared only for songs the words of which pleased him; Byron said that to him opera music seemed only a succession of extraordinary sounds; and Goethe listened to nothing with such pleasure as the old songs and hymns of Germany. Philosophers have rarely been partial to artistic displays of music. Lamorte used to say that 'life was too short to expend part of it in learning to make a noise.' But he had no ear for harmony, vocal or instrumental.

The first attempts at opera music were made at Florence in 1597; but it was rather an imitation of the chant employed by the ancient Greek chorus, and sometimes used in the most serious subjects. The father of Galileo the astronomer composed in a similar manner music for the entire Lamentations of Jeremiah, and sang them to his violin in presence of large assemblies. All the dramas of that period were on religious subjects; but the oldest of the operatic kind is said to have been performed at Venice in honour of Henry III.,

when he visited that city on his journey from Poland, the throne of which he had resigned to receive the crown of France. Those compositions were followed by the masques, so dear to the courts of Elizabeth and all her successors, till the accession of the Hanoverian line, when something like the present theatrical music began to exist.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

We have occasionally drawn attention to the fact, that chiefly through the exertions of Sheriff Watson, Aberdeen took and has kept the lead in the matter of Schools of Industry for reclaiming vagrant children. Those who take an interest in this subject will be glad to learn that success the most eminent has attended the operation of these schools. With slender funds picked up from the benevolent—the bulk of the people giving nothing—the schools have weathered every difficulty, and the results exceed all ordinary expectation. To show the good effects which have been produced, we may state a few facts gathered from a printed paper just put into our hands, purporting to be an abstract of certain particulars respecting the rural constabulary of Aberdeenshire from April 1841 to April 1850.

The vagrants apprehended in 1841 were 928 men, 1203 women, and 328 children—total 2459. From this year there is a gradual but small decrease till 1845, when the Industrial Schools were fully in operation. After 1845 the decrease of vagrancy becomes remarkable. In the year ending April 1846, the vagrants apprehended were 510 men, 617 women, and 14 children; in 1847, 381 men, 531 women, and 6 children; in 1848, 429 men, 458 women, and 6 children; in 1849, 505 men, 400 women, and 1 child; and in 1850, 523 men, 387 women, and 2 children. Thus, in nine years, the total number of vagrants has sunk from 2459 to 912. The most marked decline, however, is in the number of vagrant children, which has sunk from 328 to 2. Practically, juvenile vagrancy and crime have been extirpated in Aberdeenshire. Perhaps this result is not altogether imputable to the Industrial Schools: we observe that from 1841 to 1850, the number of rural constables has increased from 17 to 37 (expense of constabulary increased only from L.1185 to L.1385), and a sharper practice of picking up vagrants, or turning them back at the borders of the county, may have had its due influence. At all events, these are the facts, which offer matter for serious inquiry and consideration.

From a variety of papers which have reached us, we are inclined to believe that the subject of juvenile pauperism, vagrancy, and crime, has been more closely and practically investigated in Aberdeenshire than elsewhere. The success of the Schools of Industry in that part of the country has suggested to their supporters that the whole state of the law in relation to young criminals is defective. For example, to take up a deserted and ignorant child for stealing, and deal with him as if he were a responsible being, is believed to be a scandalous abuse of power, and, to say the least of it, demoralising; for, as destitute children are better treated in prison than out of it, they care not how often they are convicted and imprisoned. According to Mr Watson, there are at all times and in all places a certain number of improvident and wicked parents, who pay no attention whatever to their children; leave them to beg, or steal, or to play about the streets all day long; and who would, on the whole, be rather glad if their progeny died than otherwise. The law provides no sort of punishment for these monsters. It takes a parent to task for deserting his child; but there is a kind of misusage infinitely worse than desertion, and it is this the law neglects. Take a case that lately came under our notice. A widower in good health and employment took no care whatever of his children. They were taught nothing, and knew nothing. Allowed to go in rags, these rags were never taken off; the poor little creatures huddled together for warmth among

dirty straw at night, and they vagranted during the day; if they got any food at home, it was chiefly raw meal. The charity of neighbours ultimately did something to mitigate this dismal state of affairs, but the law could not get at the parent. If he preferred bringing up his children like wild beasts, it was nobody's business. Now what is wanted is a power of reaching persons of this class. Whether their negligence arises from natural weakness of mind or from perversity, is of little consequence; the harm they inflict on society is the same. To this class of persons, various in their degrees of improvidence, may be traced the great mass of juvenile wretchedness and precocious depravity. It will be said that Schools of Industry, by administering food as well as instruction to vagrant children, must have the effect of augmenting the number of improvidents. But with judicious management this result is not observable. Sheriff Watson tells us that the number of improvident parents is not sensibly increased in Aberdeen. If we understand him rightly, improvidence exists in a fixed quantity: in every population, look after it as you will, the stock of improvidence keeps up. The means adopted to check intemperance, to cultivate and refine feelings, will in time, it is to be hoped, lessen the proportion of drunkards and bad managers; but at present we must take society as we find it, and legislate accordingly.

But on whom should the duty fall of rectifying an evident and gross abuse? A certain number of badly-behaved persons turn their children into the streets; these children are so much of a nuisance, that benevolent persons, though not well able to afford it, catch them, send them to school, and give them food and education—their only reward being the hope of checking crime in the bud. These people are clearly doing what the public should do: they are giving themselves a world of trouble with what is properly no business of theirs as individuals.

Against this burthen upon private charity we raise our unqualified protest. If it is the duty of society to hang felons, it is equally the duty of society to prevent children from growing up to be felons. In some measure to reach the evil, Mr Watson and others connected with the Aberdeenshire Prisons Board suggest that a law should be enacted to give magistrates the power of capturing vagrant and neglected children, and sending them to an Industrial School, with recourse against the parent, or against the parish if the parent is a pauper. When the child is incorrigible, and repeatedly deserts the school for the sake of vagabondising, the sheriff, with the concurrence of a jury of seven persons, shall be entitled to pronounce a sentence of expatriation. According to the proposed bill, the exile is to be subject for a time to a colonial school of reform; but as this would involve a heavy expense, it might be sufficient that he was apprenticed in the colonies to any respectable party who might desire his services. There may be objections to the expatriating part of the plan, but none, we think, to the scheme of compulsory attendance at school at the expense of the parent. So far we cordially assent to the proposal. A child put into prison costs the country £30 per annum; whereas the cost of his maintenance at an Industrial School is but £5 per annum; at Aberdeen it is only £3, 10s. We almost fear, however, that the proposal to substitute prevention for punishment of crime has little chance of meeting serious attention from the legislative mind of the country. Members of parliament, from their habits and associations, are not yet prepared by out-of-door discussion to give heed to the subject; and we regret to learn that one of the metropolitan daily papers has thought fit to throw out suspicions as to the efficacy of Ragged Schools in preventing crime; indeed the said paper rather goes the length of averring that these schools, by promoting the intercourse of the vicious, tend to foster crime among the juvenile wanderers of the streets. This allegation is doubtless far from the truth. Ragged or Industrial Schools, when carefully conducted, as we believe them

generally to be, are effecting no small good; though it is tolerably clear that until some practical and cheap plan of removing neglected children to fields of usefulness in the colonies be adopted—for it must come to that—the system of reclamation will remain incomplete.

We are able to state that in Edinburgh, and also in Glasgow, the Industrial Schools which were some time ago established have been the means of reclaiming large masses of poor and neglected children, and lessening the number of criminal cases brought before the tribunals. It must, however, be added, that the streets of the above cities are still disfigured with troops of loitering children in rags, who either will not attend the Schools of Industry, or are, on various grounds, not eligible for admission. To gather up these fragments of the juvenile population, charity schools of a different class make the most earnest and praiseworthy efforts. In Glasgow an attempt has been made to reach the utterly neglected children of the streets by means of Sunday schooling. The association which professes to follow out this plan appears, from a report that has come into our hands, to have been remarkably successful. At present two schools are in operation: they are conducted by 24 teachers, who act gratuitously, and are attended by 250 children. No child is admitted who attends any other school. The benefits of the institution are open only to 'destitute and neglected orphans; to children whose parents are unable to pay for their education, or indifferent whether they receive any; to such as are sent early to work, and who, from exhaustion of body, if taught at all, must be taught on Sunday; in short, to the poorest, the most ignorant, the most helpless children that can be got.' The progress made by this benevolent scheme—which embraces instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, along with a simple kind of religious and moral admonition—is stated in the report to be very gratifying. A collection of disorderly and ignorant children has, by dint of culture, been transformed into a body of well-behaved youth, fitted for earning their bread in a creditable manner.

We have had no opportunity of knowing anything personally of these schools, but should hope they meet with the encouragement of benevolently-disposed individuals. They show what can be done by zeal tempered with the kindest spirit of Christianity; reminding us of what has been done elsewhere—Aberdeen for one place—in getting up Ragged Churches—a new class of places for public worship on Sundays, which have been opened exclusively for the benefit of the neglected, the ragged, the miserable—that great non-descript class whose harbourage is on the confines of crime and poverty, and with which every large city alarmingly abounds.

THE NAMELESS SHELL.

On the Boulevard Montmartre, in Paris, may be seen a shop devoted to the sale of various curiosities in natural history. There is constantly a group of persons outside the windows, attracted by the articles exhibited; and when you open the door, and enter, you find presiding within not an ordinary shopkeeper, but an accomplished artist. Very rarely is he to be found alone; his magazine being a regular rendezvous for travellers, artists, naturalists, and authors—in short, for all the literary celebrities of Paris. Jemming, already the glory of natural science; Wilson, the principal former of the Museum in Philadelphia; Philippe Rousseau, who paints animals to the life; Delgorgue, the intrepid elephant hunter; Gray, so distinguished amongst English naturalists; Mitchell, the director of the London Zoological Gardens; Henri Mounier, the rival of Moirère; Alphonse Rarr; Deshayes, perfect master of conchology; Lafresnaye, equally distinguished among ornithologists; Emile Blanchard, who devotes his life to the study and dissection of living microscopic atoms; Delamarre Piquot, who searches the remotest quarters

of the globe for alimentary substances wherewith to enrich Europe; M. Michelin, who devotes his leisure hours to the collection and classification of rare polypti—these and many others may be found studying, admiring, drawing, and describing the strange animals which, from all parts of the world, are consigned to the shop on the Boulevard Montmartre; thence to be distributed among the collections of Europe and America.

Undisturbed by the buzz of brilliant conversation continually going on, the master of the establishment does not lose a single moment: he gives orders, he classifies, describes, and sends off his treasures, frequently as gifts, to enrich various museums. One evening, as he was very busy in classifying a collection of shells, according to the method of Lamarck, one of his visitors, taking up a rare specimen of the *helix*, or snail-shell, said, 'Ah, I can never look at this species without recalling an incident which I witnessed here, and which I will now tell you.'

'I happened to be in the magazine one evening just like this about ten years ago. A lamp from the ceiling, which enlightened the centre, left the corners of the room in deep shade, while the ruddy firelight played fantastically on the strange animals and grotesque objects piled around the walls. The master of the shop, who was then, as now, busily sorting shells, suddenly took one which chance had placed under his hand, and presented it to a tall, gray-haired old man, who had been silently seated in the background. The latter approached the lamp, examined the shell, smiled, sighed, and placed it in his pocket. A slight crash was heard as he quietly resumed his seat. Seeing many inquisitive eyes fixed on him, he said, "I have broken it." And throwing the fragments of the delicate shell on the floor, he ground them to powder beneath his heel.

'For some moments there was a profound silence. It was broken by the old man, who with a sad smile said, "Gentlemen, I will tell you why I have broken this shell. Mine is a strange weakness," he continued; "and yet if I can hope to find indulgence for it anywhere, it must be among you, who are yourselves collectors, and who might perhaps, under similar circumstances, even imitate it. That shell was a *helix*, which has never hitherto been named nor depicted. In my collection I possess the only specimen of it known to the scientific world, and which I purchased ten years ago in this magazine. The first time that I saw this unique shell my heart beat quick with joy. I was poor, but at any price I must possess it. Intoxicated with joy, I carried it home, and I passed whole days in contemplating it, studying it, and examining its most minute details. It took me two years to pay its price—two long years of privation. Every month I brought in a small sum, often saved from the necessities of life. But what signified that? I possessed the shell; it was mine alone; no one could show another similar! I would not allow it to be described; when I showed it to some few of the initiated, it was on the condition that they would not mention it in their Fauna. Never was devoted lover more blindly jealous of his beloved one than I was—than I am of my *helix*!

"Shortly after I had paid its price in full, I strolled in here one evening as usual. Happening to open a case of newly-arrived shells, I started back with a loud cry. There I beheld a *helix* precisely similar to my own! Fancy my grief—my despair! My treasured shell was no longer unique—some other collector would possess one similar! Although very poor, I did not hesitate: I purchased the *helix*, and carried it home; but this time without any joy of heart. I possessed a few good pictures, an old and cherished family inheritance; these I sold to pay for the second shell, which, as soon as it became mine, I ground to atoms.

"Three years passed on, and want pressed heavily on my old age. The failure of a bank deprived me of a sum which had served to eke out my trifling pension, and enable me from time to time to add a few good shells

to my collection. Cut off from this resource, my sole enjoyment consisted in contemplating my beloved shell; never was I tired of examining my *helix*! Never shall I forget the sickness of heart which oppressed me when one evening I saw in yonder cabinet *three shells like mine*! I took them quietly in my hand, examined them carefully, and gave them back to our friend, their owner. 'I cannot buy them,' said I. He looked at me earnestly, and saw my paleness and my tears; for, gentlemen, I was weeping like a child. He smiled, took a hammer, and pulverised the three precious *helices*! You all witnessed what he did just now. May God bless him for his disinterested kindness towards an old friend! I should die of despair, gentlemen, if I thought any one else possessed a *helix* like mine." So saying, the old man rose and went out, wrapping himself up in his tattered mantle.

'Four years ago death separated the old conchologist from that which formed his life: one morning he was found stiff and cold seated before his cabinet, his glazed eyes still fixed on the beloved shell. His collection was purchased by our friend, who had shown such considerate sympathy for the old man's jealous weakness; and, strange to say, up to the present time no other *helix* of the same kind has been brought to Europe. To an uninitiated eye the shell has nothing either curious or beautiful in its appearance: its rarity forms its sole value. At this moment one of our most learned conchologists is engaged in classifying and describing it: he also intends to publish a drawing of its form. I hope that, in memory of its first possessor, he will call it the *Helix Innominata*—the Nameless Snail-Shell.'

EMIGRATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

An interesting story is told by the 'Glasgow Saturday Post' of the adventures of a young lady, Miss Mary Brown. She was the daughter of a gentleman lately dead, and inherited a small property from him, on which she lived. Her only near relative in Glasgow was a 'no'er-do-weel' brother, a cab-driver, who, having himself been disinherited, constantly teased her, and extorted money from her. Having friends in America, she determined to emigrate, and took her passage by the City of Glasgow steamer, which left on Tuesday. Her brother, disappointed and vexed at her intended departure, formed a scheme to detain her. A trumpety claim was reared up, and a *meditatione fugas* warrant applied for. This he swore to, and got the warrant. Armed with this authority, and attended by two sheriff's officers, he watched the sailing of the vessel. Miss Brown, with her friends, was on board; they remained with her till the signal for sailing was given, and, bidding her farewell, they went on shore, and walked down the quay. Now was the cab-driver's opportunity. Seeing his sister deserted by her friends, and no help at hand, he sneaked on board the vessel, and caused her to be apprehended in presence of the passengers, the ship's crew, and the immense multitude of onlookers. In vain did she remonstrate against such shameful conduct—violence was resorted to, and she was dragged on shore, and, refusing to listen to their proposals for letting her off, she was carried before Sheriff Bell. The sheriff, after hearing the evidence, detected the trick, and dismissed the case. She left the sheriff's office, and met her friends: she was now freed from her tormentors. A new dilemma arose. The vessel had sailed—Miss Brown's passage was paid, and all her luggage on board. To overtake the vessel seemed hopeless, but still she was resolved to make the attempt. Hiring a cab, she drove to the Greenock railway station, and finding a train on the point of starting, was speedily conveyed to Greenock. Fresh misfortunes seemed to arise—the City of Glasgow steamer had passed Greenock nearly half an hour before the arrival of the train, and was seen slowly steaming past Gourock. A Gourock steamer was leaving the quay, and Miss Brown went on board of it. The Gourock steamer was rapidly overhauling the huge City of Glasgow, when all on a sudden the latter was seen to 'bout ship,' and steam towards Greenock. The cause of this sudden change arose from an accident which happened to the oil cistern on board. A steam-tug was despatched to Greenock for a fresh supply of oil, and hence the delay which proved so fortunate for the persecuted orphan. Taking a small boat, Miss Brown was rowed

towards the vessel, and received on board amid the cheers of the passengers. A new matter of consternation now arose: the captain, thinking she would not get away, had landed all her luggage at Greenock, and there was no hope of getting it. Further vexation was put an end to by the return of the tug carrying the oil, with all Miss Brown's luggage on board. Certain friends at Greenock had seen her luggage on the quay, and forwarded it with the tug. Thus were all further impediments happily got over.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS AND TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

There is another subject connected with the general taxation of the country in which the interests of all Mechanics' Institutions are deeply involved, and respecting which, without departing from their neutrality on political questions, they ought certainly, particularly at the present time, to make their views known by petitions to the legislature. These taxes are the duty on paper, on advertisements, and the stamp on newspapers. To these all the institutions are, necessarily, large contributors; for after paying rent, salaries, and lecturers, nearly all the remaining expenditure is for books, newspapers, periodicals, printing, and advertising. There are thirty-six institutions in Lancashire and Cheshire that take 109 weekly, 262 monthly, and 43 quarterly periodicals; 86 daily, and 327 other newspapers. The cost of these is about one-sixth of the entire revenue, and the tax upon the newspapers alone is equal to 3 per cent. on the income. This of course is quite irrespective of the paper duty, that enhances the price of books, periodicals, and printing; and of the advertisement duty, that in many instances prevents that publicity being given to the nature and proceedings of the institutions so essential to their welfare. On the smaller institutions these taxes press heavily; and there is no doubt that their repeal would greatly increase the prosperity and usefulness of all.—*Report of the Central Committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions.*

ZOOLOGY OF AUSTRALIA.

Geological researches into the structure of the globe show that a succession of physical changes have modified its surface from the earliest period up to the present time, and that these changes have been accompanied with variations not only in the phases of animal and vegetable life, but often in the development also of organization; and as these changes cannot be supposed to have been operating uniformly over the entire surface of the globe in the same periods of time, we should naturally be prepared for finding the now existing Fauna of some regions exhibiting a higher state of development than that of others; accordingly, if we contrast the Fauna of the old continents of geographers with the zoology of Australia and New Zealand, we find a wide difference in the degree of organization which creation has reached in these respective regions. In New Zealand, with the exception of a *Vespertilio* and a *Mus*, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly-organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird; in Australia, if compared with New Zealand, creation appears to have considerably advanced, but even here the order *Rodentia* is the highest in the scale of its indigenous animal productions; the great majority of its quadrupeds being the *Marsupialia* (kangaroos, &c.) and the *Monotremata* (*Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*), which are the very lowest of the mammalia; and its ornithology being characterised by the presence of certain peculiar genera—*Tulegalla*, *Leipoa*, and *Megapodius*; birds which do not incubate their own eggs, and which are perhaps the lowest representatives of their class; while the low organization of its botany is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, the *Cerealia*, &c.—*Gould's Birds of Australia.*

NEGLECTING THE ANTECEDENT.

Some very whimsical instances of this occur continually, especially in the answers of witnesses when given literally as they speak. In a late assault case the prosecutor swore that 'the prisoner struck him with a broom on his head till he broke the top of it!' In narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a cart *aged sixty*. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot, and put it in!' Another, swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy, which he swallowed;' which seems

to mean the boy, not the money. An old fellow, who for many years sold combustible matches in London, had the following cry: 'Buy a pennyworth of matches of a poor old man made of foreign wood!'—*New York Christmas Bell.*

DO NOT WEEP.

I ONCE was young, but now am old; I once was fair, now gray;
A summer child, for I was born upon a summer day.
Our home stood in a valley lone—it was an ancient hall—
With slanting roof, and gable sides, and ivy on the wall.

Not more unruly sure was I than petted children are,
Though I was nurtured with far more than usual love and care;
A faithful nurse watched over me from when I first saw light,
And ceaseless was her tending love throughout the day and night.

A picture hung within the hall—'twas of the Holy Child:
I used, as evening shadows fell, to think the blest One smiled;
And when with awe I told my nurse, she said, 'Remember this—
The gracious Saviour never smiles on those who do amiss.'

Sometimes, with childish illa oppress—in forwardness or pain—
Recounting my imagined woes, 'twas pleasant to complain;
By tender accents reassured—'Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep.'

My heart received the portraiture, though oft it disappears,
Reviving with the sacred warmth of penitential tears;
And at the solemn midnight hour bright visions still reveal
The smile of bliss ineffable whose influence I feel.

As years bring sorrow in their train, dim smiles, and stifled sighs—

Imaginary grief dispelled by stern realities—
A haunting voice yet seems to say, 'Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep.'

C. A. M. W.

BOOK-TRADE OF THE EAST.

We have learned with pleasure that the Board of Education is extending the number of its publications in the native languages. After all that can be said for our English (and much can), it must be owned that neither here nor anywhere can the body of any people be addressed to a good purpose but in their own tongue. The art of printing has made great advances of late years in Bombay—particularly the lithographic branch, for which the chief Eastern languages are well adapted. We were told the other day that as many as six different editions of the entire Koran in Arabic have been lately worked off in Bombay, consisting in the aggregate of about 15,000 copies. There is great facility for such work in Bombay, and 'the freedom of the press' must thus already be dear to nations who only enjoy it from a distance. The Koran, we are told, thus printed in Bombay, is despatched to Persia, Arabia, &c. and instead of costing fifteen, twenty, or thirty rupees each, as very ordinary copies used to do, now sells for three, and sometimes two rupees, with a good profit to the printer. In this way Bombay may now be considered the book-store of a great part of Central Asia. It is strange to think that the arts of Christians should thus be used in spreading so much of idolatry and error. But as the sun shines on the just and on the unjust, so are these arts applied for good purposes as well as bad. It is consolatory to know that good will be the crowning result.—*Indian paper.*

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'MORNING DREAMS ARE TRUE.'

SHAKESPEARE talks of attempting impossibilities, yes, getting the better of them; and the expression has been set down by some as a specimen of the figure of speech not uncommon among great authors, and termed in the vulgate Nonsense. We do not coincide in this view. We think, on the contrary, that there is a strain of philosophy in the seeming paradox. The impossible, or what is termed such, is not an entity, but merely a condition. What is impossible to one man is easy to another; and the impossibilities of one age are commonplace transactions in the next. The imagination does not create, but merely exaggerate and combine, and thus its wildest dreams, dealing as they do, so far as materials are concerned, in the real, turn out not unfrequently to be prophecies. But the world is slow in recognising its seers, and many a truth announced in bygone ages has still its place in fable.

It is the custom of the poets of these degenerate days to complain of the loss of their impossibilities, of the flight of their fairies and genii, of the disenchantment of their talismans, and of the general decadence of the preternatural world. The complaint, however, does not prove the absence of the spiritual, but of the faith required to perceive it; and in losing faith, poetry loses its soul. To an enlightened eye, the poetical machinery of the early time has, in our day, a more obvious existence than ever. It is traced in its works. The substance has come that hitherto cast only its shadow before; the impossible is the actual. What we want is not poetry, but poets; and what we have lost is not spiritual agencies, but the quality of vision necessary to recognise them under new forms and new names.

The hard and cold unbelief which distinguishes the present age is one of the most remarkable of its moral phenomena. Surrounded by wonders, nothing to us is wonderful. We despise the faith of the early world because it has been consummated in this; and knowing *how* a miracle is wrought, we deny that it has anything to do with the miraculous at all. With what delighted faith we used to sit on that little bit of Oriental carpet, which, on our forming the wish, conveyed us away hundreds of miles at a pace vastly greater than that of the fleetest courser! As extraordinary was that wooden horse which, on a peg in his shoulder being turned in a particular way, set off with us, like the wind, whither-soever we chose to go. All this passed in imagination. There was no carpet, no horse, no flight; yet everything was as true as the most indisputable truth of science. It merely erred a little in point of time. In those days, we provincials might in reality have sat long enough on a carpet, and turned ever so many pegs, before reaching London by such agency; but now the prophecy has come true—the substance has followed the shadow; and

if we desire to perform the journey, we have only to sit quietly down, and in a few hours we shall find ourselves at a distance of 400 miles, which it took our grandfathers a fortnight's painful travel to reach. What matters it that our carpet is spread on the seat of a handsome carriage?—that our horse is of iron instead of wood—that he breathes smoke and flame—that his snortings are heard at a mile's distance—that, instead of mounting into the air, he flies on and under the earth? These things only add to the poetry of the journey, and indicate the shortcomings of the prophecy. But the one mode of conveyance is endowed with its capabilities by magic, the other by science. And what then? This only proves that science is as wonderful and poetical as magic, if it does not rather show that the two things are identical; that the science of the learned is the magic of the ignorant.

But suppose, as regards this journey performed by the turning of a peg, that some more powerful enchanter, knowing by his art the route the travellers had taken—perhaps a fugitive pair of lovers—had desired to anticipate and astonish them by meeting them full in the face on their arrival—what plan would he have adopted? We cannot tell. The genius of romance never took so bold a flight; it never imagined anything of the sort; and what is an incident of our every-day life, was to it a true impossibility. *Our* lovers may set off when they please; they may travel at the absurdly-impossible rate, as it was deemed a few years ago, of fifty or sixty miles an hour; and on arriving at their destination, they will find themselves recognised, and taken into custody, by a functionary who never saw them before in his life. By and by the same thing will occur with the British Channel for a portion of the route to their supposed haven of rest and safety. The only difference in this case will be, that although they pursue their undeviating course without a moment's pause or divergence, in the very teeth of the wind, the continental minister of the new enchantment will have much trouble to while away the time till the arrival of his expected victims. We know of no fairy tale to equal this. The wonders we despise as our morning dreams, as the obsolete faith of our credulous youth and more credulous forefathers, were mere prolongations—or productions, to speak by the card—of exact mathematical lines; and the world, in its onward whirl, has overtaken and gone beyond them without knowing it. Beyond them? Is there any comparison between the electric telegraph and a preternatural courier with seven-league boots? Only seven leagues at a stride! What chimney enchanters! what slow imaginations! If these are the impossibilities—if these are the lost ministers and vanished faiths that are deplored, let us lose no time in watching for the poets like little boys in the street, and sending them to a Ragged School.

Then to think of that fabulous bird on which an adventurous traveller might seat himself astride, and soar up to the clouds, or span the distant mountains! What a poor contrivance was this compared with the aerial ship which now-a-days carries a party of ladies and gentlemen to take the air out of sight of the earth! The roc was not always at hand when wanted; his services were at the best accidental; but the balloon is moored in our own premises, and is ready at a reasonable notice for the voyage. Was there ever a more indubitable miracle than may be performed by a boy's kite enchanted by science into an electrical machine, which brings down a shower of rain, when desired, from some thin, fleecy, feathery cloud that scarcely hides the blue of the heavens? But modern miracles, owing to their familiarity, have ceased to astonish us. If we were told of some good fairy who, to requite the hospitality of a husbandman, sprinkled upon his exhausted field, for which ordinary irrigation could do nothing, a certain magical liquid which made his crops grow as if from a virgin soil, we should smile at the idle dream—unconscious of its being realised every day before our eyes. The most common appliances of our present every-day life would have been the source of superstitions wonderment in former times. A lucifer match would have startled for a moment Lucifer himself; but what would the world have said, only a little while ago, if some modern magician had proposed to light our streets and dwellings by means of a thing without visible or tangible substance?

Some of the miracles of former times have a more reconducive affinity with those of the present. Such is the salve applied to the eye which enabled it to see the treasures of the subterranean world. This salve has with us only a spiritual meaning: it is geological science, which opens the eyes of ignorance, and points out the localities where the mineral riches we seek are to be found. But there would be no end to such analogies. The retinue of Cinderella herself would be merely the charms and graces of good temper; her jewels, her own beaming eyes full of love and kindly feeling; and her glass slipper, the measure of sympathetic beauty which the prince carried in his heart. It is the business of poetry to discover those occult meanings of fable; but it is that of philosophy to inquire into the instinctive yearnings of the human mind after a dominion beyond the grasp of its age and knowledge. Thousands of years ago the world prophesied, though unconsciously even to the prophets, of the achievements of to-day. Faint and feeble were its foreshadowings, and not unfrequently rude and grotesque; but they showed a something inherent in man's nature which spurred at the fetters that controlled it, and made itself a home in the unknown and invisible, as if feeling that there was the future of the race.

Nor was this blind groping, or fierce and frantic grasping of the spirit, without its effect on actual progress. Science owes much to fable, truth to falsehood, faith to superstition. Astrology was the nurse of astronomy; the ignis fatuus of alchemy lighted the path of chemistry; and the wildest dreams of magic had some rays of truth, which in after-times were concentrated into a useful flame. The age which looks with a dull cold eye upon bygone superstitions has nothing promising even in its mechanical perfection. Progress is the history and the destiny of the human race; and knowing this, we must regard with respect the connection between its youth and its comparative maturity.

Our present condition is maturity only in comparison

with the past; it is infancy in comparison with the future. The prosaic character of the age has no existence but in prosaic minds. Old dreams are realised, old impossibilities conquered; but new dreams and new impossibilities arise out of the circumstances of our new position. We were prophesied of by the men of old, and it is our turn to prophesy of the men who are to come. But we have made some advance in the art magic, that is certain. When hundreds of miles out of sight of land, if we desire a cup of coffee, and have no water to make it, what do we do? Why, we merely turn the brine of the ocean into fresh water. But milk?—milk has become a necessary ingredient in a modern magician's coffee. So it has, and he therefore brings it with him to sea in a concentrated form, and a pinch of powder completes the *caff au lait*. This, however, is a trifle. With proper appliances beside him, he will extract from solid substances certain invisible and intangible gases, and by means of electricity, resolve them, in the twinkling of an eye, into real water itself. In like manner he teaches the sun to do what that luminary never thought of doing of its own accord: he divides its beams into their actinic, calorific, and luminous components, and may be seen at work with all three—taking portraits with the one, and cooking his dinner with the other, by the light of the third.

No, the days of magic have not gone by, and never will; and the genii of nature will exist as long as nature herself. The region of the unknown and invisible has no sublunary limit; and that age which is destitute of its poets and prophets, of its dreamers and soothsayers, to stimulate the imagination, to elevate the conceptions, to nerve the energies of its pioneers and pathfinders, is destitute of one of the grand elements of progress. The external agent of instantaneous communication between points separate perhaps a thousand miles, is merely an iron wire manufactured by a mechanic—but what is that immortal messenger who makes the iron its path? The early world would have given it a name, a form, a personality, and assigned it a range and a province; but we, who live under a new dispensation in which the former is fulfilled, have nobler superstitions, and aim at grander impossibilities. We imagine that every power of nature of which God has given us any revelation at all is a destined Slave of the Lamp, which may be subdued by study, and watching, and courage, to the power of Man; and that the light, the rain, the thunder, the principles of electricity, attraction, gravitation, will all become ministers of our will. We have already discovered a Nephenthe, of which Homer only dreamed; and we endure by its aid the most frightful surgical operations with a smile on our face, and frequently a sensation of enjoyment at our heart. We are now working at a problem, the solution of which (already obtained on the small scale of experiment) will relieve the anxieties we have begun to feel on account of unborn generations on the subject of fuel. The forests will in a great measure give way to cultivation, and the coal-fields in process of time be exhausted; and on this consummation it is our project to burn water instead of wood and coal. This we propose to effect by separating its hydrogen, and combining it with the carbon derived from any otherwise useless substance.

This is only a specimen of the impossibilities of the day; but numerous as they are, we desire to have many more. Without superstition in science we shall never arrive at faith. Youth must precede maturity, and poets philosophers. Our youth, therefore, and our

poetry, must be immortal, since ours is a course of immortal progress; and he who fancies—which many do—that the present age is essentially unpoetical, is a traitor to its spirit, and an impediment in the way of its advance. We know that there are unwholesome as well as wholesome dreams—that there are visions born of indigestion, when the sun is absent from the sky, and the night-hag rides the breast: but these may easily be distinguished by the pain, and gloom, and terror that environ them. The wholesome imaginings of poetry are lofty, radiant, hopeful: they belong to the fresh dawn, to the awaking flowers, to the brightening heavens. Dream thus and then, poets, prophets, interpreters of the age, for 'morning dreams are true!'

L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE TWINS.

THE records of police courts afford but imperfect evidence of the business really effected by the officers attached to them. The machinery of English criminal law is, in practice, so subservient to the caprice of individual prosecutors, that instances are constantly occurring in which flagrant violations of natural justice are, from various motives, corrupt and otherwise, withdrawn not only from the cognisance of judicial authority, but from the reprobation of public opinion. Compromises are usually effected between the apprehension of the inculpated parties and the public examination before a magistrate. The object of prosecution has been perhaps obtained by the preliminary step of arrest, or a criminal understanding has been arrived at in the interval, and it is then found utterly hopeless to proceed, however manifest may have appeared the guilt of the prisoner. If you adopt the expedient of compelling the attendance of the accused, it is, in nine cases out of ten, mere time and trouble thrown away. The utter forgetfulness of memory, the loose recollection of facts so vividly remembered but a few hours before, the delicately-scrupulous hesitation to depose confidently to the clearest verities evinced by the reluctant prosecutor, render a conviction almost impossible; so that, except in cases of flagrant and startling crimes, which are of course earnestly prosecuted by the crown lawyers, officers against 'our sovereign lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity,' as criminal indictments run, if no aggrieved subject voluntarily appears to challenge justice in behalf of his liege lady, remain unchastised, and not unfrequently unexposed. From several examples of this prevalent abuse which have come within my own knowledge, I select the following instance, merely changing the names of the parties:—

My services, the superintendent late one afternoon informed me, were required in a perplexed and entangled affair, which would probably occupy me for some time, as orders had been given to investigate the matter thoroughly. 'There,' he added, 'is a Mr Repton, a highly-respectable country solicitor's card. He is from Lancashire, and is staying at Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly. You are to see him at once. He will put you in possession of all the facts—summarises rather, I should say, for the facts, to my apprehension, are scant enough—connected with the case, and you will then use all possible diligence to ascertain first if the alleged crime has been really committed, and if so, of course to bring the criminal or criminals to justice.'

I found Mr Repton, a stout, bald-headed, gentlemanly person, apparently about sixty years of age, just in the act of going out. 'I have a pressing engagement for this evening,' Mr Waters, said he, after glancing at the introductory note I had brought, 'and cannot possibly go into the business with the attention and minuteness it requires till the morning. But I'll tell you what: one of the parties concerned, and the one, too, with

whom you will have especially to deal, is, I know, to be at Covent Garden Theatre this evening. It is of course necessary that you should be thoroughly acquainted with his person; and if you will go with me in the cab that is waiting outside, I will step with you into the theatre, and point him out.' I assented; and on entering Covent Garden pit, Mr Repton, who kept behind me, to avoid observation, directed my attention to a group of persons occupying the front seats of the third box in the lower tier from the stage, on the right-hand side of the house. They were—a gentleman of about thirty years of age; his wife, a very elegant person, a year or two younger; and three children, the eldest of whom, a boy, could not have been more than six or seven years old. This done, Mr Repton left the theatre, and about two hours afterwards I did the same.

The next morning I breakfasted with the Lancashire solicitor by appointment. As soon as it was concluded, business was at once entered upon.

'You closely observed Sir Charles Malvern yesterday evening, I presume?' said Mr Repton.

'I paid great attention to the gentleman you pointed out to me,' I answered, 'if he be Sir Charles Malvern.'

'He is, or at least—— But of that presently. First let me inform you that Malvern, a few months ago, was a beggarly gambler, or nearly so, to speak with precision. He is now in good bodily health, has a charming wife, and a family to whom he is much attached, an unencumbered estate of about twelve thousand a year, and has not gambled since he came into possession of the property. This premised, is there, think you, anything remarkable in Sir Charles's demeanour?'

'Singularly so. My impression was, that he was labouring under a terrible depression of spirits, caused, I imagined, by pecuniary difficulties. His manner was restless, abstracted. He paid no attention whatever to anything going on on the stage, except when his wife or one of the children especially challenged his attention; and then, a brief answer returned, he relapsed into the same restless unobservance as before. He is very nervous too. The box door was suddenly opened once or twice, and I noticed his sudden start each time.'

'You have exactly described him. Well, that perturbed, unquiet feverishness of manner has constantly distinguished him since his accession to the Redwood estates, and only since then. It strengthens me and one or two others in possibly an unfounded suspicion, which—— But I had better, if I wish to render myself intelligible, relate matters in due sequence.'

'Sir Thomas Redwood, whose property in Lancashire is chiefly in the neighbourhood of Laverpool, met his death, as did his only son Mr Archibald Redwood, about six months ago, in a very sudden and shocking manner. They were out trying a splendid mare for the first time in harness which Sir Thomas had lately purchased at a very high price. Two grooms on horseback were in attendance, to render assistance if required, for the animal was a very powerful, high-spirited one. All went very well till they arrived in front of Mr Meredith's place, Oak Villa. This gentleman has a passion for firing off a number of brass cannon on the anniversary of such events as he deems worthy of the honour. This happened, unfortunately, to be one of Mr Meredith's gunpowder days; and as Sir Thomas and his son were passing, a stream of light flashed directly in the eyes of the mare, followed by the roar of artillery, at no more than about ten paces off. The terrified animal became instantly unmanageable, got the bit between her teeth, and darted off at the wildest speed. The road is a curved and rugged one; and after tearing along for about half a mile, the off-wheel of the gig came, at an abrupt turn, full against a milestone. The tremendous shock hurled the two unfortunate gentlemen upon the road with frightful violence, tore the vehicle almost completely asunder, and so injured the mare, that she died the next day. The alarmed grooms,

who had not only been unable to render assistance, but even to keep up with the terrified mare, found Mr Archibald Redwood quite dead. The splice had been broken close to the nape of the neck, his head, in fact, was doubled up, so to speak, under the body. Sir Thomas still breathed, and was conveyed to Redwood Manor House. Surgical assistance was promptly obtained, but the internal injuries were so great, that the excellent old gentleman expired in a few hours after he had reached his home. I was hastily sent for, and when I arrived, Sir Thomas was still fully conscious. He imparted to me matters of great moment, to which he requested I would direct, after his decease, my best care and attention. His son, I was aware, had but just returned from a tour on the continent, where he had been absent for nearly a twelvemonth, but I was not aware, neither was his father till the day before his death, that Mr Archibald Redwood had not only secretly espoused a Miss Ashton—of a reduced family, but belonging to our best gentry—but had returned home, not solely for the purpose of soliciting Sir Thomas's forgiveness of his unauthorised espousals, but that the probable heir of Redwood might be born within the walls of the ancient manor house. After the first burst of passion and surprise, Sir Thomas, one of the best-hearted men in the universe, cordially forgave his son's disobedience—partly, and quite rightly, imputing it to his own foolish urgency in pressing a union with one of the Lacy family, with which the baronet was very intimate, and whose estate adjoined his.

'Well, this lady, now a widow, had been left by her husband at Chester, whilst he came on to seek an explanation with his father. Mr Archibald Redwood was to have set out the next morning in one of Sir Thomas's carriages to bring home his wife, and the baronet, with his dying breath, bade me assure her of his entire forgiveness, and his earnest hope and trust that through her offspring the race of the Redwoods might be continued in a direct line. The family estates, I should tell you, being strictly entailed on heirs-male, devolved, if no son of Mr Archibald Redwood should bar his claim, upon Charles Malvern, the son of a cousin of the late Sir Thomas Redwood. The baronet had always felt partially towards Malvern, and had assisted him pecuniarily a hundred times. Sir Thomas also directed me to draw as quickly as I could a short will bequeathing Mr Charles Malvern twenty thousand pounds out of the personals. I wrote as expeditiously as I could, but by the time the paper was ready for his signature, Sir Thomas was no longer conscious. I placed the pen in his hand, and I fancied he understood the purpose, for his fingers closed faintly upon it, but the power to guide was utterly gone, and only a slight, scrambling stroke marked the paper as the pen slid across it in the direction of the falling arm.

'Mr Malvern arrived at the manor-house about an hour after Sir Thomas breathed his last. It was clearly apparent through all his sorrow, partly real, I have no doubt, as well as partly assumed, that joy, the joy of riches, splendour, station, was dancing at his heart, and, spite of all his efforts to suppress or conceal it, sparkling in his eye. I knew, but as gently as I could, acquainted him with the true position of affairs. The revelation of feeling which ensued entirely unmanned him; and it was not till an hour afterwards that he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to converse reasonably and peaceably upon his position. At last he became apparently reconciled to the sudden overclouding of his imaginatively-brilliant prospects, and it was agreed that as he was a relative of the widow, he should at once set off to break the sad news to her. Well, a few days after his departure, I received a letter from him, stating that Lady Redwood—I don't think, by the way, that, as her husband died before succeeding to the baronetcy, she is entitled to that appellation of honour; however, call her so out of courtesy—that Lady Redwood, though prematurely confined in consequence of the intelligence of her husband's untimely death, had

given birth to a female child, and that both mother and daughter were as well as could be expected. This, you will agree, seemed perfectly satisfactory.'

'Entirely so.'

'So I thought. Mr Malvern was now unquestionably, whether Sir Charles Malvern or not, the proprietor of the Redwood estates, burthened as with a charge, in accordance with the conditions of the entail, of a thousand pounds life annuity to the late Mr Redwood's infant daughter.

'Sir Charles returned to Redwood manor house, where his wife and family soon afterwards arrived. Lady Redwood had been joined, I understood, by her mother, Mrs Ashton, and would, when able to undertake the journey, return to her maternal home. It was about two months after Sir Thomas Redwood's death that I determined to pay Lady Redwood a visit, in order to the winding up of the personal estate, which it was desirable to accomplish as speedily as possible, and then a new and terrible light flashed upon me.'

'What, in heaven's name!' I exclaimed, for the first time breaking silence—'what could there be to reveal?'

'Only,' rejoined Mr Repton, 'that, ill, delirious, as Lady Redwood admitted herself to have been, it was her intimate, unconquerable conviction that she had given birth to twins.'

'Good God! And you suspect?'

'We don't know what to suspect. Should the lady's confident belief be correct, the missing child might have been a boy. You understand?'

'I do. But is there any tangible evidence to justify this horrible suspicion?'

'Yes, the surgeon-apothecary and his wife, a Mr and Mrs Williams, who attended Lady Redwood, have suddenly disappeared from Chester, and, from no explainable motive, having left or abandoned a fair business there.'

'That has certainly an ugly look.'

'True, and a few days ago I received information that Williams has been seen in Birmingham. He was well dressed, and not apparently in any business.'

'There certainly appears some ground for suspicion. What plan of operations do you propose?'

'That,' replied Mr Repton, 'I must leave to your more practised sagacity. I can only undertake that no means shall be lacking that may be required.'

'It will be better, perhaps,' I suggested, after an interval of reflection, 'that I should proceed to Birmingham at once. You have of course an accurate description of the persons of Williams and his wife ready?'

'I have, and very accurate pen-and-ink sketches I am told they are. Besides these, I have also here,' continued Mr Repton, taking from his pocket-book a sheet of carefully-folded satin paper, 'a full description of the female baby, drawn up by its mother, under the impression that twins always—I believe they generally do—closely resemble each other. "Light hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin"—and so on. The lady—a very charming person, I assure you, and meek and gentle as a lamb—is chiefly anxious to recover her child. You and I should our suspicions be confirmed, have other duties to perform.'

This was pretty nearly all that passed, and the next day I was in Birmingham.

The search, as I was compelled to be very cautious in my inquiries, was tedious, but finally successful. Mr and Mrs Williams I discovered living in a pretty house, with neat grounds attached, about two miles out of Birmingham, on the coach road to Wolverhampton. Their assumed name was Burridge, and I ascertained from the servant-girl, who fetched their dinner and supper beer, and occasionally wine and spirits, from a neighbouring tavern, that they had one child, a boy, a few months old, of whom neither father nor mother seemed very fond. By dint of much perseverance, I at length got upon pretty familiar terms with Mr Burridge, alias Williams. He spent his evenings regularly in a tavern, but with all the pains-taking, indefatigable

ingenuity I employed, the chief knowledge I acquired, during three weeks of assiduous endeavour, was, that my friend Burridge intended, immediately after a visit which he expected shortly to receive from a rich and influential relative in London, to emigrate to America, at all events to go abroad. This was, however, very significant and precious information; and very rarely, indeed, was he, after I had obtained it, out of my sight or observation. At length perseverance obtained its reward. One morning I discerned my friend, much more sprucely attired than ordinarily, make his way to the railway station, and there question with eager looks every passenger that alighted from the first-class carriages. At last a gentleman, whom I instantly recognised, spite of his shawl and other wrappings, arrived by the express train from London. Williams instantly accosted him, a cab was called, and away they drove. I followed in another, and saw them both alight at a hotel in New Street. I also alighted, and was mentally debating how to proceed, when Williams came out of the tavern, and proceeded in the direction of his home. I followed, overtook him, and soon contrived to ascertain that he and his wife had important business to transact in Birmingham the next morning, which would render it impossible he should meet me, as I proposed, till two or three o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest; and the next morning, my esteemed friend informed me, he would leave the place, probably for ever. An hour after this interesting conversation, I, accompanied by the chief of the Birmingham police, was closeted with the landlord of the hotel in New Street, a highly-respectable person, who promised us every assistance in his power. Sir Charles Malvern had, we found, engaged a private room for the transaction of important business with some persons he expected in the morning, and our plans were soon fully matured and agreed upon.

I slept little that night, and immediately after breakfast hastened with my Birmingham colleague to the hotel. The apartment assigned for Sir Charles Malvern's use had been a bedroom, and a large wardrobe, with a high wing at each end, still remained in it. We tried if it would hold us, and with very little stooping and squeezing, found it would do very well. The landlord soon gave us the signal to be on the alert, and in we jammed ourselves, locking the wing-doors on the inside. A minute or two afterwards, Sir Charles, and Mr and Mrs Williams, entered, and, paper, pens, and ink having been brought, business commenced in right earnest. Their conversation it is needless to detail. It will suffice to observe that it was manifest Sir Charles, by a heavy bribe, had induced the accoucheur and his wife to conceal the birth of the male child, which, as I suspected, was that which Williams and his spouse were bringing up as their own. I must do the fictitious baronet the justice to say that he had from the first the utmost anxiety that no harm should befall the infant. Mr Malvern's nervous dread lest his confederates should be questioned, had induced their hurried departure from Chester, and it now appeared that he had become aware of the suspicions entertained by Mr Repton, and could not rest till the Williamses and the child were safe out of the country. It was now insisted, by the woman more especially, that the agreement for the large annual payment to be made by Sir Charles should be fairly written out and signed in plain 'black and white,' to use Mrs Williams's expression, in order that no future misunderstandings might arise. This Mr Malvern strongly objected to; but finding the woman would accept of no other terms, he sullenly complied, and at the same time reiterated, that if any harm should befall the boy—to whom he intended, he said, to leave a handsome fortune—he would cease, regardless of consequences to himself, to pay the Williamses a single shilling.

A silence of several minutes followed broken only by the scratching of the pen on the paper. This time to me seemed an age, squeezed, crooked, stifled as I was in

that narrow box, and so I afterwards learned it did to my fellow-sufferer. At length Mr Malvern said, in the same cautious whisper in which they had all hitherto spoken, 'This will do, I think;' and read what he had written. Mr and Mrs Williams signified their approval, and as matters were now fully ripe, I gently turned the key, and very softly pushed open the door. The heads of the amiable trio were towards me, and as my boots were off, and the apartment was thickly carpeted, I approached unperceived, and to the inexpressible horror and astonishment of the parties concerned, whose heads were bent eagerly over the important document, a hand, which belonged to neither of them, was thrust silently but swiftly forward, and grasped the precious instrument. A fierce exclamation from Mr Malvern as he started from his seat, and a convulsive scream from Mrs Williams as she fell back in hers, followed; and to add to the animation of the tableau, my friend in the opposite wing emerged at the same moment from his hidingplace.

Mr Malvern comprehended at a glance the situation of affairs, and made a furious dash at the paper. I was quicker as well as stronger than he, and he failed in his object. Resistance was of course out of the question; and in less than two hours we were speeding on the rail towards London, accompanied by the child, whom we intrusted to Williams's servant-maid.

Mrs Repton was still in town, and Mrs Ashton, Lady Redwood, and her unmarried sister, in their impatience of intelligence, had arrived several days before. I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs Repton with the child and his temporary nurse to Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi; and I really at first feared for the excited mother's reason, or that she would do the infant a mischief, so tumultuous, so frenzied, was her rapturous joy at the recovery of her lost treasure. When placed in the cot beside the female infant, the resemblance of the one to the other was certainly almost perfect. I never saw before nor since so complete a likeness. This was enough for the mother, but, fortunately, we had much more satisfactory evidence, legally viewed, to establish the identity of the child in a court of law, should the necessity arise for doing so.

Here, as far as I am concerned, all positive knowledge of this curious piece of family history ends. Of subsequent transactions between the parties I had no personal cognisance. I only know there was a failure of justice, and I can pretty well guess from what motives. The parties I arrested in Birmingham were kept in strict custody for several days; but no inducement, no threats, could induce the institutors of the inquiry to appear against the detected criminals.

Mrs and Miss Ashton, Lady Redwood and her children, left town the next day but one for Redwood Manor; and Mr Repton coolly told the angry superintendent that, 'he had no instructions to prosecute.' He, too, was speedily off, and the prisoners were necessarily discharged out of custody.

I saw about three weeks afterwards in a morning paper that Mr Malvern, 'whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was, with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, where they intended to remain some time.' The expressed, but uncompleted will of the deceased baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr Malvern paid over to him. The Williamses never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America.

Thus not only 'Offence's gilded hand,' but some of the best feelings of our nature, not unfrequently 'shorn by Justice,' and place a concealing glass over each which, in other circumstances, would have indignantly assigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulks.

Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives so natural and ennobling, is a question which I must leave to wiser heads than mine to discuss and determine.

SPONGES.

About three centuries and a-half before the Christian era, the question—Are sponges animal or vegetable? was proposed by Aristotle; who, unable himself to solve the difficulty, was contented—in the true spirit of a lover of nature—with carefully recording the results of his accurate observations, and advancing his opinion rather in the form of an inquiry than of an allegation. Upwards of two thousand years rolled away ere this question was satisfactorily answered. Nay, we believe that the vegetable theory has, even at the present time, its advocates; while some are still disposed to consider that the sponge is at one period of its existence a vegetable, and at another an animal.

To any one who hesitates to acknowledge that the sponge is endowed with animal life—confessedly in its lowest form, yet with a most exquisite adaptation to its destiny—we would offer the spectacle of a living sponge in a portion of its native element. We would let him gaze on the animated fountain, which is perpetually sucking the water into its substance through its countless pores, and, after assimilating such particles of it as are essential to its existence, ceaselessly expelling it, at more distant intervals, through the larger channels which may be observed on its outer surface. We would point out innumerable gemmules of gelatinous matter, which at certain seasons of the year may be seen spouting 'from all parts of the living film which invests the horny skeleton;* until at length, escaping from the nursery in which they grew, they are carried off to the wide sea by means of the force of the currents issuing from the sponge, though not left to perish at the mercy of the waves. For he will find that the young animal or egg is covered with numberless minute hairs or cilia, each one of which is endowed with a distinct and innate power of vibration; so that by means of thousands of almost invisible oars, the young sponge 'shoots like a microscopic meteor through the sea,' until it arrives at some rock or other place properly adapted for its future growth; then it settles calmly and contentedly down, and gradually losing its locomotive power, begins to spread on its base; and builds up, within its living substance, a horny framework, such as we have already seen in its parent.

The above-named currents may be more distinctly seen by powdering the surface of the water with chalk or any similar substance; and Professor Grant mentions, that by placing pieces of cork or dry paper over the apertures, he could see them moving 'by the force of the currents at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested.'

Dr Peyssonell, who paid great attention to the structure of the sponge, brought proofs of its animal vitality before the Royal Society in the years 1759-57. And Mr Ellis, five years afterwards, by his dissections, set the question quite at rest; though he fell into the error of believing that the frame of the sponge was the outer case of worms or polypæ. Later examination, however, has shown that the *frame* or *sponge*, commonly so called, is an *internal* skeleton, while the vital power is simply composed of a slimy film which coats over every fibre,

and which, inert as it appears, possesses the power of secreting the particles essential to its growth.

It has been affirmed that the sponge is observed to contract or shrink when torn from the rocks; but there is satisfactory evidence to prove that neither this nor any degree of laceration has a sensible effect on this nerveless though vital mass.

All sponges, however, have not a horny framework, but some, which are thereby rendered useless in a commercial point of view, are supported by a skeleton composed of siliceous particles imbedded in a tough fibrous material. These particles, or *spicula*, as they are termed, are so uniform in the species to which they severally belong, that, in the words of Professor Grant, if the soft portion be destroyed, and a 'few of them brought from any part of the world on the point of a needle, they would enable the zoologist to identify the species to which they originally belonged.' Professor R. Jones, however, considers that this opinion should be received with considerable limitations.

The last fact, trivial as it appears, assumes immense importance when we learn that to these spicula we must turn for an explanation of the isolated masses of flint which abound in various chalk formations. 'The mere assertion,' says Rhymer Jones, 'that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean;' and yet a little reflection 'will satisfy the most sceptical.' For long ages the sponge is imbedded in the chalk, through which water is continually percolating. A well-known law of chemistry explains why similar matter should become aggregated; and thus the siliceous matter of the sponge forms a nucleus for the siliceous matter contained in the water, until at length the entire mass is converted into a solid flint. But we are not left, he adds, to mere conjecture or hypothesis on this point, 'for nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints, which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered state.'

There is every reason to believe that the sponge-fisheries of the *Ægean* are at present conducted precisely in the same manner as they were in the time of Aristotle. The sponge-divers are mostly inhabitants of the islands which lie off the *Æolian* coast, and of those situated between Rhodes and Calymnos. These men—who form a distinct society, and are governed by peculiar laws, which prohibit their marriage until they shall have attained a prescribed proficiency in their art—go out in little fleets, composed of caiques, each of six or seven tons burthen, and manned by six or eight divers. Each man is simply equipped with a netted bag in which to place the sponges, and a hoop by which to suspend it round his neck; and thus furnished, he descends to a depth of from five to twenty, or even occasionally thirty fathoms. The sponges which he collects are first saturated with fresh water, which destroys the vitality, and decomposing the gelatinous matter, turns it black; this matter is stamped out by the feet of the divers, and the sponges are then dried in the sun, and strung in circles, after which they are ready for sale and exportation.

In a good locality an expert diver may bring up fifty cokes in a day, and for each coke he obtains about twenty-five drachams. The weight is calculated, says Forbes, when the sponges are dry, and a very large sponge may weigh two cokes. The chief sponge-markets are Smyrna, Rhodes, and Napoli.

Blount, who wrote in 1634, affirms that these sponge-

* Professor Rhymer Jones.

divers 'are from infancy bred up on dry biscuit and other extenuating dyet, to make them extreme lean; then taking a sponge wet in oyle, they hold it, part in their mouths, and part without, soe they go under water, where at first they cannot stay long, but after practice, the leanest stay an hour and a-half, even till the oyle of the sponge be corrupted. . . . Thus they gather sponges from more than an hundred fathom deep,' &c. All this is very wonderful, but the narrator stamps the value of his tale by telling us immediately afterwards that 'Samos is the only place in the world on whose rocks the sponges grow.' So that, in the words which he elsewhere makes use of, 'we applaude hys belief, but keep our owne.' We do not, however, mean to assert that there are not sponges of some species (though not the sponge of commerce) which exist at a depth as great as that which he mentions, for Forbes dredged a living specimen of one small kind from 185 fathoms in the Gulf of Macri.

The sponge of commerce (*Spongia officinalis*) was divided by Aristotle into three kinds—namely, the loose and porous, the thick and close, and the fine and compact. These last, which are rare, were called the sponges of Achilles, and were placed by the ancients in the interior of their helmets and boots, as protections from pressure and abrasion.

The same naturalist states that those sponges are best which are found on coasts where the water becomes suddenly deep, and attributes this superiority to the greater equality of temperature obtained in such waters—observations which have been corroborated by Professor F. Forbes.

Fifty-six species of sponges have been enumerated, ten or eleven of which are found in the British isles. A portion of these inhabit fresh water, among which we may mention the river sponge (*S. fluviatilis*), which abounds in the Thames. Among the British sponges, too, is the stinging or crumb-of-bread sponge (*S. urens*), a widely-diffused species, which, when taken out of the sea, is of a bright orange colour, and which will, if rubbed on the hand, raise blisters. This stinging quality is highly increased by drying the sponge—a process which also gives it the colour and appearance of crumbs of bread, whence its popular name.

Sponges, as may be imagined from the mode of their growth, are most sportive in their forms: some are tubular, others mushroom-like, a few almost globular, and still others branched or hand-shaped; in the warmer seas they hang in fantastic and gorgeous fans from the roofs of submarine caverns, or decorate the sides with vases of classic elegance, though of nature's handiwork. Nor are their colours less various: some are of the most brilliant scarlet or the brightest yellow, others green, brown, blackish, or shining white; while Peron mentions one procured by him in the South Sea which was of a beautiful purple, and from which a liquor of the same colour was extracted by the slightest pressure; with this liquor he stained several different substances, and found that the colour was not affected by the action of the air, and that it would bear several washings.

The value of the sponge in surgery is well known; and it is also used medicinally, being for this purpose lightly burned to powder, and given in small doses in scrofulous complaints. It has also been regarded as a specific in leprosy and hydrophobia. It is, however, needless to say that in these last it can have no influence whatever.

There are several representations of sponges given in the balneal feasts depicted on various Etruscan vases; and the sponge has been found in a perfect state in a Roman barrow at Bartlow Hills. It was discovered near the sacrificing utensils. Livy says that the covering of the breast of the Samnite gladiators was sponge.

While the animal matter remains in the sponges of various kinds, they have always a very strong fleshy smell, which may perhaps be regarded as an additional proof of the fealty which they owe to the animal kingdom. Yet we must not omit that there are substances

which, though they bear the name of sponges, would rather appear, from their microscope structure, to belong to the vegetable world; we allude to those known as *gelatinous sponges*, which are perfectly different from the sponges properly so called.

A DAY AT CREWE.

'WHAT place is this?' said the worthy old gentleman my travelling-companion on the London and North Western Railway, as he woke up from a comfortable nap when the train slackened speed, and entered a spacious and expensively-decorated station.

'This is Crewe, sir, I believe,' and scarcely had I answered, when there was a general shout of 'Crewe, Crewe!' from an army of porters who came rushing out, and pounced upon the train as if it were their lawful prey. Presently a head peered in at the door, inquiring 'All here for the Liverpool line?' And on my elderly friend saying that he was for Manchester, he was politely but smartly informed that he 'must change carriages here.' So we both got out; and my friend, after some bother about his luggage, and the use of some hasty language, was at last made 'all right' by being put into a carriage bearing an announcement that that was the 'Manchester train.' On another carriage in front was a similar board announcing the 'Liverpool train,' and behind was a third to announce that for Chester. Passengers were running up and down the platform: some looking after luggage, some for the right carriage, and others darting into the handsome refreshment-room. But nobody seemed to think of going away from the station; indeed the only mode of exit and entrance was through a close-shut iron gate, beside which sat a policeman looking with enviable coolness on all the bustle around him. There was a ring of a bell; a banging of doors; a puff of the engine; and off went the train to Liverpool. Another locomotive now appeared moving cautiously down the line, and was speedily attached to the Manchester train, which was soon out of sight. A third came; caught hold of the Chester train, and away it rushed. The passengers, who had journeyed so amicably together from London were now thoroughly dispersed, and ere the sun set, some would be crossing the Scotch Border at Carlisle, some embarking at Holyhead for Dublin, and others attending to their business on the Mersey or the Dee, or amid the tall chimneys of Manchester. A luggage train came crawling out from its hiding-place, and finding the coast clear, went thundering past: the porters wiped their foreheads, and went to have a little rest; and I, the solitary passenger for Crewe, was left cooling my heels on the platform.

'Where is Crewe?' I said to the guardian of the iron gate.

'Cross the bridge, go straight on, and turn to the right,' was the concise reply.

So I crossed the bridge, and found myself in a pleasant country road. The flat rich fields of Cheshire extended on the left and to the right; at the distance of about half a mile appeared the square massive tower of a church, surrounded by long ranges of low buildings like workshops, and rows of houses evidently quite new. Some neat cottages lined the sides of the road, and there were two or three huns all bearing marks of youth; while some zealous people had caused a few bills, bearing the words 'Prepare to meet thy God,' printed in conspicuous type, to be affixed to the walls, giving a stranger not a very high idea of the character of the people in the habit of using that road. Turning to the right, I passed a Methodist chapel, bearing the date of its erection, 1848; a new saw-mill driven by

water; a new inn with a brave new sign-board; and crossing the boundary made by the Chester line, I arrived in Crewe.

Not many years ago, there were only two or three houses here, and the land on which the station and the town are built formed part of a good Cheshire farm. The worthy farmer ploughed his fields and reaped his harvest, his dame made good Cheshire cheese; and both lived merrily on, quite unconscious of the change that their farm was about to undergo. The eyes of engineers were on it: it was placed, as an Irishman would say, 'very convenient' for railway purposes; and after a few years had rolled away, it became the great workshop of the Grand Junction Line, and the point where the main line to Birmingham received its tributaries from the north and west. Several thousands of people were brought here; the company laid out streets and built houses; shops were opened; churches and schools erected; a market-place provided; a Mechanics' Institution established; many hotels built, one of which was destined to lodge royalty for a night; and a town was erected with a rapidly unexampled even in America.

The general appearance of Crewe is very pleasing. The streets are wide, and well-paved; the houses are very neat and commodious, usually of two storeys, built of bricks, but the brick concealed by rough-cast plaster, with porches, lattice-windows, and a little piece of garden-ground before the door. The greater part of these houses belong to the company, and are let to the men at rents from 2s. 9d. per week upwards. The accommodation is good, and it would be difficult to find such houses at such low rents even in the suburbs of a large town. Water is plentifully supplied by public pumps, and the town is well lighted with gas. The names of the streets are expressive: some are called after the towns to which their direction points—such as Liverpool, Chester, Sandbach, &c.; others from the works to which they lead—such as Forge Street; and others from well-known but very modern names—such as Prince Albert Street. The placards on the walls, however, seem somewhat out of place in a railway town, as nearly all have relation to sales of cattle, timber, &c. indicating clearly enough that Crewe is but a mechanical settlement in an agricultural district. The market-place is spacious, and roofed over; the church is a handsome edifice of stone; and the Mechanics' Institution a fine building with a large lecture-room (used also as a town-hall), a good library and news-room, and commodious class-rooms. These were all built by the company; and indeed the completeness of everything connected with the town gives evidence of such an amplitude of means possessed by its founders, as seldom, if ever, fall to the lot of private individuals.

The most interesting objects, however, about Crewe are the railway works. These are placed on a large tongue of land near the station, and so adapted, that wagons, and carriages, and engines can easily be run into them from the main line. In these works everything connected with 'the rolling stock' of the company for the northern section of the line (Walserton being used for the southern) is made and repaired. The number of hands employed at present is about eight hundred; but formerly, when railways were more prosperous than now, it exceeded a thousand. The workmen seem to belong, in tolerably equal proportions, to the four great divisions of the United Kingdom; and the slow, deliberate speech of the Scot, the high brogue of the Irishman, and the sharp, quick utterance of the Welshman, have lost very little of their purity and richness amid the air of the county of Chester. The greater portion of the work

is carried on in long large sheds, for the most part of one storey, and called the 'fitting,' 'erecting,' and other shops, according to the nature of the work done in them. The artisans may be divided into two great classes—the workers in metal, and those in wood; the former being employed in making locomotives' wheels, axles, springs, &c. and the latter in constructing the carriages. By far the greatest number of hands are employed in the former.

That our hasty inspection may begin at the beginning, let us peep at the foundry. Both brass and iron are cast here, but to-day it is iron. The sandy floor is covered with moulds of all descriptions, and swartzy workmen are preparing them to receive the melted iron. Occasionally you are startled by the shout of 'Mind your eye!' which must be taken in its literal signification, for it comes from a moulder blowing away with a bellows the superfluous grains of fine sand, which, if once in the eye, will give some trouble. The moulds are ready, the furnace is open, and a stream of bright white metal rolls out into the pots prepared for its reception, and is speedily poured into the moulds. In an adjoining shed are blacksmiths plying forehammers; but their greatest efforts are entirely eclipsed by the mighty steam-hammer that is seen at work in another part of the shed. This hammer is the invention of Mr Nasmyth of the Bridge-water Foundry, near Manchester. It moves up and down in a strong frame, at a speed subject to such nice regulations, that, according to the will of its director, it can gently drive a nail, or crush to splinters a log of wood. When Lord John Russell lately visited Manchester, the delicate touch of this hammer was strikingly displayed before him: an egg was procured, and placed in a wine-glass, and such was the power possessed over this giant, that after a little adjustment, the mighty hammer was brought repeatedly down so as just to chip the egg as gently as by a spoon in the hands of a child, while the glass was not in the slightest degree injured or disturbed. The labour saved by this hammer is immense. One man sits perched up in the frame to direct it, and another stands below to guide the iron on the anvil. The great long bar, white with heat, is pulled out of the furnace, laid on the massive piece of iron under the frame, and with a dull heavy sound down comes the hammer, swiftly or slowly, according to the wishes of the director. From the forge and the foundry the 'rough-hewn' iron-work passes to be planed, and its surface to be made 'true.' The wheel of an engine or a carriage, for example, after being forged by the blacksmith, requires to be most carefully cut round the rim, so that the space between the flange—that is, the projecting inner part of the wheel, and the outer part—may be perfectly conical, in order that the least amount of surface may be exposed to the rail, and consequently the least amount of friction produced. Again, when a cylinder comes from the foundry, the interior must be cut and polished to a perfect circle, otherwise it would be useless. In short, there is no part of a locomotive that does not require to be prepared with the most perfect accuracy to fit some other part; and if this accuracy is not gained, the engine will either not work at all, or work very imperfectly. It must be remembered that it is hard metal, like iron and brass, that has thus to be wrought on—not comparatively soft material, like wood and stone.

But the machinery employed at Crewe seems capable of cutting anything even though it were as rock of adamant. You pass into a shed full of little machines, standing side by side, with all manner of curious wheels and belts—driven by steam

of course, and each with a man stationed by its side, gazing attentively at the little machine, as if he were absorbed in thought; and indeed were it not for an occasional quick movement of his hands, and a rapid change of position, you might almost suppose that he was sleeping on his legs. But go close up, and you notice that the machine is slowly moving backwards and forwards, and still more slowly at the same time in a lateral direction. Some curious piece of mechanism is placed on it, and the movements of the machine cause a sharp steel-cutter to pass over the iron surface, which cuts it as easily and truly as a joiner planes a piece of fir. The side motion brings all the surface gradually under the instrument, but the machine, clever and powerful though it is, requires to be constantly watched and regulated, and hence the fixed attention of the man in charge. At a large machine you will see these long, curious rods, called 'eccentrics' undergoing this operation; at another, a cylinder is being planed; and at a third, the rims of wheels are being cut. The filings thus made are preserved, and will be seen in large heaps in a yard, ready to be melted down, and 'used up' again. In some cases both iron and brass filings are produced, which of course are mixed with each other; but in a quiet corner of one of the sheds you will find a boy with a heap of these filings before him, separating the brass from the iron by means of a magnet. Only imagine a boy of fourteen or fifteen doing nothing all day long except raking a magnet through a heap of black and yellow dust, and brushing into a separate heap the iron filings off his magnet! You will also see a series of three iron rollers working on each other, by means of which plate-iron can be twisted into any given form; a mighty 'punch' which will make a hole an inch in diameter through iron an inch in thickness as easily as though it were clay; and a sharp-cutting instrument that shears through sheets of iron as easily as a pair of scissors through a sheet of paper.

Go into another shed, and you will see all these various parts getting their last touches from the hand, and being fitted into each other; and here also you find two or three men engraving, on circular segments of brass, the names the various engines are to be known by. In another shed the engines are being 'erected.' Here you see from twenty to thirty in all stages of progress. Perhaps the framework only has been laid; or the boiler, with its many rows of long circular brass tubes, has just been fastened, and is now receiving its outer clothing of long strips of wood; or the whole is complete, merely wanting to be tried on the many lines of rail in and around the sheds. There are two classes of engines here, whose difference is observable at a glance: some have six wheels, two of which are very large, about six feet in diameter, and the other four much smaller. The two first only are driven by the machinery, the others being merely what are called 'bearing wheels.' With this description of engine more speed than power is obtained, and hence it is used for passenger trains, where a high velocity is required, and where there is usually little weight, comparatively speaking, to draw. The others have only four wheels, not so large as the two last described, but all driven by the machinery. Such engines are more remarkable for power than speed, and accordingly they are used for luggage trains. In another shed, 'The Hospital,' will be found a number of engines labouring under various disorders, sent here to be repaired.

But carriages and wagons are also built here. You enter a shed (of two storages this time), and find wood

shavings instead of iron filings, and the hissing of a circular-saw instead of the quiet steady scraping of a 'cutter.' Here all the woodwork of the carriages is executed, and when ready, they are hoisted through a large trap-door in the roof to the second story, where they are painted and varnished, and, if first-class, 'upholstered.' In a store-room above stairs are piled heaps of cushions ready for the most expensive carriages; at a table is a boy stuffing with horse-hair the leathern belts that hang by the sides of the windows; and elsewhere an artist is painting the arms of the company on the panels of a door. Here and there are boards placed before a carriage, with the intimation 'Wet!' indicating that you must not go too near; and some of the carriages give evidence of having seen service, but are now renewing their youth under the skilful hands of the painter and the upholsterer. When ready to 'go on the line,' they are let down through the trap-door, fixed on their wheels and axles, and sent to relieve others that require repair.

Six o'clock strikes, and work ceases. In walking back leisurely to the station, I saw many of the workmen digging in their little gardens, 'bringing themselves,' as Emerson phrases it, 'into primitive relations with the soil and nature'; others were reading the papers of the day at the Mechanics' Institution; others strolling among the green fields round the town; and others walking to a class-room, to hear a tactful lecture, while some were proceeding to recreations of a very different kind. I was admitted through the iron gate by the same policeman; the 'down' express train arrived, and it conveyed me in an hour and a-half to Liverpool, a distance of about forty-five miles, stopping only once at the well-known town of Warrington.

THE ISLAND OF GOTHLAND AS A FIELD OF EMIGRATION.

In our number for the 9th of March a brief account of Gothland was given, with the view of turning attention to it as a field of emigration. It was stated to be an island of about eighty miles in length, situated in the Baltic, in the latitude of Aberdeenshire, composed of one mass of limestone, and favoured with a climate mild enough to ripen grapes in the open air in summer, while in winter there were not usually above ten nights too severe to allow of the cattle and horses being left out. It was spoken of as well qualified to raise wheat for home consumption or exportation to England, but in agricultural respects a hundred and fifty years behind Scotland, the people being even ignorant of the use of the lime which forms the basis of their soil.

In consequence of our notice of the island, many farmers wrote to us from different parts of the country, making particular inquiries which we were unable to answer. By way of gratifying the desire of information as far as possible, we inserted on the cover of the Journal for May a copy of the prospectus of a company which speculates in the buying of land in Gothland, for the purpose of selling it again, and which we understood to be anxious to see a few British farmers of capital and skill settled upon their lands. We are now able to present another document upon the subject—namely, a report drawn up by an East Lothian farmer of assured experience and sagacity, who was induced to visit Gothland in the beginning of May, in order to judge of the lands with a view to settling. This gentleman is Mr. James Watterson, late of Balgonie House, now residing at Gairdinnish by Prestonkirk. It will be observed that, though he views Gothland in a flattering light, that some other persons whose opinions we quoted, he nevertheless thinks favourably of it as a field of British enterprise and capital.

What first strikes one in travelling through Gothland is the peculiar form of the general surface. Patches

somewhat like a saucer, with high edges towards the sea, it has great central hollows forming natural basins for the retention of the water, for which there are few natural outlets towards the sea. The consequence of neglect and ignorance has been, that large tracts in the middle of the island are little better than marshes for a great part of the year, and of little value to the inhabitants, the grasses which they produce being of the very coarsest kind, and scarcely fit for the food of cattle. The arable land of the country is also undrained, and very ill cultivated, being cropped from year to year until completely exhausted. The cultivators of the soil are peasant proprietors, usually of holdings from twenty to fifty acres of arable ground, with one or two hundred acres of meadow and forest-land; the arable grounds, however, much mixed, as in the system of *run-rig* and *run-dale* in Scotland. Each proprietor seems satisfied with throwing his land in small portions into *lazy beds*, so as to allow the water to collect into the intermediate hollows, and thence run off or evaporate as it may. The crop, judging from what I saw of the stubble, is of the scantiest description. No care is taken in the preparation of manure; its use seems not to be understood. Neither is any provision made by a turnip crop for the sheep and cattle. Accordingly, when I was there, the winter being just at an end, the poor animals appeared to have literally no food assigned to them, and were reduced to mere skin and bone. At the same time, from the remains of a turnip-field which I saw upon the newly-reclaimed marsh-land, I am persuaded that the island must be capable of raising this crop in great abundance. How the Gotland sheep live through the winter, and survive after getting full feeding in summer, is what I can hardly understand. In Scotland, with such treatment, not one sheep in a hundred would survive.

The lands of the company consist of large marshes, which they are draining by means of canals in a very judicious manner. The soil is principally of a light peaty nature; not loam, as stated by another observer, but still evidently very capable of cultivation when the drainage is completed. Round the borders of the marshes the soil does approach the nature of a light loam, lying mostly on a clayey or marly subsoil varying from one to three feet in depth, and which can easily be thrown up and mixed with the surface, so as to form a very valuable soil for all purposes. In the centre of the marshes, again, the peat varies in depth from five to six, seven, and eight feet in depth, and will of course be more difficult to render valuable; but it appeared to me that in a few years it could be made to produce most excellent grass either for hay or pasture.

All over the island, lime is to be had for the quarrying; and even under the marshes it is abundant, but of course more difficult to be got at. It is everywhere of the very finest quality, and can be burned for a very small sum, and is easily quarried without gunpowder. I saw at one place a large bed of clay, admirably adapted for the making of tiles and bricks.

The company, in order to facilitate settlements, are buying farms all round the marshes, with houses, &c. already upon them, which they are willing to sell on moderate terms to persons disposed to take marsh-land along with them in proportion to their size. Every farm contains, besides a portion of old cultivated land, a quantity of meadow and forest-land sufficient to furnish every description of wood for building and fuel for centuries to come. They are, besides, erecting buildings on different parts of the property, and preparing wood to be ready for the immigrants who may be induced to settle on their lands.

From what I saw, it is evident that the great object of the company is to improve the agriculture of the country; and they seem inclined to give every encouragement to skilful and steady men from Britain, who will set about their business in a judicious manner. To seek of capital, it appears to me a most favourable field for exertion and enterprise, and to hold out the

almost certainty of success. At first, from the impoverished state of the old lands, and over-productiveness of the new, little profit can be expected; but a very few years will suffice to put all that right. Everything, with the exception of British manufactures, is very cheap; so much so, that £50 will go farther than three times that sum in this country. All over the island the farm-houses are excellent, and far beyond what they are in this country for the same extent of land, while the people are kind-hearted in the extreme, and exceedingly honest; so much so, that house-doors are very seldom locked at night. Labour, also, is very cheap; but the people are slow in comparison with our work-people; and every implement is of the most primitive description, and entirely unfit for the purpose to which it is applied.

We learn from Mr Watterstone that, though he saw the country at the most unfavourable season, and was disappointed on finding it fall a little below the descriptions, he nevertheless thought so well of it, as to resolve on making it his future home. He designs to settle on one of the company's farms in August next. We apprehend that there are difficulties to be overcome, such as the sluggishness of the people in adopting improved habits, and the obstacles which the complicated state of the lands present to drainage; but where is there a livelihood to be obtained without difficulties? In the fine plains of Haddington and Norfolk, the tenant farmer encounters troubles of only a different kind. One great recommendation, were the case ours, would lie in the amiable, upright, inoffensive character of the Swedish people. Mr Watterstone everywhere found the peasant proprietor of perhaps thirty or forty acres living in a good house, with civilised usages. Of the honesty of the people he himself gives sufficient proof in what he says of their indifference to locks for their house-doors. They are generally well affected to the idea of having British settlers amongst them. In short, it appears that a man of moderate means and skill may carve a comfortable existence for himself out of this naturally rich and favoured island with considerably more ease, and perhaps, on the whole, more comfort, than in this country, where the interests of landlords so considerably overshadow those of the immediate cultivators.*

SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

THE BAL—PARIS IN THE SEASON—THE COUNTRY HOUSE—HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY—CHARACTERS—CONCLUSION.

WHEN I returned to Tourlouvre, I found a relation of Caroline's, and her little daughter on a visit at the Prefecture. Madame la Marquise de Flottancourt was a fine handsome woman, although rather *passée* perhaps, who moved with a grace, talked with a talent, and dressed with an elegance, I never found equalled. She could say something agreeable upon every subject, and to every person; all were charmed, and none more so than I. Her mother, her daughter, a girl of twelve, was a most finished specimen of a French child. Such amiable, modest manners! such intelligence! such pleasing sentiments! such fond affection constantly exhibited towards her mother, who returned it with a warmth of expression that made the most affectionate of English mammae I could bring to my remembrance appear cold in comparison! Mother and child seemed to take especially to me, and invited me so cordially to join them in Paris in time for their grand *bal*, and afterwards accompany them to Flottancourt to spend the winter, that I at last suffered myself to be persuaded; and accordingly, about two months after the time we met at Tourlouvre, I found myself at Madame de Flottancourt's splendid

* The proper persons to address respecting the lands of the company are Mr Lilljerswall, merchant, Stockholm; and Mr Ennequist, H.B.M. consul at Wisby, Gotland. We understand that the company do not intend to appoint any agent in this country, having no wish to rouse their lands to the attention of the English public, but rather being desirous to trust to the effect of a few settlements being formed with satisfactory results.

apartment in the Champs-Élysées. The richness of the furniture quite dazzled and bewildered me; the hangings were satin, the curtains velvet, and the net which festooned under them, to soften, as it were, the brilliant colours, was covered with broad beautiful lace. Then the elegant tables and stands, the ornaments upon them; the little statuettes were all perfect of their kind; and indeed everything seemed to me a refinement upon what I had hitherto considered luxury.

At the much-talked-of *bal* I could think of nothing but fairyland, into which all the rooms appeared transformed. Flowers in pots, in bouquets, in their native soil, abounded everywhere; exotics made the air faint with perfume; the music was perfection; and all was one flood of light reflected from walls panelled with mirrors. The dresses, whether magnificent or simple, were alike remarkable for that taste which seems confined to Paris; for although individuals are met with elsewhere who would call forth expressions of approval and admiration even there, the *tout-ensemble* of the company is seldom well-dressed; and in England, above all, the desire of being thought *original* leads many people to make themselves as ridiculous in their attire as in their general conduct. At the moment, the *very* moment I am writing this, a lady is passing; every one turns, and stares, and laughs, and asks 'Who is she? what is she?' She is a well-born, well-educated, most benevolent, excellent person, neat and clean in her attire, and pleasing in her countenance; but she chooses to dress 'sensibly,' as she terms it. Long petticoats are the fashion as well as full ones, but hers are short, and seem to cling to her, as she can walk with more freedom, she says, and without gathering mud; she wears a poke bonnet when no one else does so, because it keeps off the sun; long waists don't become her, so she wears short. All this may be very '*sensible*,' but the result is, that it makes her unlike every one else, and causes her to become an object of attention and mockery, when, by making a little concession to the prevailing fashion of the day, she would pass unobserved, instead of being laughed at as half mad, which I am not sensible enough to see the great advantage of. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, or, if you will, to our wolves in sheep's clothing, the guests at Madame de Flottancourt's ball, where all was smooth in dress and behaviour: every one looked well, everything went right. The ice-creams, sorbets, and refreshments, were exquisite; tasting like what one fancies of the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Almost everybody famed in literature, arts, or arms, was there; historic personages floated past, dispensing with their smiles a flattery so refined and veiled, that it sounded like truth. The fair mistress of the revels went from one guest to another, charming each. 'Look, Miss Loden,' cried Hermoine; 'look at my dear, my beautiful mamma! Who is there here more lovely than herself! more graceful! more loveable? How inimitably she dresses! I am proud of my mother! Don't you think I well may be so?' said this affectionate child, looking at Madame de Flottancourt with glistening eyes. I replied as she expected, for I really thought all she said was but the truth.

We had afterwards one or two dinners, which were commanded with the same apparent disregard of expense, and conducted with the same order. The dessert, which alone appeared upon the table, was of the most expensive description, and beautifully arranged. An immense vase filled with flowers occupied the centre of the table; on each side were large oblong silver-gilt plateaux covered with *figurines* and Sèvres ornaments. The different dishes and *bâtiments* were handed round by the servants; but beside la marquise herself were some bottles of *very* rare wine, one of which was placed in a machine that, upon her turning round a handle somewhat after the fashion of a barrel-organ, inclined the bottle without shaking it, and filled the glasses without trouble. The conversation all the while was never interrupted; but I felt too unaccustomed to the style of it to take any part, listening, as I usually did,

unless when the party happened to be large enough to allow me to occupy the attention of my immediate neighbour without making a break in the general 'flow of soul.'

But the time of our departure for the country drew near. 'I have been very fortunate,' observed Madame de Flottancourt, 'in finding tenants for my apartment this season in your compatriots the Sedleightons. Next winter I shall, however, occupy it myself; and having given so many parties just now, I may then remain quite idle for a time; and only amuse myself, and go to those given by my friends.' But at present we must think of Flottancourt, for which place I propose leaving Paris and its delights upon Tuesday week.

Madame de Bois Favort having arrived by this time in the capital, I gladly seized such a good opportunity of paying her a little visit, and leaving the De Flottancourts to make their arrangements without the *gêne* of a quasi stranger. Madame de Bois Favort's apartment in the Rue Pepinière (they had let her hotel, which is still occupied by the Comte Ferrarini) was small, but convenient. There were many curiosities and many comforts, but nothing approaching the splendour which dazzled you at the Marquise de Flottancourt's. A clever *femme de chambre*, a general servant, and a man, formed her whole establishment, with a *femme de journée*, who came twice a week; but it was impossible to have nicer little dinners or better attendance. All new books and new music were to be met with in her *salon*, where a small number of the most agreeable people in Paris assembled every Monday. The style of conversation interested me more, and dazzled me less, than that of the literati Madame de Flottancourt drew round her, and I retired to rest less fatigued than after the glare and excitement of our parties in the Champs-Élysées. I was now struck with what I confess I never saw before: namely, the wide difference between these two ladies, and that difference *not* in favour of Madame de Flottancourt. A sort of actress-like play of feature and turn of expression—a something got up and unreal, that I could not explain even to myself—was brought before my mind when I contrasted the quiet composed manner of Madame de Bois Favort, enlivened at times by a refined, gentle vivacity, which pleased the more from its rarity. I never heard her say, as I have Madame de Flottancourt and fifty other Frenchwomen—'*La simplicité est charmante! et il n'y a rien de si difficile.*' Her '*simplicité*' cost her no trouble, for it came naturally. Her dress, too, most perfectly fashionable, and fitted for her station, had a subdued elegance about it which was not so apparent in that of the marquise, who, although never fine, was always and *evidently* very expensively attired, and as near the extreme of the reigning mode as good taste would allow her to approach. The mind of Madame de Bois Favort was, as I before remarked, highly cultivated; but she had none of that brilliancy of wit, that flattering deference of tone, those rapid changes of countenance, that *striking* grace of motion, which captivated you at first, and fatigued you afterwards in her rival. There was also another point of view in which she showed to advantage that I had not before thought of; for as a Protestant, and attending to my own religion, I did not pay much attention to the theology of my Roman Catholic friends; but now, when I saw Madame de Bois Favort in Paris, as in the country, doing good and showing kindness in the same unostentatious way, going quietly dressed to a quiet church at a quiet hour daily, always speaking of every attribute of religion with profound respect, and thought of Madame de Flottancourt, bustling in brocade on Sundays to that gorgeous pagan temple (at present appropriated to Christian worship) the Madeleine, peeping over her superb velvet and gold prayer-book at every one round her, and confining her criticisms to the dress of the audience, never even touching on the sermon she had yawned through any more than if she had never heard it, I felt that, although professing the same religion in

their ideas upon the subject were as wide apart as each held a different faith. M. de Bois Favort was an intelligent, agreeable man; and to his politeness I am indebted for seeing the most interesting monuments of Paris, which his Marquise deemed quite secondary to its amusements, and never had time to throw away upon.

Tuesday at last arrived, and we set out for Flottancourt in the *soupe* of the diligence. Madame de Flottancourt's carriage, like her servants, having been hired for the season; and I very soon had occasion to remark that the fascination of look and manner which had so charmed me, diminished in proportion to the distance that separated us from Paris. The refreshments ordered during the journey, too, made me regret the ample and excellent table I had lately enjoyed in the Rue Populaire; and Hermoine loudly expressed her dissatisfaction, for which she received the first sharp reprimand I had heard addressed to her, and returned the first scowling glance I had observed on her countenance. At last the carriage came to meet us; and such a rickety, miserable, old jingling vehicle I never had before beheld—horses and harness were in strict keeping with the equipage—and the coachman looked as though he had just stepped out of the frontpiece to 'Stearns's Sentimental Journey.' I suppose my countenance expressed the surprise I felt; for Madame de Flottancourt immediately said, 'A la compagnie nous ne sommes pas à Paris.' 'She had made the same original and profound observation before upon one or two occasions, especially when Hermoine complained of the fare; but I could not see how such a remark applied to a gentleman's establishment in the country. However, off we set, and had ample time to admire the beautiful country through which the wretched roads carried us, when all at once we came in sight of an imposing-looking building surrounded by trees.

'Oh what a fine old place! What is the name of it?'

'That,' answered Madame de Flottancourt, with a return of the manner which at Paris was so fascinating—that is Flottancourt!'

It was indeed a noble structure; but as we approached, the marks of decay and neglect became evident. Imperfect fences, ill-made roads, broken gates, trees lying on their broadsides, no young plantations coming on, ornaments defaced, steps and railing in want of repair. It looked like a stately ruin, but not at all as the inhabited house of a rich widow ought to look. Again Madame read my countenance, for she said, 'It would take such an immense sum to restore the place, that I have not courage to begin.'

I thought that one season at Paris given up would do a great deal towards it, but did not venture to say so, feeling it would displease. The inside corresponded with the dilapidated appearance without; immense rooms barely furnished, huge fireplaces, which, unless filled with trunks of trees, which I never saw but on company days—made one shiver to look at; old servants, looking respectfully confused and somewhat cross, and very few of these even seemed to greet us. Happily it was a fine day, or I think I should have wept with despair. The smallest room in the house was given to me at my own request; but the cold I endured was something which even now I look back to with a feeling of discomfort, and the reflection invariably cools me upon a hot day in July. I made it as comfortable as I could with sheep-skins; and by putting sand-bags at the door, and stuffing up mouse-holes with putty and rags, contrived to reduce the draughts; for in this room alone did I feel anything like calmness or comfort. After a while I perceived that the invitation to spend the winter was a clever dodge of Madame de Flottancourt's to get her daughter introduced to English, and kept up in music for nothing. She made much of me, however, before company, although, like the rest of her unhappy household, I sometimes experienced the unpleasant effects of an uncontrolled temper. Being *à la compagnie* was an excuse for having everything uncomfortable at my disposal. There were cows, but we had no cream, no

fresh butter, because it was winter. You could not take advantage of a fair blink to get a little walk on a wet winter's day, because made walks were none, and the wretched roads were ankle-deep. In summer, no doubt, it might be charming enough to wander about the woods and lanes; but although the Marquise de Flottancourt knew full well last winter that the delusions were to take her apartment at Paris from the 10th of December, yet such was her carelessness, stinginess, and want of common management, that nothing more was provided against the winter's residence than she was contented to do without during the summer. Her object was to spend in vanity at Paris all that she denied Flottancourt. But not only did I find out that I had been deceived in Madame de Flottancourt, Hermoine also soon showed that she, like her mother, was but a Parisian actress. Here she made no affectionate speeches—gave no fond glances. She turned her mother into ridicule the moment her back was turned, and often made grimaces at her as she left the room. Sometimes, but not often, we had society from the neighbouring town, when Madame performed, for that night only, the rôle of her popular character, and was charming in all eyes but mine, who now saw under the surface. Once or twice we went to dine or make a morning visit to some of the gentry of the canton, which last, going and coming, generally took up the best part of a day, on account of the roads; but although at none of these châteaux and *maisons de compagnie* was I witness of the discomfort, parsimony, and wretchedness I saw at Flottancourt, still it was very evident that being *à la compagnie* in France was not like being in the country in England: a want of consistency, a want of keeping, a want of comfort, I perceived everywhere; no place was in order, or in a state of progressive improvement; the general habits were slovenly, and the duties of a country family, as we consider them, seemed unknown. For my own part, I have enjoyed more comfort, cultivation, elegance, and liberality combined, at the habitation of a squire of from L.800 to L.1000 a year, than I ever saw in France at the finest château I visited, Bois Favort always excepted. There things were, although quite as un-English, perfectly well-ordered, easy, and gentleman-like; and in Madame de Bois Favort all the brilliancy of the Frenchwoman was united to the sober sense and unpretending excellence of her British sister.

There was one magnificent chateau we went to where the family were unfortunately from home on a visit. The rooms, staircase, galleries, were very fine, and there was no want of splendid pieces of furniture; but I observed no carpets on the stairs, no stove in the galleries, no library, nor half the comfort one sees in even the most uncomfortable show-house in England; and the family being only gone for a week, it may be supposed to have borne the same aspect as when they were there. The grounds were extensive, and beautiful: long avenues of elms and limes diverging like rays from a centre, elipt close as a hedge half-way up, and then allowed to grow as nature bade them; well-kept grass plots, flowers in profusion, all neat and in order, and gravel walks well rolled. In the kitchen there were 800 copper-pans glittering like gold, stove-tables in every direction, but no bright white cheerful fireplace. The servants were kept warm by their work or *chauffereches*, of which there stood a range; but I shall ever regret not being able to accept the invitation so politely sent, as I might then have been better able to describe accurately what at present I can only glance at and suppose.

The breakfast hour in most families was twelve; the dinner six in the country. The former may be considered as our luncheon; and you break your fast in your bedroom with a large cup of *café au lait* and a roll at an early hour. Latterly, I have seen tea taken at night, but it is not very common; coffee, without cream, immediately after dinner being in general thought sufficient. The French manage usually, I think, with fewer servants than we do, and to the public eye every-

thing looks as nice as with us; but as we live for ourselves and our families, and they for the world at large, there is a want both of comfort and cleanliness behind the scenes. Upon the whole, my experience has taught me to wish to see nothing French imitated at home except the tasteful simplicity, freshness, and fashion of their dress; and the amiability of their charming manners, where no guest is permitted to feel himself neglected, and every intention of amusing the company is acknowledged gratefully, whether it is successful or not. At one time of the year the word 'confiture' is in every *ménagère's* mouth; although red-currant jelly, plain and *flamboisé*, is the only domestic confiture I have seen made, except cherries or apricot marmalade occasionally, by very aspiring dames. The common people also make what they call *staud* of grapes, apples, and pears, boiled without sugar, till reduced to a pulp. All grocers keep vases with currant-jelly, résiné, pomatum, and lip-salve, and you can go with your pot and buy for a penny of any; but the various jams or jellies common to the simplest household in Scotland they know nothing of. I have also often wondered at finding gooseberries in their garden, for they make no use of them in pies, puddings, or drinks; and people of condition invariably expressed surprise at seeing me eat them: to be sure they are usually abominably bad. The butter is excellent, but they rarely eat it as we do, on bread. Twice a year they prepare it for cookery in a manner I wonder we do not adopt, for it keeps admirably, and answers well. It is put into a large *marmite*, and allowed to remain upon the fire, but never stirred or touched until thoroughly melted; it is then skimmed, and poured off, while liquid, into bottles and small pots, and the *grounds* either given to the poor, or allowed to stand till cold by economists, and then scraped and used for frying immediately. The other, covered from the air, keeps perfectly for several months, without salt or further care. Many good French scholars lose many things by not knowing how to ask for them. If you want a rice pudding, order a *gâteau de riz*; if a custard pudding, ask for *une crème*. Never ask for soup, unless you like the rapid stuff which goes by that name: beg them to serve you up *potage*. If you desire cream in the country, you are surprised to receive it sour: had you demanded *flourette*, you would have had what would improve your tea; and so on. Crawfish are given for crabs on the coast, because, remembering our vocabulary, learnt with tears, we desire to have an *écrevisse*; whereas the local name in most of these places is *tourteau*.

Although a good French cook is certainly superior to every other, the generality of those who offer themselves to the English *pour faire la cuisine*, for from L.12 to L.16, are execrable. They ring the changes of a few greasy dishes over and over again, have no variety, cannot roast or boil, and you must therefore live on stews. The soup of common cooks is dreadful: neither fish nor vegetables can they dress on *saute*; the bad colour and taste must be disguised under a sauce; and yet you hear Britons lauding French cookery to the skies merely because it is foreign; while the French themselves, who are so much better able to judge, imagine we are content with these stews because they resemble English cookery. Except at a first-rate restaurant, the common run of English never taste good cookery; and no one lives worse than the English abroad who go to economists. There is never any place to keep meat, which you must eat either tainted or tough; and unless it is stewed and seasoned, it is commonly very bad. A fine name works wonders. 'Delicious!' I heard an affected young Sawney cry. 'Madame, pray taste this *tête de veau* sur tortue.' 'Hoot, laddie!' answered his aunt, after tasting, 'it's just our head hauch!'

There were many singular characters at Tourville. One in particular was a great amusement to me. Madame Flaudrin was the reverse of a religious character, and never went to church, although she did allow that the Catholic religion was *bon pour le physique*. She

had a good fortune and a good digestion; she loved the world, and the world had hitherto gone well with her; but at last she became ill, seriously ill, and the prospect of death gave her some uneasiness, for, as she sagaciously observed, it could not be exactly proved that there was not another world. Having heard that reading the Bible was proper in such circumstances, she resolved to try what effect it would have, and taking from a cabinet her dust-covered Bible, requested me to read her a portion.

'What part would you like to hear?' asked I, seeing her turning over the leaves between Romans and the Revelations.

'Ah, lisez moi cette jolie histoire de Joseph—ce pauvre Joseph!—cette vilaine Madame Putiphar!'

I have seen this lady, who, when she went into company, dressed better than any one there, walking about and giving orders to workmen in an attire made of blanket flannel—jacket, trousers, and stockings, *all in one!*—somewhat resembling a little boy's skeleton clothes, but not so nice; her feet thrust into sabots, and sometimes not another article on; generally, however, she added a shawl, short, worn, and dingy. Her great friend Madame la Croix de St Jerome always brought to my mind Madame du Desfond, and at the age of ninety was still a charming companion. I think I see her now in that dull, old-fashioned, unfurnished room, looking into the street through the tall windows, sitting on one side of the fire, which she never saw, as she occupied a recess, and the high chimney came forward. She, like many old Frenchwomen (and at that time many middle-aged ones too), always wore a bonnet; and there she sat, from January to December, from morning till night, doing nothing but talk, talk, talk. She told me she had been pronounced consumptive, and given up by the doctors at eighteen, and told to take leave of the world; but she went on her old way, laughed at the doctors, and never swallowed a drug except Anderson's Pills: of these she took one every Saturday for fifty years, and attributed to *les pilules Erosmeuses* the good health she had enjoyed for that period. But these discursive sketches may as well end here as anywhere else. I have noted down from my thickly-coming recollections a few particulars taken here and there, both of good and bad; some of them, no doubt—and more especially, I hope, of the latter—in this age of progress and intermixture, already obsolete. Be it so. I have at least given future visitors a point of departure, and they will be able to calculate all the better the real ratio of improvement.

A TRIP TO LEBANON.

A FRENCH traveller who sojourned for a time in Syria during a recent voyage to the East, made various excursions into the mountain districts of Lebanon. The narrative of his journey and adventures, as published in a foreign periodical, presents a few points of general interest, which we transfer to our pages. While staying in the suburbs of Beyrouth, he set out one day to walk into the town in the afternoon hours usually devoted by the population to the *sieste*; a period in which, according to the popular saying, 'nobody is abroad in the sunning but dogs and Frank.' 'I had never before,' he observes, 'entered Beyrouth at this unreasonable hour; and I fancied myself the man in the "Arabian Nights" walking into the city where all the inhabitants had been changed into stone. Every one was in a profound sleep: the sentries under the gate, the *am-drivers* in the great square, waiting for the ladies, who were probably asleep also in the bath. The *dallars* in *dams* and *water-motors* stood at their stalls by the side of the fountain; the *gambou* (coffee-seller) leaned in his shop with all his customers; the *kazem* (porter) lay with his head resting on his burthen, the camel-driver by the side of his *meek* animal, and some tall fellows of *Abdallah's* keeping guard before the *pacha's* *seraglio*—all were buried in tranquil sleep, leaving the city to the care of itself.

'It was on such an occasion, and during a similar period of somnolence, that three hundred Druses once made themselves masters of Damascus. They entered the city in small parties with the crowds of country people who, in the early part of the day, throng the squares and bazaars, and at the hour of the siesta made a feint of sleeping as the others. Their groups, however, were skilfully distributed, and at a given moment, took possession of the principal posts, while the main body pillaged and set fire to the rich bazaars. The inhabitants, waking up in sudden surprise, imagined themselves overpowered by an entire army, and barricaded themselves in their houses, while the troops did the same in the barracks. The Druses took advantage of the panic, and at the end of an hour, mounting their horses laden with booty, made off to their unattackable retreats in the mountain.'

Approaching the quarter of the town near the sea, the traveller finds some signs of life, and orders dinner at a hotel, where a notice posted on one of the doors intimates to visitors, 'Here the charge is sixty piastres a day.' Several English travellers are present, from one of whom he learns many particulars respecting the hill country and the inhabitants. On paying for his dinner, he is surprised to find the demand not more than ten piastres—about two shillings. The landlord, an Italian, leads him aside, and invites him to take up his quarters in the hotel. The Frenchman, in reply, points to the announcement respecting the sixty piastres a day, to which Signor Battista responded, 'Body o' me, that's for the English, who have plenty of money, and are all heretics; but for the French and other Romans it is only twenty piastres!'

After this specimen of inn-keeping morality, we have a description of the life and movement in the bazaar. 'Never,' says the traveller, 'have I seen more beautiful children than those playing about in the splendid central alley. Young girls, graceful and joyous, thronged round the elegant marble fountains, ornamented in the Moroccan style, and departed one by one, bearing away large antique vases filled with water on their heads. Red hair is frequently seen, of a more decided colour than is commonly met with in Europe, partaking more of purple or crimson. This colour is so much regarded as a beauty in Syria, that numbers of the women dye their hair, if brown or black, with henna, which in other countries is used only to redden the sole of the foot, the nails, and palm of the hands.'

Besides these, at the places where the alleys intersect each other, were the retailers of ices, and sherbet, manufacturing their beverage, as it was wanted, from snow brought from the summit of the Sannin. A brilliant café, frequented chiefly by soldiers, also supplied iced and perfumed drinks at the central point of the bazaar. I remained there some time absorbed in contemplating the movements of the active crowd, which combined in a small space all the varied costumes of the mountain. There was something singular to watch the motion of the gilded horns (*hachours*), a foot in height, during the excitement of buying and selling, worn on the head by the Druse or Maronite women. A long veil, which they raise at pleasure, covers their face; and the position of the glittering ornament gives them an appearance resembling the fabulous unicorn which serves as a supporter in the escutcheon of England. Their external costume is uniformly black or white.

On another occasion the author is unexpectedly favoured with the sight of a Turkish funeral. The deceased, however, was not an ordinary mortal, but one of these unfortunate beings called *lunatics* by Europeans but by the Turks *maroums*, or *sakets*. This one had lived for many years entirely naked in a grove under a garden wall, where he was visited by pilgrims from all quarters. A large concourse of people attended the funeral, rejoicing that the defunct had attained his state of beatitude. But great consternation was excited when the dervises who bore the corpse, on attempting to enter the low dome-shaped tomb, seemed to be repelled and pushed down by some unknown power. Again and again did they try to gain an entrance; the *maroums* shouted louder and

louder; but all to no purpose: the dead man would not go quietly into his tomb! A consultation was then held with the old men of the party, who recommended a rapid gyration, by way of bewildering the corpse, as affording a chance of success. This counsel was generally approved; the chanting was renewed with increased vigour; and the dervises, taking the coffin by the two ends, whirled it round and round for several minutes, and then with a sudden movement darted into the tomb. The people waited the result of this daring manoeuvre in great trepidation. For a time it was feared that the dervises would fall victims to their audacity, and be buried by the falling in of the walls; but in a few minutes they came out triumphant, announcing that, after a few difficulties, the *maroum* remained perfectly quiet, on which the crowd broke out in acclamations of joy, and dispersed, some to the coffee-house, others to their homes.'

After making himself acquainted with the most striking phenomena of city life and manners, the traveller accepted the invitation of the emir of a mountain district to accompany him to the seat of his government. On making a preliminary stage in the cool of the evening up the first ascent, a view of the city is obtained at a period when the inhabitants were all walking either on their house-tops or terraces. The serenity of the Syrian night, which is described as a *bluish kind of day*, is eminently favourable to this recreative exercise. After a few days' travelling through dark pine-woods, fertile valleys, or across arid and sandy plains, the party arrives at the prince's residence. Here, pursues the narrator, 'at the dinner-hour—that is, towards noon—I was requested to ascend to a high gallery, open towards the court: one end was fitted up as an alcove with divans and cushions: two females, showily dressed, were seated on one of the divans, their legs crossed in the Turkish manner; and a little girl, who was seated near them, came as soon as I entered, and, according to custom, kissed my hand. I bowed, and took my place with the prince at an inlaid table, which bore a large tray covered with dishes of various sorts. The little girl brought me a long silk napkin worked with silver at each end. The ladies, however, continued sitting on the divan as motionless as images during the repast; but when we had done, we took our places in front of them, and the elder of the two ordered in *narghiles*, or pipes.'

Above the jacket, made to fit tight round the waist, and the *cheytan* (trousers), these ladies wore robes of rayed silk, a heavy golden girdle, and ornaments of diamonds and rubies. The horn, which the mistress of the house balanced on her forehead with the movements of a swan, was of chased silver-gilt, set off with rows of turquoises, while the long tresses of her hair, interwoven with strings of *sequins*, flowed over her shoulders in the fashion of the Levant. The feet of these ladies, drawn up on the divan, were innocent of stockings—a custom general in this country, and one which gives an attraction to beauty very remote from our ideas. Women who seldom walk, and bathe themselves several times daily in perfumed water, and whose toes are never compressed by their shoes, have feet as beautiful as their hands. The red dye of henna upon the nails, and the massive rings, rich as bracelets, complete the charm offered by portions of the limbs, sacrificed too often in Europe to the glory of shoemakers.

The ancient sport of falconry is still kept up in the East. The day after the traveller's arrival, he joins a party who ride along the banks of a river till they come to the marshes, where they fly their falcons at two herons, which take to flight at the reports of muskets fired to disturb them. One of the two birds beats off the falcon, and escaped into a neighbouring reed, while the other mounted in a direct line into the air. 'Then,' says the narrator, 'began the real interest of the chase. It was in vain that the fugitive heron saw himself in space, where our eyes could no longer find him; the falcon saw him for us, and not being able to follow him, the falconer waited for his return. It was an animated sight to see these three watched birds rise on the air with outstretched wings, whose whistling was often lost in the azure of the sky. At the end of an hour, the heron,

either fatigued, or unable to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the upper regions, reappeared at a short distance from the falcons, which instantly darted upon him. It was the struggle of a moment, as the combatants neared the earth we were able to hear their cries, and to discern the furious nicks of wings, necks, and claws. Suddenly the four birds fell as one mass to the ground, and the cries were some minutes before they could find them in the grass. At last they picked up the heron, still alive, and cut its throat, to prevent further suffering. The falcons were rewarded with a piece of flesh cut from the breast, and the rest of the poor heron was brought back as a trophy of success. The prince talked to me of hawk expeditions which he had made into the valley of Bequa, where the falcon is trained to attack garelles. But there is something cruel in this mode of hunting, for the falcons are taught to settle on the heads of the animals, and peck out their eyes. I had not the least desire to assist in so melancholy an amusement.

The same evening a splendid banquet was given, to which many of the neighbours had been invited. A number of little tables *à la Turque* were arranged in the courtyard, to suit the rank of the guests. The heron, triumphal victim of our expedition, was made to stand, by means of wires, with outstretched neck and wings, in the centre of the table, where I was invited to take my seat near some Lazarist monks from the neighbouring convent of Antoura who had come to the feast. A party of singers and musicians were placed on the steps leading up to the house and the lower end of the courtyard was filled with people sitting at little tables in groups of five or six. The ladies passed from the upper to the lower terrace, and at last circulated among a troop of mountaineers seated on the ground, who finished their contents. Old drinking glasses of Bohemian manufacture were placed on our tables, but the greater part of the guests drank from cups which passed from hand to hand. The principal dish consisted of roasted mutton with pyramids of pilau dyed yellow with saffron and salted in then came fritacasses, boiled fish, vegetables mixed with spiced meat water melons, bananas, and other fruits of the country. At the end of the repast toasts were drunk to the sound of instruments and the celebration of the assembly. One half of a party seated at a table would rise and drink to the other half, and in this way the festivities were prolonged far into the night.

After a few more days passed under the emir's hospitable roof, the traveller joined a party which set out to attack a Maronite village about a day's march distant. The same kind of petty but demoralising warfare seems to be going on in the mountain districts of Lebanon as formerly prevailed on the Scottish Border or in the Highlands. On this occasion, however, no lives were lost, the rage of the invading party being expended on the castles, hedges and olive and mulberry trees belonging to the enemy. The traveller was disappointed in his expectation of witnessing a specimen of mountain fighting, and after saying farewell to the prince, returned with his guide, Moussa, to Beyrout.

THE OLD MAID

WHEN I first knew her, she was between thirty and forty. Her features were plain, yet she was far from ugly; there was a nameless charm in their expression which made her almost beautiful. Here was a face that you would have stood to look at, as at a picture. I recollect seeing her sometimes at our house, a long time ago, when I was a very little fellow. There was something very quiet and gentle about her, and that very calmness seemed to repel all intrusion. I used to wish to love her, but dared not. Sometimes I would steal up to her noiselessly as she sat at work, and she would stoop down and kiss my forehead, and then push me gently away; and sometimes I thought I felt a tear fall on my cheek, but it may have been only fancy.

Years passed on, but to my youthful fancy they wrought no change in her: she was the same gentle being as before. She rented a pretty little cottage, but

could not be said to live there, for she was always wandering from place to place among her acquaintance, doing them little services. Did Mrs. Tomkins want assistance in making a dress?—the old maid did the neatest needlework imaginable. Was Mrs. Jenks busy preparing for her Christmas party?—the first preliminary was to write to the old maid to come and make some of the mince pies that were so much praised last year. And when any individual in her circle of acquaintance was laid on a bed of sickness, who so ready to smooth with gentle hand the pillow of pain, and calm the unquiet, wandering mind, as the old maid? Who, like her, would tend with unwarmed care the restless hours of sickness, and raise the sinking heart of the sufferer by sitting near him through the livelong night with no other companion than a book and her own quiet thoughts?

She seemed strangely alone in the world, for excepting a widowed sister, she had no relatives. Sometimes I wondered that she did not get married, but how the thought came into my head I have no idea. For somehow, I cannot tell why, the notion seemed quite absurd in connection with her. What could we have done without her? She got married! It was out of the question.

She lived on a small annuity in her little cottage near the suburbs of the town. There was a little patch of fruit garden, about three yards square, with a little round bed in the middle and a few stunted evergreens round the side. She had one maid servant, a little demure creature as prim and quiet as herself. The little front parlour was rather scantily furnished, and cold-looking, but very neat. You always saw some elegant bit of industry in progress on the table, but there was nothing of the kind to be seen round the room. Some of her numerous friends were constantly asking her to make them one of those nice so and soes, like the one she did for Mrs. Briggs, and she was always happy to oblige them. There was no arm chair or sofa in the room on the square pianoforte (an old one of Broadwood's) you might sometimes observe a plain black bonnet and a pair of cotton gloves. There was a scent bottle on the mantelpiece, but it had been a long while empty. There were a few books on a little shelf hung against the wall, a little poetry and some good solid prose. Strange companions stood side by side, for it contained an odd jumble of things new and old. You might have seen 'Rasselas' and Hervey's 'Meditations,' Moore's 'Zeluco' and Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Scott's 'Rokeby' and 'Guy Mannering,' Walton's 'Angler' and 'Paradise Lost.' A Shakspeare there was of course—an old edition in many volumes, and what used to please me most, a large old Bible with pictures in it.

Years passed by. We had lost sight of the old maid for several weeks, when one day she appeared at our house, paler than ever, and in deep mourning, leading in her hand a boy of about eight years old. Her sister was dead, and had left this boy to the care of his only relative in the world. I was grown a big fellow now; and when the old maid at intervals came to see us, I used to patronise her little nephew, and would initiate him into the science of 'peg in the rug,' or endeavour to make him an adept at 'fives.'

The old maid seldom visited now, for she devoted all her time to the education of her nephew; and with such a course of training he grew up gentle and quiet like herself. As years passed away, we could see little change in her tranquil course of life, but there was much to be noticed in her protégé. He had early given token of intellectual power of a high order, and she procured the best masters for him; and when she could no longer superintend his studies, she would sit by him and encourage him by gentle words and kisses.

In course of time he went to Cambridge. We knew not by what means his aunt was thus enabled to prepare him for fame and honour, till we understood that, though the cottage looked as neat as before, the poor maid-servant was no longer to be seen.

Some years afterwards, the old maid called at our house to bid us good-by. Her nephew, after becoming an M.A., had been received into the church; and while continuing his studies, had been anxiously looking for a curacy, but without success. He had been offered a situation to travel as tutor with a nobleman's son; but the poor old woman could not bear to part with him. At last, through some titled friend, he had procured a curacy of a hundred a year in a country village a long way off, and she was going to him there. She looked rather thinner and older than of yore; but she was very cheerful and merry at the thought that her Harry was at last provided for, however poorly.

Time passed, and the nephew, from the curacy, succeeded to the living. He took a few private pupils, and his income was increased. After a little time he married; but the old maid could not love his wife, though there was no outward objection to her. The bride was cheerful, good-tempered, and pretty; but the old maid looked for something inside, and could not find it: there was no depth in her eyes—they shone like painted glass.

The old maid left the home where she had been happy for so many years, and returned to her cottage. I daresay the minister and his wife were not sorry to get rid of her, for she was rather a check upon them; moreover, she had become, they said, sour and 'odd'; and there was often no pleasing her, do what they would. But she was growing old, and the weight of years will bend down the strongest mind, and wither the outer covering of the heart, though not the heart itself.

She returned to her cottage, and became acquainted with a few old people like herself, who could feel for her loneliness, and at their homes she used to spend her evenings. But she was no longer the gentle, suffering woman of thirty years before; she had become fretful and peevish; and now her frequent amusement was a rubber of whist, at which game she began to be an adept. You seldom saw her face look pleasant, as of old, unless when seated at the table with a partner to her satisfaction. She now wore several rings on her fingers, and though her dress was of the same quiet kind as ever, it was ornamented with a brooch and chains which did not use to be there. She would talk to you of things you had forgotten long ago: of her visit to Abbotsford, with an anecdote of Sir Walter which she had heard from the old housekeeper. She would criticise Edmund Kean, and inquire if you knew John Kemble. She used to praise the latter, and say she never cared to go to the play unless to see his 'Hamlet,' it was so quiet, so melancholy, and solemn. She would wish to see it again, she said, but she had no one to take her. I would then tell her that that celebrated man had died years ago, and she would only change the subject, and ask me what I thought of Scott's last novel.

Sometimes she would show you a miniature representing a man of noble features in a military dress. Then she would tell you how brave he was, but he was ambitious, which made her very unhappy; and how he went abroad, and his name had been returned among the 'severely wounded' in the skirmish at Quatre Bras. For many long years she had expected he would return, for his death had not been reported, and she could not but believe that he was still alive. If you asked her who he was, she would turn away, and give you no answer.

One day the Rev. Mr. — received a note from a physician informing him that his aunt was dying, and was anxious to see him once more. On the evening of the following day he set out, and reached the cottage a few hours after she was dead. However, he was in time to read her burial service.

And I believe he placed the stone upon her grave, and that she was the daughter of a certain nobleman, and that she died on such a day in such a year, and then follows, if I recollect rightly, a verse from

Holy Writ. This was the conclusion. Even her nephew, wedded by the ties of wife and children to the living, would forget his benefactress soon. She passed away as if she had never been; and no one now, but some solitary dreamer like myself, recalls even a fitting memory of the Old Maid.

TO MY DREAM-CHILD.

'All is nothing—and less than nothing! The children of Alee call Barium father.'—Charles Lamb's 'Dream-Children.'

LITTLE one! I lie 't the dark
With thy sweet lips pressed to mine;
My hot, restless pulses meeting
Thy still heart's slow, quiet beating,
In a calm divine.

On my breast thy bright hair floats;
Well its memoried hue I know!
And thine eyes if thou wert raising,
They would answer to my gazing
Looks of long ago.

Fairy hand, that on my cheek
Falls with touch as dove's wing soft,
I can feel its curves, resembling
One that, like a young bird trembling,
Lay in mine so oft.

Thou wilt spring up at my feet,
Flower-like—beautiful and mild;
Gossips, too, on me bestowing
Flattery sweet, will say, 'Thou'rt growing
Like thy father, child.'

No! I would not have my face
Imaged, blessed one! in thine;
I, who crushed out all my being
In one love, and poured—clear-seeing—
My heart's blood like wine.

I have given thee a name,
What name—none shall ever know;
When I say it, there comes thronging
A whole lifetime's aim and longing,
And a life-time's woe.

Ah, that word!—I wake—I wake—
And the light breaks cold and bare;
Bright one—never born, yet dying
To my love—without replying,
Dream-child, melt to air!

Eyes, no wife shall ever kiss;
Arms, no child shall ever pile;
Lift I up to Heaven, beseeching
Him who sent this bitter teaching;
Be it as His will!

Not as man sees, saith God!
Not as man loves, loveth He;
When the dregs-stained lips are failing,
When the tear-spent eyes are veiling,
Dawns eternity.

THE LOCUST BIRD.

It is most gratifying to state that the locust bird has made its appearance in the adjoining district of Fort Beaufort in great numbers. Opportunity was afforded us, about nine days since, of witnessing several flights of this bird, and it was peculiarly interesting, in connection with their great services to man, to observe their rapid but graceful motions while in pursuit of their prey. Their numbers, like the locusts, are incredible, presenting at a distance the appearance of a dark cloud floating in graceful evolutions in the clear atmosphere. Their pursuit of the locust is incessant, soaring occasionally into regions so high, as to appear to the spectator a mere speck, and then descending with the velocity of a swallow, which they greatly resemble when on the wing, to the surface of the earth. The largest flight of locusts is destroyed by them in the course of a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, and thus merciful provision is made by an ever-watchful Providence against a scourge which, but for Omnipotent Power, would speedily lay bare and render sterile some of the fairest regions of the earth.—*Graham's Town Journal.*

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OUR OLD DRESSMAKER.

'This will never do, my dear,' said my aunt ruefully, as she pondered over a long account just come in, being the sum expended in the making of my first 'evening dress.' 'Sixteen shillings! in addition to the materials! These London dressmakers are ruinous. We must find some one to work in the house, as did Lydia Jones.' And my poor aunt, newly imported from the country, sighed while she fastened my pretty dress—called frock now no more; for it marked my passing into the charmed regions of young ladyhood. I loved it, the pretty pale silk, of simple yet graceful fashion, which did duty as a 'best dress' for more time than richer maidens would care to confess. The poor old thing! I found a fragment of it the other day, and sighed, remembering the scenes where it had been, and the girlish bosom which beneath its folds had learned to throb with deeper pulses than those of pleasure at a new silk dress.

My aunt's lamentations that night brought forth their fruits. 'Letty,' said she on our next linen-drapery investment, 'I have found a dressmaker, to work as Lydia did, for eighteenpence a day. You can help her, my dear, as you used to help Lydia. Women can never learn too much regarding the use of their fingers.'

I acquiesced, for I had a fancy, indeed quite a genius, that way, I believe; only I always wished to make the dresses on artistic rather than fashionable principles, and I began to fear the London workwoman would not coincide with my vagaries so readily as quiet Lydia in the country. So I rather dreaded the advent of the new dressmaker.

'Who is she, and when does she come, aunt?'

'Her name is Miss Hilton, and she comes to-morrow. Now, my dear, go to your practising.'

I did go—but, with the curiosity of fifteen, I did not cease to speculate on the young workwoman. In fact I confess to having bestirred my lazy self half an hour earlier on the following morning, in honour of her coming, which, in our quiet life, was quite an event.

It was, I remember, one of the wettest of all wet September days. Still, at half-past eight A.M., there faithfully appeared 'our dressmaker.' Little cause had I to be alarmed at her—a poor, pale thing, who, when she had taken off her damp shawl—I recollect inwardly wondering at her folly in putting on such a thin one—sat down very quiet and demure, and ate her breakfast in silent respect.

I was a shy girl, a very shy girl; but I believe my good feeling so far conquered my timidity as to make me inquire if Miss Hilton would not take off her wet shoes, and have a pair of slippers; and then meeting my aunt's eye, I subsided in fearful blushes, lest I had taken too much notice of 'the dressmaker.'

We got on very well together, Miss Hilton and I, when the work began. She took the patterns skilfully, and yielded to all my little peculiarities about grace and beauty in costume. Moreover, she did not treat me as a child, but as a 'young lady;' and when, with great dignity, I sat down to assist her in making the skirt of my aunt's new dress, Miss Hilton still kept a respectful silence, which soothed my pride, and won my favour amazingly.

Now I was a most romantic young damsel, and knew nothing of the world except from books, of which I had read an infinity, good, bad, and indifferent. So, regarding my companion—with her small neat figure, her face of that sort not properly termed good-looking, but yet decidedly *looking good*—I began to take a liking for her very soon, and ventured a few questions.

'Had she come far that wet morning?'

'Only about two miles.'

'She must have risen early then?'

'Yes, about five: she had had to finish a dress before she came.'

What a life! To rise at five, work till eight, walk two miles through those muddy lanes (we lived a short distance out of London), and then begin and work again! I said nothing, but I thought much; and I remember the next time Miss Hilton stood cutting out, I had the sense to place a chair for her. This she acknowledged with a faint blush, which made me think of the sweetest ideal of all young dressmakers—Miss Mitford's 'Olive Hathaway.'

My dressmaker was no ideal—I do not mean to set her up as one. She was merely a gentle, modest, quiet young woman, who worked slowly, though carefully, and who for the first day did not seem to have an idea beyond her needle and thread. The next, I found she had.

I, always an odd sort of girl, happened just then to be wild about a new hobby—phrenology. Now Miss Hilton had a remarkably-shaped forehead, and I never rested until I brought the plaster mapped-out head, and compared her bumps therewith; upon which she smiled, and becoming conversational, seemed to wish to learn something about the new science. So I, forgetting my shyness, and my pride of caste, began seriously to inform the mind of our new dressmaker.

I found she *had* a mind, and some graceful taste withal, whereupon I valorously undertook my 'mission.' I indulged her with my juvenile notions on art and literature, and while she developed the skill of my fingers, I tried to expand her dormant intellect. Poor, simple soul! I do believe she enjoyed it all sitting working at my open window, with the vine-leaves peeping in, I dilating the while upon innumerable subjects, which doubtless had never before entered her mind. Among these were the country and its beauties. One day some

fortunate chance had brought me a nosegay of fox-gloves, and showing them to her, I found, to my intense pity, that my young Londoner did not even know their name!

'What! Had she never seen wild flowers? Had she never been in the country?'

'Oh yes, she had once lived for six months in a guard-ship off Woolwich, where she had seen the country on the river banks, and her little sisters had sometimes brought home handfuls of daisies from the parks! But for herself, she had worked ever since she could remember; and except the six months in the ship, had never lived anywhere but at Chelsea!'

To me, how dreary seemed such an existence! To stitch—stitch—stitch one's days away; never to read a book, or walk in a country field, or even to know the name of a wild flower! Perhaps, in my deep pity, I overlooked the fact, that one rarely misses pleasures never known; yet still my feelings were strongly excited for poor Mary Hilton. I did not like her the less for learning that her Christian name was that sweet one—Mary. And when all the work was done, and I began to wear the new dresses we had together fabricated, I often thought of the pale, quiet, little thing, and hoped that wherever she was 'working out,' it was with no harder task-mistresses than my good aunt and I.

When we sent for Miss Hilton again it was a sudden call—to make mourning. The lost relative was one too aged and too distant to occasion me much grief, yet I remember the very fact of our sitting sewing black dresses caused our talk to be rather grave; and then the dressmaker told me of a brother—the only one she ever had—who died of consumption; and how she used to sit by him at night, and go out working in the day—towards the last hurrying home so fast lest 'anything might have happened' (that painful gloss we shrinkingly cast over the cold word death) while she was away. How, at the end, it was as she feared. She was working with a lady, who kept her late to finish—just to sew on a few trimmings and hooks and eyes—a mere half-hour's work. But she was that one half hour too late, and never again saw her living brother!

'It was a chance—a mere chance,' she said; 'the lady was not to blame.' And sighing, though without tears—she seemed too quiet for that—the little dressmaker went on with her work again.

We could not finish the mourning in time: it was my fault, I fear, inasmuch as I had invented a fantastic trimming which cost a world of trouble to make, to which poor Miss Hilton submitted with infinite patience. She only asked if she might bring her sister to help her, whereto my aunt graciously assented. But I—always shy of strangers—found great discomfort in the plan. Moreover, the sister's name was Caroline, and I had a girlish prejudice—I have it still—against all Carolines. Miss Caroline Hilton was the exact image of my abhorrence—pretty, vain, talkative—the very type of the worst class of London dressmakers. My aristocratic pride rebelled against her forwardness: I ceased to work in the room; in fact, from the moment she came, I—to travestie irreverently a line from the grandest modern poet—

'Shrank into myself, and was missing ever after.'

Only I made my aunt promise that never again should Miss Caroline darken our doors.

It seems to me, jotting down this sketch at random, that there are in it many lines and touches which belong not alone to the portrait of our dressmaker. Well, let it be so.

When Mary Hilton came to us again it was in the winter-time. She looked, as ever, pale, and was still prone to silence; but there was a greater air of content about her, which spoke of improved fortunes. And in making our engagements with her, it came out accidentally that her hands were full of profitable occupation. Among her new 'ladies,' I remember, were the juvenile scions of a dual household, wherein she used to be employed for

weeks together. Now I was a simpleton in those days: I had a romantic reverence for rank—not vulgar curiosity, but an ideal homage—and greatly did I delight in hearing about the little noblewomen; and Mary Hilton seemed to like telling, not pompously, but simply, how Lady Alice was a beautiful child, and Lady Mary was rather cross, and Baby Lady Blanche was the sweetest little fairy in the world, and would come and talk and play with 'the dressmaker' as much as ever she was allowed. Many visions I mentally had of the lordly household, where the chief filial duty was the privilege of entering carefully dressed with the dessert, and where mamma was not mamma at all, but 'the duchess.' How time passes! The other day I saw in the paper the marriage of the 'beautiful and accomplished Lady Blanche H——.' I thought of 'Baby Lady Blanche,' then of poor Mary Hilton, and sighed.

Our dressmaker worked blithely through the short winter-day, and even when night closed, she seemed in no hurry to go home. About nine o'clock there came up to our workroom a message that some one had called to fetch Miss Hilton: 'A young man,' explained the domestic, hesitating, I suppose, whether she should or should not say 'gentleman.'

'I am really quite glad. I did not like your walking through those dark lanes alone,' said I with infinite relief; and then added in extreme simplicity, 'I thought you had no brother now?'

'It is—not my brother,' murmured our dressmaker, blushing, but faintly, for even the quick blood of youth seemed to creep languidly beneath her constant pallor. I was a child—a very child then. I don't believe I had ever thought of love or lovers—that is, in real life; but some instinct made me cease to question the young woman. Likewise, instead of descending with her, I stayed up stairs; so that she met her friend alone. But I remember opening the blind a little way, and watching two dark figures passing down the snowy lane—watching them, and thinking strange thoughts. It seemed as if a new page were half-opening in life's book.

It had opened; and with eyes light-blinded I had begun to read—for myself, and not for another—before I again saw my little dressmaker.

My aunt and I had changed our abode to the very heart of London, and Mary Hilton had to come to us through four miles of weary streets. I think she would scarcely have done it for gain: it must have been from positive regard for her old customers. She looked much as usual—a little paler perhaps; and she had a slight cough, which I was sorry to hear had lasted some time. But she worked just as well, and just as patiently; and when at nine o'clock came the knock at the door, her smile, though half-concealed, was quite pleasant to see.

I am getting an old woman now, but to this day I incline to love two people who love one another. I do not mind what their rank in life may be: true love is the same in all ranks; and I honestly believe there was true love between my little dressmaker and her Daniel Ray. A respectable, worthy young man was Daniel, as my good and prudent aunt took care to discover. I, in my simple, girlish way, discovered much more. Little did Mary Hilton talk about it; but from her disjointed words I learned that theirs was a long engagement—that Daniel was assistant in a china-shop; that they were waiting, perhaps might have to wait for years, until he could afford to rent a little shop of his own, where she would carry on the dressmaking in the floor above. Meanwhile she at least was quite content; for he came to tea to her father's every Sunday, and in the week-day, wherever she worked, he always fetched her—saw her safe home to Chelsea, and walked back to the City again. Honest, unselfish, faithful lover! Poor Mary Hilton! She, in her humble way, had great happiness—the only happiness which fills a woman's heart.

But one night she had to go home without Daniel Ray. He was in the Potteries, she said, on business; and the poor little thing seemed grieved and trembling when she started to walk home alone, and at night.

She scarce minded the bright, cheerful streets, she said; but she did not like to pass through the lonely squares. The next evening she begged permission to leave by daylight; and at last, with much hesitation, confessed that she had been spoken to by some rude man, and had hurried on past her strength, until, reaching home, she fainted. And then, in my inmost heart, I drew a parallel between myself—a young lady, tenderly guarded, never suffered to cross the threshold alone—and this young person, exposed, without consideration, to any annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon me. All my life, as far as my power went, I have taken care that, whatever her station, a woman should be treated as a woman.

For a week Mary Hilton worked for us, coming and returning each night, walking the whole way, I believe—though I never thought about it then, I have since; and the heedlessness of girlhood has risen up before me as the veriest hard-heartedness. My aunt, too—but she had many things to occupy her mind, and to her Mary Hilton was only 'the dressmaker.' Doubtless we did but as others did, and the young woman expected no more. For I remember, the last night she looked so pale and wearied, that my aunt gave her at supper a glass of wine, and putting into her hand two shillings, instead of the usual eighteenpence, told her to have an omnibus ride home. And then Mary Hilton blushed and resisted, but finally took the sixpence with a look of such thankfulness! Poor thing!

The next time we wrote for our dressmaker, there came, not gentle little Mary Hilton, but the obnoxious Caroline. Her sister was in ill health, she said, and had been obliged to give up working out, but would make the dress at home, if we liked. It was settled so, only we promised that Mary must come to us to try it on. She came one evening, accompanied by Daniel Ray. For this she faintly apologised, saying 'he never would let her go out alone now.' Whereat my aunt looked pleased; and when she quitted the room, I heard her go into the hall and speak in her own kindly tones to honest Daniel.

Mary Hilton tried on my dress, but seemed scarce able to stand the while. I remembered this afterwards, not then, for I was thinking of my pretty dress, and whether I would look well in it. At that time how I longed to make myself fair! Poor fool! but it was not for vanity, God knows! However, it will not do to ponder on these things now. I did not forget to put my usual question to Mary—how she was prospering in the world; and whether there was any near chance of the little china-shop, with 'Mrs Ray, Dressmaker,' on the first floor? She smiled hopefully, and said something about 'the spring,' and 'when her health was better'; and in a very shy and timid way she hinted that, if we wanted bonnets or millinery, there was a sister of Daniel's lately established in the next street—a sister always dependent on him till now. Faithfully I promised to give our small custom to Miss Ray; and so, looking quite happy, our little dressmaker descended. I am glad I saw that happy look—I am glad I noticed the perfect content with which the little delicate thing walked away slowly, leaning on her faithful Daniel. Otherwise, in my after pity, I might have thought life's burthen heavy, and its fates unequal. But it is not so.

Soon after, my aunt wanted a winter bonnet, and I proposed to visit Miss Ray. 'Certainly, my dear Letty,' was the contented acquiescence. So we went, and found there a sharp-featured, Frenchified young milliner, the very antipodes of Daniel. During the trying on I inquired after Miss Hilton.

'Very ill, miss—confined to the house—consumption, I think. But wouldn't a paler blue suit your complexion best?'

I laid down my ribbons, startled and distressed.

'Poor Miss Hilton!' said my compassionate aunt. 'I thought she would die of consumption—so many dressmakers do. But how does your brother bear it?'

'As well as he can, ma'am. It was a foolish thing

from the beginning,' added the milliner sharply, her natural manner getting the better of her politeness. 'The Hiltons are all consumptive, and Daniel knew it. But I beg your pardon, ma'am; perhaps you will try on this shape?'

I turned away, feeling very sorrowful. My first intent was to ask my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton; but when one is young, one sometimes feels ashamed even of a good impulse which might be termed romantic; and I was so mocked for my romance already. I planned various schemes to fulfil and yet disguise my purpose; but somehow they all faded away. And then my own life was so tremulously full, so rich in youth's dreams, that out of it the remembrance of the poor dressmaker soon melted like a cloud.

Late in April—I know it was April—I wanted a new bonnet. It must be a pretty and becoming one—I was wildly anxious about that—one that hid the faults of my poor face, and set off to advantage any single beauty that Heaven had given it. At Miss Ray's I tried on bonnet after bonnet, examined myself eagerly yet tremblingly in all, tried to gain a clear, unbiassed notion of what my poor self was like, and at each look felt my cheek changing and my heart throbbing.

'Letty, my dear!—'

My aunt coming forward, after a confabulation with Miss Ray, roused me from what might have seemed a roverie of girlish vanity; and was—no matter what it was.

'Letty, you will be sorry to hear that poor Mary Hilton—'

Mary Hilton! For weeks she had not crossed my thought: nay, not even now, so full was I of anxiety about my new bonnet.

'Poor Mary Hilton died last week!'

It came upon me like a shock—a pang—a sense of the end that must come to life, and all life's dreams. I—walking in the dazzling light of mine—felt a coldness creep over me; a sting, too, of self-reproach and shame.

I laid down the pretty bonnet, and thought, almost with tears, of the poor little dressmaker, who would never work for me any more—of her hard toils ended, her humble love-dream closed, her life's brief story told, and all passed into silence!

'Then I thought of the poor faithful lover: I could not ask after him—but my aunt did.

'Daniel bears it pretty well,' answered the sister, looking grave, and shedding one little tear. It must be a hard woman indeed who does not show some feeling when brought into immediate contact with death. 'He was with her to the last: she died holding his hand.'

'Poor thing—poor thing!' murmured my tender-hearted aunt.

'Yes, she was a good little creature, was Mary Hilton; but as for the rest of the family, they were nothing over-good—not fit for my brother Daniel,' said the young woman rather proudly. 'Perhaps all was for the best. He will get over it in time.'

So doubtless he did: possibly the humble little creature who loved him, and died thus loving, might even have wished it so. Every unselfish woman would. But I never heard what became of Daniel Ray, for my aunt and I soon after vanished from London; and when we returned, our milliner had vanished too. Mary Hilton, and all memories belonging to her, were thus swept utterly away into the chambers of the past—my girlish past.

But the other day, finding an old, many-years' old dress, one whose veriest fragments I could kiss and weep over, I remembered, among other things, who it was that had then fashioned it; and looking on the careful stitches, thought of the poor fingers, now only dust. And a great sense came over me of the nothingness of all things, and of our need to do good in the daytime, because of the quick-coming night 'wherein no man can work.'

My lady readers—my 'lilies that neither toil nor spin'—show womanly tenderness to those who do toil

and spin for your pleasure or profit; and if you are disposed to be harsh, thoughtless, or exacting, think of this simple sketch from actual life of Our Old Dress-maker.

PHILOSOPHY OF JOURNALISM.

THE history of Journalism is still unwritten; but the materials accumulate fast, and by and by we shall have a historian rising from the crowd of annalists and essayists, to weave together their loose facts and speculations, and while ascertaining the origin, and tracing the progress, of this department of literature, to show its connection with, and influence upon, the destinies of the people. In the meantime, we have now at least a Herodotus of Journalism, who gives the results of observation and inquiry in a picturesque and animated manner, and who, though no more a historian, in the higher sense of the word, than the illustrious Halicarnassian, is, like him, an industrious collector and an agreeable narrator. The pages we refer to contain the material history of journalism in England, which is high praise, both as regards utility and originality: the coming man will interweave with this its moral history, and deserve a higher name.*

Journalism is public opinion embodied in the periodical press; and if this definition—condensed and corrected from Canning—be correct, it is obvious that its history must be something more than a mere history of newspapers. The 'moral of the history of the press' is not, as our author strangely concludes, 'that the state is powerless in checking it in a journal-reading country.' This is but a minor conclusion involved in a major of far more importance. The former may be established by the annalist; while the latter, as we shall presently attempt to show, must be deduced by the historian.

Before the dawn of journalism in this country, towards the close of the reign of James I., news was a luxury which could only be enjoyed by the wealthy. Country gentlemen employed persons in London to send them from time to time 'News-letters,' and this kind of reporting had grown into a profession. The bright idea at length came into the head of one of the news-writers, whose name was Nathaniel Butter, to produce his intelligence at regular intervals; and instead of writing it for the benefit of an individual, to *print* it, and depend upon the public for remuneration. From a reporter, therefore, he became an editor; he turned his letter-room into a publishing office; and on the 23d May 1622 the first number of the first English journal, the 'Weekly News,' made its appearance. Butter was laughed at, but he was not melted from his purpose: he and his establishment were ridiculed on the stage by Ben Jonson, and but little 'patronised,' as the phrase is, by the public; but there was vitality in the notion, and the first journal jogged on, however meanly; and its editor, timid, subservient, and poor as he was, contrived to live by the business for eighteen years.

The infancy of journalism was passed in leading-strings; but during the civil wars, our author tells us, the aid of the press was invoked by both sides, and its trammels, therefore, fell to the ground. The press, in reality, grew with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of public opinion. Men did not select it as an instrument of warfare: they merely gave forth in its pages the feelings that had reached a state of ebullition; and it acquired importance as it became more truly and more widely an expositor of the sentiments of the people. Such expositions were crushed for a time by Charles II.; but the Revolution laid a solid foundation for the liberty of the press. Government, no longer driven to attempt the suppression of a power it feared, appealed in its own turn to public opinion. Government papers

were instituted to do battle with opposition papers; and thus the system, carried afterwards to so prodigious a height, was fairly commenced.

Before this time the finest spirits of the age had seen the necessity for a free press; and Milton more especially regarded any interference with it as a kind of sacrilege:—'Books,' said he, 'are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' The 'armed men' springing a little later from these dragon's teeth were political libels, declared by the author of 'Cato's Letters' to be merely an evil arising out of a much greater good. 'And as to those,' says he, 'who are for locking up the press because it produces monsters, they ought to consider that so do the sun in the Nile; and that it is something better for the world to bear some particular inconveniences arising from general blessings, than to be wholly deprived of fire and water.'

During the reign of Queen Anne, the first daily newspaper, the 'Daily Courant,' appeared, and journalism, hitherto pretty nearly confined to news, began to assume the mixed character it has to-day, and to spread abroad the speculations of the writers upon the intelligence they communicated. Before this an attempt was made at journals consisting wholly of speculation; but these were merely the news-pamphlets of an earlier period, reproduced in the periodical form, and they led, as a matter of course, to the development of the regular newspaper. This was the epoch of Defoe, who was sentenced to the pillory for a political libel, and who brought out his Review while still in jail. The 'Daily Courant' was published in 1709, at which period there were eighteen other London papers, although the written news-letters still maintained so close a rivalry with the printed sheets, that we find one of the latter reminding the public that print cost less than manuscript. This period was likewise distinguished by the appearance of literary journals—the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' 'Guardian,' &c. when the genius of Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, and others, conferred an air of elegance and distinction upon the public press.

Addison's remarks upon the appetite for news in his day, and the way in which it was satisfied, would apply in their general features to our own:—'There is no humour in my countrymen,' he says, 'which I am more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst after news. There are about half-a-dozen ingenious men who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow-subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so very different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another. But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and, if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper; notwithstanding,

* The Fourth Estate: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By F. Knight Hunt. 2 vols. London: Hogue. 1859.

in a scarcity of foreign posts, we hear the same story repeated by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of the fresh mail: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which we have already taken.' He proposes, in the scarcity of foreign news, to establish a journal which shall give the occurrences of every little town, village, or hamlet within the range of the Penny-Post—that is to say, within ten miles of London. The paper of the 'Spectator' containing this proposal is the source of the most popular jocularities of the present passing day; but for all that, the scheme has been carried out in serious earnest. The only difference is, that as the Penny-Post embraces now the whole kingdom, instead of a single journal of news, there are hundreds, each district having one or more sheets to take care of its own village and hamlets.

Political libels were still the great sin of the press; and when Queen Anne had been ten years on the throne, she made an attempt, by means of her parliament, to impose some restrictions. Journalism, however, had now risen into respectability, and a general repugnance was manifested against any overt act of interference: but its enemies hit upon a plan which remains in force to this day. A penny stamp on a whole sheet, and a halfpenny on a half-sheet, together with the duty of a shilling on each advertisement, did more mischief than a censorship: many of the journals were at once discontinued; others united into one publication; even the 'Spectator,' having been obliged to increase its price, was dropped for want of sufficient circulation; and Swift wrote to Stella that 'all Grub Street was ruined by the Stamp Act.' The formidable character of the press at this time is shown both by the good and bad fortune of Steele. This witty writer was rewarded for his journalism with the appointment of commissioner of the Stamp-Office; but when he had the folly to give up his place for a seat in parliament, his talent as a public writer showed itself to be so intractable, that the whole power of the ministers was used to obtain his expulsion, which, with some little difficulty, they effected. Later than this the press rendered good service during the rebellion of 1745: and Fielding, from the editor of the 'True Patriot,' became a Bow-Street magistrate.

Dr Johnson describes thus the public press of his time:—'No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette, but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villagers of his district with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true interests of Europe.' He tells us that the knowledge of the common people of England is remarked by all foreigners to be greater than that of any other vulgar; and this he accounts for by 'the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.'

Footes, like Ben Jonson in another age, did everything in his power to make the press ridiculous; but dramatic criticism began to appear in the newspapers in his time. Before then, the doings of the theatres were chronicled merely in the way of news, and one newspaper paid £200 a year for such intelligence. When criticism, however, was added, the tables were turned, and the press obtained a superiority it has never relinquished. The theatres, instead of receiving £200, laid out at least £1000 in newspaper advertisements.

Since the time of Cromwell, no authorised reports of proceedings in parliament had appeared in the journals, although from time to time certain newspapers continued to publish them on the chance of impunity.

This custom at length grew into a kind of privilege, and was a part—and a highly important one—of the liberty of the age. The newspapers became bolder—they had even the audacity to give names in full; and at length, in 1771, the ire of parliament was awakened, and the question brought fairly to issue. Two printers were taken into custody under the Speaker's warrant, and discharged by the lord mayor Wilkes and his brother magistrate Oliver. The result was that the city dignitaries were committed to the Tower. Parliament, however, dared not go farther. On the prorogation the prisoners left the Tower in triumph; and the right assumed by the press of printing the debates has never since been called in question. This, however, should not be mistaken for what our author calls it—a triumph of the press. It was a triumph of public liberty; and if the pulpit, instead of the press, had chanced to be identified with it in the matter in question, the result would have been the same.

The newspaper annals of the present century are full of progress, libels, government prosecutions, and struggles of the unstamped. A few great papers absorb attention by their magnitude and importance; for as the system advanced, its obvious tendency was to direct the current of popularity into particular channels. This proceeded remotely from the moral gregariousness of men, but proximately from the circumstance of the struggle to secure and extend popularity involving so immense a capital as to confine competition for the first rank to a very small number. Of these great papers, the 'Public Advertiser' was the earliest of the daily tribe which attained to enduring reputation. It was the arena of Junius, although the popularity of his celebrated letters did not effect the wonders in the circulation of the paper which have been attributed to them. The 'Morning Chronicle' commenced in 1769, and at the beginning of the French Revolution became the property of Mr Perry and Mr Gray. Coleridge and Campbell both wrote for it, but with the usual ineffectiveness of mere literary men, who want the readiness demanded by journalism. The 'Morning Post' originated in 1772. The 'Morning Herald' was established in opposition to the 'Post' in 1780. The 'Times' began its surprising career in 1788, and was at first chiefly distinguished by being printed 'logographically'; that is to say, by types forming entire words, instead of letters. The efforts of Mr John Walter, however, the logographic printer, were less successful than those of the late Mr Walter with his steam-press, which, by successive improvements, is now capable of producing 8000 copies in the hour. Among other plans fallen upon by this Mr Walter for obtaining efficient literary assistance, was his encouraging a supply of 'letters to the editor,' which frequently led him to the discovery of a clever writer. His example in this respect was zealously followed by his chief editor, the late Mr Barnes, who never missed the opportunity of obtaining, at any cost, the assistance of a promising pen. The writer of these columns remembers, that when he was a young literary man upon town, an article of his in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' chanced to attract the attention of Mr Barnes; upon which he immediately sought out the editor of the 'Review,' to inquire whether his unknown contributor would accept of a parliamentary reportership. By such zeal, and by liberal, not to say lavish rewards to its authors, the 'Times' was able to take advantage of those political currents which carried it to the first rank in the field of journalism. In addition to these morning papers, the publicans are represented by the 'Morning Advertiser,' one of the earliest established; and within the last few years there came into the field the 'Daily News,' with the avowed intention of underselling the rest, although it found itself obliged eventually to come up to the standard price. Several other speculations of the kind have been tried, with abundance of money, and of literary talent; but the elements of success in such works seem to be wholly peculiar, and both capitalists and literary men were soon put *hors de combat*.

'A summary of the British newspaper press,' says Mr Hunt, 'arranged according to locality and to political bias at the end of the year 1849, offers the following results:—In London, 113 papers; in England, 223; in Wales, 11; in Scotland, 85; in Ireland, 101; in the British islands, 14. General summary: Liberal papers, 218; Conservative, 174; Neutral, 155. The total number of journals, of all shades of opinion, being 547.' On a fully-appointed London morning paper upwards of 100 persons are regularly employed in the printing and business departments alone; and the following is a general summary of *weekly* expenses:—

Editing, writing, and reporting a double paper during the session of parliament,	L.230
Foreign and local correspondence,	100
Printing, machining, publishing, and general expenses, double paper, with occasional second and third editions, and an evening edition three days a week,	200
Weekly total,	L.530

'The prevalence or scarcity of newspapers in a country,' says our compiler, 'affords a sort of index to its social state: where journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence, and wealth; where journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves.' This is one of those external facts which the social physiologist may remark; but journalism will be treated by the philosopher as something very different from a mere symptom of national prosperity. We are accustomed to look upon 'the Press' as some powerful and external engine which men may adapt as they please to their own purposes; but the fallacy of the notion may be deduced clearly enough even from so slight a sketch as the foregoing. No effort, no power, no will can establish a journal whose place is not already made in the public mind. Without this, money is useless, and talent vain. Mr Murray drenched the 'Representative' with his treasure, as Mr D'Israeli did with his genius, and all to no purpose. Mere literary men, in fact, unless possessing unusually observant minds and plastic pens, are always bad journalists; for their papers are exponents of their own idiosyncrasies, not of the public thought. A journal does not, in the common phrase, address a certain class of readers: it is the voice of these readers themselves. It is the expression of an idea previously existing in their minds, or the supply of a thing for which their souls even unconsciously thirsted. A journal may be the voice of an individual; but the power of the voice depends upon the echoes which take it up, and which prolong and infinitely multiply its vibrations. No journalist is, in the strict sense of the word, original—if he were so, he would be alone: he is merely the mouthpiece, the agent, the representative of his readers, and he employs his energies in collecting the peculiar aliment which their taste demands, and which their intellectual constitutions are capable of assimilating. These are facts which journalists know practically—instructively; and it has often been said that the greatest of all our existing newspapers owes its success to the unwearied care with which it watches the changing tide of public opinion, so as to appear to direct that mighty current on which it only floats.

It is essential to observe this identity of journalism and the stuff of which the minds of aggregates of men are composed. Without this, we shall always be floundering from one mistake into another, and shifting the blame or the merit from the agent to the instrument. We praise, for instance, the zeal of the press in catching up foreign news the instant it approaches our shores; but we fail to remark that the success of these efforts depends upon the most wonderful mail system that ever existed. 'We have now nearly a hundred and fifty steamers,' says the 'Hants Advertiser,' 'most of them of the greatest power and speed, engaged specially in bringing political and commercial intelligence from all parts of the world. They are never delayed at any port at which they may touch, but for the purpose of coaling, landing and embarking mails; and their rapid

and punctual arrival in the country, after in some instances running a distance of three thousand miles without stopping, is one of the wonders of this remarkable age.' Journalism, in fact, is merely a portion of the civilisation, the freedom, the greatness—and of the subserviency, the meanness, and the iniquity—of the time and country.

There are portions of the press which would be a disgrace to any age—which pander to the vices that everywhere exist in large populations, and draw a foul subsistence from the very garbage of human nature. Of these we are very properly loud in our condemnation; but it would be well to reflect that such journals are but instruments, voices, exponents, like other journals; and the reflection will teach us that reform must take place in character, not in mere expression. The present, however, with all its greatness, is decidedly the age of Tinkering. To encourage sobriety, we would shut up the public-houses: but when the question is to dispel ignorance and elevate the moral feeling by means of education, we fall to arguing about the mode, and postpone the task *ad infinitum*. Pains and penalties inflicted upon the instruments are of little avail in putting down the base part of the press. We must deprive such papers of their field of circulation by raising the public mind above their level. In like manner, the littleness that deform even the greatest journals are *our own*, and we must rise above them in our own minds before they will cease to exist in the exponents of our feelings. Journalism, in short, being simply public opinion expressed in a periodical form, is a perpetual reflection of the sentiments and intellect of the nation, and a gauge by which we may measure both its advance and its shortcomings. To write its history, therefore, is to trace the progress of civilisation, and to prophecy of the future of mankind.

We should not conclude without saying that Mr Hunt's volumes contain a much greater mass of materials on the interesting subject he has chosen than can be found elsewhere in a single work; and that, if our object in the perusal had been to select amusing and striking extracts, we could with great ease have filled the whole number.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE RED SEA.

From my infancy I had longed to visit the scenes memorable from their association with Scripture. The vivid pictures of the sacred historian being the first presented to my imagination, had most profoundly impressed it; and my feelings when, in 1842, I actually stood upon the shore of the Red Sea, I should vainly endeavour to describe. Before us lay a sea of the deepest blue, in comparison with which the Mediterranean would look faded; it was scarcely broken by a ripple, and all over it danced and flashed the beams of such a sun! for it was near the end of May, and the heat was daily attaining greater power. On the opposite shore of that narrow arm of the sea which runs up to Suez, we could distinguish a party of travellers on camels, attended by an Arab escort. They had probably just crossed the gulf; a little beyond them the mirage favoured us with a ghostly reflection of Suez, very blue and indistinct. At no great distance from us lay our own baggage-camels, quietly feeding; and close to the beach was an Arab boat with its crew waiting to convey us to the steamer that lay some little distance out, the water being too shallow, and the coral rocks too numerous, to allow it to come nearer to the town. Indeed (as we saw afterwards) a little steamer belonging to Mehemet Ali had got aground much lower; and day by day, for nearly a year, the worthy imams had been down to pray Allah for its removal to safe floating again, making, however, no other effort to effect such an event. Of course it was 'written on the steamer' that it should not float, and float it did not; probably it is there still. The whole scene presented to us was one of busy life and glad sunshine; and as one

gazed, it grew difficult to remember that these joyous waters

——— Rolled
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold —

over the night and the majesty of old Egypt.

But the yellow-slipped and stockingless owner of our boat gave us little time for reflection, summoning us almost directly on board, as the steamer wanted to be 'under weigh' before sunset; and we embarked, seated for the first time in the Oriental fashion on the little half deck, there being no seats. As the oars of our crew fell into the water, they broke into a wild chant, the effect of which was very good. They did not sing in parts, but alternately, catching the notes from each other in a very singular manner. Thus, amidst music and sunshine, we began a voyage which, from several causes, proved very disagreeable and unpropitious. The number of passengers that embarked proved too great for the size of the steamer; we were consequently much crowded; the heat on board was more intolerable than one can imagine—that of India appeared as nothing after it—and the vessel literally swarmed with cock-roaches.

Not even a distant view of Sinai, a nearer one of Mount St Agnes, nor the infinite variety which the surface of the sea itself presented, could compensate for the horrors of that burning climate and its disgusting vermin. Under any other circumstances we should have found a resource from the ennui of a voyage in watching the motley groups that composed our ship's company. There were at least seventy passengers besides the captain and European sailors, the negroes and Nubians who worked in the engine-room, and upwards of twenty Parsee, Mohammedan, and Hindoo servants. On the paddle-box the Nubian pilot was generally to be seen; a magnificent figure, attired in long flowing robes of white, that contrasted admirably with his ebony skin and glittering black eyes. At his evening orisons he really offered a charming subject for a sketch, but an intention of taking it never occurred to us then; physical suffering renders one almost blind to the picturesque, and it was only by a strong effort that we could bear up against that terrible overpowering heat. Never before had we been at all aware with how much propriety the superstition of the dark ages had condemned evil spirits to an abode beneath those scorching waters! As we approached the Straits of Lab-el-Mandeb, the thermometer rose, and a day of unusual heat and exhaustion was followed by a still more burning night. I had good cause to remember it! A daughter of Lady A——'s shared my cabin, which was just outside the saloon, and had no outer door, in place of which the entrance was closed by a canvas curtain. We had opened the port-hole, but no breath of air entered. It was a dead calm. The steamer was cutting her way through a sea of glass, apparently surrounded by an atmosphere of fire. The gentlemen had gone on deck to sleep, as the saloon would have resembled the Black Hole of Calcutta had its usual occupants remained in it; only a Parsee or two lingered below to wait, if required, on the ladies, for I need scarcely say that there were no stewardesses on board an Oriental steamer. Miss A—— proposed that we should have the lamp suspended in our cabin extinguished, in order to diminish the heat. It hung too high to be reached by either of us, and her mother's maid was ill, and had gone to bed; we were therefore compelled to call in one of our Eastern attendants to put it out; and doubtless, during the time he obeyed our command, he took with his downcast black eyes a quick survey of the apartment, thus becoming aware that my mattress was placed on two large trunks to raise it from the deck; for in those days the Red Sea steamers were totally unfurnished except the saloon, and we had to use the things provided for our desert *trajet*, amongst which, of course, we did not count a bedstead or cot. The light out, we were both soon asleep. About midnight, however, my slumber was disturbed by feeling a heavy pressure on my throat. I sat up, fancying I was suffering from nightmare, and found

Lady A—— at the canvas door holding a lamp, and in her night-dress. She asked 'if anything had disturbed me!' I told her I had been dreaming some one was choking me. She laughed, told me her daughter, Mrs. F——, who slept in her room, had also been distressed by a dream; 'she supposed the heat affected us both'—and then withdrew with the light. A second and a third time the same cause awoke me; and each time I found Lady A—— in the room! It was singular. The last time I fancied that, as I opened my eyes, I saw in the light of Lady A——'s advancing lamp a tall, muffled figure, with terrible black eyes, bending over me. This dream, or reality, whichever it was, so completely 'frightened sleep,' that it visited me no more that night: I begged her light, and read till daybreak. The next morning Lady A—— told me that her daughter had three times in the course of the night awoke her, and sent her to our room, having as often dreamed, with painful distinctness, that a tall dark man was murdering us. She at first thought we had both been disturbed by a dream, but my faint glimpse of a retreating figure the third time convinced me that there had been something of reality in the matter, especially as some favourite rings of mine were missing. So, with Lady A——'s concurrence, I determined (not to make a disturbance about what might prove a false alarm) to sit up the next night and watch for my nocturnal visitor, who, if he had been disturbed by Lady A—— the last night, might probably venture another visit the next. Lady A—— promised also to sit up, and come to me if I called her. Ten o'clock came. A Mohammedan, whose eyes at daylight had appeared to me strangely like those of my dream—if it were a dream—brought me a cup of coffee, assuring me with Oriental courtesy that 'it would do mischief good.'

The attention was a little suspicious; so, though I took the cup, I drank none of its contents, but poured them away, and returned it to him empty. I wished him to think I had taken it. Then I dropped the canvas screen, kept the lamp burning, took a book, and read. Very slowly and heavily passed the hours. Oppressed by heat, I could scarcely resist my inclination to sleep. The words I read had little meaning for me, and I forgot incessantly the subject of the page as I listened to the dash of the waves against the side of the vessel—a sound which was gradually lulling me to repose, when, with a clash that startled me, twelve o'clock was struck on the ship's bell. I was thoroughly awake then, and looking up, suddenly perceived the long fingers of a black hand grasping the side of the canvas screen in the act of withdrawing it. I called loudly for Lady A——, and moved hurriedly to the doorway. She was with me in an instant, but no one was visible outside. As she had not met him in coming from her cabin, it was evident that the intruder had taken refuge in the saloon—he had no other retreat. We resolved to seek him there. I have since thought we did a brave, if not a rash action in following him, alone as we were; but the lady who proposed it is such a model of gentle courage and quiet resolution, that one never thinks of fear when with her. The saloon was shaped like a T, from the (now empty) bed-cabins that projected into it, the upper part of the latter being towards the stern, and containing a number of couches formed on the lockers, as they are called. We searched it throughout. We looked under the long table—under the sofas—everywhere. There was no sign of Mohammedan or Christian! Lady A—— now came to the conclusion that both nights I must have been dreaming. It is very provoking to be suspected of sleeping when one is convinced of one's own wakefulness: I was certain of my recent vision's materiality, and therefore intreated Lady A—— to come out of the saloon, and wish me 'good-night' in a loud voice; but instead of leaving me, to slip behind my screen, and 'mark the event.' She good-naturedly complied, and a few minutes proved that I had not been deceived. Very slowly and stealthily we heard some one issue from the saloon, and on peeping through the aperture left by the curtain, we saw a tall muffled figure, such as I had described, steal up the ladder leading to the deck. There could no longer be

any doubt; though how the robber had eluded our search was, and continues to be, a mystery. It is probable, however, that he crept out of one of the stern port-holes or windows, and hung by his hands till we left the room; the complete power the Arabs and all Orientals possess over their limbs rendering it an easy task for him afterwards to effect his return by the same ingress. What was now to be done? We had not thought of catching him in his rapid flight up the ladder. Nay, I doubt if we could. Lady A—— (as I declared that I could not identify him from his twenty comrades, and as we left the steamer at Aden the next day or the following one) proposed that we should keep the affair secret, as any inquiry into the matter would be fruitless, and make a disturbance for nothing. To this I agreed, but kept watch till daybreak. We were one more night on board, not arriving at Aden till four or five o'clock in the morning of the second day, but I did not make it a vigil. One of Lady A——'s sons—a cavalry officer—came down and slept on the saloon table, two other gentlemen occupied the sofas; and thus within reach of protection, we ventured to sleep quietly, and without fear.

The robber's intention in thus daringly entering my cabin was probably to open and plunder the trunks on which I slept. He imagined probably that they contained articles of value, for the better security of which I had had my mattress placed on them, and hoped quietly to displace me; intending perhaps, if I awoke, to insure my eternal silence. It is very certain I could not have called for help with that evil grasp upon my throat! The boldness of the attempt, though it might surprise a European, was not singular in the East; as we were told that in India instances had occurred of officers having been robbed of the sheet on which they slept without being awakened! Lady A——'s appearance had, however, startled him from his prey, and obliged him to seek a hiding-place in the saloon by means of the inner door of my cabin.

It was with great delight that I heard the announcement of our arrival at Aden, where we were to embark in another vessel, and quit the Red Sea for the Indian Ocean. The vague dreams of beauty and solemnity I had formerly attached to it were gone; and it has ever since been associated in my mind with a feeling of horror and dislike; although of course I felt, and do feel very thankful for the escape which I made upon its blue fatal waters.

STEAM-BRIDGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

IN the summer of 1838 the Atlantic Ocean was crossed for the first time by vessels exclusively propelled by steam-power. These pioneers were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*—the former built for another class of voyages, and afterwards lost on the station between Cork and London; the latter built expressly for Atlantic navigation, and which has ever since been more or less employed in traversing that ocean. Other ships followed: the *British Queen*, afterwards sold to the Belgian government; the *Great Liverpool*, subsequently altered and placed on the line between Southampton and Alexandria; and the *President*, lost, no man knows how or where, in the year 1841. Then came what is called 'Cunard's Line,' consisting of a number of majestic steam-ships built in the Clyde, to carry passengers and mails between Liverpool in Europe, and Halifax, Boston, and New York in America; a service they have performed with the most marvellous regularity. The only great misfortune that has befallen this line has been the loss of one of the vessels, the *Columbia*, which, in nautical phrase, 'broke her back' on some rocks on the American shore of the Atlantic. Then came the *Great Britain*, the greatest of them all, differing from the others in two respects—first, in being built of iron instead of wood; and second, in being propelled by the Archimedean screw instead of by the old paddle-wheels; and, alas! she has differed from them all in a third respect, inasmuch as neither the same good-luck at-

tended her as in general fell to the lot of the ships of the Cunard Line, nor the same irremediable bad fortune as was met by the *President* and the *Columbia*; for, after having made several voyages very successfully, she, to the amazement of all mankind, very quietly went ashore in Dundrum Bay, on the east coast of Ireland, from whence, after spending a most uncomfortable winter, she was brought back to Liverpool, and now lies in the Bramley-Moore Dock there, like a huge mass of iron suffering under premature rust. But all this time these ocean steamers that periodically brought to New York passengers and intelligence from Europe were British built. They had been constructed in the Avon, the Mersey, and the Clyde, the greater number having been launched in the same waters as first received Henry Bell's little *Comet*. Why did America not embark in such enterprise? As regards steam navigation, Fulton was before Bell; New York before Glasgow; the *Fulton's Folly* before the *Comet*; and was

'The greatest nation
In all creation'

to be outdone in the field of enterprise by the old Britishers? American pride said 'No'; American instinct said 'No'; and, above all, American capitalists said 'No!' Keels were laid down in New York; the shipbuilders' yards became unusually active; and the stately timbers of majestic ships gradually rose before the admiring gaze of the citizens of the great republic.

But the race of William the Doubter is not yet extinct, and many, as usual, shook their wise heads at the enterprise. It was admitted that in inland navigation the Americans had beaten the world; that except an occasional blow-up, their river steamers were really models of enterprise and skill; but it was gravely added, the Mississippi is not the Atlantic; icebergs are not snags; and an Atlantic wave is somewhat different from an Ohio ripple. These truisms were of course undeniable; but to them was quickly added another fact, about which there could be as little mistake—namely, the arrival at Southampton, after a voyage which, considering it was the first, was quite successful, of the American-built steam-ship *Washington* from New York. There seemed to be a touch of calm irony in thus making the *Washington* the first of their Atlantic-crossing steamers, as if the Americans had said, 'You doubting Britishers! when you wished to play tyrant over us, did we not raise one *Washington* who chastised you? and now that you want to monopolise Atlantic navigation, we have raised another *Washington*, just to let you know that we will beat you again!'

The *Washington*, however, was only the precursor of greater vessels. These were to sail between New York and Liverpool, carrying the mails under a contract with the American government. In size, and speed, and splendour of fittings, these new ships were to surpass the old: even their names were, if possible, to be more grand and expressive. The vessels of Cunard's Line had lately appropriated the names of the four great continents of the globe, but the oceans remained, and their names were adopted; the new steamers being called the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. The first of these was despatched from New York on the 27th of April last, and arrived in the Mersey on the 10th of May, thus making the passage in about thirteen days. The voyage would have been made in a shorter time but for two accidents: the bursting of the condenser; and the discovery, after the vessel was some distance at sea, of the weakness of the floats or boards on the paddle-wheels. About two days were entirely lost in making repairs; and the speed was reduced, in order to prevent the floats from being entirely torn away from the paddle-wheels. These things considered, the passage was very successful. The average time occupied during 1849 by the vessels of the old line between New York and Liverpool was 12½ days; but their voyages were longer than those of the *Atlantic*, as they called at Halifax. The shortest passage was that made by the *Canada*

from New York to Liverpool *via* Halifax in eleven days four hours.

The *Atlantic* remained for nineteen days at Liverpool; and during all that time she had to lie in a part of the river called the Sloyne, in consequence of none of the dock-entrances being wide enough to allow her to pass in. Her breadth, measuring across the paddle-boxes, is 75 feet; of the vessels of Cunard's Line, about 70 feet; and the widest dock-entrance is barely sufficient to admit the latter. The *Great Britain*, though longer than any other steam-ship that ever entered the Mersey, is not so broad, as, being propelled by the screw, she has no paddle-wheels. A dock at the north shore is now in course of construction expressly for the accommodation of the *Atlantic* and her consorts.

For several days during her stay at Liverpool the *Atlantic* was open to visitors on payment of sixpence each, the money thus realised (upwards of £.70) being paid over to the trustees of the Institution for the Blind, whose church and school are now being removed to give greater space round the station of the London and North-Western Railway. On the day of my visit crowds of people were waiting at the pier for the steamer that was to convey them to the *Atlantic*. Whitsuntide visitors from the manufacturing districts were hastening on board the numerous vessels waiting to take them on pleasure excursions to the Isle of Man, North Wales, or round the light-ship at the mouth of the river. There was great risk of making mistakes in the hurry; and the remark of an old sailor, that the vessel could 'easily be known by the Yankee flag flying at the fore,' served only still further to confuse the many, who could not tell one flag from another. However, a small-tug steamer soon appeared with a dirty piece of bunting, just recognisable as the famous 'star-spangled banner,' flying at the fore; and her deck was in a few minutes so crowded, that orders were issued to take no more on board, and away we steamed, leaving about a hundred people to exercise their patience until the steamer's return. A man at my elbow, who afterwards appeared in the capacity of money-taker, whispered, 'There's the *captin*!' and on looking up the gangway, I saw—

'A man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,'

looking calmly in the direction of the colossal ship of which he was the commander; his complexion browned by exposure to sun and wind, storm and spray; and his whole demeanour indicating the calm strength acquired by long familiarity with the elements in their roughest moods. As we approached the ship, her appearance was not prepossessing. She is undoubtedly clumsy; the three masts are low, the funnel is short and dumpy, there is no bowsprit, and her sides are painted black, relieved only by one long streak of dark-red. Her length between the perpendiculars—that is, the length of her keel—is 276 feet; breadth (exclusive of paddle-boxes), 45; thus keeping up the proportion, as old as Noah's ark, of six feet of length to one of breadth. The stern is rounded, having in the centre the American eagle, clasping the starred and striped shield, but no other device. The figure-head is of colossal dimensions, intended, say some, for Neptune; others say that it is the 'old Triton blowing his wreathed horn,' so lovingly described by Wordsworth; and some wags assert that it is the proprietor of the ship blowing his own trumpet. The huge bulk of the *Atlantic* was more perceptible by contrast with the steamer—none of the smallest—that was now alongside; for though the latter was large enough to accommodate about four hundred people on deck, yet its funnel scarcely reached as high as the bulwarks of the *Atlantic*. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 36 feet; and the floats, many of which, split and broken, were lying about in the water, are nearly 15 feet long. The depth of the hold is 31 feet, and the estimated burthen 2860 tons, being about the same as the *Great Britain*,

and about 500 tons more than the ships of the old Cunard Line.

Like all the other Atlantic steamers,* the run of the deck is almost a straight line. Around the funnel, and between the paddle-boxes, is a long wooden house, and another is placed at the stern. These contain the state-rooms of the captain and officers; and in a cluster are to be found the kitchen, the pastry-room, and the barber's shop. The two former are, like similar establishments, replete with every convenience, having even a French *maître de cuisine*; but the latter is quite unique. It is fitted up with all necessary apparatus—with glass-cases containing perfumery, &c.; and in the centre is 'the barber's chair.' This is a comfortable, well-stuffed seat, with an inclined back. In front is a stuffed trestle, on which to rest feet and legs; and behind is a little stuffed apparatus like a crutch, on which to rest the head. These are movable, so as to suit people of all sizes; and in this comfortable horizontal position the passenger lies, and his beard is taken off in a twinkling, let the Atlantic waves roll as they may. The house at the stern contains a smoking-room, and a small apartment completely sheltered from the weather for the steersman. The smoking-room communicates with the cabin below, so that, after dinner, those passengers so disposed may, without the least exposure to the weather, or annoyance to their neighbours, enjoy the weed of old Virginia in perfection. This smoking-room is the principal prospect of the man at the helm, who, however, has to steer according to his signals. Before him is a painted intimation that one bell means 'port,' and two bells mean 'starboard'; a like intimation appears on the large bell in the bow of the ship; and according to the striking of the bell, so must he steer.

Proceeding below, we come to the great saloon, 67 feet long, and the dining-saloon, 60 feet long, each being 20 feet broad, and divided from each other by the steward's pantry. This pantry is more like a silversmith's shop, the sides being lined with glass-cases stored with beautifully-burnished plate; crockery of every description, well secured, is seen in great quantities; and the neatness of arrangement shows that the gilded inscription, full in the sight of every visitor—'A place for everything, and everything in its place'—has been reduced to practice. Above the tables in the dining-saloon are suspended racks, cut to receive decanters, glasses, &c. so that they can be immediately placed on the table without the risk attendant on carrying them from place to place. The two saloons are fitted up in a very superior manner: rose, satin, and olive are the principal woods that have been used, and some of the tables are of beautifully-variegated marble, with metal supporters. The carpets* are very rich, and the coverings of the sofas, chairs, &c. are of the same superior quality. The panels round the saloons contain beautifully-finished emblems of each of the states in the Union, and a few other devices that savour very strongly of republicanism. For example, a young and beautiful figure, all radiant with health and energy, wearing a cap of liberty, and waving a drawn sword, is represented trampling on a feudal prince, from whose head a crown has rolled in the dust. The cabin windows are of beautifully-painted glass, embellished with the arms of New York, and other cities in the States. Large circular glass ventilators, reaching from the deck to the lower saloon, are also richly ornamented, while handsome mirrors multiply all this splendour. The general effect is that of chasteness and a certain kind of solidity. There is not much gilding, the colours used are not gaudy, and there is a degree of elegant comfort about the saloons that is sometimes wanting amid splendid fittings. There is a ladies' drawing-room near the chief saloon full of every luxury. The berths are about 150 in number, leading out, as usual, from the saloons. The most novel feature about them is the 'wedding-berths,' wider and more handsomely furnished than the others, intended for such newly-married couples as wish to spend the first fort-

light of the honeymoon on the Atlantic. Such berths are, it seems, always to be found on board the principal river-steamers in America, but are as yet unknown on this side of the water. Each berth has a bell-rope communicating with a patented machine called the 'Annunciator.' This is a circular plate about the size of the face of an eight-day clock, covered with numbers corresponding with those of the state-rooms. Each number is concealed by a semicircular plate, which is removed or turned round as soon as the rope is pulled in the state-room with the corresponding number. A bell is at the same time struck to call the attention of the stewards, who then replace the plate in its former position, and attend to the summons.

The machinery which propels the ship consists of two engines, each of 500 horse-power, the engines of the old line being also two in number, but only about 400 horse-power each. Such cylinders, and shafts, and pistons, and beams are, I believe, unrivalled in the world. There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, in two rows of four each. The consumption of coal is about fifty tons every twenty-four hours; 'and that,' said one of the engineers, 'is walking pretty fast into a coal-mine, I guess!' According to the calculations of the very wise men who predicted the failure of Atlantic steam navigation, such a vessel as the *Atlantic* ought to carry 3700 tons of coal; but it will be seen that one-fourth of that quantity is more than enough, even making allowance for extra stores to provide against accidents. In the engine-room is a long box with five compartments, each communicating with a wire fastened like a bell-pull to the side of the paddle-box. These handles are marked respectively—'ahead,' 'slow,' 'fast,' 'back,' and 'hook-on'; and whenever one is pulled, a printed card with the corresponding signal appears in the box opposite the engineer, who has to act accordingly. There is thus no noise of human voices on board this ship: the helmsman steers by his bells, the engineer works by the telegraph, and the steward waits by the annunciator.

Two traces of national habits struck me very much. Even in the finest saloon there are, in places where they would be least expected, handsome 'spittoons'—the upper part fashioned like a shell, and painted a sea-green or sky-blue colour—thus giving ample facility for indulging in that practice of spitting of which Americans are so fond. Again, much amusement was caused by the attempt of one of the officers in charge of the communication between the small steamer and the *Atlantic* to prevent the gentlemen from leaving the latter until the ladies had seated themselves on the former. The appearance of the deck, crowded with ladies only, and a host of gentlemen kept back, some impatient to get down, but the greater part entering into the humour of the thing, was quite new to English ideas. It is but fair to add that the ladies did not seem to like it; and that, when the steamer again came alongside, it was not repeated.

Upon the whole, this Atlantic steamer is really worthy of the great country from which she has come. If, in shape and general appearance, she is inferior to the old vessels, she is decidedly equal, if not superior, to them in machinery and fittings. Her powers as regards speed have of course yet to be tried. One voyage is no test, nor even a series of voyages during the summer months: she must cross and recross at least for a year before any just comparison can be instituted. The regular postal communication between Liverpool and the United States will speedily be twice every week—the ships of the new line sailing on Wednesday, and the old on Saturday.

But other ports besides Liverpool are now despatching steamers regularly to America. Glasgow sent out a powerful screw steamer—the *City of Glasgow*, 1087 tons—on 16th April for New York, where she arrived on 15th May; thus making the passage in about seventeen days in spite of stormy weather and entanglements among ice; the average time taken by the Liverpool

steamers during 1849 being fourteen days. Her return voyage, however, made under more favourable circumstances, was within this average—the distance being steamed between the 18th May and the 1st June. A vessel called the *Viceroy* is about to sail from Galway to New York, and her voyage is looked forward to with considerable interest. The *Washington* and *Hermann* sail regularly between Bremen and Southampton and New York, and the *British Queen* has been put on the passage between Hamburg and New York. All these enterprises seem to indicate that ere long the Atlantic carrying trade will be conducted in steamships, and sailing vessels superseded to as great extent as has been the case in the coasting trade.

THE FRENCH POLICE.

MUCH is heard of the system of French police—its petty regulations with respect to personal movement, its spying into private affairs, and its wide and deep ramifications through society. The perfection which this institution has attained is a result of long experience; first, under a series of despotic monarchs; next, under the republican leaders; and lastly, under the Emperor Napoleon, who was its great consolidator and improver—the curious thing being, that no form of government which the French people adopt ever relieves them in the slightest degree from the trammelling ordinances of their police. Indeed one would be inclined to suppose that the more friendly to liberty any government in France affects to be, the more numerous and vexatious must be its restrictions. But as the French mind is absorbed exclusively in the chase of principles in the abstract, vexations of this sort, which are altogether practical, do not appear to incur public resentment.

Let us take a glance at the more recent history of this extraordinary institution. When the police system was concentrated in the hands of a prefect in 1800, it acquired dignity and power. Dubois was the first prefect, and he showed himself equal to his task. He ordained a vast number of arrangements respecting passports, gambling-houses, lodging-houses, printing, and other matters connected with life and trade in Paris. After this he devoted himself to public improvements, allowing no obstacle to stand in the way of his designs. Dubois was a great man. By the expression of his will, backed by Napoleon, he effected sanitary improvements which would require years of legislative battling in England. The vast sewer, through which an army could march, which runs beneath the Rue St Denis, was his work, hastened on by Napoleon, who one morning astonished the people on the Place du Châtelet by emerging from the bowels of the earth after several hours' journey under ground. Pasquier, who succeeded Dubois in 1810, strove to add to his other acts of utility a thorough reform in the manners of the police, hitherto rude and brutal. For the time being he was successful. He then looked back to the archives, and drew from them every useful inspiration. Public security was never greater, salubrity was rigidly attended to, a council of health was founded, Paris was better lighted, the body of firemen reconstituted, the sale of charcoal regulated, and the capital insured a proper supply of provisions. But Pasquier was a blind instrument of his master; and his persecutions of poets and satirists are not yet forgotten, while Béranger yet smiles at his attempts to discover the authorship of the 'Roi d'Yvetot.' The great Mallet conspiracy to overthrow the Emperor showed how the police could sometimes be caught; but Pasquier escaped the anger of Napoleon, and remained at his post until the Restoration. His care during the excitement of the marriage of Napoleon and Marie-Louise, his energy at the great fire in the Russian embassy, and at the overflow of the Seine in 1813, showed his value as a minister of public order.

The Restoration established a Direction of the Police of the kingdom, and greatly disorganized the whole af-

fair; but when Napoleon's return from Elba alarmed the monarchy, the system was reorganized, and the ministry and prefecture of police were re-established. In 1818 it was united to the home office (*interieur*), to become again 'General Direction' in 1820, and again a department of the interior in 1822. The prefect of the Empire had been a most important functionary. His duty was—to see to the passports, cards of safety, and permissions of residence in Paris; to watch over mendicity and vagabondage; the prisons and Bicêtre; to overlook places of public resort; to prevent crowds; to watch over publications of all kinds; over printing-offices and theatres, and to fix the hours of their closing; over the sale of powder and saltpetre; the regulation of emigrants; the survey of public worship; the bearing of arms; the search after deserters; the public festivals; the licenses of hawkers; the care of the safety and health of the town; the attention to fires, accidents, and floods, and the regulation of the Bourse and money-changers; the safety of commerce; taxes and fines; the free circulation of food; the overseeing of patents and prohibited goods; the survey of every public-house, market, &c.; and the preservation of all monuments. He had under his orders the commissaries of police, officers of peace, the commissaries and inspectors of markets, exchanges, and ports, the spies, gendarmes, and firemen. The functions of the prefect, where authority was arbitrary and despotic, were of the highest importance. From the year 1796 to 1814 there were three eras in police history. The first, that of the Republic, being the police of terrible times, was terrible; that of the Consulate was trivial, and sought to amuse the public mind; that of the Empire was chiefly administrative.

The worst era in the history of the French police is that from 1815 to 1830. The institution was during this time more bitter, more severe, more suspicious, more inquisitorial, because more political, than it had ever been before. Abandoning the interests of the city of Paris for politics, says a historian, 'by the 20th March 1815, it had organized a secret correspondence and spy system of a nature and extent so great, that all social ties and family bonds were broken up, and at its mercy.' It is accused of instigating assassins, getting up plots, inventing treasons; and with too much truth. It succeeded at one time in wrapping in its net twenty-nine peers of France, eighteen generals, and thirty-eight artists, authors, &c. and all on anonymous denunciations. Never was personal liberty so utterly null, while newspapers, books, and plays were kept rigidly free from life and energy; in fact the direction of the police was in the hands of priests, who, from 1789 to 1815, had had little influence in France, and who now made up for lost time.

In 1821, while the prefecture of police was administered by M. Delavau, there were three distinct bodies of police in Paris, each acting as a spy on the other two: first, the police of the palace, taken from all ranks; the police of the Pavillon Marsan, filled by the Jesuits, and spreading through the whole clergy; finally, the police of the prefecture. Each of these three bodies was bound to know the plans, intrigues, and tricks of its rivals. The prefect, not to be behind-hand, and to be never taken aback, was obliged to watch the others as energetically as if they had been enemies of the state. Spies were employed in every class of society; and it was dangerous to utter an unguarded expression even in one's own house. We may give an anecdote relating to this inquisitory system:—Madame Monnier had opened a *salon*, founded under the preceding minister, and kept up because found to be useful. Madame Monnier was a clever woman, and her salon was the rendezvous of all the illustrious in arts, letters, capital, arms, law, and of all who liked mixed society. One heard in this place all kinds of theories, schemes, plots, &c. shouted with a loud voice in the centre of a room, round which sat three or four rows of the most lovely women in Paris. In one room music

played; in another, cards were the occupation of men who 'played high, and whose gambling tastes brought them every night. One evening a regular visitor to the club, and the most energetic in his expression of republican opinions, was accosted on going out by a general of the old imperial army. 'I was delighted to hear you, my dear baron,' said the general; 'you surpassed yourself. The day is not far distant when we shall dismiss the rat at the castle. Preserve your eloquence, dear baron: we shall need it. I say nothing more to you now; but wait a few days, and I will tell you something which will fill you with joy and hope.' They then embraced, and swore, with low voice and clenched teeth, death to the Bourbons, and the whole race of their present governors, and parted. Next morning the prefect of police received a letter from the director of the secret police informing him—while blaming him severely for his want of energy—that he was wanted at the château. He went.

'Well, sir,' said a person of exalted rank then in great favour, 'there are plots in Paris, and you know nothing of them!'

'Indeed, Monsieur the Duke, nothing has come to my ears, and I can promise'—

'Promise nothing until you have read this report.'

The prefect took it, and read it carefully. Having done so, he pulled another out of his pocket, and addressed the duke—'Monsieur, here is its fellow.'

The report of the duke was signed by the baron, that of the prefect by the general! The one denounced a Bonapartist plot—the other a republican. They were agents respectively of the two polices! Each had told on the other. Everybody laughed at the affair as a good joke, though such things were of frequent occurrence.

M. Debelleyne, who became prefect of police in 1828, pretty well restored the institution to its original purpose. It ceased to be a political and religious inquisition, and became a machine to survey health, cleanliness, and public safety. M. Debelleyne first forced proprietors to make gutters to their houses; for before his time the rain poured in torrents on your head during a shower as you walked the streets. He organized another useful reform. The Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis-Philippe, had completed the Palais Royal at great expense; the dismal wooden galleries had been replaced by stone arcades, and the shops were gradually becoming the property of the duke. But the shops were disfigured by huge signs, many of which projected a yard, and which spoiled the appearance of the palace. But the duke feared to lose his popularity by interfering, and he went to the prefect of police, whom he soon persuaded to issue a decree with regard to signs, applicable to all Paris, but which was only intended for the benefit of the Palais Royal. The effect was excellent. The establishment of pavement, the planting of trees on the Boulevards and public places, with the *serjens de ville*, or policemen, we owe to M. Debelleyne. The sword and cocked-hat, with sometimes a want of civility and good-will, are the chief faults to be found with these serjens, otherwise useful. The great advantage was the institution of a police, with uniform, for one secret, and without uniform. The omnibus owes its origin to this energetic prefect. Though, under Louis XIV., coaches at five sous had been tried, they failed, and were only to succeed and be carried out with vigour in 1828. He further made many regulations tending to improve morality and cleanliness.

Passing over the administration of Mangin, and various other prefects, we come to that of Delcassé, the last who served under the monarchy of the restored Bourbons. The duties of this personage were extensive and onerous, as may be judged by the following facts:—Paris contains a population of about a million, and costs twelve millions of francs in police expenses. This money supported a body of 2596 infantry soldiers, 847 horsemen, 830 firemen, 300 *serjens de ville*, a number of offices, open day and night, and attended by 400

persons, besides commissaries of police, officers of peace, inspectors, agents of all kinds, comprising about 2000 persons. There were two supreme divisions in the prefecture—one political, the other municipal. The former had lynx-eyes, which pierced the deepest darkness, and watched over plots, conspiracies, and attempts at insurrection; the other, as sharp, was more palpable: the first looked after the interests only of the governors—the latter of the governed. It is even now almost impossible to pierce the veil of the organization of the first, which had no fixed system or rules, was guided by events, and changed its means of action as required. Its agents, unknown to each other, were chiefly men ruined by prodigality or vice; women of beauty and talent, but no longer young, who wanted a safe addition to their income; young men, who feigned ardour they did not feel, and extreme opinions they did not understand, to get gold for their wants, pleasures, or studies. Its resources were boundless. It moved in every circle, from the taproom to the palace-hall; its eyes were everywhere; but the very knowledge of its power sometimes defeated its object, by making conspirators act with extreme caution.

The municipal police was less mysterious. Each *arrondissement* of Paris—and there are fourteen—had a brigade devoted to it, commanded by a peace-officer, and composed of inspectors and *serjens de ville*. Their mission was, to explore every corner of the district, to see to the execution of orders and laws, to prove infractions, to repress disorder, to arrest criminals, and to give aid in all circumstances where it was required. Their duties began in the morning, and lasted until midnight, when the town was given up to other agents, and to the military authorities, who furnished patrols of the line—the National Guard, and municipal guard. As between midnight and dawn the barricades of conspirators were always raised, these patrols were more useful than mere police at this hour. Twice a day a report was sent from the district office to the prefect, who never left his cabinet without knowing the exact presumed state of the capital. One brigade was devoted to watching that the streets were free, while four remained in reserve to aid, in case of need, any district brigade requiring assistance.

The police patrols went through every street during the night, visited low quarters, the houses inhabited by vagabonds and ex-galley slaves. The inspectors of furnished hotels were, and are still, bound to visit the hotels and lodging-houses once at least every day, to inscribe the name of every arrival, with age, profession, &c. on a printed form, which was at once sent to the prefecture of police. In a town where 5000 furnished houses exist, the labour was excessive; and the number of notes sent were annually more than 1,000,000. But it became thus almost impossible for any one to hide in furnished lodgings in Paris. The service of surety surveyed the returned convicts, ex-galley slaves, and other persons of disorderly character; looked after new criminals, and arrested them, and did the whole active duty of a civil police.

In addition, it watched over the supply of provisions to the city, explored the markets, and guarded the river, the navigation of which was under its direction. Seven thousand gas-burners, 12,000 lamps, and thirty leagues of gutters, were daily visited by their eyes. They surveyed the hospitals, prisons, houses of vice of every description; watched over weights and measures; analysed preserved food and liquors. They watched over the tombs of the dead, and kept in order more than 30,000 murderers, thieves, galley-slaves, and other criminals who always infest Paris. They knew their names, slang-names, addresses, crimes, and kept an eye on their every movement. At the prefecture of police are the legal proofs of every condemnation for crime in France during more than a hundred years, so that the preceding life of any accused person can always be traced. There are in and around Paris 6000 establishments, dirty, dangerous, or unwholesome: these this

police surveyed. They provided every means of restoring life in case of accident or attempted suicide.

The importance of the duties of the Paris police will be the better appreciated when we remind our readers that on the peace of the capital depends that of France. M. Delessert did his best, and 200 useful decrees show his desire to do good. He ordered a survey over copper utensils used by cook-shops and others; over coaches let by the hour and day; removed auctions of the sheriff from the street to a handsome building; ordered extreme care in the transport of lucifers and other fulminating articles, which he never allowed to be sent with travellers, or even with other goods; fixed the price of bread anew: this was wanted. Paris has 604 bakers of four classes. The trade is a monopoly. They have to deposit security in the shape of twenty sacks of flour, while they have to keep a fixed stock. The first class, 140 sacks; the second, 110; the third, 80; the fourth, 30. This insures Paris thirty days' bread. Delessert's labours in the Council of Salubrity, and for the reform of the prisons, were most valuable.

The police has little altered since the Revolution. The municipal guard is now called the *Garde Republicaine*, the *serjens de ville* are called *Gardiens de Paris*; but the institution, its mechanism, its plans, its attributes, are scarcely altered. The Republic, while preserving all that is good, admirable, and useful in this remarkable institution, has also kept all that is barbarous, inquisitorial, and arbitrary. The defects of the administration, however, seem scarcely known to the French people, who are habituated to things—such as passports—which to us are intolerable. One thing is clear. However much we may compliment certain prefects for the excellence of their arrangements, it is certain that, with all their ingenuity, they do not prevent private murders and robberies, nor avert insurrections. On the occasion of our last visit to Paris in 1849, we saw the bodies of two men and a boy one morning at the Morgue. They had been assassinated the preceding night. Next day fresh bodies were exhibited. Now of these murders not one word was said in the newspapers of the day. Nobody spoke of them: they seemed to be matters of course. Need we say how differently a single case of homicide would have been treated by the inhabitants of London or any other English town? The truth is, that with all their discoveries in the art of organization, the French have not, till this day, been able to get up a body of plain orderly men, unarmed, to walk about quietly, yet vigilantly, as a police force. The nearest approach they have to a London policeman is their *sergent de ville* or *gardien*. But this gentleman is in a long blue greatcoat down to his heels, with a cocked-hat on his head, and a sword dangling from his pocket-hole. The poor man could not run smartly, for fear of deranging his dignity. He is, in fact, a mere saunterer in the streets. Louis-Philippe, we have heard, projected a police for Paris like that of the British metropolis—that is to say, a body of respectable and active street guardians; but was prevented from carrying the plan into execution in consequence of the jealous unwillingness of the French to copy anything English.

LONDON GOSSIP.

May 1850.

THE chief subject of gossip at present, singular as it may appear, is, that there is nothing to talk about; and, in fact, the season has been a dull one in several respects. A sort of expectant fermentation appears to be going on in matters of opinion, as though mind were rousing itself for a start in a new direction; but nothing especially striking displays itself. No grand invention—no notable discovery—nothing beyond what is called the 'prosy development of science.' This, in some shape or other, provokes talk; and I can only give you such incidents and items of news as have come up for discussion in our numerous hebdomadal meetings.

The note of preparation for the assemblage of the British Association in your northern capital is already heard, and it is believed that a goodly number of philosophers from the continent will be present. Some few eminent *savants* have paid us a flying visit, and shown themselves where the learned congregate. One of these is the amiable enthusiast, Dr Guggenbühl, who founded the hospital for crétins on the Abendberg, of which you once gave a lengthened notice. It appears, from a recent Report of the establishment, that its success in treating crétinism and educating the weakened intellects of the patients continues; and Guggenbühl is now engaged chiefly in a mission to promote similar establishments elsewhere. Another of our visitors was M. Quetelet, the secretary of the Royal Academy of Brussels. He had a commission from the Belgian government to examine into the electric-telegraph system of this country. Major Rawlinson, too, has come home from the East, overflowing with results of his philological researches, and has more than once edified the Society of Antiquaries with an account of his labours. The gallant decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions is a candidate for admission into the Royal Society, and will doubtless be elected.

The Horticultural Society have just published their annual Report. Are you aware that it is a standing joke against this floral corporation that they predetermine every year which shall be the three wet days—so frequently does it happen that rain falls on their show-days? and yet, according to their statement, the reverse is the case. 'For many years,' so runs the Report, 'the exhibitions at the garden were accompanied by such constant fine weather, that precautions against rain appeared needless. From 1833 to 1843, a period of eleven years, only two afternoons out of thirty-three were wet, and of these one was very slightly so. In 1845 and 1846 every day was fine; but since that time, the weather in May, June, and July had changed so much, that out of nine meetings in 1847-8-9, five had been more or less stormy. In 1849 one day only proved wet.' In consequence of the unfavourable seasons, precautions are now to be taken to insure dryness. A gravel walk, 630 feet long, and 15 feet wide, has been made in the gardens at Chiswick. Tents are to be erected on each side of this, and, if requisite, an awning will be stretched across from one to the other, so as to afford complete shelter. In 1849, 18,517 tickets were sold; a large increase over the previous year, shown also in receipts augmented by more than £200. Next to the Derby-day at Epsom there is no event that provokes so much vehicular locomotion among Londoners as the shows of the Horticultural Society.

The subject of weather, here incidentally mentioned, is one which receives much attention in most parts of Europe and the United States. The Royal Irish Academy are about to establish a system of meteorological observations throughout Ireland, in imitation and extension of the one now successfully working in this country. Mr Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory, to whom meteorology is much indebted for its present exactitude, considers that we have climatic cycles of about fifteen years; and expressing it by a curve, shows that we have risen to the highest point through a series of hot summers, and are now descending on the other side through a series of cold summers. The ascent and descent occupy each about five years, the remaining period being consumed in a pause at either end of the curve. To a considerable extent this theory is supported by facts, and we may look for farther developments of it; for the corps of careful observers gains daily new accessions, and the reading of an unusual number of papers on meteorology at the meetings of the Royal Society during their present session is an additional proof of its importance. In many parts of the country also medical men invariably watch the changes of the wind as connected with disease; and not without reason, when we remember the Registrar-General's declaration, that a fall of temperature in London from 40 to 30 degrees kills 300 people!

Apropos of the Registrar: his Report for the first quarter of the present year contains statements which

are commented on with gratulation in many quarters. Notwithstanding the imperfect attempts that have as yet been made towards sanitation, there is a great improvement in the public health; abundant and cheap food and plenty of work have contributed also towards this favourable result. Marriages, which declined in 1847, and scarcely rose in 1848, numbered 141,599 in the year 1849; and in the autumn quarter were 43,632, which is a higher number than has ever before been celebrated, except in the autumn quarter of 1845.

The deaths in the first quarter of 1850 were less by 21,065, and 21,414, than the deaths in the corresponding quarters of 1847 and 1848. Fewer children have been left fatherless; fewer parents have been bereaved of their children. Sickness and suffering—though perhaps not precisely in the same ratio as the mortality—have diminished; the skilled and active industry of the kingdom has been less interrupted by the illness of workmen and the incapacity of masters; the parishes have had fewer poor to relieve; insurance societies less to pay on policies; everything dependent on the duration of human life has been relieved of pressure: the minds of the people have not been irritated by hunger, fever, or discontent.

Another prime cause of amended health has been the equability of temperature and of atmospheric pressure during the past months. The high range of the barometer within the period is indeed remarkable. The births were 45,955 more than the deaths; but in the three months 46,423 emigrants left the kingdom, so that there is no real increase of population. The question of emigration has been talked about at the Statistical Society, and the returns show that from 1822 to 1831 the number of those who expatriated themselves was 291,070; from 1832 to 1841, 738,582; from 1841 to 1848, 985,953; and in the first six months of 1849, 196,973; making a total in the twenty-seven years of 2,212,578. Great as these numbers are, present indications show a tendency to increase rather than to diminish.

The Registrar starts an inquiry in the course of his Report, to which a satisfactory reply would be a fact of the most acceptable kind: it is—How are the population to be fed if the potato crop fails? To some extent, M. d'Hombro Firmas, a foreign naturalist, furnishes a reply. He recommends the young roots of the garden poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, as an agreeable and healthful esculent. He has for a long time used them in his family without inconvenience, served with butter or sugar; and in firecandaux or gilet pies, or as salad. As a further proof that they may be eaten with impunity, he mentions that in the département du Gard, south of France, women range the fields, and collect roots of the coquelicot, *Papaver rhæas* (*Papaver hybridum*), and carry them by basketfuls to the towns, where they find a ready sale: these, when young, are said to be almost as good as the garden poppy. It is well known that several roots, which are noxious in the raw state, are perfectly nutritious when cooked; and perhaps some of our cultivators, whose lands are infested with poppies, will find it worth while to test the value of this statement.

There is another way, as yet untried, of producing large supplies of food; and in this our tropical colonies might well engage themselves, the rather as steam communication now renders the delivery speedy and certain. I refer to increased culture of the plantain and banana: the former is generally fried for the table in the southern states of America, where it is highly prized as an article of diet; and as regards the banana, there are few vegetable productions which equal it. A single plant of the species *Musa Cavendishii*, given by the Duke of Devonshire to Williams the missionary, and carried out to Navigators' Islands in one of Ward's glazed cases, produced the following year nearly 100 lbs. of fruit and thirty young plants; and now the islands are covered

with them. The yield, in fact, is enormous. 'Humboldt states that a given quantity of land, planted with wheat, produces seventyfold, which will keep a man and his wife for a year; but it would, if planted with bananas, keep fifty persons for a like period. The same quantity of land that would yield 1000 lbs. of potatoes would produce 44,000 lbs. of bananas. This food is so inoffensive and nutritive, that in the interior of Brazil children are fed upon it from birth to maturity, and it is not known to disagree with the digestive organs.' Perhaps some of our over-sea brethren might find better account in attending to these hints than in nursing grievances about unfettered trade.

Talking of trade reminds me of a few particulars which are discussed in commercial circles. The business of plate-glass making and selling, since the removal of those obnoxious Excise duties which devoured more than 40 per cent. of the entire cost, has risen to a pitch of unexampled prosperity. Plates are now made in this country of larger dimensions, finer quality, at less cost, and with more facility, than in any other country in the world. British manufacturers, it is said, realise a profit of 20 per cent.—as much again as is gained by foreigners. The benefits resulting from the substitution of common sense for prejudice in fiscal regulations are shown in a paper read to the Statistical Society by Mr Howard. In 1847 the exports of glass exceeded those of 1846 in the article of flint-glass by 20 per cent.; common window-glass, 42 per cent.; bottles, 5 per cent.; looking-glasses, 49 per cent.; plate-glass, 110 per cent.—the quantity of the latter made weekly within the year being 70,000 feet. Again, in 1846, what was the quantity of plate-glass exported to all the United States of America? Not a single foot! while in 1847, when prices had been somewhat mitigated, the exports to the United States alone nearly equalled the total amount exported in 1846 to all the world!

Another topic connected with what I have already written has also been brought before the society here-in-before-mentioned, as the lawyers have it, in a paper on East India Sugar, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes. This sugar is produced not only from canes, but from cocoa, palm, and date-trees; of the last nearly 7,000,000 are planted in the Bengal division alone; and, including other districts, there are 880,000 acres under cane cultivation. The quantity of sugar lately obtained has been 252,000 tons annually, of which 162,000 tons are consumed in the country, the consumption per head of the population being from 2 to 8 lbs. Contrast this with the quantity imported into England in 1849—namely, 776,413,680 lbs.—about 25 lbs. per head. It appears that sugar-growing in India affords a good return: as Colonel Sykes states, 'a capital of 285 rupees, including cost of cultivation, gives a profit of 215 rupees upon 8½ acres of land.' This is at present rather an important question, for, to quote further, 'I cannot conceive that slave labour really can supersede the free labour of India, obtainable to any extent at 5s. per month, all charges included, and land to any extent at 2s. 6d. to 5s. an acre; of which land, in the sugar-growing district of Goruckpore alone, there are 1,598,586 acres, and in the whole of the north-western provinces above 10,000,000 of cultivable acres at present unappropriated.' What an opening here for enterprising capitalists—that is, provided the East India Company throw no impediments in the way! With advantages such as those above specified, one would imagine that no competition could be feared; but happily commerce knows how to take care of itself when allowed to run without leading-strings.

It seems that my gossip this time is to be of little else than produce in some form or other—I have still something to say about it. Observation has been drawn to the fact, that while the food-raising part of the population has decreased in England and Scotland, it has increased in Ireland. At the census of 1841, it was found that 1000 food-growers in Britain provided enough for themselves and 3994 persons besides; but

1000 similarly employed in Ireland grew food for not more than 511 others. In 1831 there were in England 94,883 farmers of the lowest class, not employing labourers, in a population of 13,000,000; while Ireland, with its 7,700,000 inhabitants, had 564,274 small occupiers. On the other hand, it is shown by a late statistical inquiry in Ireland, that on small farms below thirty acres, the diminution of live-stock between 1841 and 1847 is to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. I give you the particulars from Mr G. R. Porter's Report. Speaking of pigs, he says, 'On farms not exceeding one acre, the numbers were 295,048 in 1841, and only 19,108 in 1847. On farms from one to five acres, there were 251,587 in 1841, and only 21,422 in 1847. In the next division, between five and fifteen acres, the numbers were 350,825 in 1841, and no more than 80,098 in 1847. Persons holding from fifteen to thirty acres kept in 1841, 215,340, and only 113,864 in 1847; while on farms above that size, the numbers which were 240,301 in 1841, had advanced to 282,984 in 1847. The entire deficiency of this description of stock between the two periods was 835,625, or more than 60 per cent. The diminished number of poultry was 3,378,279 upon 8,834,427, or 40 per cent., which, as in the case of the pigs, applied entirely to the smaller farms. On those above fifteen acres there was an increased number, amounting to 1,048,974, showing that the lessened number on the smaller farms was 4,427,253. The lessened number of pigs is clearly referable to the failure of the food upon which those animals are usually kept in the cabins of the peasantry; and as regards poultry, it could hardly be expected that a starving people should continue to rear things so easily convertible into food, or into that which would procure food for the owners. These facts, which are proved beyond controversy by the inquiries of the Irish government, place in a very conspicuous light the disadvantage of peasant-holdings, as compared with farms which, from their extent, require to be cultivated by persons who, possessing some capital, are not driven, on the occurrence of the first calamitous season, to measures destructive of their own future prosperity, and injurious to the public at large.'

Every question, it is often said, has two sides; and arguments are brought forward by certain parties to prove that crime, and consequently suffering, increases as small holdings diminish. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? But I must leave this topic, or you will grow weary of it; and out of a large heap of scientific and philosophical chit-chat I can only, in drawing to a close, give you a few miscellaneous items. Projects are afoot for steam communication between Galway and New York; for an electric telegraph from St Petersburg to London; for a stationary balloon over Paris, which is to sustain an electric sun for illuminating the city at night; and a scheme has been propounded for a railway of 20 feet gauge to Liverpool from London, in as direct a line as possible, with no short curves. The carriages to be 200 feet in length, divided into floors or decks as a ship, the lowest for luggage, and to comprise refreshment-rooms, pay-office, &c. The different floors would accommodate different grades of passengers. With such a construction, no stations, and consequently no clerks, would be required on the line—nothing more than a stepping-off platform. The highest fare to be twopence a mile, and the journey to occupy not more than four hours. The scheme sounds well; whether it will find supporters remains to be proved. It is proposed to plant trees on the slopes of the South-Wales Railway cuttings: you may perhaps remember my suggesting the conversion of these neglected surfaces into strawberry beds; speculators may choose between the two, remembering always that in twenty-five years the trees will pay a handsome annual profit. Besides these matters, a new kind of bath has been contrived by a working

* It would probably be objected by one of the patrons of peasant-holdings, that Ireland, from its wretched system of tenures and landings, is not a fair instance from which to draw an inference. —E.

shipwright, which can be used on seas, rivers, or ponds at pleasure. It is a boat, with part of the bottom made to lower to any suitable depth by means of a windlass worked by a man who rows, while a curtained enclosure affords the necessary privacy. A paper, by Mr Higginbottom of Nottingham, has just been read at the Royal Society, which deprives sanitary reformers of a telling argument. This gentleman has clearly proved that tadpoles, when kept in the dark, will turn into frogs; hitherto the evidence has been, that light was essential to the process. The Royal Institution announce their Actonian prize of £100 for 1851, for an essay on the Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty, as regards the Physiology of Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling, &c. to be sent in before December 31 of the present year. And last, I cannot help calling your attention to some interesting remarks made by the president of the Cornwall Geological Society, Sir Charles Lemon, at their late anniversary, on the occasion of a paper having been presented to the body by a new contributor. The subject was, 'On the Fossiliferous Rocks of the Liskeard District,' and he said—'I cannot feel satisfied merely to lay it on your table without any remark on the singular character and position of its author. At present I know no more of him than that his name is Giles, and that he is in business as a shoemaker at Liskeard; but I have no doubt that the communication now opened with him will lead on to more, and that we shall find in him a most valuable coadjutor. The paper which you are about to hear read shows how much may be done even with small opportunities, and how wide is the field of science, which includes men of all classes. Mr Giles is not the first Cornishman whose thoughts have been ripened amongst the sedentary occupations of a shoemaker. But Mr Drew found the materials of his speculations at hand—in his own mind: Mr Giles, on the contrary, had to seek them far off; and it is astonishing with how much energy and discrimination he seems to have conducted his search amongst the strata of his own neighbourhood. The vigour of his mind might have done much for him, but he could not have made the use which he has made of his observations without a knowledge of books, which it is hard to conceive how he could have obtained. Altogether, we see in him qualities which are valuable to science; and I trust that we shall find him a frequent contributor to our publications and museum.'

MR EMERSON ON ENGLAND.

THE following complimentary observations on England and the English were lately made by Mr Emerson in the course of a lecture delivered in New York. Our extract is from a paper called the 'New York Literary World':—

'The lecturer stated that a year and a-half ago he returned from his second visit to England, and the question now to be answered was, "Why England was England?" On landing at Liverpool, everything struck him as perfect and complete. The highest cultivation met his eye in everything. It seemed the kingdom and chosen home of common sense. The fields and gardens looked so smooth and neat, that they seemed to have been finished with the pencil rather than the plough. You rode at three times the speed, and with three times the ease, and three times the comfort, you do in this country. Over rivers and through ravines, and through tunnels three miles long, you are carried from place to place as if riding on a cannon-ball. You are surrounded with every form of convenience and luxury; your material wants are provided for in a style of artistic perfection. Masters of all kinds wait on you. Herschel and Faraday investigate for you; Stephenson made the engine that carries you; Wheatstone the telegraph at your service; Macready acts for you; the "Times" brings the gossip and news of the world for you; and Soyer cooks. In London you are surrounded with luxury and convenience, and for a few shillings paid to a private citizen, you are served as a monarch would be served, and surrounded by an air of stability and comfort which all the monarchs in the world could not buy. When

an American first puts his foot upon English ground, he seems to have come back to some long-forgotten home: the pictures of his childhood are here in reality. He sees the same ruddy, happy, portly, benignant, grandfatherly Englishmen whose portraits he studied on the tiles in the chimney-corner at home. He has got back among his friends, and finds his uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandfathers on the spot to meet him. The porter, the coachman, the guard, every one he sets his eye on, bears the plump, stalworth, upright look of those pictures.

'England has cause to boast of her choicely-cultivated population. No people on earth can compare with her in this respect. In the midst of all her social evils, all her poverty, all her crime, we see a larger number of well-developed human beings, highly-finished men, rounded, complete, consummate characters in this sphere, of which any nation might well be proud.

'If we look for the causes of this remarkable flowering forth of humanity, we must ascribe a great influence to the climate, never at any time so inclement, either by heat or cold, as to suspend labour. Every day is a working-day. There is no winter to break off the operations of industry. Another reason is, they come of a good stock. The cross between the Britons and the Saxons was a fortunate one, and after that, the northern nations (the Normans) poured their best stamina into the constitutions of the English. This blending of races has produced a physical vigour and perfection that may be looked for elsewhere in vain. The English, as a general rule, weigh more, are better proportioned, more florid, and handsomer, than any other people. You see this in all classes, from the peer to the porter. The dress of the English is emblematic of their character. In the well-dressed Englishman, he is encased in his clothing as in a shell, and looks the picture of defiance; but there is nowhere such a variety of costume. Every one dresses as he pleases, irrespective of any one else. A man washes, and shaves, and wears his hair to suit himself, and not others. He may put on a coat, or a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, and wear it, and no one will remark upon it. He has his own way, and does not annoy others.

'The Englishman is remarkable for his pluck. He is what a gentleman described his horse to be—all mettle and bottom. They all have it—the Duke of Wellington has it—the bishops have it—the "Times" has it. The "Times" is said to be the pluckiest paper in Europe. The Englishman shows you that he means to have his rights respected. He knows just what he wants, and means to have it. He is sure to let it be known if he is not served to his mind. Still, he is not quarrelsome, and if he boasts, he has something to boast of. Among the twelve hundred men at Oxford, a duel was never heard of. This self-possession is not pugnacity. He does not wish to injure others; he is thinking only of himself.

'With such a sturdy population, England is not likely to break up; though I am aware, when speaking of this subject, it is customary to speak of England as in its decline. Such is not the case. She now contains the essential elements of growth. London will soon fill Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged—its catalogue of books reaches only through the letter A; the National Gallery is too small to hold the pictures; the Nelson Monument is just finished; and the new Houses of Parliament are verging to completion, with their Victoria Tower, which is to shoot up 400 feet into the sky. The London University is adding to its size with a rapidity similar to our own growing colleges in the West, and towns are starting up as rapidly as Brooklyn. Birkenhead was alluded to, though lately it had received a check; and when Mr Emerson was in England, the country was in a ferment, and in some cases seen under unfavourable circumstances. Mr Emerson then alluded to many of the wonders he saw. But it would require some art akin to photography to give every illustration the lecturer gave. Every Englishman, he said, carried about him an atmosphere of his own, and they hence were said to be a reserved people, and he gave an amusing quotation from a French author. You were so, if you were not, unless introduced, and even then the man looked coldly enough, though he was thinking all the while how he should serve you best; but when his door was opened, you were at home. He, the lecturer, had never met with such attention. He said it was an old opinion that the English did not like foreigners, and quoted old authors in proof; but we think a prejudice of this kind is fast wearing away in England. Nicholas of Russia, the

greatest despot in Europe, was some months in England, and was not even hissed. And are not the Pole and the Negro, ay, and the Hungarian and the Frenchman, received with open arms when their country drives them out? Ten millions were given freely to Ireland; nor did they ever expel workmen, like the French at the late Revolution. Does this show dislike to foreigners? The lecturer said the presence of a superior class gives a tone to their general manners, every trifle being clothed with importance. Whatever is done, must be done in the best way (proverbially the cheapest in any case). The English character thus gains an admirable balance of qualities, resembling, in its keenness and vigour, the best-tempered steel. The fabulous St. George was not the true emblem of the national character. He saw it rather in the lawgiver, scholar, poet, mechanic, monarch, Alfred; in later times, in Cromwell; and in one not so well known, William of Wykeham, the builder of Windsor Castle, a bishop of Winchester, a putter down of abuses in his time in his own diocese. He founded a school at Winchester for seventy scholars for ever; he endowed a college at Oxford for seventy fellows for ever; and he established a house in the neighbourhood of Winchester to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it for ever; and when Mr Emerson was in England, he was curious to test this good man's credit, and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and his quantum of bread, though its donor had been dead seven hundred years!

If the foregoing be a correct abstract, it would seem that the lecturer touched but lightly on what we consider to be one of the most striking characteristics of the English—namely, their singular liberality as respects strangers who settle in their country. They are utterly indifferent who their neighbours may be—Scotch, Irish, French, Christian, Turk, or Jew, it is all the same; the only thing they look to is, whether a man pays his way, and conducts himself properly. The charity, public and private, extended by the English towards strangers is in itself remarkable. Nor does this feeling of kindness soon cool—so much the reverse, that it becomes a national fault. At this moment the finances of the country are actually charged with charitable disbursements towards the descendants of French families exiled in consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes!

RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however ridiculous it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously and bravely*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pious, if you feel that you are firm: resist them, even towards unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no other time can tear from you those feelings which every true soul has within him who has made a noble and successful standing in a virtuous cause.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

TRUE CHIVALRY.

No more in knightly tournament
May lower proudly bear
The silken scarf or emblem flower
Bestowed by lady fair.
No longer must the fatal lance
Her spotless honour prove,
Nor high hearts stilled the offering be
Of chivalry to love.

No more beyond the rolling deep
Must true love prove its faith,
By bearing in its sacred name
A talisman of death.
No more must glory's wreath be won
Where death and danger meet,
Nor sword incarnadined in gore
Be laid at beauty's feet.

But in life's bloodless battle-field
To take a nobler stand,
To strive for victory among
The wisest of our land—
By prowess of the mind and heart
To gain a loftier place—
Be *these* the guerdon of his truth
Who seeks a lady's grace.

To *self* be not your gauntlets flung,
Ye heroes of the list!
Nor till your foe be quite o'erthrown
The gullant strife desist.
A field more dread and glorious
Ne'er chivalry could meet,
And smiles of spirit loveliness
Your victory will greet.

C. T.

SOCIALIST SUCCESS IN FRANCE AND THE PROSPERITY OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

One of the most striking proofs of the effects of the Socialist success is found in the condition of the savings' banks of Paris. In all the weeks of January and February confidence prevailed; the artisans and shopkeepers were tolerably well employed—they could save something, and, relying on the government, they invested their savings. In the second week in March the deposits fell to nearly half the amount of the first week in February, and in the third week of March they declined nearly one-third more. As there was a prospect of the success of those who claim for themselves exclusively the character of the workman's friends, the workman's wages dwindled away, and his savings were lessened. When the workman's friends actually succeeded, those effects were augmented, work was almost suspended, and saving almost ceased—adding to the many proofs afforded by every page of modern history, that none suffer so much by political disturbances and revolutions as those on whose behalf they are said to be made. The usual pretext for them is the distress of the labourers, and in all cases they increase that distress. They suspend productive industry; and if the capitalist lose his profit, and the landowner his rent, the labourer loses his wages, and becomes a pauper or starves. He may, by the suspension of his industry, cease to benefit others, but he infallibly ruins himself. The politicians who claim to be the friends of workmen, and are continually planning political changes to serve them, are their worst enemies.—*Economist.*

The present number of the Journal completes the thirteenth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents. *

END OF THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

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